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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Undergraduate Weekly

THURSDAY, 5th NOVEMBER, 1964

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PRICES LEAP AHEAD

National Increases Outpaced

It seems that prices in College are in the vortex of an inflationary spiral, and of late rapid and spectacular increases have been taking place. The most recent round occurred at the end of last Trinity term when it was announced that the price of Commons was to be considerably raised and that rents for rooms were in all cases to be increased.

At present the price of Commons is six shillings, and this represents a rise in price of 1/6 over last term and a rise of 2/6 over the price of three years ago. Since that time, therefore, Commons prices have risen by more than 70%. In the same period the Consumer Price Index for food has risen from 126.1 (mid-May, 1961) to 132.8 (mid-May, 1964), an increase of only about 5 1/2%.

The rent on most new rooms has been raised by about £3, while an "old" room now costs £20 per person per quarter as opposed to rates which last year varied considerably according to location, but which in some cases were as low as £11 per person per quarter.

Since 1961 the Consumer Price Index for rents has increased from 127.0 to 144.7, a rise of about 14%. It is, therefore, clear that increases in College rents within the last three months alone have almost equalled the rise which has

occurred throughout the economy in the past three years.

Commons prices are not expected to be raised further at the beginning of Hilary term, when attendance may become voluntary. Undergraduate opinion generally seems to be in favour of this impending change since most expect to be able to eat more cheaply by preparing their own meals.

The present increases have fallen particularly heavily on those who live on fixed incomes granted by local Education Authorities, and some have left College rooms in order to subsist elsewhere at a lower cost. It seems that a lot of the blame for the increases may be placed on inefficiency in the catering systems. It is rumoured that College recently spent over £1,000 on an efficiency survey by a firm of Management Consultants. It is to be hoped that among their recommendations were proposals for the introduction of a costing system from which the principle of subsidisation is to be omitted.

Student in a Fountain

In the course of the summer Peter Adler, a second year American undergraduate, achieved international press publicity after an amusing prank in the city of Westminster.

He was returning from a party with his friends, when they noticed that people were throwing coins into a fountain. Being in a festive mood, and encouraged by the prospect of practising their underwater swimming before setting off on a Mediterranean cruising holiday, they decided to retrieve some of the coins.

A large crowd gathered and continued to throw pennies for which the trio dived. At this stage the police intervened, and proceedings were later instigated against the divers under an Act which lays down that coins become the property of the City of Westminster on breaking the surface of the water. A magistrate's court found that Adler and his friends were technically guilty of "theft" when they attempted to remove the coins. However, the court was disposed to view the matter in a lenient light and the presiding magistrate caustically remarked that it was somewhat unusual for local authorities to keep their funds in fountains. Accordingly, all the accused were given an absolute discharge.



—Roland Brinton
DINAH BARRY-TAIT, elected Miss Fresher at the dance ten days ago, lists her interests as Judo, Fencing, Players, Athletics and Beagling. Quite a handful for a diminutive doll who is reading Natural Science and hopes eventually to specialise in Tropical Diseases.

Pro-Existence at Theo.

"In the quest for peace there is no justification for anti-Communism," said Harry Kerr, Auditor of the Theo, at the opening meeting in the Dining Hall on last Monday night.

Proposing the vote of thanks to the Auditor, the Rev. Canon Charles Smyth, of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, reiterated all the usual arguments for conducting the Just War. He was supported by Capt. Dowling who as a Roman Catholic added a welcome stimulus to the meeting.

Dr. Skeffington, speaking last, criticised Canon Smyth and pointed out that the Christian message suggested not readiness to kill but readiness to die. Too many footnotes have been added to plain commandments. Thou shalt not kill has now a footnote which tells us in what circumstances this is not so, e.g., self-defence or a Just War.

Mr. Newhouse, Headmaster of Friends' School, Lisburn, also spoke.



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NIHILISTS AT PHIL.

Iris Murdoch makes History

The best Phil inaugural paper for years was read by the new President, S. M. Warner, last Thursday in the Dining Hall. His topic was "Job: Prophet of Modern Nihilism," and he tied together Job, existentialism and modern literature to make his point. Job, he said, was an existentialist who, like Sartre, felt himself alone against a hostile God. Mr. Warner traced Nihilism from the early nineteenth century when man began to feel responsible for himself. He contrasted the work of Kafka and Beckett, who believed that life was worth an effort, with that of Pinter and Pirandello who are nihilistic. Job, like the characters of modern drama and, like the existentialist, is isolated by his own nature.

Iris Murdoch made two penetrating statements. Firstly, that contemporary man's anxiety comes from the power to destroy, conflicting with the belief that

he should be able to control it, and, secondly, that man cannot be free because he has to choose within this universe and this makes him neither a god nor a weakling. She said that the artist to-day was either over-relaxed—like Burroughs and Rauschenberg—or over-rigid like Sartre. The latter approach was better because it often reached the heart of life. Finally, she disagreed with the President, being on Jahweh's side against Job, and seeing the author of the book as a great moralist as well as a great artist. Dr. Monk Gibbon made the good point that man must be discontent to be creative. Then he mounted an attack on modern writers for their preoccupation with evil, evangelism which contrasted sharply with the analytic approach of Miss Murdoch.

The other speakers were John Russell Taylor of "The Times" and Professor Vokes of Trinity.

TRINITY NEWS

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Thursday, 5th November, 1964

No. 1

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NEW YEAR: OLD PROBLEM

Around this time of year, ageing Sophisters are inclined to offer to the Freshmen what they consider to be gems of cynical realism about College life, gleaned from years of sweated experience. Advice is forced on the newcomer as to how he (or especially she) should apportion his (or her) time here, and pious platitudes are mouthed about "getting a good general education." Indeed, looking at the newspapers of many other universities it seems that their editors feel that one's time spent in College is only justified by the number of society decorations one has run up. On the other hand there are the budding academics who spend four years between the covers of a book and emerge with nothing in their heads except print. Trinity is fortunate in this respect that it manages to provide a hive of extra-mural activity with intellectual pollen.

However, it seems that we are moving more and more from the days when the mythical "average student" came to College AND read a subject into an era where a student will come to College TO read a subject. The grey (and often crumbling) academic walls of this university are not just to keep knowledge in, but also to keep the outside world out in order to dissect it from an objective point of view. Academic or society life are harmless enough in themselves; put on pedestals and worshipped to the exclusion of all other influences they channel the student into a pipeline that leads only to the destruction of realism or intellectual waste. It is for the newcomer to find his (or her) own way to full self expression within the bounds of College life. Each student is a piece of the University's jig-saw—each differing in shape from the next but all contributing in equal terms to the overall picture.

There is nothing original in a student newspaper delivering a broadside against increased College prices. This is simply because there is nothing new (especially at Trinity) about increases in College prices. There is no doubt that the Treasurer is justified in raising food prices in Buffet and the Buttery; costs have gone up and these increases have just been passed on in higher prices. No attempt has been made to make the catering services run at a profit. Likewise, room rents have been raised to meet higher costs in the form of wage increases and maintenance. The financial thumb-screw may be on, but we cannot really complain.

Commons, however, is an entirely different story. Its loss stretches into four figures. The Treasurer's attempts to put the evening meal on a rational basis were thwarted by the Junior Fellows in the light of tradition. The ending of the compulsion to go on (a more expensive) Commons, combined with the introduction of an evening Buffet-type meal, would probably have enabled the catering services to break even without any feeling of exploitation on the part of students. As it was, the Junior Fellows asked the Board both to increase the price of Commons and to retain the rule regarding compulsion, at least until next term. It is no wonder that not only has this College got an enormous overdraft, but also that it has to liquidate many thousands of pounds worth of its capital investments annually to help pay off this overdraft. Tradition in itself can give character to the College, but when it starts to interfere with the efficient running of the place it becomes a danger both to the basic priorities and standards that a university must have, and to the effective continuance of Trinity's place in the life of the country. The Board must remember that this College is an Irish one, catering before all for Irish students, who do not have university grants. The Irish Government is providing a grant of nearly four hundred thousand pounds annually to the College, part of the motive for which is, no doubt, that Irish students should not be precluded from coming to Trinity simply because of a financial inability to do so. It is the duty of the College, both to the Government and to the student body as a whole, to see that obscurantist traditionalism does not impede the efficient allocation of these funds. A major gesture towards this end would be acceptance of the Treasurer's plans for Commons when they come under review later this term, combined with a general all-round willingness on the part of the Board to see a little beyond its academic nose to the realities of running an educational institution.

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A BUYER'S GUIDE— to the Student Health Service

By
BRIAN WEST

The current Student Health Service Committee first met in May, 1962. It reviewed the student health situation more closely than its predecessors and presented its report to the Board early this year. The speed with which the Board has acted on the recommendations of this report is indeed encouraging; and, perhaps, a sign that the frustrated bellows of the S.R.C. may on occasions penetrate the almost soundproof walls of the Board Room.

The Essentials

The consulting room in No. 11.01 has not yet been altered, but the nurse/secretary, Nurse O'Doherty, is to be found there with all the equipment necessary for dealing with the ill, afflicted and the inquisitive. Her hours of attendance are 9.30 to 5.0 from Mondays to Fridays, and 9.30 to 1.0 on Saturdays, both in and out of term. She will make appointments for students with the doctors and deal with the lesser injuries herself.

In cases of "real need" students will be visited in their places of residence by the doctors, provided they do not live beyond Clontarf, outside the city boundary to the North, South and West, or beyond Merrion Avenue. Appointments can be made by telephoning or sending a message to Nurse O'Doherty during her hours of attendance.

In cases of emergency both inside and outside the nurse's hours, students should contact directly either of the College doctors—Dr. Brendan O'Brien, 65 Fitzwilliam Square (phone 62234), and Dr. J. A. Wallace, 69 Lower Baggot Street (phone 62208 or 882648).

Hospital Treatment

The Student Health Service, however, will pay both the charge of 10/- per day and the excess charges made by the Health Authority, provided the student is treated as a public ward

patient. However, in cases requiring gynaecological or psychiatric treatment it will pay for a private ward.

Students in hospital for treatment other than that of a gynaecological or psychiatric nature may wish to have a private ward; in this case the Student Health Service will pay hospital fees as if the patient were in a public ward, and he or she will be required to pay the additional private ward fee.

The Old and the New

Prior to the introduction of the Student Health Service there was never an official College doctor. Dr. Wallace has been, of course, the Medical Advisor to resident students for many years and has cared for a great number of resident students as well as a considerable number of non-resident ones. But for many of the resident students Dr. Wallace seemed too far away, especially after the Lincoln Gate had been closed, and often during the day there were other willing helpers nearer at hand: the Departments of Anatomy and Physiology conveniently close to the Science Departments; the Moyne Institute with its clinical smell and gracious steps leading invitingly up from College Park; and, busiest of all, the first floor of No. 36 where, at some time in his career, almost every resident student must have brought his burn, boil, sprain, measles or 'flu to show to the untiring (and, indeed, unpaid) Prof. Torrens, get assured that he was not suffering from an ulcer, tapeworm or bubonic plague, and be treated.

Now, one doctor will visit College daily, and during business hours the nurse will be in No. 11 to see patients who come of their

own free will and to look after those who collapse in lectures, practicals or examinations. And, as a proof that this service is genuinely needed, already Nurse O'Doherty is dealing with 8 to 12 major cases each day.

The Cost

The Student Health Service is financed by the £3 increase in the Capitation Fee which is now £10 for all students. Estimating that there are about 3,000 students (and the actual figure is very near to that) the total income of the Health Service must be about £9,000. From this the expenses for structural alterations and the furnishing of No. 11.01, the doctors', nurse's and hospital fees must be taken.

The Student Health Service Committee, because there are no complete records of the numbers of Trinity students attending hospitals yearly, can not confidently estimate the cost of hospital fees. Moreover, estimates of the cost of psychiatric and gynaecological treatment in private wards are unreliable and those of the numbers of psychiatric and gynaecological patients more so. Consequently, the Student Health Service at present has to have a fairly large financial safety margin, can provide only emergency drugs free, and cannot cover: (i) long-standing surgical conditions, (ii) obstetric care, (iii) dental care, (iv) the provision of glasses for refraction error.

In Short

A Student Health Service has been long awaited in Trinity, and has quietly arrived without as much as an official opening. The Committee responsible for it is evidently considerate, efficient and progressive—it has provided for a good start and made allowances for improvement. It is too early to criticise the Student Health Service, but not too late to welcome it.

Sincerely yours

The Freshers have been well primed in Trinity's intricacies, which is more than the rest of us are, by Malcolm "Senna Pods" Saunders, and Melissa Stanford, and the time now come to fill the getaway gaps of the socialite scene.

Under the arches of that terrazzo of tittle-tattle, The Buttery, eyes are not the only things that have been wandering. Simon Bowler, fresh from destroying the chassis of Mummy's Alpine, is intent on doing the same to Libby's. Julian Gordon jealously (solly!) spies out the talent but so far all he has seen through his modulated ground glass prismatic lensed telescope ("only three made actually—Tony's got the other two") is Daniel Corbett. On sale is the Mike de Laribeites marketed in the new family pack this year with the jingle "We must, we must, we must increase our lust."

It's Blackpool time for damp vamp Gloria Bolingbroke-Kent without her Prince Lucifer; she's transferred from underworld to wonderworld, thanks to the lad with the golden handshake, Gerald Walsh. Further afield low brows Fiona Pilkington has been investing in a liquid asset, Ian Swebey, but Tom Haran can't find a buyer for his. Mike Ramsden can't. Keep trying Mike, another seventeen exclusive cocktail parties should see you there.

Mirabel Meander has made contact at last. We hope that her pleasure at seeing us is as great as ours at seeing her. Liz Bell and Gill Hawser are back in dazzling form and Jan Thomson is more ravishing than ever. Meredith Yates has decided to become one of us by moving into College. Whether the feeling is mutual remains to be seen.

Just to asset who the élite really are, Gill Hawser, Frances Whil-

borne and Mirabel Walker gave a small black party at Hallowe'en. Bill Fitzhugh denies all reports that he had been wandering around Duke Street collecting pennies. The hostesses did not count on all John Kelly's little friends coming too, nor James Brown asserting his position on the exclusive band-waggon by crawling through the window. Hugh Teacher couldn't bear to leave and didn't, but Frances threw herself in the canal at midnight—too wet to woo, I suppose.

Players last week inflicted their revue on Wexford and their parties on the residents of White's Hotel. On Saturday they were joined by hangers-on for the final drama. Jeff Horsley ignored the trivial Brigid Byrne, but not because she seemed cold. However, Margaret Sinclair must have been frozen walking in the street by herself. Alan Smith touted publicity.



Features Editor Mirabel Walker

REVIEWS — REVIEWS

Theatre Festival

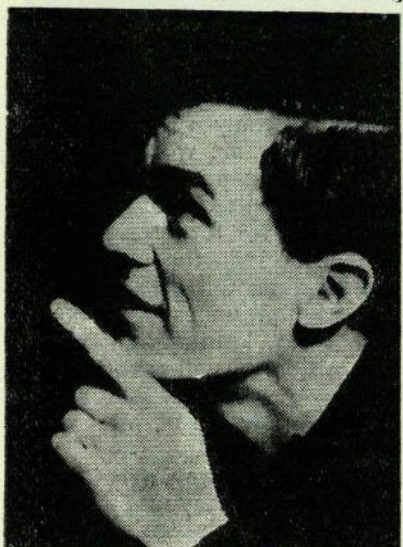
There is only one period worse than the Dublin Theatre Festival and that is afterwards. The whole profession is tired after weeks of frenetic preparation and high-powered creativity—wasted effort considering the all pervading cheap amateur ring to the majority of productions. Managements, too, seem to spend this period counting up their takings from the fabulous fortnight, and forget that they still have a theatre to run. So we are left just a month after some fifteen plays had been performed in as many days with not one serious play. True, Micheal MacLiammoir's revival of "I Must be Talking to My Friends" at the Gate is a brilliant witty piece of narrative, superbly performed by a great actor. Elsewhere what have we? At the Olympia, Jack Cruise's "Holiday Hayride" which is like Sunday Night at the London Palladium without the stars. At the Gaiety it is Rathmines and Rathgar time in the form of a new musical which is hardly memorable. Only the Abbey could chose a play such as "The Big Long Bender," and Carroll Spence writes: "Stewart Love's 'The Big Long Bender' quite rightly ran for only four nights. The play reflected the banality of attempted sophistication in a Belfast flat but the banality was presented almost cold on stage with little dramatic supercharging. It was not helped by a production which mingled Belfast and Dublin accents shamelessly, although the speech rhythms of the two cities are quite different. However, the play did have flashes of sparkle—and sometimes brilliant—which shows that Love has a lot of talent which with discipline could produce a good play."

To-night the Company revive J. B. Keane's melodrama, "The Man from Clare," but most probably it will only be on till the end of the week.

At the Eblana, "Cu-Cu, Jug-Jug, Pu We" is a relaxed after-snack entertainment; not sophisticated enough for after dinner, nor sharp enough to stand on its own. So writes Michael Gilmour. It does, however, have one good point. At last the director, Michael Bogdan, has realised that a small theatre does not need sketches and songs belted out at the audience, reducing them to a state of involuntary submission. From the start this revue is underplayed, relaxed and I felt myself going out to the company instead of them intruding on me. I can forgive Michael Bogdan all his tableaux openings, cross-lighting and overuse of the stage corners for achieving this vital mood.

Wesley Burrows and Michael Coffey of "Carrie" fame have written a series of uninspired sketches and songs, which nevertheless have a charm and wit derived from naivete and a parochial topicality. David Kelly draws from his well-known repertoire of voices and manuflections and goes about his business with a never differing

slick professionalism. It is with Chris. Serle and Roger Ordish, using the comic business of mime and movement, complimentary to the scripts and not replacing them, that the revue takes on life and spontaneity which is lacking



ROGER ORDISH

who till recently was appearing in "Cu-Cu, Jug-Jug, Pu We." Chris. Serle, another ex-Player, is also currently in it.

elsewhere. Chris. Serle is particularly good in "Cricketspiel" and rather less so in a, by now, overworked "Garcon." Laurie Morton has landed herself with all the mediocre scripts and Terri Nerney has to sing some draggy songs for which she has my utmost sympathy.

Ferment

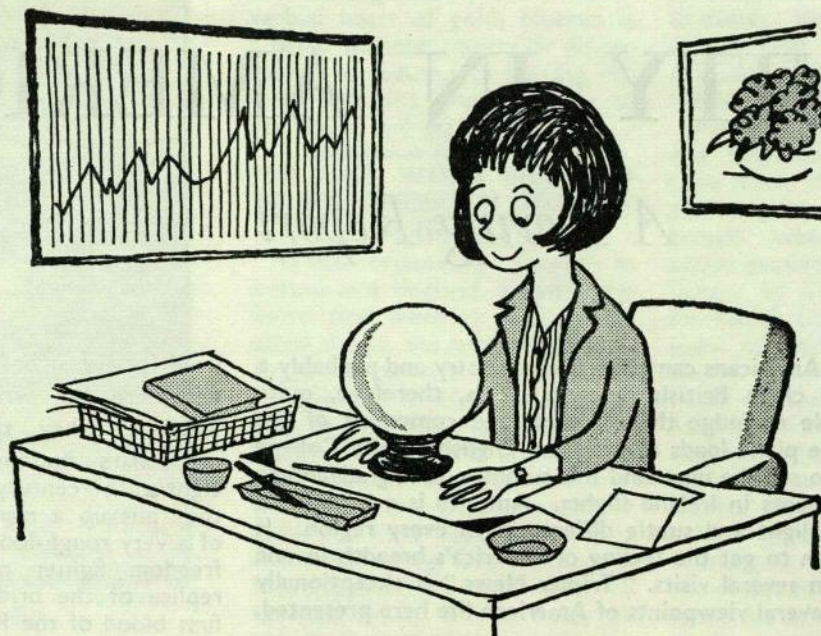
"Ferment, No. 2," appeared at the beginning of this term, and seems well on the way to becoming an institution.

"The flames of nationalism," the editor says, "now burn very dimly," and the relaxed and thoughtful attitudes of most of the articles are a good example of this tendency. The exception to this is, of course, the article on South Africa. However, although the cynics' reaction will be that we have heard it all before, hypernationalism is natural and justifiable prior to independence, or under the rather more complex oppression of South Africa.

But "Ferment" presents us with facts as well as attitudes. Jomo Kenyatta is, of course, a key figure, whom we all ought to know more about. The article on Herbalism may help to clarify the vague subject the average Irishman dismisses as witch-doctory. While the history of Mali (1230-1470) may seem irrelevant to the "here and now," there is no doubt that the idea of the Dark Continent dies hard, and George Amangala is doing his best to kill it.

The author of the article on race prejudice cannot, of course, be criticised for failing to deal adequately with the subject in such a short space. But I wonder if regarding race prejudice as something other than the most severe form of "group prejudice" is not to fall into the racist fallacy of giving "race" more significance than the geneticists' "Temporary isolation."

N.A.L.S.



'...I have a go with the crystal ball sometimes...'

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Personal panacea. Actually I have a go with the cards, or the crystal ball. Not as reliable as the facts and figures, but fun.

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TRINITY IN AMERICA

A Roving Report

Forty-five million Americans can claim Irish ancestry and probably a greater number can claim British descent. It is, therefore, quite interesting to be able to judge the reactions and comments of the representatives of the plane loads of Irish and English Trinity College students who went to see the new land this summer, taking advantage of the Union of Students in Ireland flights. America is a broad and vast land with very slight and subtle differences in every region. It is hard for one person to get the feeling of America's breadth in one visit, even, in fact, in several visits. "Trinity News" is exceptionally fortunate in having several viewpoints of American life here presented.

PORTRAITS OF THE PAST

Liz Bell

The thing about the Yanks is that they don't realise that anything ever happened before the Pilgrim Fathers. It is quite useless to remind them that George Washington is only the Americans' William the Conqueror, because it simply does not register. They may not have much history but they certainly make the best of what they have. We made a most reverent pilgrimage to where those first Pilgrims came so long ago. We saw the very stone where they first set foot with a running commentary by a damsel in period costume except that she showed far more bosom than the most broad-minded Father would have approved. Americans are sweet though. They do realise that the Indians did get rather the worst of the bargain (there are rather uncomfortable parallels in modern history), so they erected a fine statue to the Indian chief who saved the life of the settlement that first winter when eighty per cent. died. You can't quite see the Indians doing it.

The place which really makes any true American's eyes gleam is the

Alamo deep in the heart of Texas, where Davy Crockett met his noble end in the Cause of Freedom. Once upon a time the Texans upped and said they wouldn't be ruled by Mexico any more. Davy Crockett, who loved a fight, came down as quick as a flash from Tennessee where he was born on a mountain-top, and for some reason shut himself up with his friends in the mission at San Antonio. When they realised that the Mexicans were coming, instead of getting out they sent impassioned appeals for help which never came and so they were all killed by the Mexicans and you can see Davy's blood-stained shirt and his knife, but, unfortunately, not his hat in the Alamo, and all the Americans were so insensed by this foul deed that Texas became an American state instead of becoming independent.

In the forefront of the battle to preserve the glories of the past for posterity are a group of good ladies called the Daughters of the American Revolution. They do tremendous work filling George Washington's house with genuine antiques which even if he didn't use them, he might well have; they erect plaques outside the house where Louisa M. Alcott

lived for a year before she moved elsewhere to write "Little Women" they spend millions of dollars building a genuine eighteenth century village and they put up a marvellous statue of a very rough-looking American freedom fighter near an exact replica of the bridge where the first blood of the Revolution was spilt. Under the statue there is yet another plaque saying that this is where the great battle for American liberty began, and that as soon as the redcoats saw the gallant Americans, they turned tail and fled, and the statue stands triumphantly where the first one fell. This is definitely biased history. Any self-respecting redcoat would have been a hundred yards the other side of the bridge long before any Yank could get a gun to his shoulder. Nothing, however, not even the stone saying that this was the place where Billy the Kid was killed, can detract from the drama of that little Spanish town in Texas where all the best things seem to happen. The town with its pink and white shuttered houses seem to rise out of the desert for no reason at all. The trees in the walled gardens give no relief from the relentless sun and the flat plains are veiled in a white dust-haze. Why should Billy the Kid be such a romantic figure? Probably all the people behind those tightly shuttered windows breathed sighs of relief when, after the echoes of the shot had died away, they saw him in the dust with the toes of his fantastically decorated boots pointing up to heaven.

In Nevada there are no plaques, only the desert. Sand and scrub grass stretched for hundreds of miles, the monotony broken only by great wrinkled dunes. How many exhausted men must have climbed each desolate ridge to see not the sparkling Pacific and San Francisco with all its promise of riotous living, but yet another grey expanse bounded on the horizon by more hills pushing back all hope of the sea another fifty miles. The Daughters of the Revolution have put no plaques here, and these men who made America's history will always be nameless.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COIN

Max Unwin

A noted Washington D.C. preacher calmly suggested from the pulpit some weeks ago that the American people were faced with a difficult choice in 1964 as one candidate for President was dishonest and the other was irresponsible; this statement submerged him under a deluge of mail 9 to 1 in favour of his supposition, but all repeating the theme — you have stated the problem, now tell us what to do about it.

The preacher was right that the choice last Tuesday was a difficult one, but he seems to have succumbed to the onslaught of eastern U.S. and European newspapers portraying Goldwater as a crackpot, isolated, anti-Negro reactionary, a frightening apparition that must be swept under the carpet and forgotten.

Politics, like so many of the affairs of men, exhibits the characteristics of action and reaction. One aspect of the Arizona Senator's success is the quite natural reaction of many middle-class citizens of an historically conservative country to a succession of liberals; Roosevelt was succeeded by Truman, Eisenhower—who though Republican did not alter the trend and achieved his ends through the skills of Democratic majority leader Senator Johnson—Kennedy and now President Johnson. Another important question is priorities, which may differ widely between people and countries; while many people have deserted the Republicans through fear of Goldwater's foreign policy, a number who side with the Kennedy drive for honesty in government have shied away from the questionable methods of the L.B.J. cult to Barry Goldwater's

standard of straight dealing. This is partly a protest vote against the Eastern power blocks that have hovered over American politics for so long.

When faced with Goldwater's suggestion of "a shadow over the White House" many who know something about his opponent's characteristics are compelled to agree with the Arizonan's slogan "in your heart you know he's right."

Many supporters of Goldwater fervently believe that increased government interference on the present scale seriously endangers the freedom of the individual. The charge of extremism to which his position is so vulnerable has overshadowed a serious attempt to review the individual's relationship to the central government in America to-day. Senator Goldwater is a mild man with a better than average record in civil rights; he is also a peace-loving man who believes that a firm stand in foreign policy, such as Kennedy's in Cuba, would be safer for democracy than the half-hearted muddling of which South Vietnam is the best known example. The distortion of the Senator's candidacy is a sad reflection on the so-called "free" press which is trying to deny the existence of a large mass of people deeply concerned by America's ill-considered headlong rush towards socialism; a position reached through the unprecedented power of Lyndon Johnson over the traditionally conservative House and Senate.

To horrified Europeans who cannot hope to fathom the amazing vagueries of American politics it is essential to point out that the millions of people who did not vote for Johnson last Tuesday are neither extremists nor lunatics; they are ordinary people from all regions, people who are unhappy about the way America is heading and the methods used to get her there.

THE GAMBLING STATE

John Tyler

Benny was born a gambler. In his infancy in the outskirts of Los Angeles, he claims that he laid odds on whether his mother would bring his father or another man home to bed. They varied from evens to 100/8 depending on the time of night. He graduated up from bookies' runner, pimp, dope pusher and card mechanic before turning to the more legitimate if no less dishonest business of one-armed



—Irish Times.

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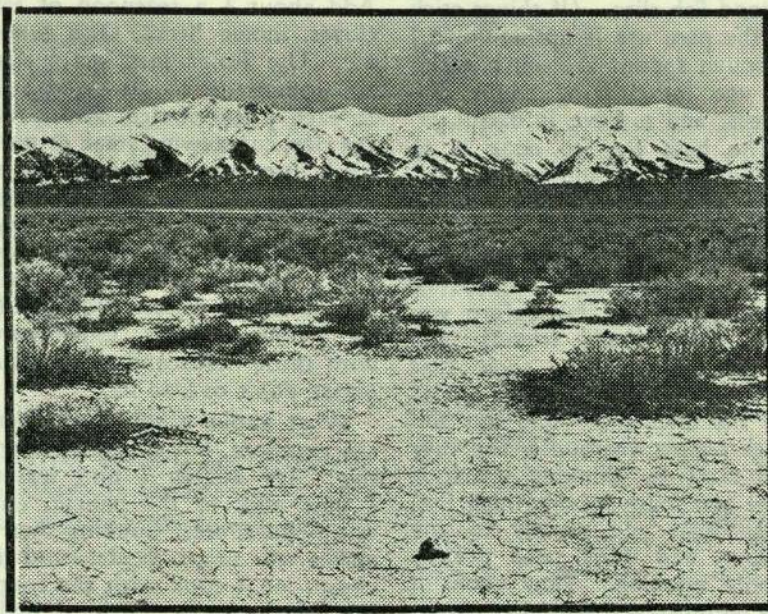
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bandits. He now runs a small casino in Reno, having been run out of Las Vegas, and has a child aged two who will be able to soft shuffle and deal seconds before it can read. Behind the bare outline of his life is a story of deprivation, insecurity and lack of affection in childhood; feelings of inferiority, stemming from a slight build and a gammy leg, stiff from paralysis in youth and resulting in an increasing desire to be smarter than others.

Benny was almost entirely self-educated and continually exasperated me by knowing more about British history and literature than I. He was totally amoral and although he had a charming personality he had a vile sense of humour. When he grinned, which was most of the time, his teeth showed stained and uneven so that it looked more like a leer than a smile. He was a good card player and using Edward Thorp's system for winning at blackjack he would make money consistently as long as he did not drink and kept concentrating, but when worried or drunk he would drop his entire pay check and the house-keeping money as well without having the strength to stop.

Thorp's system at blackjack published in his book "Beat the Dealer" was worked out on an I.B.M. computer by the author, a lecturer at New Mexico State University, who has calculated that if the casinos played straight he could ruin the State of Nevada in 80 days, playing eight hours a day.

Neva is the only state in the U.S.A. which allows gambling. Mark Twain, travelling through the state a century ago, described



THE SANDS ON WHICH LAS VEGAS IS BUILT.

—Irish Times

it as "the most rocky, wintry, repulsive wastes that our country or any other can exhibit . . . where to be a saloon keeper or to kill a man is to be illustrious." Nevada hasn't changed much over the years. In the United States as a whole the Almighty Dollar is king; in Nevada it is God and mistress as well. The triumph of Mammon is emphasised rather than lessened by the churches and religious foundations which philanthropic hoods have built as success symbols and conscience savers.

The two cities of Neva, Reno and Las Vegas, take 5 billion dollars per year from the stream of 20 million ever optimistic suckers. "Help keep Nevada Green . . . Spend Money" is the watchword of the Nevada gamblers as they set the odds

which guarantee them a rake-off between 2 and 30 cents out of every greenback which passes across the tables.

One of the few restrictions which the State Gaming Commission enforces about the fixing of odds is that a jackpot, if advertised, must be possible. Thus on a 3-wheel machine with 16 "fruits" on each wheel the odds are just under 4,000—1 against, hardly generous odds on a 25/1 payout.

Where there is gambling there is easy money, and there are also there are women to help celebrate or commiserate, at a price. Prostitution is second to gambling as a money-spinner in Nevada and 10% of the population of Las Vegas is in the trade. If you don't like gambling, drinking, or fornication, Nevada is a bore;

and although Benny had the proverbial heart of gold, Nevada is a place without charity or where charity is reduced to leaving the loser with just enough money to get across the state-line.

THE LAST WORD MUST GO TO AN AMERICAN STUDENT IN TRINITY

While sojourning abroad in Ireland and England, I constantly heard that America was, among other things, the land of violence. As an ex-patriate returning for the summer to New York I was able to confirm this opinion for myself. Two youths, my contemporaries from New York and with whom I have acquaintances in common, were reported missing while registering Negro voters in Mississippi on the day I returned to New York. While I was on the plane to America, I read in a news weekly that the "Blood Brothers," an off-shoot of the Black Muslims, a Black Nationalist group, had been formed in New York for the purpose of beating and killing whites. Several instances were cited. From my parents, all I heard was talk of racial tension and I quickly concluded that America was not safe—that the white men would kill you in Mississippi and the black men would kill you in Harlem.

Everyone expected racial violence this summer and the only surprise was the degree and widespread nature of the violence. The first riots were touched off by the slaying of a Negro youth, James Powell, by Police Officer Gilligan. But it needn't have been that, any chance remark would have served, for class hatred as much as racial tension was involved and there is no love for the "Man," the white

man usually, the policeman, the landlord, the shop-keeper, all representing the white superstructure that oppresses Harlem's Negro.

Nor was it only the Negro who was responsible for violence in New York this summer. When pickets protesting the slaying of Powell were thrown around police headquarters in Greenwich Village by CORE, the Congress on Racial Equality, pickets who were of both races, they were stoned and insulted by the local white hoodlums and the picketing had to continue under police protection. And at this same time, an insurgent group of the Communist Party, the Progressive Labour group, who support the Chinese, in violation of a ban on demonstrations in Times Square called for one there in opposition to the continuance of the war in Vietnam and 45 people were arrested in the ensuing fracas.

The conservative and strait-laced members of the community had their demonstrations as well. The PAT, the Parents' and Taxpayers' organisation, demonstrated against the integration of schools in New York under the Princeton Plan which involved the "bussing" of children claiming that they were not opposed to integration but only to their children having to travel to elementary schools. The PAT finally opened their own private schools to which the children, naturally, had to travel. It may well be, with integration of schools moving better in the South than in the North, that the opinion of Faulkner is correct, that in race relations the conservative South is progressing faster than the liberal North.

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Beef

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Cheese
Salad

COFFEE AND BOVRIL

SUGAR and SPICE

By

THE "TRINITY NEWS" CHEF

This cooking column is designed for students—for those who have perhaps two gas rings and a grill, or even less, and two saucepans and a frying pan. You are fed up with fried eggs and baked beans for supper, and you can't bear the Buttery atmosphere, but only have an hour for cooking and eating. Sometimes you want to entertain your friends: to show your skill in the Skippery. Some of us are lucky enough to have ovens in our flats, and this opens up a whole new vista of palatable dishes that can be cooked.

But first, a few general hints for success. Get a jar of mixed herbs, black cayenne and paprika

peppers, salt of course, cloves, mixed spices, cinnamon if you like it. The best curry powder is a special home-made blend by Leverett and Fry—cheaper too! Perfectionists make their own to suit the meat that they are currying. Individual herbs are impressive but unnecessary. Tomato paste (in tubes) is a good thing. The best fat for cooking is butter, but oil is excellent, and dripping is adequate. Some of those stock cubes are essential for home-made soups. Flour is cheap and useful for thickening things that are too runny.

Some useful crockery for your shelves: a china bowl, not too small; a sharp knife or two, and

a good fish slice. (If things stick to the pan, use it upside-down.) Wooden spoons are much easier to use for stirring soups and sauces, and a sieve is useful.

The best way to cook is to use imagination and not recipes. That is what those jars are for. Try putting a mixture of butter, mixed herbs, pepper, salt and tomato paste on your chops or steak instead of fat before you grill them—your friends will wonder where you took that cooking course. The best curries are the ones that build up: add black pepper (careful!), and they will start by thinking it's Irish stew and finish by breathing fire. Mushrooms add greatly to any flavour, and don't need peeling—only washing. They cook in five minutes, and are fairly cheap.

If you are fed up with potatoes, try rice. Cook it this way: allow $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful for each person. Put it into plenty of boiling water until it goes cloudy. Wash it several times with cold water until the latter is clear. Drain it, and add $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 times as much boiling water as there was rice, and boil fast until all the water has gone.

Add about $\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoon of salt cloves, mixed herbs, Oxo cubes, etc. Use Roma long grain rice. For something to go on top of to each $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of rice; also a few the rice, cut stewing steak or pork steak into cubes and cover it, or mince, with water. Add tomatoes, mushrooms, peppers, salt, anything left over from yesterday, and a handful of barley to soak up the excess water. Boil gently for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour at least. Experiment with those herbs and things; but please don't overdo it!

What about a soup? Packets are excellent, but tins are expensive. Try adding 1 pint water, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk to the packet, and salt, pepper, etc. Cooking sherry makes all soups tastier and is cheap: let it cook with the soup. Mix the powder with a little water first—it saves getting lumps. However, it is much more exciting to make your own. Try this celery soup: add two chicken stock cubes to two pints water. Get a head of celery, wash it and slice it thinly. Put it in the water, add salt, pepper, etc., and cook slowly with the lid on for an hour or so. Super!

Blind Spot

by
Nelson

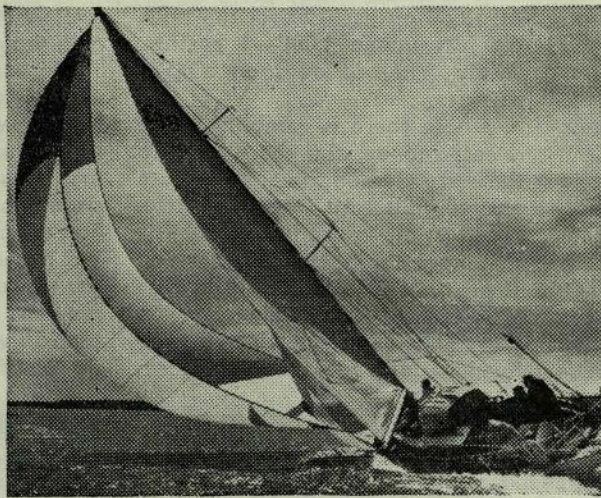
By now any romantic illusions of university life that the newcomers to Trinity might have fostered should be well and truly shattered. Stories of lost credit (enter 300 general studies students running), wild parties in Rathmines Road (exit 9 Bailey gate-crashers cursing), and the realisation that lectures really are delivered in a monotone from 1947 notes adds up to a pretty dismal picture. There is more to come.

Trinity has always been a favourite haunt of the "Con-men." Their M.O., as Mickey Spillane would have it, is to knock on a door and explain that someone on the same staircase owes money and would you mind paying and collecting from them later. They said it would be all right. Often a signet ring (value 1/6) is ceremoniously plucked from the hand and left as security. Rumour has it that one such "con-man" was caught over the week-end, but this will not end the problem. As long as we are gullible enough to hand over money without much question this business will go on.

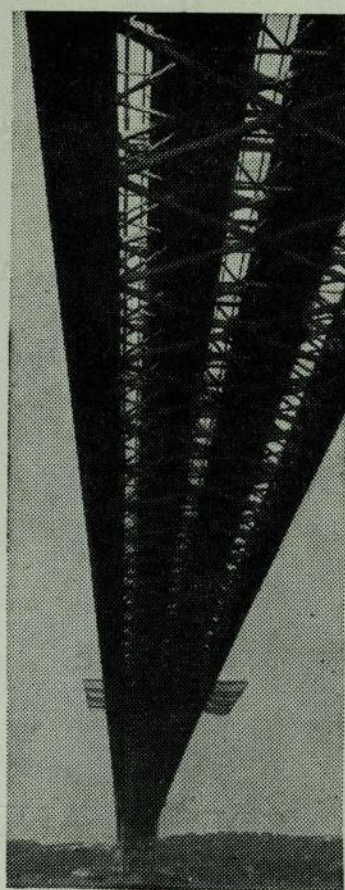
Some mention must be made of "Trinity News" winning, for the second time in three years, the newspaper's section of the U.S.I. publications competition. This we regard as a pat on the back for all the hard work that has gone into producing the paper over the last year. But where does it get us? Nowhere. The problems of financing a university publication are greater than ever. Isn't it about time that the National Dublin papers started to give more practical assistance to university publications, either in the form of grants, taking advertising space, or the chance to use some of their specialised equipment, particularly the photo block machines. They are only too keen to use any news stories, but that's about as far as it goes.

After so much criticism of last year's programme, the Film Society has done a lot to save its face. This year a programme has been arranged which not only covers the influences and early work of the new wave men of the French cinema, but also devotes considerable attention to the development and style in the modern cinema. Quite a number of the films have only received a limited release, and a film society is the only channel through which they can be seen. Remarkably, the response has been, I am informed, the worst for five years. It seems a pity that so little interest can be aroused.

Players, the society that has done most to increase Trinity's prestige abroad, have just returned from a highly successful trip to the Wexford Music Festival. The Jones-Newling revue, "Pall Me Mantle," was pruned and tidied up during the summer, and I gather it is planned to open it for a limited run in the next few days. This will be well worth a visit. The Theatre itself has undergone yet another series of major repairs, this time to the auditorium. At last culture and cleanliness have got together.

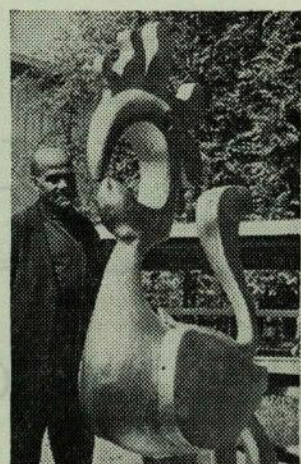


HAPPENING



It may be a riot in New York. Or a new ballet in London. Or a record broken in Melbourne. Or a breakthrough in medicine reported from Peking. Or a controversial art show in Moscow. Whatever it is, THE TIMES will cover it seriously, honestly, fully, accurately and impartially. And, when the occasion demands, entertainingly. (THE TIMES is an independent paper, tied to no single party, faction or interest.) That is why, Monday to Saturday, THE TIMES is your best way of keeping up to date with new developments in your subject and your interests.

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Sports Editor Robin Knight

Rugby

TRINITY, 11 points; BLACKROCK, 12 points

With only one victory to set against four defeats, Aubrey Bourke is obviously faced with considerable problems in his attempt to build up a successful Colours side. Possibly, the most encouraging fact is a negative one—that U.C.D. are also going through a very lean patch.

Against Blackrock, Trinity made a fine rally in the last ten minutes, but this was completely against the general pattern of the game and it would have been something of an injustice if Trinity had managed to get their noses in front. The real trouble lay with the pack and at scrum-half. Blackrock dominated the set-pieces and were far quicker and more co-ordinated in the loose. If the Blackrock backs had made more use of their possession they would have won in a canter. There seems to be a real weakness in the Trinity front row, where possibly the props have not adapted themselves to their new roles. In the line-outs, Jones was effective when he managed to become airborne, but Coker's efforts at "doing a Dawkins" were hopelessly unco-ordinated. Behind the scrum McGowan was outclassed by

Woods, with his much longer and faster pass, but, of course, the latter had far more opportunities to show his talents. The loss of the Rees-Read combination is probably Bourke's biggest problem. Murphy looked a solid if unspectacular prospect at out-half and was most impressive in his touch-kicking. However, as Trinity gained so little possession it was difficult to assess the potentials of the backs and little use was made of Donegan's speed or Coker's power, though the latter did make one telling run as well as executing a superb low tackle on his opposite number. Trinity still lack a reliable goal-kicker and one wondered why they persisted with long-range attempts at goal.

For Trinity, Argyle and McGowan scored tries, and Hill-yard converted one and also kicked a penalty goal.

COMMENT

Cricketers will be pleased to see that at long last the University authorities have taken steps to improve the square in College Park. Two seasons ago Charlie Griffith caused consternation in the Irish Cricket Union when he got good length balls to fly over both the batsman and the wicket keeper twenty yards behind the stumps. Last year representative games found a new home at Clontarf, and the uncertain form shown by Trinity's batsmen for most of the season must in part be attributed to the strange behaviour of the wickets. Now the square is being levelled, and it is to be hoped that one day Ireland will again play in College, especially if her proposed entry into the county knock-out competition becomes a fact.

Trinity rowing, which fared rather dimly at Henley this summer, received some encouragement in August, when Nick Rathbone was again chosen to scull for Ireland at the Serpentine regatta in London. No one expected him to win, but he rowed well to beat the Welsh representative and came in a

canvas behind the Scottish man in third place. As he has now left College and returned to England, the way is open to any aspiring scullers to take his place.

A notable absentee from the 1st XV this season is Bob Read, last year's captain. Though he is still at the University he has decided to play for his home club in England, Harlequins, and Aer Lingus, at least, must be grateful to him. So far Harlequins have been enjoying a most successful year, and the new laws, which give greater freedom to the fly-half, have shown Read in a very favourable light. Last year was a disappointing season for Read, who went on the short English tour of New Zealand in 1963. However, he has now recovered his health and must be hoping to catch the eye of any selector in the London area. As his partner for three years, Martin Rees, the Welsh trialist, has also finished his Trinity playing days, the half-backs in the colours match in November will have a novel appearance, only Murray of U.C.D. remaining of last year's four eminent players.

Hockey

After the 1963-64 season, which was charitably described as "poor," Trinity have begun the new year in much better form, and the signs are that the next two seasons will see a return to the successful times of the late fifties.

Six Colours remain in College, and the side has been very greatly improved by the decision of four outside players of last year to turn out for their University this season. In contrast to other clubs, it is pleasant to be able to write that few students in the hockey world are still putting club before University. T. King, the new captain, has decided to play at inside-left, and together with former Avoca players E. Bradshaw and M. Fry, forms an aggressive trio which should score plenty of goals. Two old Colours, D. Budd and R. Knight, have been playing on the wings, and behind them a solid-looking defence is built round the two former Y.M.C.A. players, R. Mellon and S. McNulty, and last year's full-backs, P. Stiven and A. McConnell. The team so far has been completed by goalkeeper R. White-side and left-half N. Webb.

At the time of writing Trinity have played five league games, winning twice, losing twice and drawing the remaining game. Both defeats were a result of failing to accept plentiful chances, and on both occasions the "Irish Times" seemed to think Trinity deserved to win. Having beaten Glenane 3-0 in the 2nd round of the Mills Cup, Trinity now play Pembroke Wanderers for a place in the final. Earlier this year Pembroke won a close game on their own ground, 3-2, so Trinity have a real chance of reaching a cup final for the first time for some years.

Rifle Club

The club has had quite an active summer. In June, three members attended the Ulster meeting at Divis, the most successful of these being Simon Metcalf, who was placed 17th in the final of the Irish Open. The following day, Queen's entertained us most generously in an S.R.A. match, providing us with rifles and ammunition, and we had a very enjoyable shoot.

In July a number of members went to the Imperial meeting at Bisley and represented the University in two inter-university competitions, coming an encouraging third in the short range competition (the musketeers); John Debenham won the Donegal Badge, awarded annually for the highest Trinity score in this competition. Rem Lockton surprised himself by obtaining the second highest score in the Duke of Gloucester, one of the major competitions, with an entry of 1,600; altogether a total of 12 individual prizes were won by the team.



ARKLE, winner first time out at Gowran Park last week.

Soccer

The fortunes of the Soccer Club this year have fluctuated from an excellent start to the season, in which the side drew with Birmingham University and won two of their first three league matches, to a run of three defeats.

Of last year's twelve colours, eight are still in College, but the loss of A. Meldrum and H. Markham has given captain R. Wormell a few headaches, especially in attack. The defence has been built around J. Horsley who has proved an extremely capable centre-half. He has been well supported by a versatile P. Shaw, a solid I. Pointer and an experienced Freshman, M. Lawless. J. Haslett, in goal, has gained greatly in confidence.

The attack has been more unsettled than the defence, but following last Saturday's win against Glenmore Celtic away from home, there is considerable cause for optimism in this direction. The display of the inside forward trio of T. Nolan, T. Sowerby and A. Leonard was a treat to watch, especially in the first half, and one felt that if the final pass in the second half had been more accurate the score might well have been four or five. As it was, both of the team's goals were opportunist efforts from Sowerby and in this Freshman may well lie the answer to the centre-forward problem. The wing positions are more difficult, but Kynaston, McIlroy and Elliott all appear to have the speed necessary to give thrust in this sphere. The side this season seems likely, therefore, to be a team without stars but a good all-round combination.

MOTOR SPORT

Results of Night Trial: 1st, N. J. Smith (Cooper S.); 2nd, L. Fitzpatrick (Cooper S.); 3rd, R. Millard (Midget).

Novices: 1st, D. J. Cole (Austin Mini); 2nd, J. McCosh (M.G. 1100); 3rd, J. Martin (Hillman Super Minx).

Croupier

A big hullo to all Trinity punters from your very own racing correspondent, Croupier! After a vacation spent fleecing bookies from Ayr to Athens, Croupier looks forward to keeping his followers in champagne and caviare during the coming winter.

To get us off to a flier, Fast Leney looks the one to be on at Sandown this Saturday. A comparative novice, Fast Leney should prove himself a more than capable deputy for Arkle. So it looks like another big prize for the all-conquering Dreaper stable. Ronald's Boy and Freddie should be close behind. Another I like the look of is Acrophel, but if Flying Bolt comes from Ireland, the others will know they've been in a race.

On the same day at Ayr, rising N.H. star Happy Arthur should win, and Pawnbroker, tackling the big obstacles for the first time, must not be missed.

At Stratford this afternoon, Yellowhammer, Fleming Flash and Airlight all have chances, and my tips for the Curragh include Cassim in the 3.15 (chief dangers Tragedy and Norse Power) and Dionysius III in the 3.45 (good-looking Jimmy Brown a threat here). Other tips: 1.45, Hill Song; 2.15, Royal Greney; 2.45, Royal Streak, and 4.15, Stars and Bars—providing they run.

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News Editor

Bill Hutchinson

S.R.C. Committees on Prices and Commons

The S.R.C. on Monday evening began with an excellent report on the Sixth Summer Council Meeting of U.S.I. in Belfast by Eric Lowry. Lawrence Jacobson of Trinity had been elected as Deputy President of U.S.I. While Queen's were good hosts, there was apparently squabbling and a generally undesirable atmosphere amongst the participants.

The S.R.C. set up two sub-committees, the first to investigate all recent price increases and report back next Monday, and the second to look into the possible future of Commons, together with a survey of student opinion on this subject.

The President, Malcolm Saunders, outlined the recommendation put forward by the committee under Dr. Moody relating

to student accommodation and evening feeding in College, standard Buffet meals and voluntary Commons being suggested. Mr. R. Bennett and his committee were congratulated on their success with the Freshers' Congress, and the Freshers' Bazaar, run by the S.R.C., was also considered noteworthy.

It was pointed out that the Authorities reliance on the calendar for the publication of their new regulations was almost complete, and that they should be much more widely circulated generally, particularly since relatively severe penalties were involved.

The S.R.C. passed a motion thanking the Board for the introduction of the Health Scheme.

Question of the Week: "What is this Board?"



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136, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin 2.

Telephone: 54190

At The Neptune Gallery in Saint Stephen's Green are sold a Great Variety of Cunning and Delightful Prints, Views, Maps and Drawings of Ireland and of the City of Dublin. Views in *Aquatinta* by James Malton, by Brocas, Taylor, O'Neill and Wright and many other Artists may be had, Coloured or Plain, at reasonable prices. Numerous Maps of the Kingdom are also sold at the Gallery, including those by Ortelius (1580), Speed (1611), Mercator (1620), Sir William Petty (1680), Bleau (1685), Jansonius (1690), Herman Moll (1700), Senex (1710), Robert Morden (1720), Rocque (1756), and many others.

At the Gallery may also be found a Wide Range of English and Continental Prints and Engravings including Piranesi's *Views of Rome*, Canaletto's *Venice*, William Hogarth's *Rake's and Harlot's Progress*, Thomas Rowlandson's plates for *Ackermann's Histories of Oxford and Cambridge* and his *Microcosm of London*, and the many Humorous Coloured Plates for *Dr Syntax*, *The Dance of Death* and *The Dance of Life*. Such Rare Coloured Plates as those from Jenkins's *Naval Achievements*, and Botanical and Zoological Plates by Jardine, Miller, Reid and Curtis are also at present to be found at the Gallery, together with many Diverting and Unusual Examples of Graphic Art not before seen in Dublin.

The Gallery has been very recently opened on the West Side of St Stephen's Green near to the top of Grafton Street, and may be visited between the hours of ten in the forenoon and five o'clock at night each day, and on Saturday before noon only.

College Course Changes

Following the recent revisions of courses in other schools, the School of Natural Sciences has now discontinued the Ordinary Natural Sciences courses, although it is still possible to get an ordinary degree after the Junior Sophister honors exams. As these are held at the beginning of the Michaelmas term, such graduates will have difficulty in finding jobs for the next year as the vacancies are usually filled in the early summer. However, it does mean that Biochemistry and Bacteriology courses are now available to all undergraduates in the Natural Sciences school. It is unfortunate that the Principles of the Natural Sciences course in General Studies is an unworthy substitute for Ordinary Natural Sciences, but perhaps the course will also be revised.

The Experimental Psychology course in General Studies ceases at the end of this year, and General Studies becomes more closed to English, as the Agricultural School always has been. The Vets no longer have to have an arts degree before they qualify, and Junior Freshmen honor students no longer have to take a subsidiary subject.

No Expeditions?

The Board has decided that it will not consider future applications for the official recognition of overseas expeditions as being sponsored by the University or College unless the expedition receives the approval and sponsorship of the Schools or Departments of College concerned. This move has been made in order to enable the Board to differentiate between expeditions with a serious academic purpose and those of a more casual nature. It will also allow it to gauge the ability and training of those purporting to organised such expeditions.

PERSONAL

M.G. T.D.—Finest Irish specimen of classic marque. Body dismantled, re-sprayed, re-chromed, re-built; engine, transmission, suspension completely re-conditioned this year by Dick Lovell-Butt at cost over £300. New battery, dynamo, starter, petrol pump, rev. counter, wipers and motors, clock; imported 4.555 axle ratio; 1½" carburettors; heater, panel light, flashing indicators. Red with fawn p.v.c. hood, matching tonneau. Price, £225. At L.B. Cars, 9 Montague Lane, Harcourt Street. Tel. 55891.

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DO you want Mince Pies for your party? Contact John Graves (689231) for terms. Also Cakes and Recipes for hot punch, etc.

SKI CLUB Bookings, etc., No. 19 T.C.D. between 12-2 p.m., November 7th onwards.

DUBLIN University Experimental Science Association. — The President, C. F. G. Delaney, M.A., Ph.D., F.T.C.D., will deliver his inaugural address, "Some Barriers to the Progress of Science." Supporting speakers: P. A. Wayman Ph.D., Dublin Institute of Advanced Studies; E. J. Furlong, M.A., F.T.C.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy. Chairman: B. Spencer, M.A., B.Sc., Ph.D., Professor Biochemistry. Tuesday, November 10th. Reception, 7.30, Physics Dept.

MIKE GILMOUR



The man in this photograph will probably not be immediately recognisable to you as Mike Gilmour. For this is Michael as he would like to be. With a bit of luck, if he carries on as he has been doing, he might just make it.

Birmingham, chiefly renowned for nuts, bolts, screws and Joseph Chamberlain, also produced our little Mikey. The later, however, is the only connection between it and him, since he was bred in one of its classier suburbs, and soon left to go to Clifton College. There he became (responsible little chap) a prefect, head of the drama society, and athlete extraordinary. He not only made the first teams in rugby, cricket and hockey, but also grew much, much bigger. Having made two half centuries at Lords, "corpore sano" was attained, and it was time to concentrate on the "mens sana." With this in view he came to Trinity.

Standing at Front Gate on the first day, his cherubic face gleaming with sweat and excitement, he saw before him a pile really worth climbing. For the past three years he's been doing just that. When not out-talking he's out drinking, and when pushed to the limit he has been known to work. At the same time he has acquired what is to be found only in this

kind of university — a general education in "savoir vivre," while achieving what most people in College subconsciously aim at — he has made himself "felt." He was in Players for a while, while, but gave this up in favour of writing. In an unprecedented short time he became Chairman of "Trinity News." In an equally short time his style of writing has changed beyond belief into a confident, slick professionalism.

This term he is President of the Film Society, which will, no doubt, be re-vamped with his habitual enthusiasm and efficiency. With the experience he has obtained in amateur journalism and film-making, Michael sees three careers open to him: B.B.C. production, advertising copy-writing or journalism.

He won't got to bed before 2.0, and eats breakfast only because the first cigarette of the day tastes better after it. He collects complexes, pills and invitations, and enjoys feeling superior and uninhibited affection.

Behind the teddy-bear image is a capable and efficient mind; his avuncular approach belies his zest and originality; the softness in his armour-plated facade is not perceived until one knows him well, which is worthwhile doing.

TAKE

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