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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Undergraduate Weekly

THURSDAY, 19th NOVEMBER, 1964

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BITTER ATTACK ON TRINITY

"Cherwell" Passes Judgement

From Our News Editor

A contingent from the staff of the Oxford University newspaper "Cherwell" twelve days ago paid a week-end visit to Dublin, and this week's edition contained a foreign supplement in which the visitors tried to describe their impressions of this city.

Copies of "Cherwell" have been on sale in Trinity and the reactions to the supplement amongst undergraduates here who saw it was chiefly of surprise and disappointment. This was because the supplement did not succeed in rising above the superficial and ignorantly biased picture of Dublin and Irish life which every un-informed and uncritical Englishman seems to possess.

It was typical of the adolescent approach of the visitors that they gave principal place in their description to the issue of censorship in Ireland. One is led to conclude that they came with preconceived and prejudiced ideas from which even their short experience here did not disillusion them. Every aware person knows that there is a censorship in Ireland just as there is one in England, and one might reasonably have expected presumably sophisticated undergraduates from Oxford to realise that different countries require different forms and degrees of censorship.

The visitors also came to Trinity which they described as displaying "all the worst in Oxford" with "few of our saving graces," while the stranger to Dublin was advised "not to take in Trinity College." The supple-

ment also contained numerous jibes at religion and at the Irish character, but one is inclined not to take such criticism seriously when its writers include people like Bill Jones who has not even learned how to spell "Guinness."

Whether or not it is true, as "Cherwell" says, that "in relation to Trinity, Oxford is a red brick university," it certainly seems true that in relation to the undergraduates here, those at Oxford nowadays seem to include among their numbers many vulgar and discourteous upstarts.

W.U.S. Week Again

Next week, the World University Service is holding its annual fund-raising week. Last year £980 was raised for the international fund and over the next two years it is hoped to raise £2,500. This money will be devoted to a student hostel, being built largely by voluntary student labour, in Guatemala.

Many and diverse activities are being organised. This year season tickets will be available, giving admission to all the functions of the week at a considerably reduced cost. The following is part of the programme:

Sunday, 2.30 p.m.—Car Treasure Hunt starts from the Indian Embassy.

Monday, 1.0 p.m.—Grand Fiesta Concert in Exam. Hall. 2.0 p.m.—Parade leaves St. Stephen's Green. 9.0 p.m.—Informal Dance in Power's Hotel, Kildare Street.

Tuesday, 12.30 p.m.—Charity Lunches in G.M.B. Bridge Exhibition Match in Friday, 8.0 p.m.—All-Night Eason's.

Saturday, 12.45 p.m.—Fiesta in the Exam. Hall.

From Monday begins the marathon piano-playing in College Green, the W.U.S. Art Exhibition in No. 12, and the raffle. The stall at Front Gate will have all the information and tickets required.



COLLEGE GREEN.

One Way Streets?—Tut Tut.

—Irish Times.

POWELL'S TWO MYTHS

Reasons for Economic "Failure"

A week of visits by personalities was crowned last Friday night when Enoch Powell, ex-Minister of Health, addressed the 1964 Committee in the G.M.B., with Dr. McDowell in the chair. One hundred and fifty people heard Mr. Powell elaborate a theory which showed that British failure in the economic world was based upon two myths.

The first was the "imperial" myth perpetrated in the 1890's to show Britain was in fact Great. The second was the "workshop of the world" tag which would seem to indicate that Britain was the initiator of all technological process, but was now sinking in the "Economic Growth Tables." The psychological effects of these two myths have been great and long-lasting because they have been accepted by the

He went on to illustrate how in fact Britain never really was the "workshop of the world," that the productivity of labour has always been lower than in the United States, that because of the early start to the Industrial Revolution, Britain's share in the World Trade was bound to decline.

The imperial "myth" meant that Britain was looked upon as a nation above all others, where "Britannia ruled the waves" and so she appeared stronger in fact than she was. Only in India did Britain possess a true Empire and the ideas of the 1890's, which were pushed forward by a few with a certain political end in mind, only serve to illustrate the misconception of the Empire as a political advantage. As a result it is false to explain any national decadence by the decline in the Empire because it never really existed. Thus it is the "identical twin" of the cause of Britain's supposed economic failure to-day.

Questions ranged from why the Conservative Party used the slogan of "You've never had it so good" when the country was not in such a good shape, as his talk showed, to a question concerning his refusal to serve under Sir Alec in October, 1963. All these were dealt with adroitly one expects from such an experienced Parliamentarian and the lively evening was brought to an end by a lively Junior Dean.



—Irish Times.

Enoch Powell

addressing the 1964 Committee.

majority of nations and explain in a roundabout fashion why people are disappointed with Britain's economic performance to-day.

QUINTIN HOGG

On page four of this week's issue we publish an exclusive interview between our News Editor and Mr. Quintin Hogg.

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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Undergraduate Weekly

Vol. XII

Thursday, 19th November, 1964

No. 3

Chairman:
Douglas HallidayEditors:
Bill Hutchinson, Mirabel Walker, Robin KnightBusiness Board:
Max Unwin, Charles Halliday, Hamish McRae.Secretary:
Caroline Western

DICTUM SAPIENTI...

Educational polemicists have, for many years now, been locked in printed conflict over the merits and demerits of the various methods of university teaching. In Trinity, like it or not, we are landed with a system that guarantees even the most unenlightening of lecturers a reasonably full lecture room. At the beginning of every year, the academic cobwebs are brushed off the notes of many lecturers, and these speaking corpses plunge, with even less enthusiasm than before, into another year of ritual regurgitation of their ageing gospels. However, even amongst those members of the staff who are not yet intellectually bankrupt, there exist men who, though highly qualified in the sense of having large blocks of post-graduate degrees, are by no means qualified or even able to communicate their message to their students. The most basic function of a lecturer is to impart knowledge of (or at the least enthusiasm for) his subject. To get this across to a lecture of one hundred people requires both fluency, preparation and imagination; however, come exam time, many of these oratorical failures expect their students to show gems of interest and comprehension, combined with a demonstration that their words of wisdom have animated some magical mental process that produces original thought. Lecturers are hired by the University mainly on the basis of their degree qualifications; there is no check whatever to see whether or not the lecturer is performing his primary function adequately. Scholarship (an essential quality in a university teacher) may be an indicator of intellectual prowess—however, it is certainly no indicator of teaching ability. Banal platitudes from a genius for two hours a week are unlikely to fertilise potential academy. The College should take more care that those employed to propagate knowledge have the ability to do so.

Given our present system of compulsory lectures (rather than the infinitely better system of tutorials) full use should be made of the limited teaching opportunities provided by it. Students are neither fooled by nor interested in lecturers who clearly have only prepared enough material for ten minutes' speaking and spend the rest of the hour repeating it in various ill-disguised forms. A lecturer should have enough command of his subject to know the fundamentals that should be given to students; it is up to the individual to take up the various threads of inquiry and weave them into a tapestry of opinionative criticism. Trinity has a fine academic record. Many of the people presently on its staff are extremely brilliant thinkers. However, it does seem that a considerable proportion of their time would be better spent on improving their lecturing ability, instead of wandering in vales of obscure academy and leaving their students to flounder in a morass of untrained ideas. If this does not happen, Trinity may, unknowingly, be performing an academic abortion on itself.

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THE FAREWELL STATE

A Report by Mirabel Walker

Part Two

It is a very tough life for the unmarried mother who decides to keep her child. One particularly pitiful case we had was that of a girl who had had her third illegitimate child from Holloway and hoped to marry the father of the children, who is now in Gloucester prison, later this year. Her total income is £4 15s. per week National Assistance, and 18s. per week Family Allowance. She lives with her mother with whom relationships are strained, but she cannot find anywhere else within the area to live for the amount the National Assistance Board are prepared to put up towards her rent. This girl has got into an almost hopeless situation, but she is determined to keep her family together, and start a new life when her husband comes out of prison. I visited her several times, and saw that the strain of trying to cope with the family and find somewhere to live was very telling. She told me that she sometimes got so desperate for money by the end of the week she was tempted to steal, and at times she felt like giving up the whole unequal struggle and having her children given into care and brought up in a Home. Time and again one heard distraught mothers say how tired they were of their own four walls, and the wailing of the kids, and never having even 2s. 6d. over for the cinema at the end of the week. Admittedly it is not always an unequal struggle. Sometimes the putative father pays a weekly maintenance, sometimes the mothers can find a part-time job that fits in with the L.C.C. nursery hours, or a minder to look after their children.

Occasionally a closely-knit East End family, of which there are many, will insist that their daughter should bring her child home and it grows up accepted as one of the family. One daughter of a family like this wrote to us: "Mum took him to the clinic two

weeks ago and he weighed 17 lbs. 8 ozs., goodness knows what he will weigh this Thursday, bless him, I wouldn't part with him for anything."

Unless, however, life is going to be comparatively smooth for an unmarried mother who keeps her baby, adoption does seem to be a more practical course. Adopting parents are chosen with great care, and asked very detailed questions about the kind of home they are able to give the child. As far as possible they are carefully matched with the real parents of the child in temperament if not in background. The mother never knows where her child has gone, and will never see it again, while being certain that it is in safe hands. For instance, last year the National Adoption Society had 1,418 enquiries from prospective adopters, of whom only 267 were accepted. During the probation period, the preliminary few months of adoption, only one mother in 39 asked for her child to be returned.

When one deals with cases of prostitutes soliciting at night while carrying their illegitimate babies, or leaving them all night unattended while they go on the streets, or bringing them up in the brothels they live in, so that they will probably follow the same profession in the end, the advantages of adoption become apparent. We dealt with one pathetic case of a West Indian girl called Clover who, desperately lonely in this alien land, frequently invited men to her flat for the night to give her a feeling of comfort and a transient security. When the eldest of her three children was about 3½ years old she wrote to us: "I feel very much ashamed of having them in this little place and I am ashamed to talk about them too, knowing

that they don't have any father... I always say I don't want any children but when I get them I can't do anything but sorry I did... I want you to know that I am not giving them up to get another one... I am giving them up so that I can make good for them all, I can't do nothing but cry when I have to say anything about them because the shame is right in front of me and I can't bear to see it..." She asked for her children to be put into the care of Dr. Barnardo's while she got a job to support them.

Although we dealt mainly with unmarried mothers, we accepted every kind of case, of which the most heart-rending were over accommodation. It was tragic to see families split through lack of accommodation; the children were put into the care of the local council until their parents found somewhere to live, perhaps in a few years' time.

Some cases were more cheering, such as that of the teen-age married couple who were £15 behind with rent, and were given £5 towards this debt from church funds. They received a letter from the landlord refusing the money as "others need it more," and allowing them to stay on with the arrears unpaid.

This was one of the few encouraging instances in the otherwise depressing round of the social worker's job as mediator between bureaucracy and the individual.

It is ironic that a society which is so outspoken in condemning the "holier than thou" attitude of the Victorians, and in asserting its broadmindedness, nevertheless itself finds no place for the unmarried mother. The Welfare State makes some provision for her, but socially she remains beyond the pale, despite the injustice of condemning someone who "produces the evidence of what everyone is doing."

Sincerely yours...

One party: no reparties, but that King of snide Roddy Crumble arrived over from Oxford to do a lightning survey of Trinity's social life. He chose the wrong week-end. Still, he did manage to paint the town puce in his own sweet reader's digesty way.

First he met the naice people who went racing at Naas. James Brown mumbled drunkenly to a disinterested collection of wet grass, why is it that James must always be on the flat. Hugh Teacher was his usual frisky self, while Mike Short touted. Roddy didn't like the look of John MacDonald's eyes, a case of Cassanova cough-cough. Daphne Alexander didn't look at the horses much but nobody worried.

Next he moved into the world of highballs and low brows and

met Charles Edwards who had his "I must go down to Carnaby St." look about him, and was enthralled by that Queen of Cleavage Bridget Byrne. Alain "I'll get you in a corner" Chawner gave his inimitable impression of a blue cum loo singer, yes? top of the nit parade, but Roddy wasn't impressed as much as he was with our own musical muse Francis Rainey who, unfortunately, had a coda in his dose. Behind his back he caught a glimpse of Hugh Iremonger sipping a small gin and bitters, while Ruth Ludgate had a case of titters over Mike Dollins' quest for another breakthrough.

Friday the 13th and darkly dressed, we celebrated Black Mass at Wellington Place. The ritual began: Jeremy Grierson was bending over backwards to please, but obviously Pippa

Packham sees no more in him than do the rest of us. Alain Chawner and Liz Bell murmured "Red Hair" which would seem a matter of great importance in both their lives. Dark figures gathered round Michael Crow, and Declan Budd was silhouetted against an archway. Peter Stocken was charming all adversaries, but kept his Wooden Heart. Simon Elliot exceeded his ration of champagne, but there was enough to keep everybody happy, even Antonia Peck in the face of trend setter John Jennyns, holding forth on male fashions. When all was done, our hosts were left rhythmically beguiling the late night, Julian Matthews on the trumpet, Peter Vesey on the bagpipes, Martyn Rix on the recorder with James Farrer at the piano, and John Platt gathering the stubs of the black candles.

Blind Spot by Nelson

Telefis Eireann have an annoying habit of giving viewers a brief glimpse of how good their programmes can be and then shelving them as quickly as possible. While series such as "Tolka Row" go on and on without so much as a bend or a twist to relieve the monotony, Television Workshop was given just one chance. It appeared as a rather pale imitation of TW3 yet it had the making, the ideas and the talent worth developing. But no; somewhere along the line it has met with disapproval. Let's hope that Montrose comes to its senses soon.

With minimum ceremony the Christmas lights (Regent St., 1952) have been switched on in Grafton St., as a symbol of spending adding to the garishly care-free atmosphere. This is a monumental occasion—after all it did warrant a four-column photo in the "Irish Times"—and will, no doubt, trigger off yet another season of Advent sayings. We can now expect the usual crusading clerics' package deal sermons on the "Spirit of Giving," with side-tracking grouses on "The commercialisation of Christmas, teenage morals, drinking — to mention just a few." What was all that about a happy Chris . . .

Mr. Hugh Shields of the French department, collector and broadcaster of Irish ballads, has recently won first prize of £50 in an Irish ballad competition held in Belfast. He sang "Our Wedding" and "I Long to Get Married," simply and directly," according to the adjudicator.

A kind of mid-term madness has been sweeping College in the last few days. Apart from the J.D. giving a superb take-off of a cross traffic warden, a dog climbed diligently on to the top of No. 35, slept through Dr. Skeffington on Flaubert and left unnoticed at the end. The voice of an adult borrower boomed through the Reading Room and produced an outburst of hissing from students only matched by members of the League of Decency at an anti-clerical play.

Not so long ago the "crab-like walk" of young lovers in Dublin was condemned in the Catholic Press, as was kissing in public parks, doorways and thoroughfares. Paris, according to the "Sunday Press," has the same problems. But the problem was delightfully put in perspective by a French specialist, Professor Andre Soubiran, when he said: "Kissing in public is excellent for the secretion of saliva and therefore very good for the digestion." I suppose you can look at it that way.



BROWN'S
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REVIEWS — REVIEWS

NIGHT OF THE IGUANA

Night of the Iguana contains Tennessee Williams' usual fascinating characters; the tortured, congregationless Rev. T. Lawrence Shannon; Charlotte, a fifteen-year-old needing someone to adore; Miss Mellows, her spinsterish chaperone; Maxine, the earthy hotel owner with her beach boys to love; and the strong-willed woman traveller and her poet grandfather, a wonderful comic figure towards the end of the film.

Rev. Shannon is shut out of his church when he tells his congregation what he thinks of them. A job as guide to Baptist League women in Mexico brings him in contact with Charlotte, Miss Mellows and Maxine, all powerful women in their own ways.

The film is about the need for human contact and forgiveness. Shannon becomes a Christ-figure, driven to self-destruction by the criticism of his smug parishioners; Maxine needs a man about the place, Charlotte needs someone to adore, and the traveller, played by Deborah Kerr, is a model of selfless love, portrayed with scarcely a trace of sentimentality. (Only once does she sound a little like the Queen's Christmas message.) Shannon's one successful act is of charity, freeing the iguana at the end of its tether.

John Huston's direction is unobtrusively smooth and sometimes beautiful. Richard Burton catches brilliantly the bitter wit of a man who knows he is destroying himself, and Ava Gardner, Sue Lyon and Deborah Kerr put in splendid performances. Williams has continued what he started in "Period of

Adjustment," writing on the borders of comedy and drama, and he again succeeds brilliantly. C. S.

THE SKY ABOVE, THE MUD BENEATH

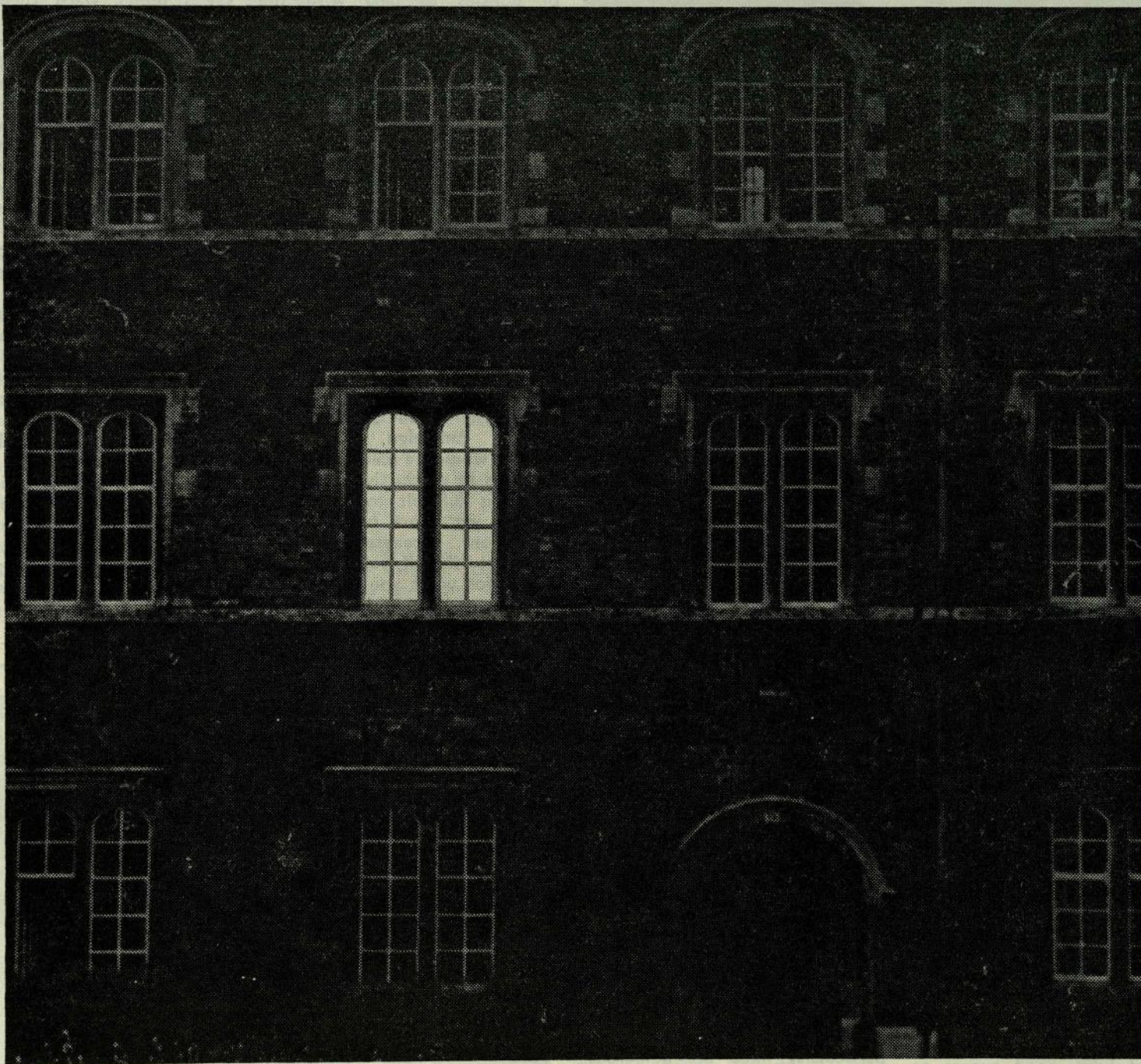
"The Sky Above and the Mud Beneath" at the Astor Cinema is a treat for the connoisseur of bad films. The subject matter, a journey across the unexplored and unmapped centre of New Guinea, could have been interesting, but combined with an insensitive translation of an over-enthusiastic script, it became at first irritating and later laughable. However, when at last the crazed survivors emerge from the forest on to the coast of North Guinea, one is at least relieved. C. W.

PLAYERS PLEASE.

Of Players' two one-act plays produced this week by Mike Mackenzie and Martyn Lewis, "Apollo de Ballac" by Jean

Garandoux was the more interesting, and "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets" by G. B. Shaw, the more successful. With a large cast, the former just missed achieving the unity essential in a one-act play. Helen Stewart as Mademoiselle Agnes, a timid girl who gains confidence through sincerity, is not quite appealing enough at the beginning, not wistful enough at the end, but delightful in between. The man from Ballac was quietly played by David Henderson, but Douglas Henderson was a little cumbersome.

"The Dark Lady of the Sonnets" was well staged. Martyn Lewis, who produced the play and played the part of Shakespeare, had great presence, and the Queen Elizabeth, Maureen Marcus, was a challenging one. In both these plays there was a tendency to make a disturbing number of small gestures, but otherwise they were successful productions. C. W.



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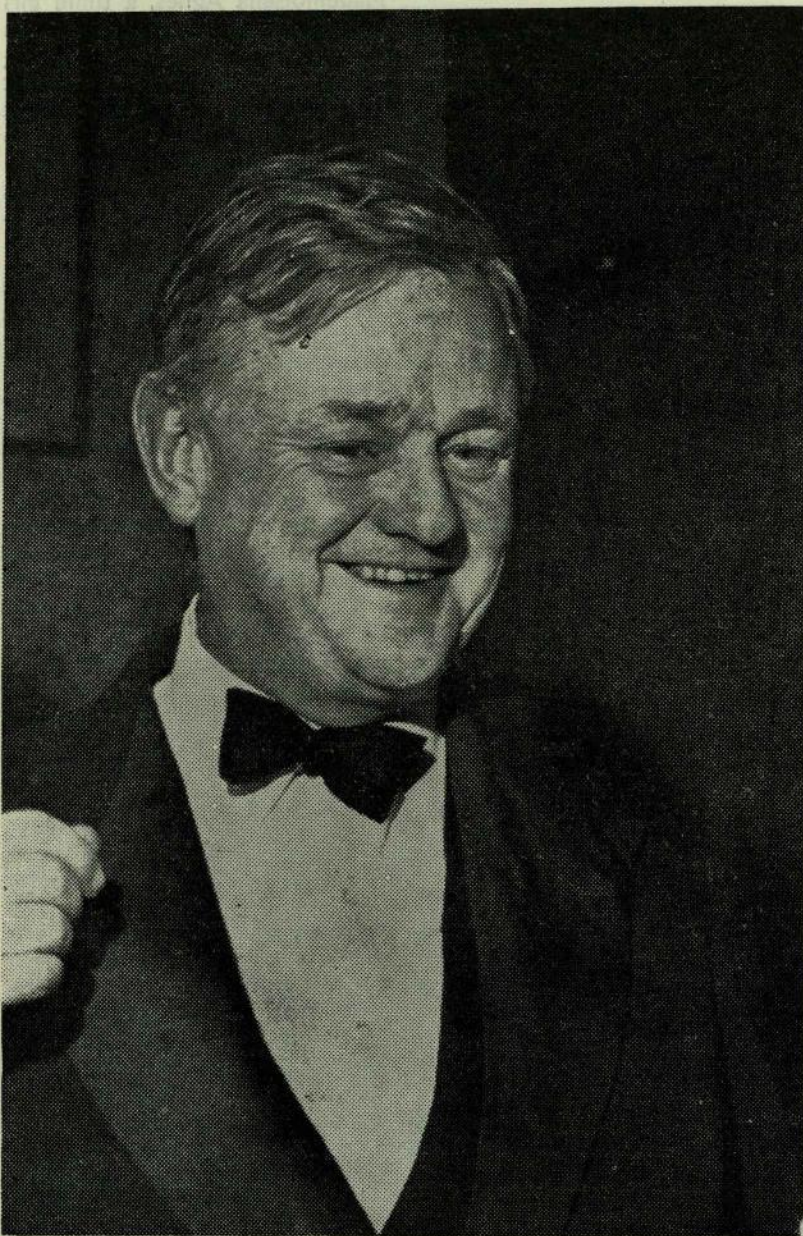
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QUINTIN



—Photo "Irish Times"

HOGG M.P.

Last Friday our News Editor had an exclusive interview with Quintin Hogg at Dublin Airport.

News Editor: Will your main interest continue to be in politics, or will you devote more of your time to the Bar?

Quintin Hogg: Well, it is more a question of how much attention the Bar will pay to me. At present there is no real choice and I intend to play my part in the Opposition.

Do you approve of the 15% surcharge to improve the Balance of Payments? If not, what alternative action would you suggest, and do you think that Ireland should be given special concessions?

I'm not a very good economist, but I don't believe in the "crisis." I notice that Wilson last year at Swansea said that if there were crises he would deal with them by using interest rates. Only when the election came along and he had to find something different did he think of the import levy. There are plenty of combinations of policies to deal with the problem another way. There was inadequate consultation with friends and allies and it is a tragedy if EFTA, which is founded on need, is forgotten in a resort to unilateral action. Being partly Irish myself I would like to see Ireland given special treatment, but if we make any exceptions we will be reminded of our obligations to EFTA and GATT as well. I myself felt that Ireland and England should be regarded as a Free Trade area.

Were you surprised by the contents of Mr. Callaghan's Budget? Do you think that the Labour Party had a mandate for the tax increases in view of the fact that they emphasised during the election campaign that their policies would be paid for out of increases in productivity?

This is difficult to answer as I'm not yet aware of the exact impositions. I realised all along, of course, that if you are going to pay for votes you are certain to have to do something drastic. I had, however, expected the

Chancellor to soak the rich instead of soaking everybody. I hadn't expected the rise in income tax so soon and that came as a nasty taste in the mouth. They had to put up income tax to pay for the social benefits, but the shocking thing is that having had an election less than a month ago they had to pretend that this wasn't so. They had, therefore, to invent the economic crisis to enable them to pay for their election bribes, and this I consider to be a dishonest policy, for the Labour Party have simply misled the public.

When would you like to see another election? On what platform do you think the Conservative Party should fight it if it were to take place as soon as some observers suggest it might? Do you think that your platform at the last election was positive enough?

I don't think the public want another election before Christmas and it must be prepared to accept responsibility for what it has done for a month or two. No one can say I didn't warn them. We can't chuck our old manifesto into the dustbin and fight an inconsistent policy. The situation will be developing and our policy will change with it. It has been modified already and we can expect this to continue. Our platform was inherent from the situation of being in power. You can't bring out new proposals without people saying, "Why wasn't this done before?" Government policy tends to be lost because it is enacted item by item whereas the Opposition manifesto tends to come as a revelation from on high.

Do you think it will be possible for the Labour Party to carry out its programme?

It is difficult to say. They do have a narrow majority and if they want to waste time in doing things the country doesn't want or need they can ride roughshod over it. But they will pay for it when the day of reckoning arises. I doubt if the Lords would like to kick out any Bill aimed at re-nationalising steel. They

normally only reject Bills on second reading where constitutional issues are concerned, and I don't know how far they should take Gallup polls as a constitutional convention. My own view is that the Labour Party has a small majority for a basket of eggs, one of which is rotten.

Is the power of the Prime Minister increasing?

I'm not absolutely sure. I think that if I had had the office I would have altered its structure radically from what it is now. It is too much an administrative machine and should be integrated with the Cabinet office and two or three deputy prime ministers appointed. The Cabinet office should play a bigger part in co-ordinating present policy, in the planning of future policy and in watching over the machinery of government. A cardinal mistake of the Wilson government has been the unnecessary appointment of Brown. Reform should have begun in the office of the Prime Minister where there is too much personal rule and too little efficiency. The P.M. should be a man of leisure who should pick out the things that matter and go into them in great detail. Most important matters run themselves simply and the P.M. should pick out the key issues before they arise. Wilson is in favour of personal rule and thinks he is the re-incarnation of President Kennedy which, of course, he is not.

Do you see a trend towards the increasing importance of the State and the diminishing importance of the individual?

Individualism is something for which we must be continually fighting or else it will diminish. But to fight for anything in terms of a past philosophy is futile. I believe that there are many institutions that should have an existence independent from the State. The modern State is an elaborate construction and extends into many aspects of our life. I do not think it is as oppressive under Conservative rule, but under Socialist rule it tends to become arbitrary.

Hints on Prints

By Hamish McRae

Certainly there are easier ways of decorating rooms. A couple of reproductions from the College Gallery would have covered those damp patches on the walls for a mere ten bob. A B.O.A.C. poster would be even cheaper. But neither of these solutions would have given much aesthetic pleasure, and it struck me that it would be a good excuse to initiate a collection of old prints.

I had two choices open. I could either root around the junk shops on the quays in the hope of picking up something valuable, cheaply; or I could go to a dealer. If you know a lot about prints you would probably be better to try the junk shops. I didn't, and, seeing the advertisement in "Trinity News," went down to the Neptune Gallery in St. Stephen's Green.

I decided not to spend more than £20, for which I wanted about half a dozen interesting prints. If that sounds a lot of money, remember that the four Malton's that the Phil paid £60 for three years ago are now worth

£100. All capital appreciation gratefully received.

Though I was limited to the cheaper items, this did not greatly hamper my choice. Many were priced at under £2. Some of these are rather dull—the Bartlett views of Ireland would make excellent presents for one's maiden aunts. Many more are both amusing and attractive. I particularly liked the numerous comic situations in Rowlandson's Dance of Death (1815)—the Skeleton Death anxious to persuade buxom bosomed matrons to enter his fold. I included two of these cartoons in my collection for £2 10s. A detail from one is illustrated. More serene, but equally interesting, were the mezzotints by Lucas after Constable. Though normally used for portraiture, this technique is perhaps even more successful in landscape reproduction. In fact, Constable and Lucas worked in conjunction to produce this series. I particularly liked the view of Hampstead Heath, with storm approachin, price £3.

The Neptune Gallery also specialises in old maps of Ireland.



"When the old fool has drank his wine
And gone to rest, I will be thine."

I would have liked to buy something from Speed's Atlas of 1611, but the price, around £20, was out of the question. Instead I chose a map by Morden (c. 1725), for £6 10s. While it lacks the interest of the earlier miss-shapen attempts, the quality of the engraving make it an attractive ornament. Besides, it is big; that damp patch, remember?

I was also attracted to the

wood engravings of the Dalziel Brothers. For technical skill these must be amongst the best work done on wood in the 19th century. I chose "Cottages" from Birket Foster's "Pictures of English Landscape," published in 1862. The price was £1 10s.

Finally, a political cartoon: I was torn between something by Hogarth, which would have been impressive but a bit too well

known, and a selection of colour cartoons of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, including Sauley, Rowlandson, Newton, Cruikshank and Gillray. I settled on a Gillray parody of the death of General Wolfe (1795) for £6 10s.

And so there you have it. I had spent my total of £20. Many people would disagree with my choice. This is, after all, essentially an individual matter. They might possibly have wanted to include plant and animal prints. Some of the fashion plates (taken from a sort of 1803 "Vogue") were also most appealing. However, I have, I hope, shown that it is possible to make a start to a collection reasonably cheaply. I tried to buy good examples of their type even if the type is at present not particularly popular. Because of this, the prints, quite apart from any aesthetic value they may have, should prove to be a sound investment. More and more people are realising that, though they can't afford an original work of a master, they can at least buy contemporary reproductions carried out under the artist's supervision. Whether you collect prints as a second best, or for their own sake, the field is so vast that everyone can find a niche to suit both their pocket and their taste.



Sports Editor

Robin Knight

Rugby

Collegians, 13 pts.; Trinity, 0

Trinity put up a good all-round performance against a powerful and experienced Collegians side who were somewhat flattered by the margin of their victory. But the hard fact is that Trinity were again defeated and have only a lone success against Monkstown to their credit.

The game was played almost throughout in rain and a strongish cold wind which made handling difficult. The Trinity pack did well in containing the heavier Collegian forwards for much of the game. Butterworth excelled in the loose and Jones jumped well in the line-outs, often foiling the Collegian combinations of "94" downwards. Considering the conditions the backs, too, played well, with Coker and Morrison covering efficiently, and Stafford-Clark tackling his opposite number on several occasions.

Trinity should have gone ahead in the 16th minutes, but Murphy missed an easy penalty following an upfield rush by Whittaker and Butterworth. Then a quarter of an hour later, Collegians' talented young out-half, Chambers, wriggled over near the posts. Midway through the second half a Collegians movement went most of the length of the field for the left wing to score far out, and with 7 minutes remaining the other wing cut through the middle and touched down beneath the posts.

To their credit, Trinity throughout maintained their attempts to open up the game, though the halves were on the receiving end of some rough play, Murphy sustaining a well executed uppercut at one stage. Wilson and Whittaker tackled well, but the latter's attacking efforts were marred by his tendency to overdo his inside swerve which resulted in his being caught in possession on too many occasions. Trinity were playing directly into the wind in the second half, but the team's fitness never appeared suspect, the pack invariably being on hand and the backs generally running and covering well.

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Rowing

Rowing began officially this season after the A.G.M., under the supervision of the new captain, P. H. S. Braidwood. This season marks a departure from previous seasons in that the Club is to abandon its temporary flirtation with Continental styles and revert to the conventional English style of rowing. This means that, during the season, it will dispense with the coaching services of Pat Bradley, English Olympic oarsman, Oxford Blue Boat coach, and member of the Leander Club. It is hoped that the change will serve to eliminate the present destructive gap between the Senior Eight and the rest of the Club. Another corollary is that the present pre-occupation with rowing at Henley is to be set aside in favour of a concentration upon Irish rowing. Supporters of the Club will wish every success to this courageous reversal of recent policy.

Golf

Last Monday the Golf Club held their winter term meeting at the Foxrock Club. About thirty players, an encouraging number, entered the competition, which was run on Stableford and best gross return lines. Conditions were very cold and rather windy, and anyone starting after 2 p.m. had to play the last few holes in darkness.

Hugh MacKeown and Ned Stokes shared the best gross return prize with 79's. Stokes also won the Stableford competition with a creditable 41 points. David Fleury with 37 points was second in the latter competition, whilst John Gray, with a round of 81, came third in the gross return. Bev Labbett, playing off 24, did the second nine in 45, and returned home with a bottle of wine and, we hope, a lower handicap!

Squash

Trinity have within their grasp at last the winning of the Winter Handicap League. They have already overcome the favourites, last year's winners, Fitzwilliam A, and they have had 2 decisive wins against Bankers and Fitzwilliam B, and as long as they do not drop any superfluous rubbers they should be comfortably ahead when the Christmas recess occurs.

The basis of the side's success has been its depth. There is not a great margin between D. Budd and W. Barr, a fresher, the Nos. 1 and 2, and J. Horsley and A. Shillington, the Nos. 4 and 5. R. Merrick, the captain, can look forward to a successful season then, not only in the league but also in the annual match with Queen's University which is being played in Belfast on November 26th.

The Squash column cannot close without a reference to the "B" and "C" teams who are both doing well in their respective leagues.

Boxing

The Boxing Club had a very successful tournament at the Stadium on Saturday night, at which the visiting Belsize and Cambridge team was defeated by 9 bouts to 3.

In a night full of surprise results the tone was set in the first match in which J. Skanda Rajah of Cambridge knocked out Cunningham of U.C.D. in 58 seconds flat. Mick Bowman and Kevin Noone avenged this defeat with good wins over London University and Cambridge opponents.

The three Trinity boxers taking part all won their matches, but it was unfortunate that Coker, Buchanan and Condon could not be matched. Sam McBratney showed signs of being out of practice but boxed well to defeat Symes of Cambridge; Tommy McGreavy as too fit and skilled for Jeremy Eccersal of Belsize. John Tylor, suffering from 'flu, boxed well enough to collect a deserved if hard fought win over a very fit opponent.

Guest boxer Willie Cullen of Corinthians was too strong for Tommy McNeill, a London-Dubliner boxing for Belsize.

In the Great Hall, U.C.C., tomorrow night, 20th November, U.C.D. and Trinity meet in their first official colours match. It is hoped to make this a regular fixture. U.C.D., having won the University Championships for two years, are very strong, but if the Trinity Freshmen give a good account of themselves it should be a close match. Colours team: J. Coker, D. Buchanan, J. Tylor, R. Condon, J. Hodgson, S. McBratney, J. Love and C. Hamilton, with three of four novice bouts.

Ski-ing

Winter follows summer. Usually. So with long-john-weather and chilblains around the corner, now is the time to slit your Piggy Bank to arrange a sure escape from it all and book a ticket to snow and sunshine with the Ski Club. They are going back to the friendly Austrian village of Zürs again this year for a fortnight's ski-ing in the daytime, and dancing, drinking or do-what-you-like at night. Oxford and Cambridge are adding their talent too. Talking about talent. Now is the time to start those running, jumping, and standing still exercises for Rumour has it that with the pleasure of Anthea Peel and Terry Schwartz's company there should be competent ski-ing and a sound team.

Hockey

Next Saturday, Trinity play Pembroke Wanderers in the Mills Cup semi-final at Londonbridge Road.

All support will be welcomed—the game begins at 2.30 p.m.

Junior Rugby

The introduction last season of the junior league was an undoubted success. Players who had in earlier years been shunted from team to team week after week now found themselves playing as regular members of a settled side.

This year the league includes two new names, the Grasshoppers led by John Nickson, and the Freshers "A," under Martyn Lewis. Last year's winners, the Gaels, again captained by Rob Andrews, head the table so far, having won both their games without quite reaching top form. Last week-end they had a hard time defeating Grasshoppers, who are very solid but lack scoring power.

The Freshers "A," like the Gaels, have won both their games, but have scored fewer points. J. Sugars has led the Norsemen, who have some power forward, to one win and two defeats. The fifth side, the Pirates, have yet to make any impression.

It is to be hoped that the consistently clean and open play which was a feature of the competition last year will be maintained. Once rough tactics are adopted, playing standards deteriorate, as teams using such methods soon discover.

Croupier

Leopardstown on Saturday has all the makings of an attractive if tricky card. Anyone who has a bet in the November Handicap must be nuts and should see my psychiatrist before it's too late. If you must, try **Ticonderoga**, **Portail Rogue** or **Troubled Soul**, but don't say I didn't warn you, you lucky people. A better-looking proposition is **Crown Prince** in the first; if he can take care of **Persian Signal** and **Soltest**, **Flying-bolt**, if a runner and if he stands up, looks a cert, but at very cramped odds. **Winning Fair** ran a promising race at the Curragh and looks a more attractive wager. The winning-post came far too quickly for **Celdado** last time and he was travelling like an express train at the finish. If he gets steam up sooner he should beat **Royal Rose** and **Valour**. All those fivers will be safer in your pocket than in a bookie's satchel in the 3.15 too, but booking of brilliant English apprentice Paul Cook for **Boy Bill** could be significant. They won't be paying his air fare for nothing! **Soldier**, **Belle of Athens** and **Bagors** are other possibilities. In the 3.40, the last race of the flat season, they'll all be trying their hardest to contribute towards the winter's keep, but **Sittin' On Ready**, which I hope all Croupier's clients will be doing, could prevail.

Don't miss **Phemius**, **Dancing Deal** or **Fighting Squire** in the North this week-end.

Soccer

Dublin University 1
Hammond Lane 3

Another own goal, another unflattering result and another defeat were about all Trinity gained from this match on Saturday.

Trinity kicked off towards the Museum Buildings and were settling down well when their confidence was shaken by an own goal after eight minutes—a pass back from Lawless having failed to find his 'keeper. Five minutes later a good pass by McIlroy was well taken by Nolan, but his shot hit the upright and was cleared. Trinity continued to press, with the left wing working well, and shots from Sowerby, McIlroy and Meldrum just missed their target. However, at half-time we were still 1-0 down.

After ten minutes of the second half, a badly taken free kick on the goal line went straight to the

Congratulations to Howard Markham who made his League of Ireland debut last Sunday at inside-right for Bohemians against Waterford. From all reports Howard had a most promising game.

opposing forwards who scored easily. Three minutes later the deficit was reduced to one by Leonard after a free kick by Shaw had been headed on by Nolan. Immediately the pace hotted up, but despite conceding numerous free kicks, Hammond Lane held out, and after 63 minutes they settled the issue with an opportunist goal by their centre-forward. The latter was a trifle lucky only to have his name taken after a series of fouls on the Trinity 'keeper.

Trinity were well served by Lawless, Meldrum, Pointon and Nolan, and Shaw again excelled—but until the defence learns to call for the ball and certain players are prepared to enter into the cup-tie spirit of the A.U.L., Trinity's potential must remain on paper.

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News Editor

Bill Hutchinson

NEWS IN BRIEF

Lending Library Hogg at Hist. for Trinity?

Trinity is to have a lending library for students. The Board has decided to re-organise the library situation in College, re-organising the Lecky and Regent House Libraries.

The main College Library will continue as at present, books being read only in the reading rooms, while a new College Lending Librarian, Miss Eileen Roche, has been appointed to supervise the Lecky and Regent House Libraries.

These two libraries are to be incorporated into the College Library, as a lending department, material and staff being to some extent interchangeable between the two and the main Library. It is also intended to extend the scope and stock of these libraries.

These are long-term projects, and will not come into effect for some time. Initially Miss Roche's duties will consist of re-organising the Lecky Library, working out purchasing and cataloguing procedures and supervising the staffs of both branch libraries, now interchangeable.

Boland on U.N.

Probably due to the presence of a more controversial figure in the G.M.B. last Friday night, there was a very small though distinguished gathering to hear Dr. F. H. Boland deliver an address entitled "The U.N. Since Suez" to the Irish Nations' Association in the Examination Hall. The Chancellor described the problem of financing the U.N. peace-keeping activities. Having described the background to this issue of "the utmost gravity," he confessed he could not see any wholly satisfactory way out of the impasse. He speculated "whether the time is not ripe for making a determined effort to reactivate the Security Council." There must first be an agreed settlement on the question of Chinese representation on the Council and an enlargement of the Council's membership to provide fair representation for the new Africa and Asian members of the organisation.

Chief Justice Cearbhaill O Dalaigh presided.

"An Idea of the University"

By George Everett

To-night

at the

PHIL

One of the biggest crowds to attend a meeting of the Hist for some time last Wednesday heard Mr. Quintin Hogg speak to a packed house against the motion "That this house prefers mad dogs to Englishmen."

This had previously been proposed by Mr. M. O'Leary, the Educational Officer of the I.C.T.U., whose main contention was that although Britain had been forced to dissolve its empire by enfranchisement, it to-day tried to maintain its former dominance by using economic



QUINTIN HOGG.

methods, and the old British tiger, he said, "had not changed its spots."

Mr. Hogg replied to Mr. O'Leary, and agreed with the latter that he could be described as a typical Englishman since his mother was American whilst his father's family had come from Ireland. He then went on to describe some of the peculiar characteristics of the English, who, he said, enjoyed representative government under a hereditary President, unlike the United States and the South Republic in which there existed monarchies and where the kings were called presidents and elected.

The English were the heirs and guardians of European civilisation and had made three great contributions to the rest of the world. These were the technique of representative government, the idea of the Common Law, and the enormous medium of the English language.

Mr. Hogg's speech received a sustained ovation and had been delivered to an attentive audience with only a few gruntings from Marxist hecklers.

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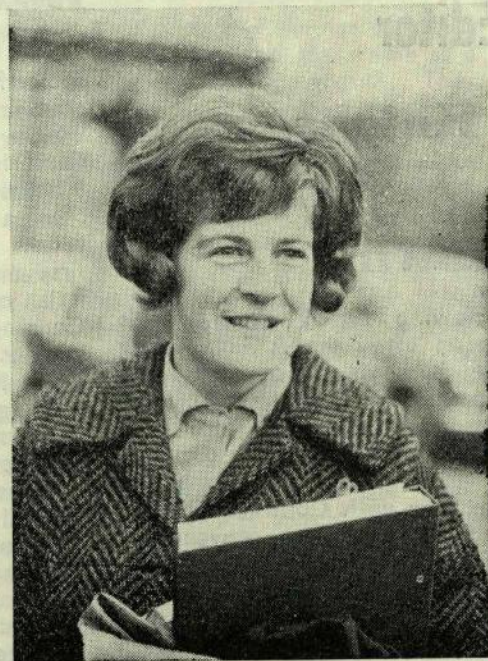
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Melissa Stanford



—Photo by Des. Harman

Melissa Stanford, like most people who are portrayed in profile, went to school. In her case, however, though the landscape has been adequately painted, the portrait is more interesting, and consequently the catalogue notes will concentrate on it.

Although, as one of Thurber's limericks has it, "Melissa is no Mona Lisa," her smile is one of the most enigmatic things about her — being a sort of norm between the serious frown (reserved for the Eliz. Committee, Dr. Pyle's lectures and chauffeuring her alma pater) and her unusual shrieks of happy laughter heard in every cocktail party, Front Square and the Reading Room. Her laugh is, in fact, both an indicator to her whereabouts and a guide to the sort of person she is.

Melissa is a confirmed socialite whose chief interest is meeting people. Being in the Mod. Lang. School and Society, she understands that heterogeneous bunch of xenoglossic weirdies astonishingly well. On the S.R.C. bench in the year of Our Lord J. Michael Newcombe, she recorded the sayings of those frantic representatives who time and again bore the fiery brand of student rights to the Executive; only to have it quenched by the Agent's tears. She tended the Freshers' Congress in its early childhood; and in the rôle of Resident

Steward at the last Summer School devoted much time and energy to tracking down foreigners who periodically changed rooms but brought their beds with them.

Melissa's most responsible job so far—with the possible exception of keeping a pack of cubs and minding a 97-year-old French woman and her ten infant great-grandchildren—is being President of the Elizabethan Society. Her composure, fearlessness and ability to express herself make her the obvious choice for improving her society's public appearance; a task which will also draw on her talent as an organiser and hostess. For her recreation she enjoys sailing and dancing (she feels lost without company) and she housekeeps in a competent, if slightly scatty, way.

It seems a far cry from the Freshman who rowed in the Boat Club Regatta and beagled enthusiastically until she fell in, to the demure Senior Sophister President of the Elizabethan Society who, next February, will represent the University at an international conference on higher education in Cornell. But in both cases an extrovert, almost exhibitionist, trait is required as well as an untiring enthusiasm for the more usual College social activities. And that is why her two most prized possessions are a Francoise Hardy recording and a strong-man Dood-I-oon.

PERSONAL

SKI in Kitzbühl this winter. Dec. 27th-Jan. 10th. Basic, 34½ gns. Contact Roger Kynaston, No. 20. Mixed party.

WELSH SOCIETY—Would all Welsh students interested in forming a Dublin Welsh Society please contact Richard Jones, No. 12 T.C.D.

Answers to Crossword

ACROSS—1, Six o'clock news; 8, Happier; 10, Unrisen; 11, Year; 12, Stiff; 13, Gaol; 16, Traditional; 17, Corpuscular; 19, Eyre; 20, Livid; 21, Talc; 24, Unicorn; 25, Gentian; 26, Scrambled eggs.

DOWN—2, Implant; 3, Omit; 4, Norm; 5, Wassail; 6, Chrysanthemum; 7, English accent; 9, Retribution; 10, Unflinching; 14, Harry; 15, Angle; 17, Cardiac; 18, Reaping; 22, Rota; 23, Once.

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