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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Undergraduate Weekly

Thursday, 4th November, 1965. Vol. XIII, No. 1

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GRANTS TO BE STOPPED?

Porters Claim 40 hour Week

The new Traffic Regulations introduced on 1st September have meant changes in the duties and manning roster of the porters, including keeping both the Lincoln and Pearse Street Gates open until midnight. There has been some disagreement between the College and the porters over these changes, and discussions between them have been in progress for some time, but agreement has not yet been reached. The Workers' Union of Ireland, to which the porters belong, has now decided to ask for a five-day, 40-hour week, instead of the present five-day, 42½-hour week. "We are doing all we can to settle the matter," the Agent told *Trinity News* last week.

Apart from this set-back, the parking plan is working well, and an eighteenth-century serenity has returned once more to the Front Square—to the chargin of the rally-driving undergraduates

No English undergraduates in Trinity; grants repayable over 25 years. These are the prospects facing the University if rumours now circulating College are substantiated. Hints in a recent issue of the "Daily Mail" and uncertainties over the present Labour Government's alleged plans to stop grants to those entering Trinity from 1967 have led to wild speculation around College.

Top officials in Trinity were sceptical. Secretary to the College, Mr. Pyper, was doubtful that anything of this magnitude would happen without him knowing about it. And in the Senior Tutor's office, where all admissions are dealt with, we were told: "We get rumours of this kind almost every week."

All this comes at a time when English grants have been raised by as much as £60 a year, and there is now no distinction between grants to undergraduates in rooms and those in lodgings. The expenses involved in this increase, combined with an overall two-fold rise in the student grants bill, have strengthened the reasons for reconsidering a plan to make grants repayable over 25 years. A Department of Education spokesman said that grants should be regarded as "a privilege and not as a right which all undergraduates should necessarily receive." First reactions in College to these prospects were that there were no real objections to making grants repayable, but that nothing would actually happen for three or four years.

The situation in College at the moment is that of the 3,000 undergraduates, there are only 1,200 Irish students as opposed to 1,500 English and Northern Irish combined. The most important feature of the Irish element is that nine out of every ten get no assistance whatsoever from their own Government. Any plan to cut out the support from the English County Councils would, therefore, be disastrous for the finances of Trinity.

Octogenarians Return

Criticisms that contact between College and graduates was weakened were refuted when some sixty graduates as far back as 1895 recently spent a day looking over their old university. Highlights of the visit were dinner in the Dining Hall, and a tour of the Provost's house. Mr. F. J. Hurst, Chief Librarian, gave a lecture on the problems of running a copyright

THIS WEEK

—
Scrutiny on
Auditorial Ascent
—
The Lowdown Page
—
Teacher in America

library, including those caused by censorship. It seems that the habit of English lecturers to set papers on banned books was a source of considerable embarrassment.

They seemed impressed by the turn out of Trinity undergraduates. "At least," said Dr. Conyngham of England, "they're better than at a redbrick." Another we encountered at Front Gate told of his "glorious mis-spent youth," and added hastily, "I don't look past it, do I?" He didn't.



Miss Hilary Blount, elected this year's "Miss Fresher" by the "Trinity News" staff, receives her prize at the Freshers' Ball. She was thrown up and down seventeen times by three hefty characters for a press photo —we think she earned her "chambers."

Encounter

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A FEAST OF BOOKS

AT

THIRTY-SEVEN
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APCK

revised feeding times

Further changed have been made in catering arrangements for this term. An evening meal—"not more than 5/-"—is being provided in the Buttery, and may be transferred to the New Dining Hall. The Buttery will be closed between 2.30 p.m. and 3.30 p.m., and the bar will close at 8.00 p.m. The Co-op has chosen an all day session instead or re-opening its door in the evening. After his recent tour of English Universities, Col. Walsh thinks that a comparison with most is favourable. "I feel we are keeping right up with the Jones's," he said, "if not in some cases in front of them."

T LOO OF THE YEAR

The summer vacation witnessed, at a cost of some £3,000, one of the largest and most complex lavatory renovation schemes ever undertaken in the history of College. One wonders if this is to be a five-yearly or ten-yearly routine; but, whatever the intentions, we can now boast of some of the finest examples of lavatory architecture in Dublin.

Variety has been the keynote of the operation, and the diversity of colour-schemes is developing into the basis for a competition between the 40 houses in College for the title of "Toilet of the Year."

Indeed, loyalty in this respect is at such a peak that the residents of No. 18 feel that already they have a claim to the title. The cell-like austerity of No. 20 could hardly put it in the running for honours, but Nos. 19 and 12 are setting a very high standard. With respect to the special section of the competition, Gus Handcock, Scholar, commented: "Without a doubt the Physics Dept. should take the prize here; the overall effect is superb, and even the light goes on when you open the door!" Last to be completed, the Museum's and No. 4's rest rooms are the strongest contenders; in fact, £1,675 7-seater in No. 4 is a masterpiece in hygienic planning.

The only complaints are coming from that section of College who have compulsive urges to write on

the walls; their activities will have to be confined to No. 9, which seems to have escaped to tell the story of a former lavatorial epoch.

The converted rest rooms in No. 4 — "a masterpiece in hygienic planning."

—Photo Sean Walmsley

Players' Revue in England

Players' revues in the past have had no small measure of success in Ireland, and for some time have been a regular late-night feature of the Wexford Festival, but they have seldom ventured across the water. Two years ago Max Stafford-Clark took his symposium "Draw a Line Somewhere" to the Edinburgh Festival where it had a successful run and as a result drew the attention of Jim Haynes, Director of the experimental Traverse Theatre. This year, on his invitation, Players' revue, "Bewerewolf," ran for two weeks in June and was such an outstanding success that it was booked for the Edinburgh Festival, where it played to packed houses and was hailed by the more effusive critics as a successor to "Beyond the Fringe." After TV. presentations, the show was consequently transferred to the New Arts Theatre, Leicester Square, as part of the Traverse Theatre's repertory, and despite a decidedly shaky start was enjoyed by good audiences if not by all the critics.

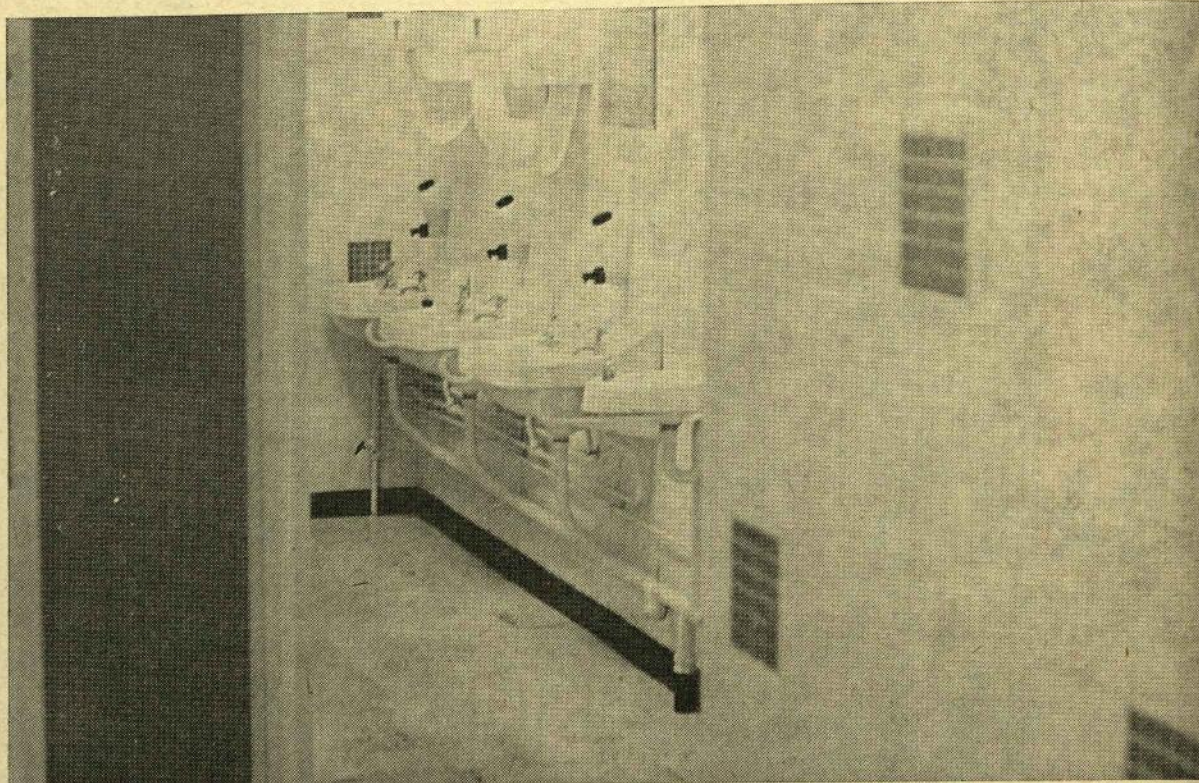
T. S. Eliot Symposium

Following the success of the Dylan Thomas readings last year, it has been mooted that similar symposia might become a regular feature of a Sunday evening, at 8.30 p.m. in Players' Theatre, No. 3. The first such entertainment will be this Sunday, when Geoff. Thurley will introduce extracts from the writings of T. S. Eliot. "We shall be holding further evenings," Douglas Henderson told *Trinity News*, "and I would like to hear of ideas in any field—poetry, drama, music, art, et cetera—that anyone may have for them."

10,000 Copies of I.R.A. Issue

On Monday, 25th October, "T.C.D." Magazine were approached by a little man wanting to buy 10,000 copies of their I.R.A. issue. After sounding out College opinion, "T.C.D." decided last Friday to turn the offer down. They felt that it would be "compromising College"; as the report was favourable towards the I.R.A., extra publicity might be taken as unofficial College support of an illegal organisation. The copies were intended for distribution in Britain, Ireland and America.

"If you can't bide it — glorify it" — Agent



Joan Baez doesn't quite make it

Many of those who went to the Freshers' Folk Concert on the Thursday of Freshers' week did not know how close they came to hearing Joan Baez.

She arrived in Ireland on the previous Tuesday and was asked by Trevor Crosier if she would come over to the G.M.B. after her concert at the National Stadium. She promised to do her best. However by Thursday she was exhausted. She even refused to take encores at her packed concert in the Stadium, and at 10.30 p.m. was ushered off the stage by two huge seconds. A friend said she was much too tired for anything and though she had many invitations Joan Baez simply went straight to bed.

In the G.M.B., the folk singers waited, but were forced to finish at 11 p.m. They retired to O'Neills, where they hoped to find out the party where Joan Baez was to appear. No luck. She was fast asleep.

Before she left the next day, Joan Baez sent her apologies to Trevor and was sorry not to have been there. She meant it. Her favourite audiences have always been students.

Gowns

Dr. Wormell's suggestion in "Silent Sister" that gowns might be abolished has caused a rumpus, and he has had to issue a circular to all faculties explaining that he only said they *might* go, "if sufficient pressure built up." It seems it hasn't yet.

Freshers' Congress

The Congress was eminently more successful than last year under the dynamic control of Chairman Neale Webb. "Our function," he said, "was essentially to prevent the Freshers getting lost. By all accounts we succeeded." They made such a profit on the dances that the committee is considering paying back to the T.C.D. Trust the grant it made to the first Congress in 1963.

T.C.D. families "doing well"

Letters received from the families in Korea, Greece, Morocco and Basutoland who are sponsored by Trinity College thank "the students" for their help.

Through Save the Children Books, the Refugee Committee hope to raise over £130 this coming year to support these families and others in need.

Posters

Posters advertising College functions must be a regulation 2 ft. 6 ins. by 1 ft. 9 ins.—and not less than 50 feet from a similar one—says a notice recently issued by the Junior Dean, to keep this new art-form under control.

OBITUARY

The Rev. E. A. Crawford, M.A., B.D., Ph.D., Professor of Education, died suddenly last week at Rhode Island where he had been appointed Visiting Professor for the current academic year. Professor Crawford achieved distinction as a student at Trinity; he took a first in Philosophy in 1935, and in 1936 he was a member of the Trinity hockey team which won the Irish Senior Cup. Ordained in 1937, he served in curacies in Northern Ireland until 1947, when he returned to Trinity as a lecturer in Education. He was appointed to the Chair of Education in 1950.

Professor Crawford had an extensive knowledge of education and made a valuable contribution to primary and secondary education in Ireland. In recent years he travelled widely and lectured in universities on four continents.

A man of forthright expression, Professor Crawford was an educationist who never sacrificed his convictions for mere popularity. His views were often controversial, but they were never dull. He was a gifted lecturer whose insight and wit were much appreciated by students. His warm and cheerful enthusiasm will be greatly missed by his colleagues in the School of Education.

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brainwave

Contributors are not associated with "Trinity News"

Why shouldn't there be a Student Union at Trinity? Too often the mere mention of such an idea makes reactionaries talk about red bricks and proletarians. Yet what is so marvellous about the present provision of Union facilities and student representation that it does not bear thought of change?

In last year's S.R.C. election there was a 40% poll, and at one meeting last term only 15 out of 120 members attended. On this showing the S.R.C. cannot be truly said to "represent," and the reason for its failure is clearly be-

cause it has no unbureaucratic existence. If the S.R.C. had a Common Room, it would create an ever-present awareness of itself, and therefore, hopefully, of its existence as the co-ordinating and negotiating body of student interests. It would be quite wrong to blame the failure of the S.R.C. on apathy; very few students have time to search out the issues in College. The S.R.C. should have a better forum than a notice board at Front Gate; they should have a J.C.R.

The Hist. and the Phil once more underlined, during Freshers'

Week, that for most people they merely provide Union facilities, of an almost identical nature. This duplication is unnecessary. The great dead-weight of non-participant members must be detrimental to the debating and paper-reading aspects of these societies, and it puts an unwelcome burden on their officers.

By all means let the Hist and Phil have male rooms, and the Eliz have female rooms. But when the New Library opens, move the Mod. Lang. library out of Regent House and let the S.R.C. move in and make it a mixed J.C.R. This would remove social intercourse from the uncongenial Buttery, give the S.R.C. a solid foundation, and let the Hist and the Phil get on with their real functions.

Brainwave this week — Stephen Harris.

ROMULUS RITES

Fireworks

Prof. Johnson ("Joey" to his friends), the octogenarian professor of the Economics faculty, forthrightly announced at his first lecture of the year, "I'm afraid you can't expect any fireworks from me this year." This year?

For Christmas

Student songsters, Rosemary and Howard, have taken another step along the road to success. In a month's time, their latest disc, "Christmas Story," will be released to the record-buying public in Ireland and Great Britain. Their recent recording of "Broken Promises" on the Tempo label sold nearly 500 copies, and reached the Number 9 spot in Ireland's Top Ten. Again on the Tempo label, "Christmas Story" is supported on the flip side by "On Christmas Morn," the music and lyrics of which were composed by Howard himself. The two folk singers are appearing on Wednesday and Saturday nights in Lamb Doyle's, Ballinteer, and on Tuesday evenings in the Purty Kitchen, Dun Laoghaire.

Black

Black mark to the fellow who asked Moroccan-toasted George Frangopulos if he was a West Indian.

£200 Taken

PLEASE BUY GONGSTER is an ordinary enough appeal, but at Nottingham University the appeal is to undergraduates to leave their threepence when they take the paper. "It is unreasonable—and should be quite unnecessary," says GONGSTER, "to ask people to supervise something so simple and automatic." The loss doesn't seem to worry anyone—the £200 deficiency per year is made up by the Union.

Grats

Congratulations to William Young who has just announced his engagement to Ulster M.P. Henry Clark's sister, Jill.

Men Anonymous

After the Maidens Anonymous from some northern Universities comes this welcome personal ad. in Newcastle-upon-Tyne's *Courier*.

"MEN — All women are lecherous egotistical swine. Join Men Anonymous. Phone University Extn. 754."

Or the Hist?

Connections

Scene: Victoria Station precincts.

Date: 10th October.

Time: 11.05 p.m.

A struggling Paddy under arrest screams: "Archbishop Simms knows what goes on in your hospitals—he'll get rid of Trinity College." Anyone who can see the connection, let me know.

Lectures

"The Silent Sister" (who is the mother?) says somewhere that lectures are no longer compulsory. One of the "T.C.D." staff commented: "There's a notice around somewhere. I don't know where, but I know it's true."

Borderline Sex

When returning from Russia, David Altaras was held at the border. Because of his long hair, the People's Peasant Police assumed his companion, Moray Scott Dalgleish, had a Russian woman up his sleeve. But Moray bared his arm and all was forgiven.

Four P's

Last Friday the Four Provinces Ballroom in Harcourt Street made its swan song. The manager told me that he reckoned that he has seen 4 million dancers on the floor since he took up the post in 1946. The site will still be used for entertainment—the new Television Centre will be opened in about six weeks' time. But the bulk of the clientele reckon it'll never be the same.

More P's

In Dublin, P-P-Patrick Campbell has p-p-published a P-Penguin.

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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Undergraduate Weekly

The Silent Coleen

Perhaps the most disappointing fact that has emerged from "T.C.D.'s" monumental "Silent Sister" is the relative poverty of College: an income little more than half that of a comparable English university—capital funds being run down by nearly £50,000 a year.

At this rate the savings of centuries will be squandered in thirty years, and Trinity would be entirely dependant on the Irish Government. Money must be found fast.

Two steps suggest themselves.

Firstly, more money must come from the Irish Government. The Treasurer is of course tactful enough to state that Trinity does as well as the other Irish universities. But he does not deny that far more money should be spent on higher education. Trinity for its part is bending over backwards to "de-Anglicise" itself. The cutting down of the English intake and the retaining of a General Studies course for Irish educated students serve only to this end. But the attitude of the Irish Government, apparent in the interview with the Minister of Education, is still, shall we say, cool.

Secondly, a more immediate source of revenue is necessary. Surely the obvious way is to increase the fees. The fees paid to College are only about a quarter of the total cost of going to university. A substantial increase would increase overall costs relatively slightly. The fee differential between overseas and local students should be retained—why not make the British Government foot part of the bill?

After all, the more money they spend the more they benefit from Ireland's Brain Drain.

Staff:—

Chairman: Hamish McRae

Vice-Chairman: Tom Chance

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Conlans
of Townsend St.
by the
Traffic Lights

—Photo Robert Bolam.



Auditorial Ascent

THE position of Auditor of the Hist is probably the most difficult post for an undergraduate to achieve in College. The way to the top involves three or four years deep commitment in Hist affairs—weekly meetings every week, every term. Tedious committees, endless speeches, heavy social engagements and the winning of support from company that is often petty and rarely stimulating. Yet when these have taken the toll of lesser men, competition for the top job is fierce. In the last four years three candidates have achieved office with a majority of less than ten—and two of those only one vote ahead of their nearest rival.

THEATRE: Elizabeth Benson.

Saints in Orbit

Take a respectable seaside suburb of Dublin, a delightfully gentlemanly scientist, straight from the pages of a horror comic, who, with more of sad resignation than venom, intends to destroy the world next week, a verbose Garda sergeant from Cork who turns into a bicycle, a doctor, role undefined, in workmanlike nautical clothes, St. Augustine with a mighty white umbrella, a muscular-Christians Jesuit, oh yes, and James Joyce improbably turned writer of religious pamphlets, and a trio of puzzled young Dubliners, and a deaf and ancient barmaid knitting a dark green scarf long enough to keep the Sugar Loaf cosy, and the Council of Trent, all stirred together in, around and under a couple of revolving sets, the whole lot thrown together on one stage like a jumble sale in orbit, and you have Flann O'Brien's runaway success of the Theatre Festival, "When The Saints Go Cycling In". In case you feel breathless, so did I, and so did all the closely-packed audience at the Gate, whether from vertigo, claustrophobia, or just plain giggles.

To return to realities — the acting is as excellently professional as one would expect, and the whole production leaves an impression of colour and vitality. It is certainly not a tragedy, it is not only a comedy, it is more than a farce, as a satire it fails completely, poking only the shyest and softest of fun at the Jesuits, the Gardai, and James Joyce—one can only call it an entertainment, and as such it is a well-deserved success within its limits. These limits, frankly, are the limits of Dalkey, perhaps stretching to include Booterstown (pronounced Bewterstown). If you are not a native of Dublin, you will miss most of the allusions at which the

audience chuckled so delightedly; if you are not a native of Ireland, you will probably miss the lot, and dismiss the whole happy charade as childish. But go to see it all the same. Pure entertainment is all too rare.

Hardening myself to forego the pleasures of an evening with Max Bygraves; the "loveliest motion picture of them all", or the double bill, "The Killers" and "Fanatic", I went to see the new Taylor-Burton vehicle showing at the Adelphi — Minelli's "The Sandpiper". I wish I had not. The trailer was unexciting, the news a bore; the Minelli promotion of Hollywood's most lucrative marriage hardly replaced the "Oh! My suit, I'm proud of you" advert which had been taken off, and Anne Todd spoke the documentary.

All might have been saved in "The Sandpiper" with Burton silhouetted on a cliff edge looking down towards Liz busily dashing off another masterpiece on the sea shore. But "yo urecognise the scene! You can't mistake the tailoring" rose only in my mind over the swelling organ chords.

FILMS: Alastair Brown.

Grit in the Flute

Burton spoke atrocious Trumbo, White dialogue with full Shakespearean quaver, while Taylor valiantly fought against clichés and a wardrobe that made it difficult to raise arm to canvass. The south Californian coastline looked beautiful at dawn, dusk and every other time we saw it. But even the bird of the title refused to take up the obvious cues and declined to burst into song.

While wishing all happiness to Burton and Taylor I do wish I had seen the new Gold Leaf advert instead.

To-morrow Michael John Cameron will deliver his Auditorial Address from a platform of important figures from the world of public affairs sprinkled amongst the black mass of Hist hierarchy trooped out for the occasion. He is the result of an unconventional and surprising election and the future of his regime as unpredictable as his struggle for the leadership.

In politics just right of the New Statesman, he is an engaging and cunningly moody conversationalist who deploys subtle changes of emphasis that make him an evasive but effective arguer. He has always had around him a small loyal core of supporters who served him well when his candidacy wavered in the closing stages of the campaign; for there are strict rules about candidates canvassing for votes personally. A late starter in Hist politics—though his winning of the Maiden Speaker's Prize gave him some measure of prominence—he was quick to establish himself as leader of the newly formed semi-official opposi-

Before it is taken off, do go and see Bunuel's anti-religious masterpiece "Nazarin" (Busaras). As Bunuel gets older his films become more polished, more beautifully constructed and colder in satire.

In "The Loudest Whisper" (Academy) Wyler's heavy theatrical direction does not ruin the sensitive acting of the main characters who in turn just about survive a ridiculous "extraction" by our censors.

Lastly "How to Murder Your Wife" (Savoy) is a well dressed bore. Allusions to other films and lavish interior decorations don't make up for the lack of laughs.

PUBLICATIONS: Brian Rose

Right Jab —

Left Hook

The 1964 Committee — the name is modelled on the Conservative back-benchers' 1922 committee — has brought out its second issue of Right Angle. The magazine has, appropriately, a blue front cover, and, somewhat inappropriately, an advertisement on the back cover from a firm called George Brown Ltd. Between the two are five articles, two contributed by people in College, which, according to the Editorial, being "produced primarily for a university readership should aim to promote thought and discussion". In this only two of the five articles succeed. Patrick Keatinge's short contribution on de Gaulle, despite its corny title "Charlie is my darling?" is a perceptive, original and witty analysis of the divergent reasons for British antipathy to the French President, and is in itself a good reason for buying Right Angle. The other thought provoking article, by Hamish McRae entitled

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NEW STATESMAN

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tion which under his guidance became noticeably pro-establishment and later sprung him and four blue-eyed freshers into office at the annual elections.

During his year as Treasurer (normally the last position in which to harbour auditorial ambitions) it was obvious that his main rival would be the brilliant but politically dangerous Cian O hEighartaigh, the then Record Secretary, with possible fringe benefits like Patrick Evershed and Leo McCloskey thrown in to liven up the field. As the session progressed he made a traditionally competent and quiet Treasurer but annoyed basic support he could ill afford to lose by his extreme attempts to force compromises and his disastrous reference on Committee to the 'inner circle' (later to become the magic circle) and its attempts to 'steam-roller' coming legislation. Much of his support drifted over to O hEighartaigh whose wild, free-wheeling and earthily gaelic style attracted those who preferred to see change (both candidates were

heavily committed to admitting women) introduced with a bang and not a whimper.

A week to go to election and Cameron was way behind—his last hope the clinching of the committee nomination which would put him back with an evens chance. The Committee looked dangerously precarious,

the table still to come in. Still evens at two to go—when suddenly both were cast for O hEighartaigh and Cameron was called in to hear that his bid had been shattered by six to four against.

It seemed inevitable now that Cameron had failed. Yet in the few days following, one event

drifted towards Cameron, who was now presumed to have no chance of admitting women even if elected. At the same meeting Cameron had a stroke of luck. O hEighartaigh, obviously infuriated by the voting, announced that he would withdraw his auditorial attempt. Although this was later refused on technical grounds, the confusion he caused gave Cameron the chance he needed to capture the undecided.

The last voting papers were dropped into the chained ballot box in the Conversation Room on April 27th and carried to the crowded and smoke filled rooms of 20-21 where Cameron (now evens favourite) and O hEighartaigh nervously played cards on the heavy red carpet. Members stood around the walls watching the candidates and the two growing piles of voting slips. They rose at the same rate. After five minutes they were equally high; and then, with the customary, "Gentlemen, we have an Auditor," members rushed to congratulate Cameron, Auditor by three votes.

→ scrutiny ←

a weekly news-feature of Trinity affairs

splitting fifty-fifty with a pro-Cameron Chairman to cast the decider. As discussion progressed around the large scarred table in the cluttered surroundings of the GMBCC on nomination day, all seemed going to plan. Half way round it was evens with pro-Cameron support at the end of

brought about two unexpected influences.

A motion to allow women to attend the Inaugural Meeting (the least contentious legislation in the women affair) was convincingly defeated by the anti-feminist vote. English members especially, were heartened by this result and

of the artisans and the boldness of the typeform used reflect all the strength and determination which every political party desires to project as its image.

Profile

The popular image of Robin in a little blue mini bumbling around the back-streets of Ballsbridge with a multifarious selection of women, is at once dispelled when you meet him at home, where hockey, history and housework are his main concerns. In these fields he doesn't bumble, he zooms.

He plays hockey for College and has had his colours for two years. Last season he played for Leinster under 23s. At Trinity he is S. S. History, but regards these four years as a hyphen rather than a short story. An unashamed hedonist, he actually admits his

He enjoys Trinity but deplores the lack of contact with the staff, a mutual impasse since both sides think the other is to blame. He is particularly interested in Communism and thinks it can only be combatted, as it should be, by a full understanding of it, and a rival ideology from the West, which we do not have at present.

His efficiency manifests itself in every way: organising recalcitrant

writers, elegant cocktail parties, bingo outings etc. He surprises himself by his artistic interests... classical music, literature, though "I haven't really got round to art yet". Robin is not someone with An Image which makes an immediate dynamic impression. He needs to be known before his reliability is realised, "and the fact that I have feelings".

Could you say this just six months after graduating?

"After two months the work on the filter drew to a close, and by that time I had acquired a firm knowledge of the plant. This now meant that I was able to look at the whole problem of glass-dissolving in a wider sense, and was able to start developments in a number of sections. I was now faced with my first real management task—that of ensuring the co-operation of the foremen in modifying a technique which had been built up over the years, and which to them seemed the

correct way to do the job. This task was difficult, and I learned a tremendous amount from tackling it. Technically, the work I had begun was successful, and although the filtration trials did not meet with any measure of success, modifications to the process enabled the plant to achieve economies in steam amounting to some £40,000 per annum. This, of course, was a team effort, but I was conscious of my own contribution and derived great satisfaction from it."

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basic interest in Trinity is having a good time. Unlike most of that school of thought he has contributed as much as he has taken. Last term he was Chairman of Trinity News, and he tried to use the editorial to influence college opinion.

Trinity Runs Riot



Story so far: "george peppard rides up to chapel in grey mercedes... meanwhile bread riot breaks outside dining hall... lecky looks on..."

The Blue Max, a story of Great War Germany, starring Ursula Andress, James Mason, and George Peppard (pictured here with Elizabeth Ashley). For one Sunday's use Trinity is believed to have obtained five hundred pounds.

fotofeature: Tom Chance



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I. V. Pugh, University Liaison Officer,
English Electric-Leo-Marconi Computers Ltd.,
Kidsgrove, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs.

LOWDOWN

Before I plunge into the garbage-laden tide of parties, I must remind you of the flotsam I am condemned to meet en route. Those who have sunk for the third time are honoured in the obituaries. The others are left as pointers for the novice who yearns to achieve an entrée to the dreary round of drinks, the tedium of small-talk, the graveyard of precarious glory. Beware the belly-flop to anonymity. Recognition will be transient as orange-peel carried away with the dust-bins. I shall puncture the tiny bubbles.

LUCINDA LOW-DOWN.

RIP Column on the Low Down and Outs

Come September and the exams, it seems that though many are called few are broken. The casualties are soon forgotten as the academic scars fade quickly.

Tom Whiston and Heather Large were overwhelmed by "Arts". Robert Heale came down from shooting in the Orkneys to take his exam, paying a quick visit to Hodges Figgis to see that the course hadn't changed since last year. It seems his handsome countenance will be lost to us. Amanda Douglas will be around with us this year although she was a victim of Mlle. Rollin's Gallic temperament bestowed upon all the supplemental G.S. French examinees either F2s or F3s. She is reputed to have changed the type of paper without telling anyone.

Simon Elliott just went off to become a cleric or a game-keeper

or something. Eugene is still convalescing and remains a Senior Freshman. The Dismal Science was too much for Nigel Bortrick, or was it something else? Professor Duncan did his worst and five reading J.S. Economics failed. Patrick Evershed is demonstrating his powers of persuasion over the board, the result is still unknown. Nick Greville and David Gilbert Harris are resitting.

The Historians took a beating, losing Clare Gaynor, Kevin Shillington and William Garner, while Classics relinquished Anna Mullen, Chris Harvey has left the paternal eye of the Geology Department, and he and Patrick Lambert are learning to spell again in Fine Arts.

"Never before in the history of academic conflict have so many been failed by so few; we shall remember them", quipped a survivor.

Leg-Up for the Underlings

Have you name tapes on your garters?

Never mind. Here's the guide to show them you've done something since you left school apart from wiping the ink-stains off your fingers—a little polish, a little savoir-faire (never mind about your bed-sit in Lower Mount Street, the best of us make mistakes), this guide, and you can impress all the people all the time.

There are a few general rules which ought to be self-evident, like not wearing red (reminiscent of brick), scarves/cloth caps, not talking to Robin Matthew about Clare Gaynor or asking George Wingfield how to Win Friends and Influence People. As a general principle never stop and talk to anyone in Front Square, as this implies that the only friends you have are the chance acquaintances you meet there (and anyway there's only just enough room for all the fourth year).

To particularize on what's to do:

Fashionable Afflictions

IN: Spleen, being incontestable and possibly ubiquitous if you have a really ignorant audience.

Crabs.

Complexes—Oedipus, Electra, especially if either parent is a Notable Personage. (Unfortunately Professor Stamford is now out of the running, but we're backing Miss Brambell). Also agoraphobia, claustrophobia, bibliophobia of the "I see stars every time I open a book" variety. (See Meredith Yates for instructions). OUT: Hang-overs—last year's bore. Nobody is interested. It is no longer clever to drink too much — anyone can do it. It is

amusing to be drunk. (Intoxicants to watch include James Farrer and Caroline Western) but not to talk about it the next day.

Places, meeting

IN: The Campanile, Printing-house steps, Dublin Bay on the roof of Ronald Farmilo's car.

Innermost: Other people's rooms.

Dublin Zoo on Saturday afternoons. (Girls! all Trinity's eligible misogynists are there. See if you can't win HIM away from Hippo Corner!).

OUT: Front Gate.

Reading Room—unless you do it in style with megaphone, if not football rattle, or just watch Gillie Chance.

Eccentricities

IN: The bag-pipes, OK, Vesey, we give in.

Hair à Simon Boler—not too much, not too little: a hint of a tint, a whisper of the Côte d'Azur...

OUT: Knowing Frances Jane French and what course you're reading.

Cultivating an Irish accent. At all costs Trinity must look like Sloane Square. None but iconoclasts trill "Isn't that graaat?" above an OE tie.

Cliques—to be avoided as they date and you age, but if you really can't do without the security Mummy never gave you try PLayer for quick wits and incidental hazards like compulsory "I love Nigel badges".

Smoothies can supply something for everyone from Chris Whittaker's blue eyes to Peter Bowles' stamp collection. Convent girls are advised to get a little experience first (from Jeremy Bell or George Frangopoulos perhaps) or ask Jenny Connell to lend her memoirs, soon to be published in XXIV Vols. by H*dg*s F*gg*s entitled "These I Have Loved".

Drinkers—mainly dispossessed or broke so you have a good chance to lead here if you really think you can stand the pace of talking about birds, booze and bridge for the next four, possibly six years in the illustrious and already partially forgotten tradition of Dan Corbett and Richard Woodward.

Other People

IN: The Doyennes—Gillian Chance, Mirabel Walker, Susan Turcan are good only for dinner and dowager value. Gillian Regan and Amanda Douglas are still good. Help any of these across a road—Marianne Alexander, Liz Bell, Gillie McCall—and you've got it made.

OUT: The rest of your year, including yourself, dear reader, for at least three weeks.

Finally, remember—Trinity is neither the last outpost of the Anglo-Saxon capitalist, nor an Irish Egg-Head plant. One or two of us have heard of Shakespeare, and some even know what a Yeat is so if you find the intellectual atmosphere tepid, we suggest you take yourself off to the lissan huts of Keele or the scaffolding of Canterbury.

Lowdown on Skirt

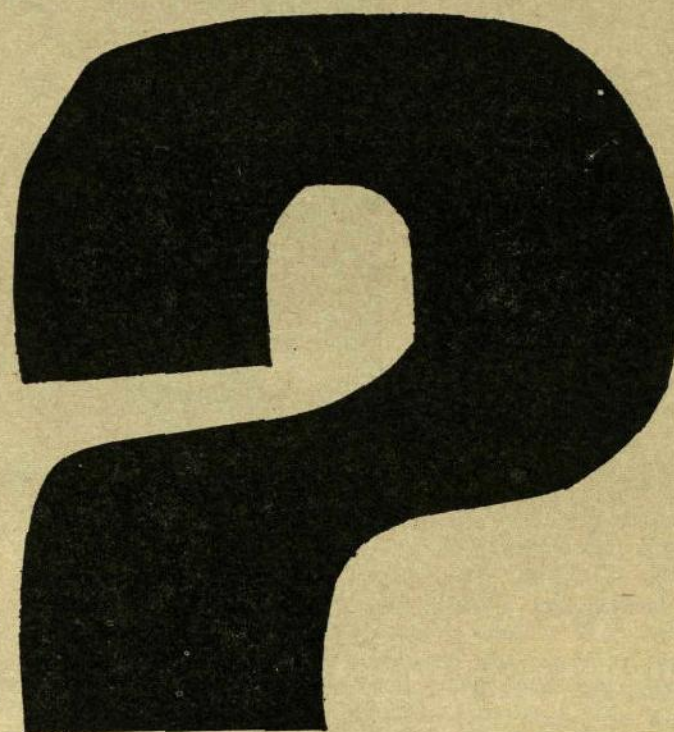
This year has been an all-time low for women: in the spring a magazine was launched in Great Britain for the kind of woman who felt that she was lagging behind, and should try to be "new-type"; the Sunday Times carried out an investigation into "Women Without Men" and seemed to suggest that lesbianism was the only happy answer; the Vatican goes on talking about birth control. There is a whole current of thought devoted to the insoluble problems of women, reaching its peak in the spate of books by women novelists that have come out in the last two months.

All this has led to an escapism in women's fashion. Even the Autumn Collections of the Paris

houses featured an abundance of plastic and polythene. There has always been a tendency for High Fashion and the girl in the street to adopt modes two years after they have been worn and discarded by the lunatic fringe, by the "beatnik" eccentrics; this happened to boots and stack heels, long hair, the smock and little-girl look. But this year the coining has amounted to a kind of mass madness—women no longer try to look zaney in order to be different, but rather to out-zane the rest. The Rag Trade has cashed in on such fads as Op Art, has sifted all the vitality and twanging colours that are a feature of the best Op Art, and has mass-produced on the unrelenting "little

black dress", large flat white blotches and second-rate white stripes stretching from left thigh to right breast or vice versa, or any combination of all four. In the desperate need to "get away from it all" this has caught on like wild fire with the trendy London girl. Working on a white ground surrounded by short black hair and mounted on a long shaven neck, she tries to conform the dark lines of her face to the general pattern.

In reaction to all this lies the sane womanly fringe, now attired in herring bone and large blending checks. Irish Tweeds have come into their own once more, although the manufacturers are reluctant to break out into the enormous patterns that are the craze this winter! everyone but everyone in Paris is wearing Donald Davies dresses, and Annie Ross flies to Dublin regularly to buy tweed. The Irish Woollen Co. on the quays offers a wide selection, as does Kevin and Howlin Ltd. of Nassau Street. Many delights lie in the Little Shop for the Blind in Dawson Street, which is open for the first part of November and always offers a ripping array of Twenties models and some spivving ones from the Thirties; they are easily adaptable to the softest of this season's lines, or modelled into culottes and battle dresses. It also has many bargains for men in search of morning and evening dress, and for collectors of such joys as fans, parasols, Victorian Jewellery and pearl studs.



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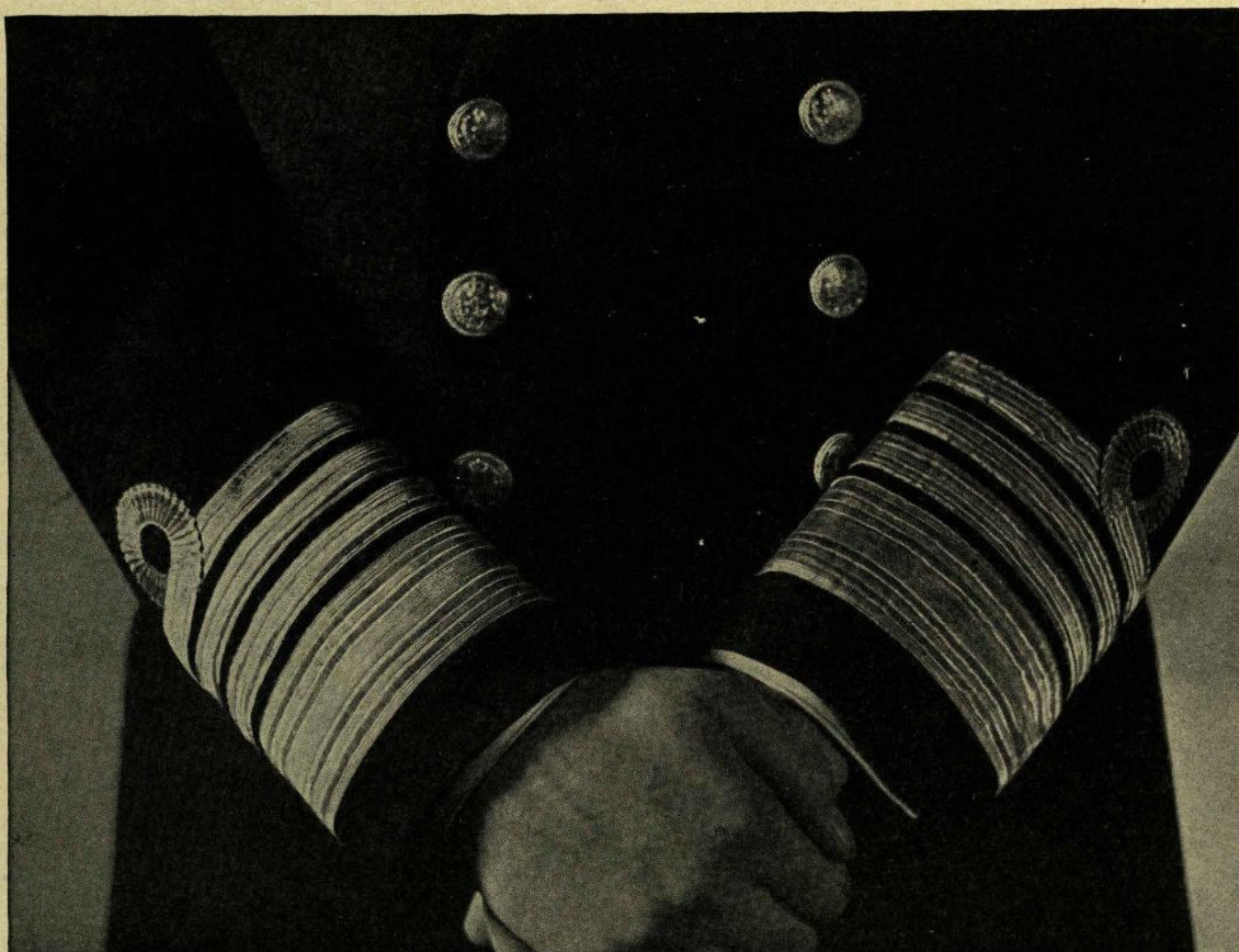
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SECOND VICTORY

TRINITY 19 pts.;

LANSDOWNE 9 pts.

THIS match produced Trinity's second win in five games. Though Lansdowne lacked four inter-provincial players, the 1st XV nevertheless showed much improved form from the previous week's performance against Old Wesley. With only one month to the Colours match it will need even more improvement to combat U.C.D., who earlier this season thrashed Lansdowne 28-0.

At least the team takes the field fit, determined and well led. Unfortunately Morrison, the captain, is injured at present, but vice-captain Buchanan, had an inspiring game on Saturday. Eleven 'Colours' are available this season, but only six played on Saturday. At least three seem unlikely to regain their places at the moment.

The basis of the side is a fine back which plays well together as a unit, especially in the set pieces. Few Leinster sides have the power to withstand the front row of Dale, Argyle and Buchanan, and the side have an outstanding newcomer at No. 8 in Heywood, from Clontarf. Main weaknesses at present are the

line-out work, which relies too much on hopeful tapping back to the scrum-half, and the back-row's covering, very often left entirely to Argyle or Buchanan. Outside the scrum only Whittaker and Donegan appear likely to make a break and exploit those half-chances that win so many matches. But if the winter is wet Trinity should have a good season.

Against Lansdowne wing-forward Spence (2) and centre Whittaker scored first-half tries, one of which Murphy converted. With 15 minutes to go Trinity led only 11-9 but then Donegan scored a thrilling individual try, which Murphy converted. Finally Davies, from the second row, scored a try following a forward rush.

CYRIL MORRISON

'Modest Morrison', as he ought to be called, for self-glory are two non-existent words in his vocabulary, is this season's rugby football captain.

Under intense pressure, Cyril admitted that he had entered Trinity from R.B.A.I. at the turn of the decade to play football and read medicine. Before leaving school, he helped his comrades to victory in the Public Schools sevens at Roehampton in 1959. In hospital, Dr. Morrison, as he will soon officially become, displays a quiet, unassuming and sympathetic personality.

With several seasons of Trinity rugby experience behind him and a place this year in the Combined Universities XV, Cyril was the obvious choice for captain. On the field, his safe hands and devastating break-aways

in the centre are an inspiration to the side; off the field, his insistence on regular training for all senior teams should ensure higher standards of performance.

One can only hope that Cyril will implement these methods in a manner acceptable to a club which plays the game for enjoyment as well as for victory.



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SWIMMING:

"Brr . . ."

Why in heaven's name should Trinity swimmers endure the polar temperatures of Blackrock baths during the summer?

Some members of the club of course were not subjected to this hardship. Paul 'top of his year' Hyland travelled with a Clontarf Selected team on a French government-sponsored tour of Normandy. Paul, an ex-Irish international backstroke, not only carried off the free-style and back-stroke trophies in each of the seven matches, but helped Clontarf to win a televised water-polo match 6-0. Returning to home ground, our star met with similar success in the All-Army Championships when, in dazzling form, he won the back-stroke, freestyle and butterfly individual medley events.

Another wandering Irishman and international swimmer, Tony Brophy, visited Vienna for the Catholic Students Games to gain second place in the 100 metres back-stroke. In the Leinster championships Tony won both the back-stroke and free-style events over 100 metres, as he did also the 200 metre free-style award. To cap this king-sized success, his winning time for the 100 metres back-stroke was sufficient to secure first place. Pinks should grace the swimming club numbers this year!

Reverting to the club's water-polo stars, Dave Scott (playing for Wellington senior team) was selected for Ulster under 19s and as a result also received an Irish under-21 trial.

As for the rest of the club, including new captain Trevor McClaughlin and vice-captain Rodney Rice, who turned out for Trinity in a few league matches and the semi-final of the Leinster Cup, the arctic atmosphere of Blackrock made them long for the winter and that prehistoric pond in Tara Street.

'On the Ball . . .'

Congratulations to ex-Trinity rugby stars Bob Read and John Coker on their recent appearances with the Oxford University XV. Hopes are high that they will appear in the same line-up on Varsity day. Martin Rees, now playing some dazzling football for Birkenhead Park, received his first full cap for Cheshire in their opening County Championship game with Durham last Saturday. Another Welsh trial must surely be in the offing! Doug Heywood, Trinity's present No. 8, featured in the Irish Wolfhounds XV this year; together with Malcolm Argyle, David Buchanan and Simon Jones, he also received a Leinster trial shortly before term commenced. The grapevine also tells us that Howard Markham has been performing for Cambridge University 1st Soccer XI.

In their opening match last week the Harriers narrowly lost to Strathclyde University in the team award by 35 to 44 points. John Kellett was the first Trinity man home, finishing second to Scottish international, Eadie. Millington and Byrne gained fourth and sixth places in this thrilling trot. Ace-harrier Shillington, now departed, was sadly missed, as were unfit Bryan and Angus (perhaps Ian's having too much squash coaching!). At present, support for the leaders is lacking—this must be remedied if team success is to result.

Angus again, but unfortunately the Knight had a difficult encounter with his Fitzwilliam "B" squash opponent last week. However, stalwarts Barr, Budd and Jardine saved the night and an "A" team 3-2 win ensued. Trinity "B" were hammered 4-1 by Old Belvedere. With three of last year's "A" side available, promising freshmen in Jardine and

Holden and the prospect of coaching not only for Angus, the outlook for the winter session appears bright.

Gaelic Football is again in full swing with one-point victories being recorded over An Ríocht and Augustinian College. The latter have also defeated Trinity in a return match and the leading Down side, Downpatrick, just had the edge over our boys in a thrilling encounter. It appears that College veteran O'Moore has recently turned his hand to the game in his efforts to encompass every sport before retirement. His skill is matched only by newcomers Ashe, Costelloe and Miller.

Five of Trinity's fencers were selected to compete for Ireland in the summer world championships but unfortunately only three could attend. To follow this event a small mixed team spent a week in London to flash sabres with Oxford, London University, London F.C. and Thames F.C. When asked about summer success and winter prospects, new captain, Brian Denham spoke of both as "encouraging".

On 26th October a little man with a big heart from Warrenpoint, Tony Gray, was elected captain of D.U. Boat Club.

The Rifle Club (.303 section) has been going great guns during the summer at Bisley, where the ex-captain Martin Heaton scored 33 out of a possible 35 in the Conan Doyle competition at 900 yards. To match this feat Mike Clapham fell only three short of full points in the Wimbledon at 600 yards and John Debenham obtained 97 of a possible 105 in the Queen's. As a climax, Jim Martin topped the talent in both the Universities short and long range matches.

SAILING:

Fame on Foam

During the summer vacation several members of Trinity Sailing Club notched up extremely creditable achievements.

John Nixon, crewed by James Andrews and Peter Craig, carried Trinity to victory in the Universities Keelboat Championships at Gareloch for the second time in three years. Queen's, Belfast, claimed second place and Edinburgh third.

In addition Francis Williams, James Nixon and Barry Stacey were all selected on different occasions to represent the British Universities: Francis Williams competed in the Lipton Trophy match versus an American Universities touring side, sailed on the Welsh Harp in London; Barry Stacey took part in the British-American Trophy match against the same American touring side at Portsmouth.

To form a climax to the summer James Nixon was chosen to captain the British Universities

GOLF:

Success Fore & Aft

The Golf Club rounded off a successful season with the "Roger Green" (Irish Universities Championships) at Tramore, near Waterford, during the last week in June.

Although the team event was lost to U.C.D., due to the absence of some of our leading golfers, ex-captain Jeremy Pilch won the individual trophy in a new course record of 71. Richard Fleury also performed well to finish in the top ten.

Prospects for the new season under captain, Alistair Bond, are brighter than ever: the return of Peter Bunbury from New Zealand, the arrival of Ian Elliot, current Leinster junior champion, Tony Black, former Leinster and Ulster junior star, and Robert Pollin, renowned in Northern golfing circles, should add considerable depth to the team.

SOCCER:

Practice Needed

Trinity 0; Orchard United 2
In College Park on Saturday Trinity were outplayed by Orchard United, who scored once in each half. The visitors' supremacy was apparent early in the first half and they were unlucky not to score before the 33rd minute. A long, curving ball from Macreadie almost found the corner of the net and a Nolan centre was promising, but, in general, Trinity lacked bite in attack and adequate ball control. In addition, the defence must learn to pivot on the centre-half and the wingers to cover back.

The 2nd XI proved there was safety in numbers when they hammered home eight with no reply against College of Surgeons on Sunday.

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Trinity Five Inspire Leinster

LEINSTER UNDER 23—3; CONNACHT UNDER 23—0

TRINITY were well represented on the Leinster Under 23 team which beat Connacht 3-0 at Londonbridge Road last Saturday. Trinity's skipper, S. McNulty, captained the side at centre-half, while his fellow Under 23 internationals, P. Stiven, and D. Budd, were at right full-back and outside-left, respectively. R. Mellon, who was out of favour last season after playing twice for Leinster in 1963-64, performed in the unfamiliar role of left-half, and Trinity's inside-left, T. King, came on as a late substitute at right-half.

McNulty showed skill and determination and was the most impressive of Trinity's representatives. Stiven was sometimes slow to clear, but the calm, pushed passes which he gave when under pressure had the mark of class. Budd did not have an easy day, but he was always in the hunt for the ball. King and Mellon had their moments but a switch of positions would probably have made them more effective.

In the third minute McNulty intercepted at full stretch in mid-field and immediately hit an accurate pass to inside-left M. Simpson, who scored with ease. After fifteen minutes McNulty placed a free from the edge of the circle straight to centre-forward J. Baker, who scored from an unmarked position in front of goal. Baker also scored the third goal.

Because of the interprovincial Trinity had no 1st XI match on Saturday, but the 2nd XI had a Railway Cup tie in College Park. They got on top in the closing stages to beat Aer Lingus 4-1. T. Briggs, A. McConnell (2, short corner and penalty kick), and K.

CROUPIER

After a three month divorce from his native heath, Croupier hopes to carry on where he left off, supplying his ever increasing student support with an incessant flow of winners.

Highlight of this week's racing is another saga in the Mill House-Arkle series at Sandown. I've seen Mill House in both his runs this year, neither of which was unduly impressive. Nevertheless there are still plenty of English suckers who misguidedly believe that at a difference of 16 lbs., Mill House will do Arkle this time, so Arkle's S.P. shouldn't be prohibitive. Even if Arkle hasn't been out yet, I'm convinced that he'll carry far too many guns for the rather one paced Mill House. The only conceivable danger to a wild Irish night out on the town could come from Grand National 2nd Freddie, at 16-1 a good E.V. shot.

Peare were the Trinity scorers. Our Nora scored the only goal in a 4-1 defeat for the ladies.

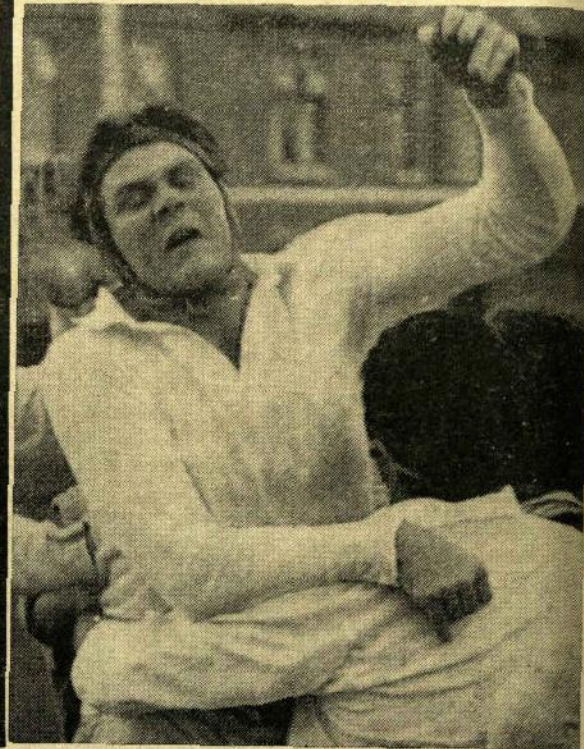
JONES WALKS OUT

'Simon's Swan Song?'

Yet another internal squabble in Trinity's rugby club resulted last week in second-row man and recent Leinster trialist, Simon Jones's refusal to play for the College 1st XV on Saturday. The official reason for this decision, which so often is never the true one, was 'pressure of studies'.

This incident is by no means the club's first crisis but rather the climax to a sequence of previous discordances. In past years, several leading players, dissatisfied with Trinity rugby conditions, have sought more fruitful fields than College Park—Mike Gibson, Johnny Magowan and Jim McCabe, to name but three. More recently, Chris Butterworth, a colour of last season, has decided his talents will be more appreciated on the hockey ground. Likewise, Tony Crooks prefers the atmosphere at Old Wesley and Mark Shortt 'anywhere but Trinity!'

The word 'club' suggests a contented union of members, whose communal spirit accounts, in part, for their victories on the field—such a spirit is severely lacking in Trinity rugby circles. Other clubs in the city make use of their facilities to strengthen their union; Trinity's social activities, in contrast, consist of a drunken fiasco in No. 38 and a share in the Colours Ball. The Treasurer eagerly grabs 5/- from each Freshman but does he ever think of holding a Freshers rugby reception in the Pavilion? It is a great shame that the oldest rugby club in the world cannot even show the initiative to unite its members socially! For social happiness helps to breed team spirit, both on and off the field, which, in its turn, retains players rather than loses them. At present a 'club' in the true sense does not exist but rather a dozen or so disconnected teams.



—Sports photos Tim Cullen

A wave of dissatisfaction is sweeping through the club and it's high time the Executive Committee considered all its members, not merely the hierarchy, or is this to be a season of apathy and yet another 'winter of our discontent'?

Teacher on Tour

As the train rattled its noisy way through the mist enshrouded suburbs of New York City, the atmosphere in the race special was inscrutably silent. Such, however, is the universality of the race special that our destination that morning could well have been Ascot, not Aqueduct. While half the horse players languished in their own private reveries of the huge fortunes waiting to be amassed at the track, the others were studying the morning papers lost in an instant frenzy of concentration. Soon the special came to a halt, disgorging dreamers and schemers alike into the foggy anonymity of glass, concrete and asphalt, that constitutes Big A. The turnstiles clicked and the ugly, expansive stadium had duly absorbed another 40,000 crowd.

The first most striking feature about Aqueduct was the complete lack of colour and grass. Apart from the exquisitely manicured lawns surrounding the artificial lakes on the infield, the scene was one of grey, unrelieved drabness, with the monotonous drone of the Kennedy airport as background.

And most ironically, the horses, the raison d'être for this homogenous mass of seething sweating bums, seemed quite superfluous. Over here, the horse takes pride of place in the pre-race parade, but at Aqueduct he is relegated to a shabby, sunken sandpit in front of the stand.

The jockeys, too, lead a rather troglodyte existence, for to prevent any chicanery, they are locked into their dressing rooms under the stand, three hours before the first race.

Once the jockeys had been hoisted aboard, it soon became apparent that American racing compared to British is about as different as baseball from cricket. To give their mounts maximum assistance over the short distances the jockeys rode exceedingly short, looking for all the world

like monkeys on sticks, as they crouched up the horses' necks. So fast did the horses flash out of the traps, round the left-handed bend and past the winning post that it all seemed much more akin to dog-racing than horse-racing as we know it.

THE VOLUNTARY SOCIAL WORK SOCIETY'S base for this year will be 28 (15); open for enquiries from 1-2 p.m. weekdays, Mondays excepted; weekend workers must give their names in at 28 (15) this Friday (1-2 p.m.).

BAND required; 9-2; 12th November; South County Hotel; offers phone 684936.

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Thursday, 11th November, 1965.

U.C.D. LOCKS FOUR

PRIVILEGES

Scholars at a meeting last week set up a sub-committee to investigate their privileges. This is a second move to discover their position—an abortive attempt was made last term—for there are some Scholars who feel that many of their rights have disappeared with the passage of time.

Some of these privileges are constitutional—those laid down in the College Statutes, which include their position on the Body Corporate of the University; these can be discovered by research, but the remainder, the traditional privileges, will be more difficult to ascertain.

Scholars are fully aware that some of their ancient privileges are no longer practicable, but they wish to redeem that part of their position in College which has disappeared. The report should be completed this term, showing what Scholars' rights are now, how much they have changed, and to what extent they could be reinstated.

THE PHIL

Interspersed Debate

"THAT AN HONOURS

LIST IS A SIGN OF A

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Thursday, 11th November

at 8.15 p.m.

Tea 7.45 p.m.

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Fourteen students at U.C.D. exams to be told that they could Medical course. Apparently the M of saturation and the passing of p qualification for entering the Me repercussions on the Trinity facul admission to our Medical school.

According to last week's edition of *Awake* (produced by U.C.D. students) the fourteen have been told that they must compete again next year, and cannot "repeat" their year. As a result some of these applied to join the Trinity first year medical course next year (thus joining T.C.D.'s present Freshmen), although according to top College officials their chances are not very high.

Mr. J. V. Luce, Senior Tutor, commented: "The medical school admission committee is bound to consider their admissibility in general, and if they are allowed to apply each case must be looked into individually. Present Trinity pre-meds will be given absolute priority, and if there is any room left, suitably qualified ones might be admitted, although there may well be difficulties over their admission requirements."

This refers to the Trinity matriculation, whose standards are higher than U.C.D.'s. Trinity medical students also have to take Arts subjects in their first four years. A compromise will be difficult to find, and the threat to Trinity's pre-meds (about 80 in all, reducing to 75 in the first year) seems to be less than was feared. How much the overcrowding in U.C.D. will affect Trinity in the future is already the subject of speculation in both Universities.

Last Saturday, Dr. Henry O'Flanagan, Registrar of the College of Surgeons, suggested that a closer liaison between the Universities medical schools might avoid these problems. "The student seeking a medical place was at present concentrating on one University," he said. "If this demand were more evenly spread, there would be enough places in all the Dublin medical schools to meet it."

If Dr. O'Flanagan is hinting that the T.C.D. medical school is capable of taking many more students, he may come up against some opposition from that quarter. But whatever plans are being made for future problems, the fourteen unfortunates are still locked out, victims of a masterly piece of administrative bungling.

UNDERGRADUA

Dave Henderson, well known in present recovering from a contrecte hours of last Saturday morning. T to an abrupt halt when Dave was himself out on the solid concrete afterwards that he had crossed pat