

books
books
books
HODGES FIGGIS
... where else?

TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Undergraduate Weekly

Thursday, 9th December, 1965. Vol. XIII, No. 6

Price Threepence

Tailoring
Under the supervision of
our London-trained cutter
GOWNS, HOODS,
CASSOCKS, BLAZERS
3 CHURCH LANE
COLLEGE GREEN
**BRYSON
LTD.**

"AWAKE" CASTIGATES PARTYGOERS VANDALS NAMED

U.C.D.'s student fortnightly newspaper, "Awake", has launched a vicious attack on two Trinity undergraduates, H. Dale and D. Buchanan, on its front page of the December 1st edition. At the dinner in Newman House for the Rugby colours teams, this pair are alleged "to have exceeded the bounds of decent or mature behaviour." A table valued £50 was broken up, and a chair smashed. The trouble makers were finally removed without physical violence. "This outlandish incident will not easily be forgotten", threatens the front page article, which bears the loaded title of "Trinity Types?".

According to Dale and Buchanan there is no substance in the charges. "Totally untrue," declared Henry Dale. Buchanan said that he was at one stage considering taking legal action. Certainly a number of U.C.D. students (whom *Awake* omit to mention) also took part in the rowdiness.

According to *Awake*, the U.C.D. authorities are considering prosecuting the alleged culprits, or, alternatively, claiming compensation from the Trinity Administration.

Hist's Final 'No'

With an unexpectedly high majority, the Hist. last week decided not to allow women to a proposed debating membership of the Society. The vote, 159 to 51, will probably deter further attempts at this sort of move in the next few years, especially as nearly all the Junior Freshmen present voted against the motion.

Drama Festival Next Term

In the first week of next term, the Modern Languages Society is to present its annual Festival of European Drama. An ambitious programme of plays in six languages — French, German, Italian, Spanish, Russian and English—is to be staged. The authors include Ionesco, Cervantes, Lope de Rueda, Alessandro Fersen, Chekov, and Kopit. David Taylor, Chairman of the Mod. Lang. Society, said that the aim of the Festival was to present a selection of European dramas in their original language. Players have kindly given the Mod. Lang. Society the use of their theatre for the duration of the Festival.

Crashers' Activities Curbed

With the end of the term and the Commencements Ball, the careers, at least until after Christmas, of Trinity's two most celebrated crashers can go no further. One, a second year General Studies student, fears that he will be unable to continue in the same way next term because of the fame he incurred in the Shelbourne. During the Commencements Ball he was chased all over the Hotel and the management will be on the look-out for him. He said: "Even with friendly waitresses, things have got too tight, at least for a while."

The other, who claims to have crashed 28 balls in his five years in College, commented: Nowadays it seems that we have to pay more to crash, it's so hard to get in before dinner."

GIVE A BOOK

THIS

CHRISTMAS

Books for Pleasure

at

APCK

PLAYERS MAY GO TO WEST END

Players' production of William Wycherley's "The Country Wife," which is nearing the end of its fortnightly run in No. 4, is one of five plays chosen to go forward to the finals of the N.U.S. and *Sunday Times* Drama Festival, to be held in Bradford on December 29th. Three years ago, Players, under producer Mike Ruggins, reached the finals of this competition, eventually to be placed second. This year's contest surely affords another opportunity for Players to add gloss to their already glowing reputation with British audiences. Producer Douglas Henderson told *Trinity News* that the main

area for worry would lie in the fact that the whole setting of the play may have to be re-organised and re-designed to fit the larger auditorium in Bradford. The play itself, he hopes, "will come across better in a large theatre, as it is not what you might call intimate."

At present, however, overshadowing even the Bradford contest is the possibility of "The Country Wife" being given a 3 or 4-day run in St. Martin's Theatre in London's West End, starting on January 10th. It is not certain at the time of writing whether this can be successfully

negotiated, but hopes are high.

The general feeling amongst Players seems to be one of restrained, yet eager, anticipation of the rewards that a successful performance in London might bring. Heather Lukes, who plays the part of Mrs. Pinchwife, was overheard to remark: "They don't come talent spotting do they?"

As well as welcoming support from passing Trinity audiences, Douglas Henderson has appealed for extras who would like to help out acting in crowd scenes, which are being enlarged for the occasion of the Festival.

SIR ALEC TO SPEAK AT HIST.

Sir Alec Douglas-Home, former Prime Minister of Britain, will address the Hist next May. The visit was arranged jointly by the Hist and the 1964 Committee, and is the result of many letters to practically all the "names" in British politics.

Brian Williamson, Correspondence Secretary of the Hist, and Tim Lennie, Secretary of the 1964 Committee, wrote separate letters to the Great Man at the beginning of this term, and then realised that, as both were trying to bring him over independently, it would

be more economical if the two societies were to co-operate over this visit. It was agreed that Sir Alec would address the Hist should he come on a Wednesday, and the '64 Committee if he preferred any other day. The Hist won, though the odds were 6 to 1 in favour of the 1964 Committee. The date most convenient for Sir Alec turned out to be a Wednesday, May 4th. Edward Liddle, history graduate, Dip.Ed. student, commented: "It is good for the Hist to get big names, but why do they always have to be Tories?"

'T.C.D.' to Print Apology to 'YES'

It is rumoured that "Yes" Charity Magazine has sacked its Chairman-elect, Mr. Sam MacDonald, as the result of his connection with a controversial article published in "T.C.D." Magazine early this term.

Mr. Gerald Walsh, General Manager of "Yes" Charity Magazine, 1965, said that, owing to negotiations in progress between "Yes" and "T.C.D.", he was "unable to comment."

"T.C.D." are publishing to-morrow an apology for the alleged inaccuracies and insinuations concerning "Yes" Charity Magazine in "Round and About."

THE PHIL

JAKE HARRIES

will read a paper on

FOLK AND PROTEST

GMB TO-NIGHT 8 P.M.

LADIES WELCOME

DICO. BLOCKS
PLATES FOR ALL PRINTING
PROCESSES
165 Townsend St. Dublin 2
PHONE: 76227-8-9

Only two Hoovers in Front Square

The new stone floors now being put into the entrance halls of Front Square houses have accentuated a problem which has been nagging the skips for some time. Enormous quantities of dust have been funnelled up into all the rooms, and with only two Hoovers in the whole of Front Square, the skips are finding it very difficult to cope. One skip told *Trinity News*: "We can't do a proper job with so few Hoovers, and with the dust and the wind, it's getting on top of us." Another said: "What we really want is doors on all the houses in Front Square, like No. 6." Plans are afoot to do just this, and the Agent's favourable opinion about the plate glass doors in Cambridge may well bring about similar doors in Front Square. Naturally, this will take time, and the skips are hoping that meanwhile something will be done to increase their ration of Hoovers.

Personal

S.J., C.D., J.L.—Don't worry! A.S. last seen buying ring.

MAJOR SOCIETIES' BALL, Inter-continental Hotel, February 1st. Double ticket, 55/-. Make your arrangements soon and book with A. Craig, 38.1.4 T.C.D.

FABIAN SOCIETY. — William Warbey, M.P., will speak on "The Proposed World Centre for Political Studies," in the G.M.B. at 4.15 p.m., to-day.

AUDITIONS for Satre's "In Camera" in Players' Theatre at 4 p.m., Thursday. Men and women wanted.

BED-SITTER Available, Christmas vacation. No. 9 Lower Baggot St., opposite Kilimanjaro. Apply Meredith Yates at address, or Regent House. £3 weekly o.n.o.

The PEN SHOP 4/5 SUFFOLK ST.

We specialise in PARKER, SHEAFFERS and all leading brands of Fountain Pens.
Sales and Service

Personalities Go to SYBARIS CLUB
Middle Abbey St.
DANCING UNTIL 3 A. M.

Where are you going my pretty maid?

TO THE
QUO VADIS
OF COURSE

10/- Table d'Hôte
Dine, Wine, Dance Nightly
from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m.

Restaurant Opens at 6.30 p.m.
Excellent Value for Money

HAMMONDS
MEN'S SALOON
FOR BETTER HAIRDRESSING
30 GRAFTON ST. 1st Floor

The Eliz-No longer the refuge for women students

Last Friday the Marquess of Ormonde, who made a donation to the College recently, came to see how his money had been spent, and was shown the improvements in the Eliz. rooms. At a time when all the major societies are discussing their future, "Trinity News" has been considering the position of the Eliz. in College and sounding opinion on its future.

One male, one female and one mixed major society in College

NEWS REPORT —

Jeremy Lucas

could on the surface seem a safe and reasonable position, which may well come about if, as seems probable, the Phil admits women to full membership next term. But the functions of the Eliz are not those of the other two societies, and perhaps her facilities will become superfluous if women can join the Phil. Most women join the Eliz in order to use the rooms, sewing machines, typewriter, etc., and in order to go to the garden party; few of them (this year's average attendance of 40 is high) take part in the meetings on Wednesday afternoons. Many people fear that if the garden party were to be abolished (although this now seems less likely) and women



The Marquess of Ormonde, very pleased with the Elizabethan Society's tea, and with the improvements in No. 6, which have been made possible by his donation to College. —Mike Welch.

could use the Phil conversation room the Eliz membership might drop again.

Last year's membership was about 600 out of 800 women in College, whereas the combined membership of the male bodies is only 1,200 out of 2,200 men, most of whom join for the facilities alone, which in these cases are not the main functions of the societies. Honor Bell, President of the Eliz, considers that women will continue to join the Eliz as a matter of

tradition and because it is in No. 6 where the ladies' lavatories and lockers are also to be found, but she realises that the Eliz is not, as in early days, the sole refuge of women undergraduates. Indeed she is holding a meeting next term to hear members' views on what its functions should be. Now that women can hold office in other societies, perhaps even in the Phil shortly, it might be difficult to find people to take an active part in the Eliz, but so far she

does not think that this has happened.

Now that the Hist has made its decision firmly on the question of women, no doubt the Phil and the Eliz will determine their own future at their meetings next term. The Eliz will have to decide how to provide top-rate facilities even if does not get all the necessary money, at the same time tackling the problem of whether or not its function is to arrange meetings, and if so, of what sort.

Historians Disagree Sayles & Cam in G.M.B.

There was a relaxed air of medievalism at the History Society Inaugural last Friday evening, when Miss Harriet Brodie read her paper entitled "They marked a place, but had no value in themselves; a study of the Medieval English Commons." It was closely reasoned, and well delivered; and calculated to bring out the best in the two distinguished visitors, Professor Helen Cam and Professor G. O. Sayles.

Miss Cam eloquently agreed with Miss Brodie that the Commons were important, and then Prof. Sayles ("Richardson and I have been called many things, including 'Pepper and Salt'") bounced up and declared: "And now I'll tell you what really happened." For him, contemporaries must have known best, and there was a "closed door between the modern historians and medieval man." He was tired of historians who made the facts fit the hypothesis; and if medieval men did not consider the Commons to be important, we had no right to disagree with them.

Dr. Lydon, F.T.C.D., sensing that honours were now even, decided they were best left that way, and managed skilfully to support both sides—a no mean feat, considering the guests' views. He did, however, have the advantage of knowing much more, and talking a great deal more about Ireland. The controversy raged on throughout the reception afterwards, with contestants seemingly unaware of the fact that the mulled wine had accidentally been boiled.

This was the first time for a long while that the History Society had succeeded in not only adhering to a historical and scholarly subject, but also in bringing into the ring two of the leading medievalists in Britain to talk on it. There was clearly no substitute for the real thing.

Bacchanalian Evening at the Classical Soc.

Blue stockings were doffed by the Classical Society last Friday night when the business of the evening was to see what a Bacchanalian orgy was really like. Lecture rooms became candle-lit taverns, and in the Library, Bacchus Jacques served Kolossi, a white wine from Cyprus. Amidst it all, maidens passed round rice filled with olives, raisins and spices, meatballs, stuffed tomatoes and salads. The sixty palates were ravished by honey cake and almond sweetmeats. The atmosphere was soggy with hi-fi Greek music, to which several potential Zorbas danced with great agility; and in between the dances George Frangopulos relayed authentic passages from Sophocles. In fact the whole evening, far from being a drunken orgy, produced many a nostalgic tear in these cold groves of Academe for the warm, rich land of Greece.

The evening was not advertised as a Bacchanalian meeting, because the Committee felt that there might be some opposition, so the minutes of the last meeting were read before the serious business embarked upon.

Chemists say tutorials fine

For the past six weeks the Chemistry Department have been operating a system of tutorials on organic chemistry for Junior and Senior Sophisters.

In an interview with *Trinity News*, Professor Cocker, the head of the Department, said that this advance became possible due to the increase in the number of chemists working under him. Although the senior lecturer's suggested maximum was eight students per tutorial, Prof. Cocker thought this too large a number and so waited until it became possible to have the present ratio of six students to one member of staff.

The tutorials are used to clear up points which arise in the lectures, and to cover new ground arising from them. Billy Reid, a Junior Sophister chemist, commented: "We really get to the core of our subject." In general everyone is delighted with the new arrangement.

Carols at Trinity Hall

On Sunday evening, Singers, past and present, conducted by David Carmody, led the annual carol singing in Greenane. Everything was there, apart from the snow, and it was good to hear Caroline Stamp's voice ringing high above the others in the first carol. Congregational response was rather weak until after the mulled wine had been served, and then filled with mince pies and cake, they set to it again. The Warden of Trinity Hall rounded off the wintry evening with prayers.

Fruit Machines at the Phil.

At a meeting of the University Philosophical Society last Thursday, notice of motion was given "that the Society instal one-arm bandits in the billiard room." This motion, which was proposed by Mr. Morgan and seconded by the Secretary, will be debated and put to the house at the private business meeting to-night.

The introduction of this motion followed long and riotous scenes which resulted from the debate of another motion, this time concerning fines. For some extraordinary reason, all fines imposed by the President of the Phil for misconduct during meetings have in the past been constitutionally rescinded at the end of every term. The motion responsible for the storms of abuse and attempted sackings contended that, since a fine was the only instrument by which proper respect of the chair could be enforced, every fine should be collected; the motion also stated that if a fine was not paid, the defaulting member should forfeit membership of the Society. A noisy and somewhat unseemly deadlock forced the President to adjourn the meeting at 11.45 p.m., but the fight will continue this evening.

All this follows on the considerable rumpus caused by last week's "Brainwave." Many members believe it to have been written by Mr. Clarke himself, and are angry that he should have compromised the position of the sub-committee soon to report on this matter.

brain-point

Insomnia Veritas

By Nicholas Protagoras Robinson

Aristotle and Plato were proceeding towards the Academy, thoughtfully contemplating Biology and Mathematics, respectively. Aristotle had obviously been burning the midnight oil. His eyes were as red as a bank balance. He hadn't slept a wink.

"Shut your eyes, Aristotle, or you'll bleed to death," the illustrious Plato wisdom-cracked gaily.

"Very funny," said Aristotle, busy with his deep down thoughts. He was contemplating a really deep down stratum of moralising he had read in the manuscript of TIDINOS dated XXVI—XI—MCMLXV.

"Plato," he ventured, "comment, I pray you, on sleeping."

"Together?" asked Plato cautiously.

Aristotle sighed down deeply.

"You appear surrounded by, with, or from an aura of bewilderment and hazy moral ratings, Aristotle. Methinks the wonder cometh from a self-conscious uncertainty at the sexual status of one's friends."

"It is not the sexual status of my friends that bothers me, dear Plato," the younger man retorted with some heat.

"Little do you know how much sleeping together goes on, my dear old mathematician," said Aristotle to himself. "But can I tell him the full truth of so personal a question? Maybe TIDINOS erred; maybe the sexual problems of Trinitarian society did not emanate from confused uncertainty at all."

"Do you feel it essential that you sleep with someone, or perhaps with equal validity you come to the opposite conclusion?" Plato asked kindly.

"Nothing is but what is not," said Aristotle negatively.

"Life does not work by little rule books," replied Plato.

"Nor by simple laws," answered Aristotle inanely.

"Up the Republic!" roared Plato all of a sudden.

The brilliant pair continued their dignified progress in line abreast.

"The world is full of different people, alas," pondered Aristotle, getting down deep to some more biological philosophy.

"You wish some 'sleeping together' with all of them?" asked Plato severely.

"Any left over," the young man said simply.

"A number of affairs do not make a better person, Aristotle," Plato said, slowly extracting his slide-rule from his sleeve. "They just make a number of affairs."

"How then are better people made?" cried Aristotle in anguish.

"Better people are neither made nor valued by their acquaintance with beds," the wise-owl voice replied.

"Then are we rats or are we men, Plato?"

"We are," said Plato dryly.

"Is there no objective rating stick in the world of sex, dear master?"

"Not any more," said the elder nostalgically.

"At my age," he continued, sadly, "it is a rather frightening distortion of life if a personal decision to sleep with someone, or not, comes only from a fear that one is not as good as one's friends..."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," said Aristotle modestly.

"Well, I would," retorted Plato with some asperity. "It makes a rather nasty joke out of what is not really a funny problem."

"By the way, before you depart, master," said Aristotle with deep down respect, "what is the Latin for two threes?"

"Sex," said Plato promptly.

"That's the Latin for three twos," said Aristotle in disgust, as he swallowed his sleeping tablets.

ROMULUS

Historical Dilemma

Pity the senile youth of the College Historical Society, no longer the leaders of Trinity life they watch with morbid fascination the trials of Ian Smith. But now the day of reckoning has come and they have shrunk again from facing the trial. Women, women, women are the devil, and their shadows haunt every meeting. Michael Cameron, the Auditor, I am told, has "kooked ideas." But that is such a moddy word to describe such an impossible philosophy. Cameron can't be a gentleman, he wants THEM admitted and holds a socialist party card. But then, women are not gentlemen.

Ramrods for Ramsey

The *Sunday Telegraph* reports that... "carrying banners inscribed 'Long live the Archbishop of Canterbury,' 200 Ethiopian extremist students marched to Africa Hall where they were received by Mr. Diallo Telli, the Guinean Secretary General of the

O.A.U. They asked him to declare war on Britain immediately." I wonder how far he would have got.

Decanted

An Irishman, living in England, recently was given the option of six months jail or being deported to his homeland. He took six months jail.

Den of Iniquity?

Curious things seem to be happening in U.C.D. In the last play ("The Devils") they put on, one of the actors turned up two hours late. He had had to have a stomach pump after a T.C.D. sherry party. Another ruined a touching scene with some nuns by crying, somewhat alcoholically, "By god, she's a pretty thing." He then lurched across the stage holding a bucket of urine. Speak up, Dr. MacQuaid, I can't hear you.

Christian Christmases

With a heavy deliberate step, Christmas approaches. Each year

it is a ritual of greater complication and tougher assignments. A great festival of tinsel, toys and jamborees, every year more artificial, every year greater opportunities for greater sin. It seems that what the modern world cannot destroy, it brilliantly uses to its own ends. Christmas would be more Christian if it were not celebrated at all. Surely the Government could fix it a week in the summer, it's so much warmer for orgies then.

They Strike Again

Throughout Dublin little men with determined faces march up and down in dishevelled overcoats. Their placards torn and soaked flap languidly in the wind. They never get nearer, they never get further away; the buildings they picket look on, grimy and impassive. From St. Stephen's Green to O'Connell Street that pathetic notice reigns: "Strike on Here." Many have a rightful cause, most have not. Yet with dogged ineffectiveness, they achieve nothing and lose much.

'Christmas is a time of saving'

(that is, at McKENZIES)

Yes, indeed, because at McKENZIES we reduce our prices before Christmas. If your friends are the household type we sell everything from singing kettles to buzzing lawnmowers; if they're the outdoor type they can "pitch and pump" (tents and primus stoves). And if they're the arty type, we even sell Picasso's and Monet's (reproductions, of course). In fact, your friends' interests (and yours) are well looked after by our unique service. You can even leave your car in our park when you come and shop.

McKenzies

OF PEARSE STREET

P.S.—Buy Irish and make a Happy Christmas for all

The highest degree of smartness and elegance



When it comes to appearing at your very best never let it be said you'll only pass. Be sure of the highest degree by taking your clothes to Cleanamatic Dry Cleaning Service, a sensational new method of cleaning clothes quickly, effectively and cheaply.

8 lbs of clothes cost 10/- and will be ready in 14 minutes

Here are two examples of 8 lbs packs—

1 coat	1 pair of trousers
1 suit (ladies)	1 sports jacket
2 dresses	1 thick-knit sweater
2 blouses	1 two-piece suit
2 twin-sets	2 sweaters
1 scarf	6 ties or 1 scarf

Suede and Sheepskin jackets 15/-, coats £1.

Cleanamatic Dry Cleaning has been an outstanding success in America and Britain for many years. Make up an 8 lbs pack and give us a try.

Cleanamatic

72 LR. RATHMINES RD.,
DUBLIN 6. TEL: 971188

97 PATRICK ST.,
DUN LAOGHAIRE. TEL: 805296

TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Undergraduate Weekly

One of the big moans heard at Trinity is the emphasis on social life—a good “party man” is more esteemed than a comparable athlete or scholar—so everyone’s got their values wrong. Of course the moaners are dead right. But it is also normal, natural, human behaviour; and the aplomb with which Trinity can organise itself is the envy of Oxbridge. (Go on the joint ski-ing party and see.)

Similarly most people moan at our social column. This doesn’t worry us overmuch. It would be far worse if they didn’t; if it was no longer the first thing they turned to when they picked up the paper. Is it coincidental that the 30 per cent. increase in our circulation this term (it’s over 1,800) has occurred at the same time that we extended the scope of our social reporting?

In practice, the moaners are usually would-be social “names” who haven’t made it or who just daren’t try. If the whole thing is so unimportant, why get upset about it? If you do, surely it would be more sensible to lower chip from shoulder and mix in; you will, of course, remember that the whole thing is quite worthless and a complete waste of time. The only attitude that is more despicable than “If you can’t join ‘em, ditch ‘em” is “If you can’t join ‘em, pretend you never wanted to anyway.”

* * *

As outgoing Chairman, I must thank all who have written for us this term, for so doing; the Dublin Illustrating Company and the Brunswick Press for putting up with the “Trinity News” staff; and the “Trinity News” staff for putting up with me. Finally, I wish next term’s Chairman, Tom Chance, as much enjoyment as I had.

STAFF:

Chairman: Hamish McRae.

Vice-Chairman: Tom Chance.

Editorial Staff

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

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

Photos: Tom Chance, Sean Walmsley, Tim Cullen.

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

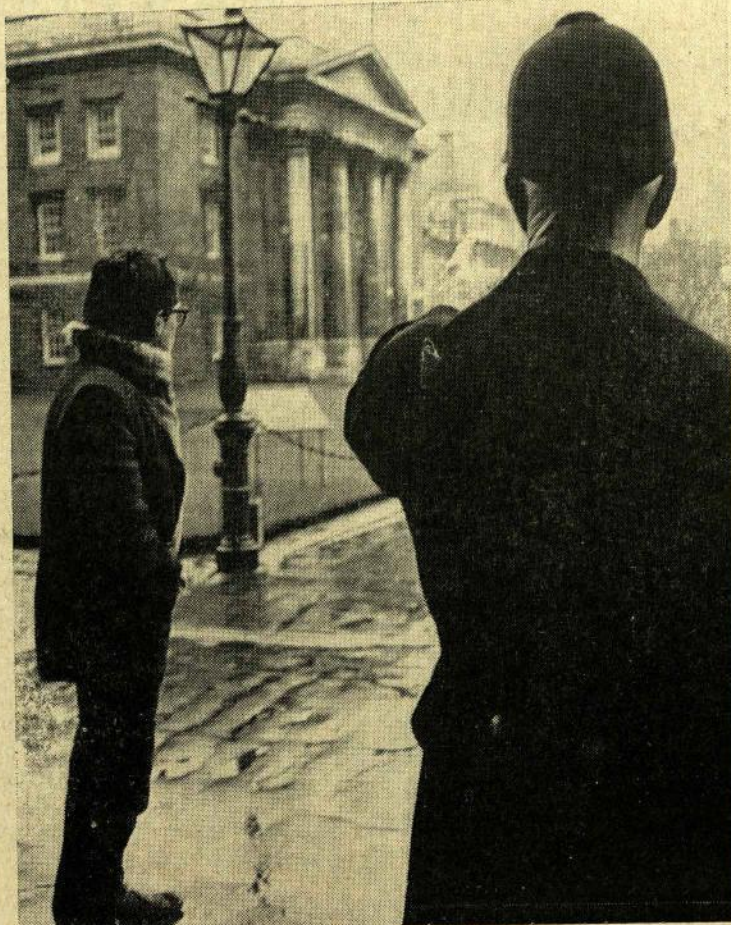
Secretary: Caroline Western.

GO HOME

VIA

SLATTERY'S

GRILL BAR



Backed by tradition, the twenty porters maintained their respect for and from the University members. Prior to September 1st, 1965, they were, as there has always been, a good understanding between them and the undergraduates—since then they have been persecuted not only by some irresponsible students but also by the College authorities.

—Robert Bolam.

Why

scrutiny

profile geoff thurley

The secret of the Thurley dynamism may be rooted in the fact that he is a Londoner, educated in Cambridge, teaching in Dublin, where he can be seen wearing what must surely be the cockiest cap in creation, and heard holding forth with intelligent and imaginative gusto about Dickens, Shakespeare, Scotch, Blackrock, Existentialism, *Icarus* and his den in Duke Street—a cosy eyrie where one can find hospitality and good conversation at all times. He is a poet, novelist, critic; he writes a good deal, and constantly; he has been anthologized; and at the moment he is waiting for news about his novel which has been sent to a publisher.

He is sharp, energetic, assertive. He spent a couple of years in the Army, and is a living proof of the idea that it is worthwhile for a young man to knock about the world before he enters University. It is this sort of hard experience which has made him impatient with, even intolerant of stupidity. He simply will not put up with it; and, quite mercilessly, he cuts through the vague, the stupid, the woolly like a knife through butter.

He is a man of eloquent prejudices, sharply-defined tastes; he loves music and is fascinating on the subject. He is particularly penetrating on the novel. He has written a thesis on Dickens which will soon be published by Oxford. This book, like most of what Geoffrey Thurley does, should be vital, erratic, brilliant.



—Mike Welch.

Many Englishmen in Trinity feel out of place—and consequently are out of place. Geoffrey Thurley enters into the life of the place with typical exuberance, and is moved, amused, critical. Instead of the polite bewilderment or articulate cynicism which many Englishmen show when confronted with the contradiction, hilarities, banalities, lunacies of Ireland in general and Dublin in particular, Geoffrey will explain how this state of affairs produces the fertile muddle which in turn produces a Shaw or an O’Casey. He can even rattle off a few daft examples of Dublinese—revelling in those convolutions of language and thought that would make a cat laugh. One feels that it is because he loves London that he appreciates Dublin—in all its weaknesses and strengths.

Finally, I think I speak for all his students when I say that his intellectual vitality is deeply appreciated. And we are even getting used to that cap!

PUBLICATIONS:

Malcolm Benson

likeable Icarus

The trouble with reviewing *Icarus* is that the sort of people who contribute to it will end up future poets Laureate, Joyces, etc., or patients in a psychiatric hospital; obviously it is unwise or unfair to criticise either of these types.

I liked this term’s *Icarus*, especially the cover, “Sweet Rum and Revolution,” “A Study of Suburbia,” David Norris and the Guinness advertisement. I did not like Geoffrey Thurley’s efforts to debunk Yeats.

He is deliberately misunderstanding Yeats. All Yeats study is really biography. Yeats was interested in himself; he saw things in terms of how they affected him. He faced a sort of truth which is beyond the truth of the battlefield, personal truth. He realised that only through his own unhappiness at Maud Gonne’s rejection of him, could he create poetry. He chose this unhappiness rather than compromise with the world, because he devalued everything in the presence of poetry. Yeats’s truth is a very personal type of Masochism; Owen’s is the blood and filth of Flanders. Owen may know the mechanics of war, but Yeats chose to live with his own sickening sadness, rather than give away his ideals. We must at least respect his courage.

Trocadero Restaurant

3-4 ST. ANDREW ST.
Open daily till 1 a.m.
Sundays 5.30 p.m. till
midnight.
Tel. 75545

New and Second Hand
Booksellers

GREENE & CO.
16 Clare Street.

XEROX COPYING

The modern way at the cheapest rates.
Only 7d. per copy for students.
Call U.S.I., 43 Dame Street,
9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

The Porters are Discontented

September 1st, 1965—Before

The porters at the present time are very discontented—the recent dilemma is best understood by examining the conditions existing before the 1st. Over the week an 8-hour day was observed, the day being split up into three shifts: (1) 10 p.m.-8 a.m. (10 hours), (2) 8 a.m.-2 p.m. (6 hours), and (3) 2 p.m.-10 p.m. (8 hours). The reason for the 10-hour first shift was that public transport did not exist at 6 a.m., so an arrangement was made whereby the extra two hours in the first shift was compensated in the second shift. The porters were happy with this.

September 1st, 1965—On and After

On the 1st September the new regulations concerning the porters came into existence. The first that the porters heard of them was reported in *Trinity News* last term. The fact that changes were being considered without notifying the Workers Union of Ireland (the porter's union) broke a signed

agreement between the College authorities and the porters on wages and conditions, signed for a two-year period effective until January, 1966.

Front Gate—The "12" Week Cycle

There are eight porters affected by the new regulations. Each has been issued with a "12" week duty schedule, which on completion is repeated. The total number of hours worked per week is 41½, and is on a staggered basis over the 12 weeks. During one period each porter has shifts of 10 hours for 5 days (totalling 50 hours), one day off, and then another 5 days—50 hours; this is on nights! Another shift shows up more flaws in the system. On one day the first shift starts at 8 a.m. and ends at 2 p.m., with the second shift starting at 2.30 and ending at 6 p.m. Where in town can one get lunch in half an hour?

Pearse Street Gate—The "6" Week Cycle

Here there exists a "6" week cycle, affecting four porters. It is a 41½-hours week with staggered

shifts. One week on the new schedule is 57 hours, comprising of six days before a break; the first three days are of 8 hours, from 8 a.m. till 4 p.m., whilst the remaining three are from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. and from 6 p.m. till 9 p.m. This includes Saturday and Sunday.

Pay

Porters have three salary grades—not one of them draws more than £10 a week after tax., etc. For working on Sundays they get an extra 10/-, but they are expected to work on bank holidays and over Christmas for no extra pay. This is compensated for by giving them an extra week's holiday which, we are told, they rarely get time to take. The final pay fling is at the Pearse Street gate. Porters, if they finish at midnight, get 2/- travelling expenses to get home to Clontarf or wherever they live.

The Clock Dilemma

Until recently there were two night watchmen who went around with the time clock in College in the front and back areas. One has retired and the remaining one can

only manage the Science end of College, climbing over 900 stairs, carrying a 3 lb. clock, a bunch of 40 keys and a large torch. The latest proposals from the Agent's office are that the front porters on nights should undertake to do the clocks and have a 40-hour week rather than pay for a new night watchman. This would leave one porter to cope with Front Gate. It is well known that the porters have to deal with drunks, etc., late at night and two porters are barely sufficient in some cases. When asked about the vulnerability of the solitary porter, the only concrete suggestion from the powers that be was to issue each porter with a walkie talkie set—some use if the watchman porter is at the top of number 35!

The Fact of the Facts

All that has preceded has been fact—completely ignoring the undergraduates. The relationship between the porters and the undergraduates has been strained by the new regulations and it is unfair to blame the porters. They maintain order within the University; some need it—others do not.

FILMS: Jennifer Storey

overworked Bomb

During the past few months there has been a spate of films in Dublin all dealing with the fatal accident which leads to nuclear disaster. "The Bedford Incident" (Metropole) follows this tradition except that it deals with the fighting men rather than the policy-makers. The "Bedford" is an American ship cruising near Greenland, on routine duty looking for Russian submarine activity. A reporter on board, played by Sidney Poitier, is curious to find out why the captain, Richard Widmark, has recently been passed over in the promotion lists. He discovers that the captain has an abnormal zeal, which amounts to fanaticism, in his love of the chase. This fixation eventually brings about unnecessary disaster.

This film, although it contains great acting potentiality, relies too much on gimmicks to be a real success. The floating laboratory is designed to impress; the scenes showing the ship passing through monster icebergs are to astound; but both are overworked. Nevertheless it is not a completely disappointing film. There is an excellent minor performance by Eric Portman as an ex-Nazi U-boat commander.

If you like ships, or if you like Richard Widmark, you will probably enjoy this film.

SINGERS: Michael Sheils

slack Singers

Singers' concert last Friday was the first under their new conductor, David Carmody. Unfortunately he does not yet seem to have established that liaison with them which is necessary in a small choir. This was particularly noticeable in the Palestrina and the Fricker, where response to the conductor's, occasionally violent, gesticulating was very slack. The singing of the Poulenc and Kodaly, however, was sensitive and firmly controlled. The Music Society's contribution of piano duets and the Brahms Horn Trio No. 2 provided an interesting contrast with the choir, the playing of the latter was especially invigorating, and with the last three Christmas carols provided an exciting conclusion.

THEATRE: Charles Dutton

swinging Carmen

There is a time and place to hear the untrained vocal cords of children and judging from the stampede for the bars at the end of the first act of Bizet's *Carmen*, the *Gaiety* is not one of them.

Carmen, a Spanish gypsy girl, played by Edith Evans, bewitches three men to fall into the abyss of love.

Two, looking considerably smarter than their modern counterparts, are from the Spanish Army, and the third is a dazzling *Toreador*. The story is entwined around their attempts to win her love and we see everything from bended-knee histrionics to duelling rivals.

The songs are disappointing and are constantly reminiscent of pantomime. Lines like "Let me make sure the coast is clear" strike a jarring note, showing that despite the orchestra's competence, the opera has lost some of its lustre through translation. Fortunately the standard of singing is of exceptional quality, Raymond Myers with his powerful baritone voice and looking every inch a *Toreador* was particularly well received, and Ann Moran as *Miscela* (the erstwhile sweetheart of *Carmen*'s murderer, *Don José*) sang with great exquisiteness.

Letter: YES

Sir—The question of the proper use of charity funds has once again been forced into the limelight. It does, however, pose the problem of the proportion of funds that should be ploughed back to run new events and keep a steady income from year to year.

The amount collected by "Yes" last year was the result of hard-pressed salesmanship carried out on efficient business lines. However, like all businesses, they have an expense account and *Trinity News* did not print the net total given to the designated charities. In fact their expense account was just over 40% of their gross income.

It is, therefore, up to the public to decide whether they are prepared to contribute 2/6 so that 1/7 may be given to charity. Would it not be a better way of collecting money if they used the same efficiency to organise a large flag-day, which has virtually no overheads?—Yours sincerely, IAN ANGUS.

Mr. Simon Morgan, Chairman of "Yes" replies:

With reference to Mr. Angus's letter in which he deals with the expenses of charitable organisations, I should like to congratulate him on a very fair and thorough appraisal of this complex situation.

As Mr. Angus states, the question of the proper use of charity funds has once again been forced into the limelight, but I am unable to comprehend his ploughing back of revenue into a working capital. As for his suggestion that a charity should have a steady income from year to year, this is a shining example of the small-mindedness of marathon walkers; "Yes" charity magazine has shown that it can increase its income from year to year, and will continue to do so.

I thank Mr. Angus for stating that "Yes" charity magazine, 1965, was operated on efficient business lines, and would add that it was this efficiency which was responsible for the 58% gross expansion over the previous issue.

Regarding Mr. Angus' inference that publishing costs, printing costs and import duty were somewhat excessive, I would rather donate 1/7 to charity and receive a magazine in exchange than donate sixpence and get a piece of paper and a pin.

DUBLIN'S MOST INTIMATE NIGHT CLUB

The Baggot Mews Club
of 109a Lower Baggot
Street

Open from 8 p.m. onwards.

DIRTY SHIRTS?

Not if you go to

Gaytone Cleaners

Leave your shirts at 10 a.m. and collect at 5 p.m. And with no extra cost a 4 hour cleaning service.

Grafton Arcade,
Grafton Street,
6 Merrion Row.

Enjoy a drink in the friendly atmosphere of



SEARSONS

42/44 UPPER BAGGOT STREET

Go to

THE BEST CHEMIST

P. J. O'BRIEN

52 DAWSON STREET,
DUBLIN 2

TEL.: 74108, 72076



BROWN'S

139 St. Stephen's Green

CHRISTY'S

CUT YOUR HAIR THE
WAY YOU WANT IT

Student Rates

Right of Lincoln Gate

Fed up with theory?

Then catch up with the practical world by reading the

STATIST
every week

The STATIST is the most readable weekly.

A down to earth commentary on CURRENT AFFAIRS

throughout the world

POLITICS — INDUSTRY — FINANCE

THERE'S A SPECIAL OFFER TO UNDERGRADUATES — YOUR NEWSAGENT CAN TELL YOU ABOUT IT

A dance in a castle, albeit XIXth century, is stuffed with potential which was splendidly realised at David Hutton-Bury's party last Tuesday. The challenge of the elements over the 60-mile run from Dublin was successfully met by most, though I can't resist adding Hay Mucray, my illustrious chairman, to the list of those for whom bridges have a fatal attraction. Bridge O'B. Twig has a similar effect and must have taken an equal toll that night. The Scots had united for the occasion, with Petros el V*s*y at the bagpipes again, and Spotty M'Goo and friends pushing the Sassenachs through the reels. Keir Campbell had left his lobster pots, secured Vane Cowdy for the week and returned to the fray. Keith Grant-Peterkin, waving his Highland forage cap, was bearing Antonia Pekov along on the Caledonian tide. But the man with a sporrán was wearing it on his hip, no Gerald Walsh to correct him, I suppose. Having, after tiny machinations, ambushed Pieter Inde, I instantly lost him to la Windmille whom we may as well mention again because it certainly has been a Nicola's Term. Lee Priestman, on tour from London, was teaching Julian Mathews what it is like to be a deb. It's all

LOWDOWN

Clinging to my composure after a fourth-year first-rate fortnight, I am following the three Universities to Züri for a course in comparative sociology. Those of you still unacknowledged must just trust in Father Christmas. To the rest, I must tender my apologies to those whose names have been spelt correctly; we do try to preserve the anonymity of the characters in this animated fiction, most of whom have some connection with persons or people, living or dead. Spotty M'Goo will not be sending Hogmanay cards this year and I shall be sitting back and drawing up the reserves for an all-out attack on 1966.

LUCINDA LOWDOWN.

right, Julian, we won't give you another season. Ronald Farniloe, dangling a monocle, was doubtless relieved that the castle didn't include a twenty-inch rush covering to the floor or wolfhounds chewing bones in the corner. There was enough atmosphere in turning oneself like a spit in front of the king-size fire. If I haven't spelt his name wrong, everybody else has, as he was at pains to point out. Robert Heale, after a solo on the saxophone, once again parked his chariot in the ditch on the way home, a wise move from an experienced player.

Two days and about two hours sleep later, it was Fancy Dress Day at the Shelbourne, but no one came in national costume. Tony Quinn's enormous party peopled half the dance-floor, and the carefully organised partner-sharing bureau allowed Jill Stanley an opportunity she would usually be deprived of. Things were not to last, however, and Evie Soames was ultimately the one to score and Mirabel Walker narrowly averted an own-goal. Single Ingall was well on the ball and Neville Priestman led the side into the bunsrum. John Platt returned her

shrewd shot, water spilt, bread flew and the waiter, presuming to act as referee, was the target for an ill-aimed shot which nearly had the whole side turned off the field. Al McDowall and Rachael Woods, cheering from the touchline, were able to see the revived partnership of Andy Cairns and Liz Bell triumphant in the mixed doubles.

Final cork to the situation was James Farrer's and Clubman John Jenys' champers party at the Kildare Street Club. The first and last time I was allowed into the inner sanctum of the men's dining room. Imported for the occasion was Nick Meinertzhagen, who said he never drank before dinner and was true to his word. Martyn Rix just looked at Jacqui Simmonds who returned an icy stare. Rosemary Chamier was the one to assault Castle Compton (1320) and Francis Gilbert leaped to the defence of his forefather's seat (Saturdays and Sundays, 3/6, Whitsun to September). John and James looked muzzily round the room and went to finish their game of snooker. Quipped John: "If one was searching for a word, boring would be the word to describe it." Hubert Schaafsma was seen en route butchering pedestrians with his umbrella and caught his plane with no time to spare. Paddy Scott, extraordin-

arily concerned for a pair of socks, was able to cast his eye round and say: "Isn't this a sooooper hooly?" Peter Knight, on typical form at his return to the town, whipped the last of Pippa Packham's champagne, much to her chagrin. Howard Schotter, that latter day Clark Gable, is still looking for a woman with a like moustache. A party in true Muldoon traditional style or manner was had by all.

Just before departure I had the chance to sober up at a tea party given by Ruth Ludgate and Al McDowall, who thought it unfair that men in College should have this privilege every day of the week whilst they were only doing it at week-ends. Douglas Henderson decided it was time he explained "The Country Wife" to leading actress Heather Lukes, whilst Mike Ryder eventually accepted the boiled egg he was offered when he first arrived. Finally, having stuffed myself with scones from Bewley's (sold as "crumpets") covered with cream and black-currant jam, I left the assembled company listening to Sue Burdon Davies worrying about which part of Leeson Street she had parked her car in. If it was outside Dermot Scott's flat this time I hope he did not have to push it for her to take it away again.

Are you for raping?

Your Future Told by MADAM VOL-AU-VENT

A dark room, a shrouded hag, a crystal ball, or failing that an upturned goldfish bowl, the passing of silver—any foreign currency or cheques accepted — and your future is told. All you need to do is to present your palms, together with your alms, and the beady eyes of the fortune teller will peer through the smut and day's grime, through the grey of your character and the blackness of your intentions, and, if you have the audacity to listen, your future character and intentions are revealed. O shame! Better to vanish into a dark corner with your Trinity News and in the safety of solitude, study your own fortune.

The process is simple, providing you remove your hands from your pockets, the gloves from your hands and the dirt from your palms and, of course, open your eyes. O horror! Do you see a line running down the middle of your hand and is there a circle on it? The truth? Your success at Trinity is assured — rape or seduction is imminent (gentlemen with a circle are deluded and perhaps have spent too long in the

Bailey). For those disappointed individuals, consolation may be found in the heart line—top line running from between the index and second finger. You haven't got one? Bad luck. It starts beneath the first finger? Beware, idealism and pride rule your heart. It begins in the right place? Generous, good-natured, passionate; but if it starts beneath the second finger, there's nothing to be done, you are downright sexy, and, no doubt, there will be a series of loops on the heart line—incriminating evidence of illicit love affairs. Owners of these hands are advised to wear gloves.

Ladies, have you got a girdle of Venus? (Yes, that's how she keeps her shape), a line or several lines just beneath the fingers indicating emotional impulse and the owner should take care to control emotions. For those who feel depressed or frightened, there is always the head line. If it joins your life-span at the commencement, then you are a timid soul—try drinking Guinness. Equally bad is that rash person whose head line is far removed from the life line, rash, I fear, to the point of

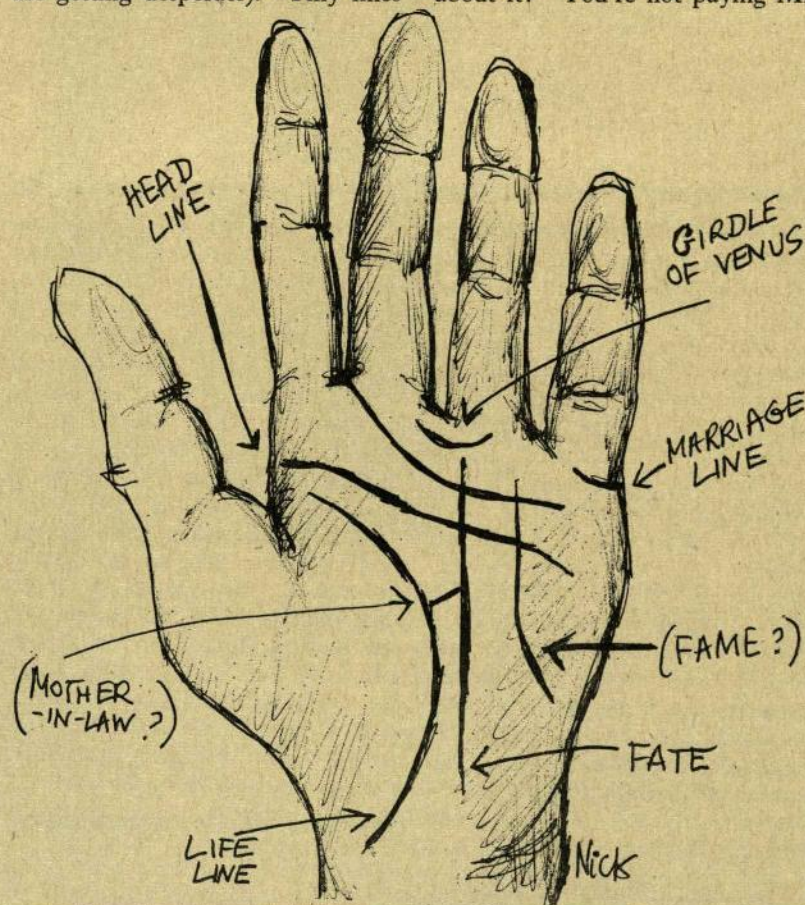
madness. Beware the Gardai. Should the line be short, I'm afraid you are also a dunderhead, but it's more than likely no one will realise and your fate line might be fruitful. If it starts in your life-line, I'm afraid you are your mother's darling, but likely to achieve success later. If it starts on the lump opposite, you might possibly marry your boss's daughter/son. Should the line end before the head line, you are likely to be thrown out of Trinity (crime unspecified). Those brilliant enough to achieve outstanding fame must have the line of Apollo rising from the part opposite the thumb and running parallel to the fate line. Don't worry if you haven't got one—nor have I and look where I am! Those who have, don't gloat, no doubt Christine Keeler has one too.

Beware bachelors, if you're happy, wealthy and scared of women, then I suggest you amputate your hands or throw yourself into the Liffey, for if you have a short line beneath your little finger you've had it, chum. Fortunate is the unwilling victim who sees a small line coming from the life line and cutting the fate line—your mother-in-law or the girl's husband saves you. Stop gasping ladies, if the marriage line beneath the little finger is near the

heart line, marriage is imminent before you are twenty-two; half-way up the mount and nearer the finger, marriage is likely between the ages of twenty-two and thirty-six (measure it with a ruler if you are getting desperate). Tiny lines

going upwards denote children. If they are short and fat they are boys, naturally; long and elegant they are girls, also naturally.

What about money, a greedy voice will be clamouring. What about it? You're not paying ME.



Popsy

I took the liberty of looking up "Popsy" in Roget's Thesaurus the other day. The thing was, I wanted to call someone "Popsy" — well not quite Popsy but something like it, conveying the same decisive qualities, but none of the sugary vagueries of that much over-played word. I wondered as to its origin; I could hear it called a Grecian temple by some lost lover of ancient times. The Psi is so very pronounced. I searched for its derivation, but the Oxford dictionary did not even feature the endearment.

Roget listed a host of alternatives: "damsel" seemed too distressful, "girl," too mundane, "lass" too hearty, "lassie"

heartier still. There was something terribly proletarian about "maid," something too pure about "maiden." "Demoiselle" was altogether too wicked, "flapper" took me back to the Twenties. "Miss" wasn't final enough, "missie" too subservient. "Nymph" was hardly applicable, "wench" altogether too buxome, "bint" I remembered had an Arab derivation, "floosy" was, well, too floosy. "Pusher" was much too emphatic, "jade" a soupcon too debauched; I could see a robust "dona," a plaintive "grisette," a precious "pansy," an Irish "colleen."

I decided to call him "darling" in the end.



Gliding

Sky-Bound

How many people have watched a bird sailing in the wind, or a seagull gliding eagerly in the wake of a departing ship without experiencing a pang of envy? Yet this experience could be yours.

Trinity does not have its own Gliding Club, but the **Dublin Gliding Club** at Baldonnel (now Casement Aerodrome) is near at hand and welcomes students. It is at any rate worth a trip up there (turn right two minutes up the Naas-bound dual carriageway at Baldonnel sign; right again to Army barracks. Your egress might be barred by a sentry, but if you shout "Gliding Club," you should get through. Inside, go left diagonally across the square, but beware not to drive down the runway.

Subscription for the year costs £10 plus 5/- for each launch, but non-members can go up in the status of "joy riders" for 15/-. The initial outlay may appal, but it is well worth the shillings to go up once, and, having done that, you are guaranteed to want to go up again!

The most harassing part for a beginner is perhaps at the first jerk of the pulley as the glider is dragged along the runway and then the sensation of being pushed through the back of the seat as the glider soars into the air. At about 1,500 ft. (sometimes more) with the ground below forming itself into the familiar patch-work pattern, the nose of the glider is pointed slightly down and the cable is released. I guarantee that if your heart survives the sickening click as the cable is released, you will live to a grand old age.

Suddenly you are up in the clouds. Silence except for the gentle swishing of the wind—and, of course, your instructor's voice behind (only subscribing members are given lessons): "Keep the speed up—bring the nose down a bit—steady there, not too much left-wing dropping, a little left rudder, a little more pressure," and then round you go, heading for the Wicklows in your search for "thermot" (hot air rising from the ground). If you are lucky, and find one, you will go on rising; if you don't, you'll come sinking gently down towards the runway. "Maintain speed 40 knots, wings level, air brakes."

BOILS, PIMPLES

Do They Cause You Embarrassment?

If so get together NOW with fast working MASCOPI. A 30-day treatment of MASCOPI is your passport to complexion perfection. MASCOPI gets to the source of the trouble—within the system!

Just 2 tiny pills a day—what could be simpler? No more sticky creams or ointments, unpleasant squeezing or unsightly plasters—but most important of all—

NO MORE EMBARRASSMENT

Read what a student from the University of Liverpool has to say about MASCOPI: "Please send me a supply of MascoPil... A friend of mine has asked me to take this opportunity to thank you for your product, as it has worked wonders for his complexion in two months, whereas a two-year treatment at a Hospital had failed..."

FOR A DESCRIPTIVE LEAFLET AND A 30-DAY TREATMENT SENT UNDER PLAIN COVER JUST SEND 8/6 (POST FREE) TO:

CROWN DRUG CO.

(Manufacturing Chemists—Est. 1908)
(DEPT. 5.) BLACKBURN, LANCs.

Hunting

Hunters' Foxed?

Records and tales of Irish hunting in the past reveal that it is not now the sport it used to be.

A combination of factors appear to be responsible for this decline: the dying enthusiasm of farmers and locals for the sport, chiefly because many valuable cattle have died of yew poisoning in the past, owing to hunters forgetting to close gates. There is also considerable difficulty in riding across country dotted with barbed-wire fences and cultivated fields.

Not the least deterrent is the immense cost involved: for instance, to keep and hunt one horse throughout the hunting season, excluding capital expenditure and accidents, costs at least £150. However, lucky individuals like **Peter Bowles**, **Chris Whitaker**, **Jenny Laird** and **Sue Turkin** are loaned mounts over here and have no worry whatsoever, apart, of course, from the following morning's stiff and aching limbs!

The difficulty of keeping a pack must not be under-estimated; expense involved in breeding and finding a suitable master are only the major worries.

Hunting is a fine sport with a long tradition, but, in England especially, is sometimes marred by hecklers, many of whom have never hunted, their reaction being purely emotional. One tradition that would not be missed is the barbaric practice of "bleeding," which invariably leaves children in a perplexed and tearful state, not to mention its other vile consequences.

Water Polo and Swimming

Three Selected

Misfortune has hit the College Water Polo team. After two convincing wins over Dublin S.C. and a mere 2-3 defeat by Leinster champions North Dublin, the Beveridge Shield match against U.C.D. was approached with confidence. Then on Tuesday, **RODNEY RICE**, the goalkeeper, and full-back **GEORGE CAIRD** cried off with an injured arm and shoulder, respectively. **CHARLES MOLLAN** at full-back and **KEVIN SHERIDAN** in goal proved competent substitutes, despite the fact that the latter has not played for a year. Nevertheless the team's confidence was shattered and U.C.D. ran out 6-4 winners, only to be hammered 4-12 by Queen's, Belfast, in the final.

After this game the Irish Universities Selection Committee met to decide the Universities' team to play against the Irish under 21 team in Belfast early next term. Three Trinity players are included in the team. They are **RODNEY RICE**, and forwards **TREVOR McCLAUGHLIN** and **DAVID SCOTT**.

In the Irish Universities Freshmen's Swimming Champions held last Saturday, just prior to the Beveridge Shield final, Trinity just failed to pip U.C.D. for second place behind Queen's, the victors. The outstanding Trinity swimmer was Irish international **TONY BROPHY**, who won the men's backstroke and individual medley; he also came second in the freestyle and third in the butterfly events.

Sports Personalities — 6

MARION PIKE

Trinity's "Maid Marion" was born and reared in the south of Ireland but now lives in County Westmeath. This season's captain of Ladies' Hockey came to College in 1963 from Alexandra College, Dublin, to join those well known brothers of hers, Willie and Andy. On arrival she read medicine, but last year changed to General Studies, which, as a J.S. student, she now finds more suited to her academic palate.

Whilst at Alexandra, Marion represented Leinster Schools on the hockey field and, last year, she and **PAT OSMAN** were selected for the Irish Universities. This experience, linked with two years of Trinity performance, made her an obvious choice for the captaincy this year; as skipper of the ladies, Marion has stressed both fitness and closer contact with her male counterparts in Trinity. Naturally enough, **STEWART McNULTY** and the boys have welcomed this promasculine swing and met her halfway.

Off the field, Marion spends her time in the Geographical Society, with whom she loves to travel into the wilds of Kerry or Connemara; dancing, theatre-going and tennis also hold a fascination for her. If you had visited Townley Hall, earlier this summer or last, you might have seen her, hammer in hand, engaged in archaeological pursuits.

Perhaps what Marion enjoys most is meeting people and her understanding and sympathetic nature immediately make one feel at ease. When, at the Ladies' Hockey Club dance a little while ago, she was introduced as "that well-known Trinity figure," one felt that the social success of the Chilean Cup (the rest was literally a washout!) was largely due to her personal interest in her visitors and the general feeling of "welcome" she and her committee extended to one and all. Her efficiency, versatility and boundless energy have also contributed to the success and happiness of her fellow females.

Although Marion is uncertain about her future at this stage, she admits that contact with people in some form or another is her goal, be it in teaching or social work. However, there appears little need for undue worry on this score as these extremely likeable Pikes always land on their fins.



CHRISTMAS SPORTING ROUND-UP

End of Term Sports Review

Pinks were awarded to the following last week: **PAT BRAIDWOOD** (Boat), **MARGARET BURNS** (Tennis), **PENNY GREENE** (Fencing), **TONY SHILLINGTON** (Harriers & Athletics), **BARRY STACEY** (Sailing), **JOHN TYLOR** (Boxing). **PAT BRAIDWOOD** is also to be congratulated on reaching Nelsonic status!

* * *

Congratulations to **DOUG HEYWOOD**, who will represent the Universities Rugby XV at No. 8 on December 15th versus the Rest of Ireland. **DANNY HEARN**, ex-Trinity and Oxford centre now playing with Bedford, is on the opposition, as is **MIKE GIBSON** at fly-half.

* * *

TIM KING and **PETER STIVEN** were both selected for the preliminary Leinster hockey trial yesterday, the former at inside-right on the Whites and the latter at left full-back on the Blues. One can only hope that two or three more Trinity names will appear in the second trial on December 18th.

* * *

Trinity's chessmen narrowly lost last week to visitors St. Columba's. After **TONY SNOWDON** and **MIKE HESLOP** had suffered defeats, **R. WOODS** on board six

lost the decider well after midnight. **TIM COE**, however, playing consistently well at board two, achieved his second draw of the season. Wins came from **EDWIN BRENNAN** on board one and Freshman **RAYMOND DEVENNAY**, whose opponent resigned after a crushing king's attack. Performance has not yet reached last year's standard.

* * *

The 1st Ladies' Hockey XI have a bye in the cup and thus did not play on Saturday. This week it was the 2nd XI's turn to provide the usual star attraction at Trinity Hall against Muckross. It turned out to be a real family occasion with **PATRICIA TYRRELL** and that erstwhile Tyrrell, **MARY PIKE**, getting two goals each in a 4-1 victory. Thanks are due to **DES CARROLL** and **NEALE WEBB** who, once again, displayed their love of hockey (and other things) by turning up to umpire. Rumour has it, however, that Des was looking for that slippery customer, **Griselda Goal-Mouth**.

* * *

Due to a misunderstanding, two of Trinity's leading golfers did not get to Baltray on Sunday to play Co. Louth Golf Club. It was left to **SEAMUS COONEY** to lead the side in his debut for Trinity. Formerly with U.C.D., he is a useful player and proved it when he halved with international **NOEL**

FOGARTY. **ROBERT POLLIN**, **STEVEN BLACK** and **PETER BUNBURY** were defeated, but the last four games were won to yield an eventual 4½ to 3½ victory. **IAN ELLIOT** recorded a good win after being four down on the fourth hole; **DAVE BISHOP**, **TONY BLACK** and newcomer **GAVIN CALDWELL** were easy winners.

* * *

The Harriers could only muster three members for the Clonliffe two-mile invitation race at Santry on Saturday. A fourth Trinity man, **T. MACEY**, was running for Clonliffe and finished 50th, followed by comrades **H. GASH** (57th), **C. BENSON** (74th) and **B. NOLAN** (88th). All other Harriers were either injured or resting!

* * *

Last Saturday the Ladies' Lacrosse team, in their second league match, gave an encouraging performance to defeat Belfast 6-4. This was a reversal of the result two weeks ago and was largely due to wing attack, **HILMARY HUNTER**, who shot three carefully aimed goals.

* * *

During the Sigerson Cup in Dublin over the week-end, a Gaelic football "colours match" between Trinity and U.C.D. was suggested for the future. A similar match in hurling was also mentioned in passing.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY BY
USI

A part-time
EDUCATION OFFICER

For further information apply to
Gen. Secretary, USI.
43 Dame St., Dublin 2
giving particulars of experience.

**Everything
for Sport**

J. M. Nestor Ltd.
6 LOWER BAGGOT STREET
(Merion Row End)
Tel: 61058

FOR A SPECIAL HAIRCUT
TRY

Conlans
of Townsend St.
by the
Traffic Lights

THE LUNA CHINESE
RESTAURANT

Best for Chinese and Irish
Food.
5/- lunch.
11 and 11a Upper O'Connell
St. (Near the Savoy Cinema).

Soccer

Two More Wins

TRINITY, 5; U.C.C., 0

A vastly improved Trinity XI maintained their winning run when they soundly defeated U.C.C., for whom it was the Colours match, on a greasy Mardyke pitch last week.

Trinity's victory was based on fine, open football, despite the appalling conditions, and the subtle midfield play of half-backs POINTER and RAE who provided the essential links with dual generals NOLAN and MCCREADY. The ploys of these four, allied with effective use of the fast wingers, a return to form by SOWERBY and an adequate defence, featuring brilliant goal-keeping by MOORE, would suggest that Trinity potentially have their best side for years. Team spirit, present in abundance, is another pleasant factor of this combination. Goals in this match came from KYNASTON (2), NOLAN, IHENACHO and SOWERBY.

* * *

TRINITY, 8; DONORE, 1

The progress was continued on Saturday when Trinity recorded their first league victory of the season. Although the match was marred slightly by Donore's barbarism, Trinity's intelligent midfield play and some grand opportunism from SOWERBY won the day comfortably. Rumour has it that the centre-forward is awaiting with eagerness Friday's issue of "T.C.D." to see if he convinced their "armchair reporters" of his return to form—three of his four goals were actually intentional! Other scores came from POINTER, MCCREADY, NOLAN and KYNASTON.

Rifle Club News

Close Finish

The theft of one car, a puncture, three police stoppages and the eventual abandonment of another car were a few of the less technical troubles which plagued the Rifle Club's journey to Belfast last Saturday.

The match was shot on Queen's University's 22 range, at an unfamiliar 25 yards, two teams of six from each club taking part, with a possible maximum score of 1,200 points per team. Even though both Trinity teams returned below average scores, the matched was neck and neck throughout.

STAN GREER and DAVID MOLE were top scorers for T.C.D. with 194 out of a possible 200. Eventually Queen's won both the "A" team match (by 1,133 points to 1,130—Trinity losing two points through penalties), and the "B" team match by 1,100 points to 1,099. All in all a very creditable performance, with only 4 points in 2,400 separating the best 12 of each club.

Next term the two clubs meet again, this time in the annual Colours match, when, it is hoped, the tables will be turned.

RING BINDERS, REFILLS
NOTEBOOKS?

HELYS

of

DAME STREET

have the finest range of
stationery goods in Dublin

D.U.B.C. "At Home" Regatta, 1965

THE SEASON OPENS AT ISLANDBRIDGE



The eventual winners, Old Collegians (far left), ahead of Trinity's "Diamonds" crew in a heat of the King George V Cup. The "Diamonds" crew from left to right is: Peter Robinson (cox), Willie McCahon (stroke), John Coleman (7), Julian Somerville (6), Robert Northridge (5), Rod McAlpine (4), Tony Hart (3), Des. Hill (2) and Tim Lennie (bow).

—Sports Photos Tim Cullen.

Those who braved the elements last Saturday and went out to Islandbridge for the Boat Club's Michaelmas Regatta were well rewarded by a series of close races. Organised by BRIAN ARMSTRONG, the Club Secretary, fifteen races were contested. Sixteen crews entered and the event was run on a "knock-out" basis; three of the four Trinity crews survived the first round, and the "Clubs" crew reached the final.

"Spades," which was mostly composed of last year's beginners and stroked by BRIAN WILLIAMSON, impressed everyone when they beat Lady Elizabeth by half a length. "Hearts" stroked by DON MCNEILLY, the only casual Trinity crew in the event, went out to a much improved College of Surgeons' crew, and very nearly drifted over the weir after the race. However, the crew were not ready for a precipitated dip in the icy waters and disaster was avoided. Old Collegians Boat

Club won their way though to the final on their side of the draw, beating "Diamonds" on the way. The final produced one of the most exciting races of the day, in which Trinity were unable to get their rate of striking up near the end and Old Collegians came through to win by a canvas. The Old Collegians crew contained two internationals and a former Trinity captain, SIMON NEWMAN.

The visiting crews from Belfast, Galway and from the other Dublin clubs were well entertained to tea

in the clubhouse by the Ladies' Committee led by ALICE McDOWELL; a most enjoyable dance in the Boathouse completed the day.

Before the Regatta started, the two Trinity Senior eights, "Clubs" and "Diamonds," raced over six minutes on a course further upstream. The "Clubs" crew, stroked by BILL BOWDER, included Old Colours PETER LAUB, BILL LEWIS and MIKE RYDER. They immediately snatched a lead and rowing impressively settled to a rate of 32 strokes per minute. This they increased near the end and won comfortably by two lengths. Their opponents, on the other hand, never settled down, and, struggling at a rating of 35,

were only in the race for the first three minutes. Watching closely were the Trinity captain, TONY GRAY, and ROBIN TAMPLIN, former Trinity and Olympic oarsman, who will be coaching the 1st Eight after Christmas.

All VIII's representing Trinity on Saturday were scratch crews, as most of the time available this term has been spent learning technique and watermanship in small boats. Twelve contenders for places on the Senior Eight will come back a week before the start of the Hilary term and much valuable work will be done in the boat. During this time the Eight to represent the Club at Henley and in the Irish Championships will be selected.

Squash

Leinster Trio

Three members of Trinity's Squash Club were chosen to represent Leinster in the interprovincials last week: BILL BARR played No. 4 for the "A" side, whilst DECLAN BUDD and IAN ANGUS performed for the "B" team at Nos. 2 and 4, respectively.

At the Guinness Hall on Friday, Leinster "A" recorded a 5-0 victory over Munster "A"; IAN ANGUS defeated the visiting captain 3-0, and DECLAN BUDD likewise disposed of his opponent.

The inter-provincials were completed on Saturday night; in the Gym in College, the Ulster "B" selection overcame Munster "A" by 4 games to 1, and, at Fitzwilliam, both the Leinster "A" and "B" sides gained 4-1 victories over their Ulster counterparts. BILL BARR won his match easily against IAN ARCHER, the Ulster No. 4, by three games to nil. DECLAN BUDD lost the first game but secured victory by winning the next three in convincing style; the only Trinity defeat of the week-end was IAN ANGUS'S 1-3 defeat at the hands of J. YOUNG.

Squash performances so far this term have been creditable and, if the "A" side can defeat Triflers this week, they will secure their position at the head of the Leinster League once again. The Club is also to be congratulated on the success of its coaching programme this term; credit is largely due to BARR, BUDD and ANGUS.

Men's Hockey

LEAGUE HONOURS IN SIGHT

TRINITY—2; THREE ROCK ROVERS—0

Having started successfully on the Cup trail last week, Trinity came back into the reckoning for League honours at Londonbridge Road on Saturday, when they defeated the current leaders, Three Rock Rovers, 2-0. They now stand joint fourth in the table, four points behind Three Rock, but with two matches in hand.

Victory over the redoubtable Rovers is so satisfying that it is difficult to moderate one's ecstasy, but the truth is that there are still unsatisfactory elements in Trinity's play. The most glaring of these is the failure of the forward line as a scoring unit—three of the side's last four goals have come from short corners—which seems to stem from a lack of speed and directness in the passing of the inside forwards.

The defence is not flawless, but it has no problems of the magnitude of that facing the attack. On Saturday it was sometimes pressed to repel the advances of N. NAUGHTON and R. FITZSIMONS, but clearance was always effected with impressive rapidity. The first league appearance of E. MCALLISTER and J. ARD were encouraging, and S. McNULTY was a better centre-half on the day than his international opponent, W. WALSH.

Cup victories for the 2nd and 3rd XI's added to the jubilation on Saturday.

Varsity Match

Gibson Excels

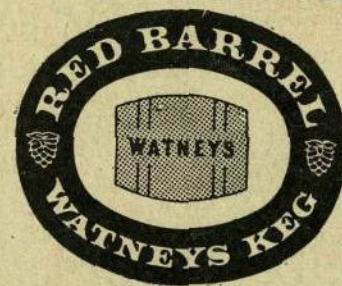
The draw in Tuesday's varsity match was probably the fairest result of such an evenly contested ninety minutes.

GIBSON'S great moment came when he jinked through to give REES the Cambridge try, which GETHIN converted. His opposite number, BOB READ, seemed reluctant to use this three-quarters and once, when a try might have resulted from a passing movement, he elected to kick.

JOHN COKER almost barged his way over for Oxford on the two occasions he received the ball. On the other hand, Oxford's Irish forwards, CRAIG and WALDRON, were always in the thick of the exchanges. Oxford's try came from GABITASS and the conversion from GOULD.

OXFORD 5 pts.

CAMBRIDGE 5 pts.



WATNEYS
RED
BARREL