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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Undergraduate Weekly

THURSDAY, 10th DECEMBER, 1964

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S.R.C. REPORT GOES TO BOARD

Specific Proposals for Commons

The final S.R.C. meeting of this term was held last Tuesday evening. The main business of the meeting concerned the report of the sub-committee set up to investigate the future of Commons. It was stressed that the committee was not meant to draw up comprehensive plans but only to present facts and opinions. For this purpose the committee had run a questionnaire among students, the results of which were published in last week's "Trinity News." After a number of doubtful points had been examined, the report was adopted unanimously. A vote of thanks for the work the committee had done was also passed.

The real purpose of the meeting was now reached when the question of what should or should not be sent to the Board was raised. The President stated that the Executive's policy was in favour of sending the entire report to the Board without specific recommendations being made. However, this view of the Executive encountered opposition from the floor which culminated in a number of motions being put before the meeting.

These motions contained definite recommendations about evening meals in College which, it was felt, should be sent to the Board in addition to the committee's report. These motions were: that compulsory Commons for resident students should be reduced from five to three days per week; that the Commons' Fund charge of 3/- per day (paid by all resident students whether they attend Commons or not) should be abolished; that an evening meal other than Commons should be provided in College for non-resident students. On being put to the meeting, these motions were all passed with large majorities. The situation is now that the S.R.C. will submit its report, together with the recommendations, to the Board.

The remainder of the meeting was taken up by the formation of two committees, one to enquire into Higher Education in Ireland and the other to investigate the lecture system. Finally, motions were passed in favour of notice of motions being submitted to the Secretary four days before Council meetings and that the S.R.C. might organise a term calendar of College events.

The meeting ended earlier than usual, which no doubt accounted for the absence of chair scrapings denoting the premature departure of Council members.

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The Bi-centenary

The celebrations for the Bi-centenary of the founding of the Chair of Music can be called an unqualified success.

They started with the opening of the exhibition of printed and manuscript music in the Library on the afternoon of the 2nd December by Dr. Frank Harrison, a Trinity man who is now Reader in the History of Music at Oxford. During his speech Dr. Harrison said that he hoped that this exhibition would lead people to realise that there is no barrier between popular folk and art music. All music must be included, rounds and catches as well as what might be termed "official" music. He looked forward to the day when there would be a really good history of music in Ireland published.

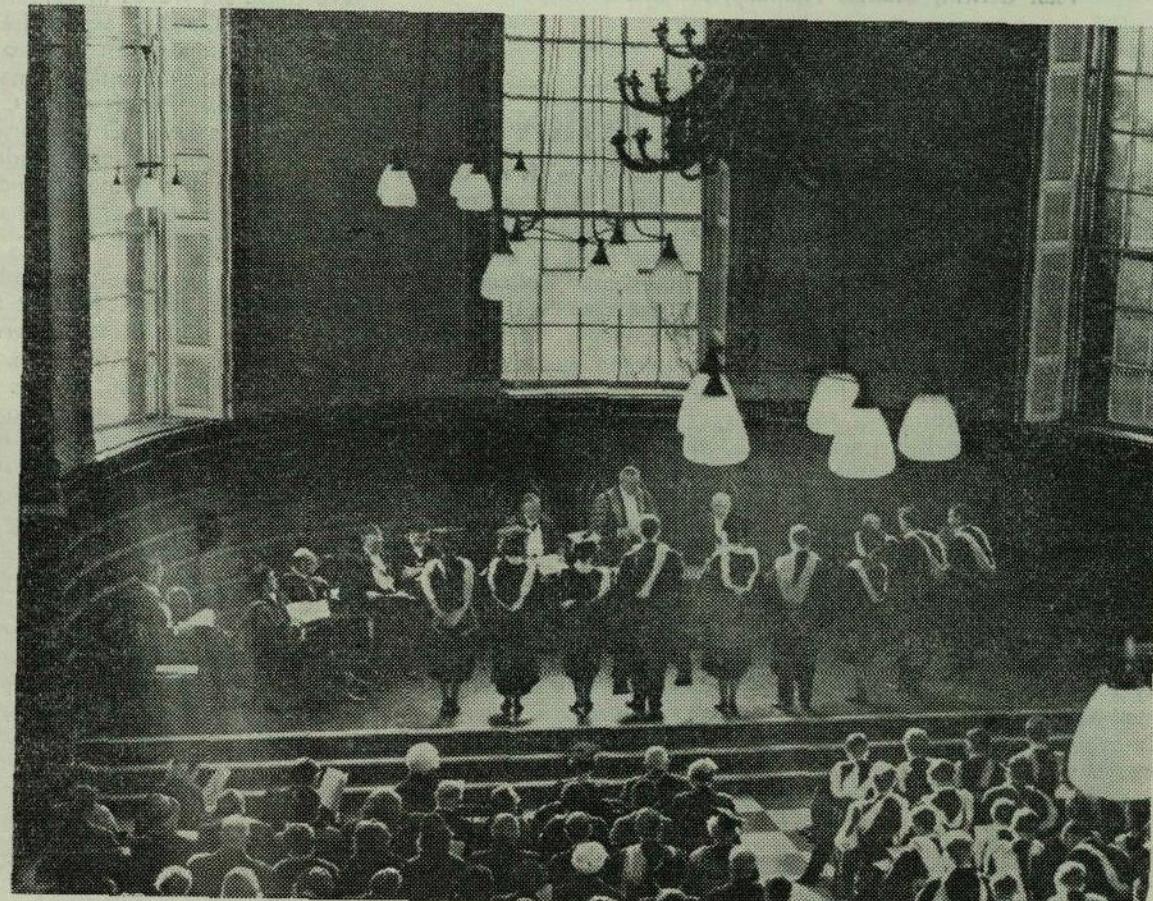
At 4.0, the Ronayne-Stub duo gave a very enjoyable recital with works by Handel, Schubert, Weber, Gogan and Beethoven.

The Bicentenary Concert took place that evening in a wonderfully informal atmosphere, each of the composers who were there and whose work was performed taking a bow.

A number of works were specially written for the occasion: Dr. Grocock's suite for Flute and Pianoforte being performed by the composer and Doreen Droste whom he is very shortly to marry; Dr. Fleischmann's work, three songs of Columcille with the poems read by their author, Roibáird O'Faracháin, and Dr. Boydell's work, Carmen in Honorem Artis Musicae (work by Dr. Wormell) all being very warmly applauded.

His Grace the Duke of Wellington gave a short talk on his ancestor, the first Professor Music, the Earl of Mornington.

The following day the University conferred honorary Mus.D.'s on Michael Tippett, Prof. Aloys Fleischmann and Joseph Grocock; an hon. Litt.D. on Sir Tyrone Guthrie, and an hon. M.A. on Michael McNamara.



There, but for the Grace of God . . .

Photo "Irish Times"

COLLEGE BUILDING SCHEDULE HELD UP

As the building strike started immediately after their holidays in August and the providers' strike has only just ended, construction and renovation work in College has been impaired or at a complete standstill for about four months.

The entire modernisation programme has been recast. It is now planned to complete the ground floor of No. 2 by the beginning of next term, No. 3 by 12th February and No. 9 by 12th April. Work on Nos. 8 and 10 has been postponed and will not start until the end of Trinity term.

The women's lavatories in Nos. 6 and 7 have been sadly delayed, but it is hoped that they will be ready for the first day of next term.

The Surgery will be re-

constructed this vacation and the Co-op. will be moved to No. 12.

The Chemistry Department's schedule is being revised and the new date for completion is not yet available.

We have not been able to find out how far the New Library is behind schedule.

Baby Love

It has been reported to the "Trinity News" staff that an effort is being made by June Gray, a Social Studies student, to get the Board to deal with the babies of married students during the day. It is obvious that if the couple are both at work then neglect of the infants is bound to result. June has approached the Secretary of the Board as a feeler to try and obtain the use of some College rooms to enact the proposal and although the Board has not yet been officially sounded, the negotiations seem to be making headway. She also hopes that any other students who would be interested in handling such a project will make themselves known to her, c/o. No. 6.

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A Dublin University Undergraduate Weekly

Vol. XII

Thursday, 10th December, 1964

No. 6

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NEWBORN OR STILLBORN?

Over the years the S.R.C. has filled our columns with its doings and misdoings, and we now feel, as did the Walrus, that the time has come to talk of many things relating to this (until recently) magnificently barren institution. In Trinity the absence of a Union has tended to emphasise the total control of the Board over College affairs—indeed the idea of a Union is inimical to the tradition of happy amateurism among the student body of this College. In the place of any central coalescence of undergraduate opinion we have a body that has, in the past, mainly belied its name—the Students' Representative Council. Notorious for its pettiness, its bureaucracy and its ineffectualness, it has muddled its way through session after session, scattering reams of superfluous paper in its wake, and bleating mildly whenever it has been forced into taking a stand on any issue that concerned student welfare. At one stage in the past there was two rival Councils—a schism that for many epitomised the hopeless duplicity that the S.R.C. had got itself into. Perhaps the greatest enemy of the S.R.C. (in spite of all the rantings by students in general against any controversial move by the Board) has been creeping apathy—attendances at Council meetings have been dreadful in the past. Partly as a result of this, discussion has previously been carried on in Council at (literally) lavatorial level with any matters more deserving of Council's time being submerged beneath a flood of wordy philistinism. As a crowning glory, this term's Executive was elected unopposed in its entirety.

In its death throes last year's Council coughed up a new Constitution with provisions for election to Council of faculty representatives. This has been duly done but not, however, in a satisfactory way. The election, in spite of what Mr. White said in his letter which we printed last week, was not fought on real issues, and woolly thinking clouded over any hope of a rationally fought campaign; in fact, the whole thing degenerated into a furious (and rather undignified) scramble for power. A reasonable solution to this would be to eliminate the existence of society representatives, thereby stopping anybody getting on to Council through the back door (hence freeing more seats for elected representatives) and forcing the newcomers, by fighting alongside seasoned campaigners, to base their propaganda on sensible issues and policies. The present set of novices have yet to prove themselves. The Presidency must be strong to keep the whole business under control and to provide some sort of lead to Council, which, by its very nature, is inclined towards irrelevancies. The present President seems to have experienced some difficulty in the first of these, but his direction of the S.R.C. into worthwhile channels of action has been admirable. The reports produced this term augur well for the future.

However, the S.R.C. must remember that it is not the great divinity amongst students, and any move by it towards becoming a quasi-controlling body must be deprecated—it reaches its fullest utility as a collator of general undergraduate opinion and a liaison with U.S.I. It is only by taking its responsibilities to heart that it can gain access to the ear of the Board.

* * * *

The Chairman and staff of "Trinity News" wish to take this opportunity of wishing all their readers a Happy Christmas.

SLATTERY'S
...need no advertising

DOUBLE
MIRA-
BILL*A Taste of Yule*

Snow, lights, horror, orgies, money, trees—what have these six words in common? Not a film of "The Great Gatsby" set in the frozen North, nor the outpourings of an Eskimo having a nervous breakdown as you might imagine. This is far nearer home. This is what Christmas means to six people I asked. O tempora! O mores! And have the sleigh-rides and shining children's faces, the happy family dinner round the happy family table, and all the rest of that Dickensian jazz, come only to this?

Some of us play it smooth, with orchids in our stockings, and Picassos at the foot of a gold-plated tree; Bach in the afternoon, and the old year toasted out with Vodka Martinis. Some return to the bosom of the family in darkest suburbia, wearily dangling on their knees the dampest of their nieces, and discussing grandma's chilblains with all their spinster aunts in turn. Some play it fey, with much misty-eyed gazing into the fire at the waning of the old year, rapturous embracing of the first darling little snow-flake, and little whimsy cherubs dangling all over the Christmas tree. Some plan it economically, with every penny they lay out calculated with regard to the profit it will accrue. For instance, the set of six purple-padded coat-hangers they send to granny are reckoned to multiply their value fifty times in the form of a cheque in return. This elementary economics sometimes founders when granny takes it into her head that a nice present instead would be a miniature trowel and spade for the non-existent flowers in your non-existent window-box, or something equally granny-like. Someone remarked bitterly, "At least Christmas brings a little financial advantage, but even that declines over the years."

The thing about Christmas is that it is inescapable and obligatory. One has to observe it as it is a public holiday, and one has to look merry because gloom is utterly taboo. Rather like the coming of spring, there's something compulsory in the air, which one cannot avoid. However, since this is the only day that daddy doesn't mind how much gin one drinks, and mummy doesn't turn a hair at the wireless, gramophone and tape recorder all being on at the same time, one might as well take a leaf out of Confucius and relax and enjoy it.

Please Do Not Feed the Actors

Ten to eleven. You're sitting happily in the back stalls, munching your pop-corn or his lobe, perfectly at ease: at one with the celluloid. Suddenly there is much mingling of feet with feet, and scurrying of bodies, and in a few minutes you find yourselves, and a handful of hardy Anglo-Saxon perennials, alone in the flickers.

By what strange magic are Irishmen lured out of the cinema at 10.50? It would be wishful thinking to attribute it to old Queen Mab at it again. Possibly it's the last 10 minutes before closing, the last bus to Sallynoggin, or just that they've been going to the cinema every night now for the last 20 years and they know every ending and permutations of endings that the miracle of the cinematograph can produce.

To combat this, and other Celtic cinematic evils, essential cinema weapons include: an ink-filled water-pistol to fire at the hordes tramping in front of you before the end, Bostik to fix your neighbour to his chair for the whole performance, and a catapult to fire dried peas at usherettes who stand smirking over their lollies in front of the screen at the climax of the film when no-one is thinking of "Choc Delites," except perhaps the lonely men amidst the heaving couples in the back row, and they certainly wouldn't risk having their little self-confidence shattered by walking the length of the cinema for the transient consolation that a lolly offers.

In Ireland one either watches the audience or the show. I have been to no other country where audience participation is so complete; where an actor in the theatre is given a standing ovation not only on every entrance and exit, but every time he opens his mouth; where every mention of England is hissed, and Ireland is cheered; where each "bl**dy" is greeted with shocked gasps from the dress circle, and lascivious chuckles from the balcony; where the actors (and the audience) are discussed with the expertise of horse-dealers at Ballsbridge; where sweets are munchied with the enthusiasm of orphans on a Christmas outing.

This extrovert behaviour is a refreshing change from the reserve of the Anglo-Saxons, but one does sometimes wish that the Restoration tradition of theatre-going wasn't followed with such exactitude.

Sincerely yours...

The term banged to a close on the crest of an alcoholic wave, interspersed with an outbreak of Essay Epidemic (if one dare mention such lewd topics in this column). This is a sporadic disease occurring at six weekly cycles throughout the academic year. Its symptoms are furrowed brows and early exits from parties. These should be disregarded at the end of 2,000 words.

Caroline Pack-Beresford held a healthy party last Wednesday. College cricketers turned out in force intent on bowling a few maiden overs (ugh). Charles Halliday was at long leg with Brigid O'Brien Twigg, whilst Bev Labbett found fly slip more to his liking. Malcolm Argyle was as hotly pursued as ever—when will the Di be cast? Shan Williams straight from Cheltenham playing fields played a neat game with Roger Kynaston and a lump of birthday cake. Tony Stubbings was actually seen to smile (in fact he almost laughed, but sshhh...) but only at Julian Walker-Brown

who was drinking alcohol for the first time instead of orange juice. I really shouldn't Julian, you know mummy doesn't like it.

From the elegance of mulled wine we passed to the cascade of champagne let loose by Liz Bell in Merrion Square. There were apparently more people not asked than asked to this party, though this was difficult to believe. Only Simon Bowler, Mirabel Walker and Max Lightwood were not drunk, others like Antony Hawser disgracefully. John Tylor parked himself on the radiator till the inner glow matched the outer, but it was all glow for Tom Haran and Richard Woodward who broke their mid-week fast with a vengeance. Gill Hanna took the biscuit, prior to taking her word, from right under the nose of Al MacDowell who looked peeved. Lesley Love took on all-comers and dealt with them as expertly as ever, and just to prove that there is a gnome in every home, Dan Corbett was on the spot to jest the blues away. Angela

Gibbon looked a shade antedeluvian and Murray Scott-Dalgleish just ante.

Entrenched waiters overcome, we entered the Russell to find gracious Antonia Peck entertaining Trinity society against a background of enthusiastic savages... or was it the other way round? Debbie Kitchen denied a rumour that she had been parted from her bicycle, but was not so sure about Mario Pampanini. Francis Rainey benignly hummed a snatch of Bach, while Jan Thompson tapped a foot impatiently. Keir Campbell resisted the temptation in spite of his tribal dress. Mary Geraldine was Banking on the strike for a week in London, and looked drunkenly down at Heale. Chris. steered clear of his usual Fehling, but Al McDowell decided she had not reached her limit. Vanne Cowdy spread her wintry warmth, though Peter appeared to want Moore. Rosemary Browne was looking for someone to take her home.

REVIEWS — REVIEWS

A Bouncing "Messiah"

(Choral Society)

This term has heard quite a variety of music. Outside Choral and Singers, the Central Music Committee has provided entertaining Wednesday lunch-hour concerts and in so doing has helped musicians to find a more sure footing in College than they had a few years ago.

In turn this has raised the standard of orchestral playing. This is immediately noticeable in the Choral Society's performance of "The Messiah," where there is now an assurance of attack where we used to hear such a pathetic sound. Using professional players to lead the parts provides a confident basis for the less sure musicians. There is a great improvement in the brass section also and for once the trumpeter succeeds, where his predecessors failed, in that noticeable bar in the Hallelujah Chorus. It is a pity that the harpsichord continuo has not more ornamentation and especially in the recitative passages where it is so necessary. By contrast the tenor soloist, Frank Patterson, adds some fine ornamentation which gives the familiar a new lease of life. Minor criticisms are out of place in the long run since the overall effect of this term's "Messiah" is very pleasing. We suggest that you should not feel embarrassed at carrying a cushion into the Exam Hall; you will be envied by many unless it is so big that you are raised to obscure their view.

Singers are not giving a concert this term since they had too much to sing in the Bi-Centenary Concert and the Carol Service.

Margarethe Krieger Exhibition

(Mod. Lang. Society)

This week sees the mounting of an interesting and unusual exhibition by D.U.M.L.S. in the Art Society's Rooms in No. 12. The work is that of Margarethe Krieger, a 27-year-old German whose present studio is in Heidelberg. A numbered set of ink drawings takes its inspiration from Goethe's psychological drama, "Torquato Tasso." The drawings, executed this year, are intended not so much to provide commentary and illustration of the play as to express in pictorial terms isolated moments in which the subtle and complex emotional undercurrents of the play come to the surface in a confrontation between the protagonists. A further series in monochrome, this time of prints from wood blocks, makes use of the pattern of the wood grain with startling effect. These prints, of which the themes were suggested by Brecht's "Kaukasische Kreidekreis" and other of his works, present us with an altogether more dramatic, not to say diabolical, aspect of Fr. Krieger's by no means inconsiderable talent, her figures recalling strongly the demons of Goya's last "mad paintings." These, together with a Paul Fechter series, date from 1960-61. Pleasing presentation rounds off an interesting and worthwhile exhibition which will remain open until Friday.

M. S.

"Do You Know the Milky Way?"

(Gate Theatre)

A tendency to be over-lyrical is a weakness of the young dramatist. Shakespear overdid it in "Titus Andronicus." And it seems to crop up often in Dublin productions—there was "The Big Long Bender" and, some time ago, "A Sunset Touch," where a nurse got highly poetic over a chest X-ray at the end of a completely realistic play. Both productions, it is true, were at the Abbey.

This over-lyrical tendency is the main fault of "Do You Know the Milky Way?" Willinger's choice of image is good—the Milky Way of the sky for the fantastic level,

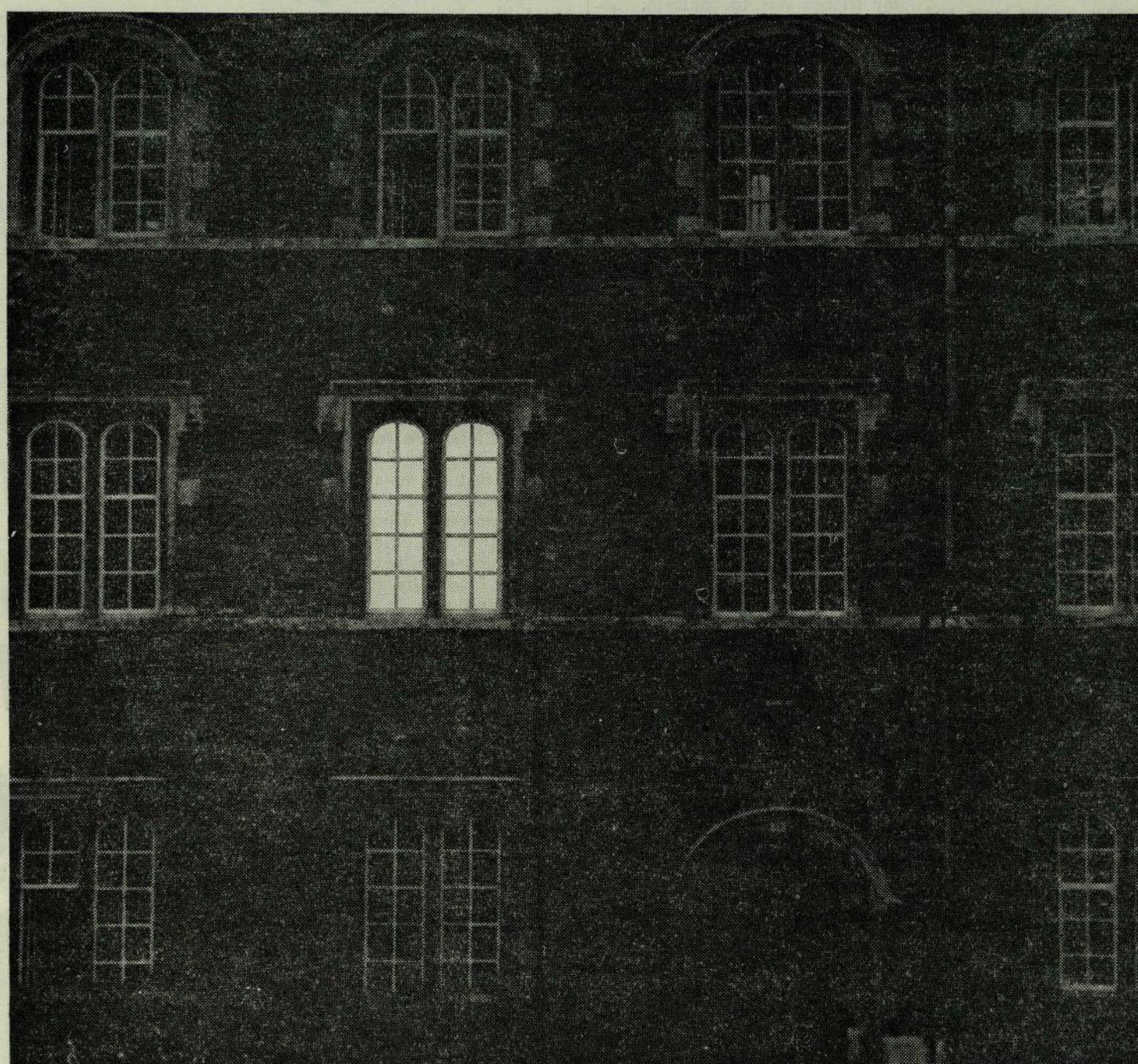
the hospital milk run for the realistic. But he piles on the allegory to such an extent that one begins to feel ill every time the hero mentions a star. Fortunately the second half is more or less free of it and the effect tends to diminish among so much that is good.

And there is a lot that is. The play is a piece of post-war German soul-purging in which Christopher Kiefer is plunged into military service before he has really left childhood and spends the passage of the play trying to find the world he left behind. Wittlinger makes good use of the play within the play and of audience participation, and the construction is lively and unpredictable. There are some wonderful climaxes, especially the hammering on the door as Christopher reaches the high point of his description of a war

massacre. And there are some very funny parts such as the metaphors of the judge as a little boy whose skipping rope is taken away until he delivers judgment and counsel for the prosecution with his yo-yo.

The Gate production brings the best out of the play with simple sets and bright, colourful lighting. Jim Norton tends to slightly overplay the squelchy bits, but generally gives the highly-strung, often starry-eyed performance that Christopher requires. Milo O'Shea is brilliant in a series of character parts which could have been made for him. But why that curtain speech telling us to send along our friends if we enjoyed the show, which surely betrays an unnecessary lack of confidence in the production and adds another slight squelch at the end when we have been rehabilitated?

C. S.



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Elynnour Rummung Reviews THE FUNNIES

Sheer carelessness, I suppose, but last week I made an almost irretrievable blunder. I've been here long enough. It's not often I loosen my mask of *savoir plomb*, but something prompted me to say frankly and unblushingly that I did not *Go to the Funnies*. Unashamed I remained for a moment, until the disgusted disbelief of my audience struck me like a stone. Leaving my coffee still warm, I crept away to discover how best to contrive my return of face.

Be seen to *Go to the Funnies* immediately, I realised. And preferably be seen going alone at first so that the intensity of my addiction might impress the casual observer. The quickest method was to start with the W.U.S. cartoons: "Everybody's laughing," shrieked the girl, tossing my mite towards education into the coffer. They were and they were holding hands in the back row and they even clapped at the end. Clearly it was worth their missing lunch and I prayed faintly that there might be something in it for me too. There was Ross Skelton, that sincere philosopher, a rapt expression on his face; Simon Bowler heckling from the radiator; Peter Adler photosensitive but fascinated; Jimmy Brown gripping the hatstand. I might have lost all hope had I not heard Hugh Teacher condemn it as *code wallop*.

Fortunately there was an alternative and I went along to Grafton Street to rustle cellophane paper in the stalls, nearly bringing my campaign to nought in my ignorance of the circle's status symbolism. I think the most memorable of those pieces was an episode in the eternal cat and mouse saga. The underlying tensions inherent in this struggle reflected the problems of co-existence for two essentially inimical beings. The intense pain inflicted by the *cinecolor* in the fourth row only served to underline the irony implicit in such a fight for survival. The only solution was for Nature to take her course and death triumph as another rat bit the dust. But surprise surprise. Jerry lives and it is Tom Cat who is expelled into the desert waste as "*Posse Cat*," forget the director, falls to a close.

A masterpiece of comedy was the *Pathé News*, the commentator so cleverly inserting a joke into each announcement. What could rival the classic custard-pie humour of a mock battle between England and Wales at Wembley; of course England won. For the connoisseur I need hardly add that the soft pile of a Youghal carpet for herr for ever under the cluck in O'Connell Street had me in stitches.

I emerged somewhat shattered and at tea that day conducted a lightning eve-of-announcement poll. The results were puzzling: Legal Science, History, English, Modern Languages and two General Studies in favour of the *Funnies*, no one against. I had

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Steven Mendoza

MAJOR AND MINOR

By Eugene O'Toole

The emergence from comparative somnolence of many minor societies in College has been a notable feature of the past couple of years. A general improvement in the quality of meetings has brought with it a rise in attendance. An active, as against a passive, membership is the aim of all societies; a high attendance at meetings does not mean everything, but there does appear to be a direct relationship between attendance and active membership.

Not all minor societies have benefited from this resurgence. The Fabian Society, for example, still suffers, not only from its public image, but from the absence of a reasonable number of articulate members. Such societies as the Economics Society, the History Society and the Geographical Society have advanced significantly through enthusiastic and imaginative leadership.

What of the major societies? Every society normally goes through the cycle of a period of success followed by a time of relative decline before another rise in good fortune. The Phil seems at the moment to be in the middle phase; it appears able to draw a large attendance only to hear inter-debates or well-known distinguished visitors. Its primary feature, namely, paper-reading, seems to have lost its drawing-power. Thus, the Phil finds itself in the vicious circle of small attendances, few new good speakers, few really good papers, small attendances.

The Hist is not so unfortunate as it is enjoying a rising attendance. Last year the average attendance at meetings was 119, an all-time record, and this year looks like surpassing that figure. Although there is an absence of brilliant oratory, there is always a surplus of people wishing to speak and no more healthier sign for the future could there be. Nor is a broad base of enthusiasm lacking as the numbers (regularly between forty and sixty) at private business display.

However, to say the rise of many of the minor societies has not affected the major societies would be misleading. The main effect has been the devotion of many able people to minor societies who, heretofore, would have found themselves striving for election to either the Phil Council or the Hist General Committee.

This, combined with the rise in the pressure of academic work leaving less time for the increasingly time-consuming task of being an officer of a major society, is a considerable problem facing both the Phil and the Hist.

Meanwhile, let us be grateful for the diversity of character and the independence of spirit which prevails among all societies in College—unfettered by a dominating S.R.C. or a Union. So long as this is maintained, Trinity—no matter whether societies are in periods of trouble or good fortune—will offer a challenge all its own to its student population.

Nelson's Column

S.R.C. elections. A fourth year student was talking to the Appointments Officer and when asked what he had done in College could think of nothing. Within a day he had got his name in the election poll, a propaganda sheet was issued, and within forty-eight hours he was back in the office, smilingly insisting that he was faculty representative for . . . and could that be put on his form. Good to see that there are still public-spirited people about!

I can think of a no more dangerous or disastrous policy, whereby one sub-committee packed with tin-god anthropologists are for ever looking, listening and judging their fellow students. The lack of life among students is a favourite topic today; with the threat of being made an outcast for any spark of rebellion or non-conformist behaviour, life would stop altogether and become a mere existence.

A team of four Players are scheduled to appear on that rather crass little T.E. popular game "Take My Word" next Monday night. The four are Gillian Hanna, Jenny Holmes, Nigel Ramage and Constantin de Goguel, who will spend half-an-hour miming various titles of books, plays, films or well-known sayings. For the compulsive telly addict this could be an amusing interlude.

A friend of mine tells an amusing story concerning the recent

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Yet another petition is rumoured to be circulating College, this time it's against the living conditions of the animals used for experiments in research at the back of College. In other universities petitions are raised when the comings and goings of male and female students provoke the authorities into hasty action. When the Halls of Residence became the temples of rest or unrest, and the rambling gritty plains of mid and north England are hotbeds of discontent, in Trinity we still get into a frenzy over animals. That glassy stare in the eyes of the ardent woman campaigner is not love, but pure sympathy for the whippet hound who has his tail lifted three times daily so that several daks slacked and anoraked biologists can see how it all works. What sympathy, what compassion, what utter nausea.

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Sports Editor

Robin Knight

COLLEGE SPORT

A Review by the Sports Editor

During the past few years College sporting standards have declined, and to-day we are passing through a thoroughly depressed era. At the same time, more people are participating and in many cases facilities have been improved out of all recognition. What are the reasons behind this apparently anomaly?

Firstly, I think it is only fair to point out that Trinity to-day is measured by vastly different standards to those which existed even ten years ago. If we have more people playing sport, so does the nation as a whole. In every sphere increased competition is being met, and the University is no longer the only place with facilities for youths to take part in sport. The advantages of good coaching for those between 15 and 21 are now available to many more. Many clubs run junior teams, trained and coached by old, experienced players. Youth clubs and religious organisations likewise have begun to cater for less fortunate people than ourselves. To-day practically anyone who has the time or the inclination can play one sport or another. This is very much reflected by the type of opposition now met at club level.

Trinity is often accused of being too English, and with this accusation goes the implication that the public school attitude dominates the University. This criticism is increasingly irrelevant but nonetheless I think it is still valid at present. One of the proudest boasts of the British has been that they are good losers, though this idea has taken a bit of a battering recently on the Football League grounds of England. And so was born the amateurish outlook and lack of dedication which has bedevilled British sport for a long time and, despite the Olympics, is still the rule rather than the exception. This attitude was readily transported to Trinity. It is very rare indeed in this University to find the men with sufficient determination to overcome any disadvantage. For instance, one got the impression watching the Colours match a fortnight ago that U.C.D. were the dedicated side, who lived, slept and ate Rugby until the Great Day, whereas Trinity, though realising what was at stake, went into the match ill-prepared—just hoping all would turn out well on the day—which it did not. Nor is this the case in Rugby alone.

Readers will already be protesting that this is a small University, numerically, and cannot be judged against places like U.C.D., Oxford or Cambridge. To a certain extent this is, of course, true in that few of our sides have any quality in reserve. But so many instances come to mind of small nations or communities consistently producing winning sides that most people find this argument misleading. Two places spring readily to mind—Australia as a country, and Hawick, a small town on the Scottish borders which has ruled Northern Rugby in Britain for many years now.

Trinity sport fails most, I feel, through lack of spirit and, surprisingly, lack of coaching. To-day most undergraduates are on average two or three years younger than they were ten years ago. Physically they are thus less mature and have probably not reached anything like sporting maturity when they come here.

The pressure of academic work is increasing term by term, cutting the time available for sport correspondingly. On the field of play few sides are fortunate enough to have experienced onlookers who can guide captains and, perhaps, coach sides. Furthermore, one cannot get away from the fact that in all sports at the moment we have very few outstanding performers. Whereas pre-war Trinity counted her Internationals, to-day she is pleased enough to have inter-provincial representatives.

Robbie Brightwell has gone on record as saying British athletes don't know what it is to hurt themselves whilst training, and then to keep on training even more. That was before Tokyo and maybe now he would be less dogmatic. But the truth behind what he says still applies, in Trinity as much, if not more, than elsewhere. It is in training and practising that champions are made; ability by itself is insufficient to-day.

To revive College sport, this idea above all else has to be understood. Taking part in a game with the intention of winning involves sacrifices at the top level. No one is suggesting there is no room for those who play games purely for enjoyment or exercise. But such people cannot expect to be successful at first-class level. To win consistently involves dedication, and until all Trinity sportsmen realise this we are going to continue to be second best, if that.

Undoubtedly this has been a very disappointing term, sports-wise. That we lack ability in Trinity to-day is depressingly evident from the results that have been produced since October. If all our sides could capture the giant-killing enthusiasm of the small clubs in the English F.A. Cup who yearly demonstrate what can be done by spirit alone, and ally this to a realistic, twentieth-century attitude to training, we might achieve something. Firstly though, our sportsmen must start to believe in Trinity as something worth making a sacrifice for. Let's hope the New Year brings some resolution into our play.

Two Wins

Railway Union	2
Trinity	3

Trinity's win on Saturday evolved from a pattern similar to their victory the previous week at Hammond Lane. They were hard pressed for all the second half but hung on to their tenuous lead to give them their third away win out of four matches.

On a big but bumpy pitch Trinity were more impressive in the opening minutes. They used the open spaces intelligently and Sowerby put them ahead after Nolan had set him up, by slipping the ball under the advancing goalkeeper. The unpredictable bounce was taking its toll, however, and other chances went a-begging as first Baker missed a goal and then Sowerby shot weakly when well placed. Railway Union with thrusts of their own were exploiting both the defence and the referee with long balls which behaved as if they were rugby balls and not soccer balls. The one that confused the referee led to Railway Union's equaliser because the ball appeared to be at least a yard over the dead-ball line when it was cleared. Protests achieved nothing, but the next ten minutes did. Angered by the decision to let the goal stand, Trinity rose to the occasion and firstly Leonard scored after a Nolan shot had been smothered and then Nolan stabbed a ball home cleverly from the edge of the penalty area.

The second half was played against the wind and the defence held out well, only conceding a scrambled goal from a corner. Haslett played soundly and O'Moore's return has added to the defensive cover. The forwards had their moments in this half and moved the ball well when allowed and Nolan was unlucky not to have a fourth in the dying minutes. The problem of finding two competent wingers seems to have been solved by Baker and Unwin.

Trinity	4
Downing College	2

Trinity continued their winning ways with a victory over Downing College on a muddy pitch in College Park on Monday. Scorers for Trinity in an exciting and skilful match were Leonard (2), Nolan and an own goal.

Fencing

In a 15-hour marathon in the Gym on Friday and Saturday, Trinity came second to Salle Duffy in both épée and sabre.

In the épée, Trinity had a fairly decisive 11-5 victory against U.C.D. and a poor 6-10 defeat against Salle Duffy I. U.C.D.'s main opposition was put up by their Olympic representative Mike Ryan who suffered only one double defeat in the entire championship.

In the sabre, Trinity's second team surprised everyone by narrowly beating U.C.D. 9-7.

Trinity's first sabre team, consisting of John Robinson, Ricky Robinson, Brian Denham and Vernon Armstrong, did not come up to expectations, being badly beaten by Salle Duffy I.

SPORT IN BRIEF

At a meeting of the Captains' Committee recently the following were awarded pinks: Anthea Peel (Climbing), Martin Heaton (Shooting), Vernon Armstrong (Fencing), Francis Williams (Sailing).

Ten points in the last five minutes brought the 1st XV a thrilling victory, 18-17, against Terenure on Saturday. David Buchanan had an outstanding game and scored one of Trinity's three tries, Max Stafford-Clarke and Cyril Morrison getting the others. Chris Butterworth converted all the tries and kicked a penalty. Meanwhile in England, U.C.D., without three players from their colours side, trounced U.A.U. (Northern Group) champions, Durham University, 23-0.

Freshman William Barr, who has been leading the Trinity squash team in their league campaign, crowned a fine term's play by winning his match for Leinster against Ulster on Friday. Leinster won every match in their sweeping victory.

Our racing correspondent, "Croupier," was once again up with the winners last week-end. Pressure of space prevented us printing his learned exposition about the respective merits of Arkle and Mill House in our last issue. However, we can assure readers he strongly tipped Arkle. To prove this, all future correspondence to him should be addressed c/o Zürs, where he is taking a rest—on his winnings.

Peter Stiven, Stuart McNulty, Alan McConnell and Robin Knight were all in the Leinster under 23 hockey side which lost 3-1 to Ulster at Portadown on Saturday. Ulster thus won the under 23 championship. Man of the match was Ulster's centre-half and captain, Errol Grafton, a Divinity student at Trinity, who travels North each week-end to play for his club, Banbridge, and is also a full inter-pro player.

The recently-formed Ladies' Lacrosse team suffered an ignominious defeat last week. A team of twelve rugger-playing males of Gaelic origins challenged them to a match and won. As few of the men had the least idea what they were doing, one can only assume that captain Rob Andrews had convinced them they were as great at Lacrosse as he assures us he is. What will he catch next in his net?

The Golf team played the Leinster professionals two weeks ago at Portmarnock. Conditions were extremely windy, but several good performances were recorded. Jeremy Pilch beat Joe Craddock 4 and 3, receiving four shots, and played top-class golf in doing so. Freshman John Gray went out in 36, but still lost 4 and 3. Ned Stokes won Trinity's second victory, the final score being 6-2 to the professionals. Last year Trinity failed to win a single game, so this was a slight improvement.

Seventeen crews entered the Trinity "At Home" regatta last Saturday. Three crews from Trinity took part and one of them, "Arcades," reached the final, held in almost complete darkness. Ably stroked by Don McNeilly, "Arcades" defeated U.C.D. by a canvas. This result was all the more creditable as the U.C.D. boat included the entire Old Collegians Henley crew.

Trinity 2nd XV's crushing defeat of U.C.D. last week-end brought to an end a successful term's rugby. Five victories and two defeats have been recorded. Once Paddy Hillyard had opened the scoring following a fifty yards burst, it was all Trinity, and winger Ray scored two tries later on. Hillyard and Adrian Snow completed the scoring with two more tries. This was a welcome triumph for team work and some compensation after the Colours match.

The 2nd XI Hockey team gained a long-overdue point in an away game with Railway Union on Saturday. Bad finishing by the forwards prevented a win. Dick Hopkins and Tim Briggs stood out in the defence, which must be the best in Leinster at this level. The Hockey Club seems to suffer from the general lack of attacking players in College sport. Four good Freshmen have been found for the 2nd XI defence, but not one forward. Ken Peare scored the Trinity goal in this 1-1 draw.

With half the Junior League programme completed (congratulations Tony Crooks), the "Gaels" are once again heading the table. The all-round standard has been much higher than last season and they have not found it easy to maintain their 100 per cent. record. "Gaels" success is due, not only to team spirit, but also to solidity in the forwards, opportunism in the backs and a good last line of defence.

The "Pirates," after a slow start, have improved rapidly, and they reached peak form when they inflicted upon "Freshers A" their second successive defeat. In Haslett, Smiley and Cosgrove they have three useful forwards who pull no punches!

After a brilliant start, "Freshers A" met in the "Gaels" their Waterloo and have yet to recover. Both "Grasshoppers" and "Norsemen" have suffered from a lack of scoring power.

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NEWS IN BRIEF

Players Rally to T.V. Win

On Tuesday afternoon a team from Players challenged the "resident" team on the T.E. programme "Take My Word" (see "Nelson's Column," page 4). It was called the "resident" team due to its unbeaten record over many weeks. The Players' team, Constantin de Goguel, Gillian Hanna, Niger Ramage and Jenny Holmes, got off to a bad start, and two mimes in succession were not guessed within the two minutes allowed.

By half-time (adverts) the team of actors led by John Franklin were well over 100 seconds in the lead. Then followed a series of very quick guesses by the Players' team, including one of four seconds, and Maureen Potter had to use up several mimes from the "extra" list before the floor manager signalled the end of the programme. Much to the delight of the Players' supporters in the audience, it was announced by the Mystery Voice that Dublin University Players had won. The team will be challenged next week by a team from U.C.D.—but since several members of our team will be in England, substitutes will have to be found.

The programme will be screened on Monday.

Shoulders to the Wheel

Collectors of College crockery will soon have another source of pots, mugs and plates. The Art Society is completing the installation of its new electric kiln, which has been bought with the aid of a most generous grant from the Arts Council of Ireland. College is providing for the installation of the kiln which is to be housed in a shed by the Printing House. The shed was discovered by the Agent at the beginning of term, and the Clerk of Works is at present labouring to install a power supply.

The arrival of the kiln marks the latest stage in the development of this new activity of the Society. Last year, the Auditor, Alan Smith, bought a wheel with Arts Council money and this was installed in No. 12. The Society arranged pottery lessons and the interest shown then was felt to justify further expansion. Some of the pots made last year were used in the Players' production of "Bartholomew Fair."

Anthony Vere Hodge, this year's Auditor, said that he hopes to have the kiln fully operative by next term. This depends on the Clerk of Works being able to connect up the power supply in time. There are plans afoot to begin the term with an informal exhibition of pottery demonstrating the entire process. Lessons and the use of the equipment are open to all members of the Society.

Bridge Triumph

Trinity's Bridge team had a notable and exciting win over U.C.D. last Friday, thereby becoming the first holders of the Davidson-Barniville Trophy which was presented this year. Play began early in the afternoon and reached a climax late in the evening with the Trinity team just holding on to gain a narrow victory. The team was: R. J. Burwood and P. Gardner, J. Orange and Miss T. O'Connor, P. Stocken and Miss D. Wood, R. Andrews and Miss J. Brodie.

Casement on Trial Again

Before a packed jury, Roger Casement again stood on trial for his life at the Law Society on Friday, on an indictment of treason, at the prosecution of Messrs. Charles Appelby and Séan Baine. Miss Mary Bourke and Mr. James McKenna were willing to defend.

The defence pointed out that because of his ill-treatment by the British Imperialists, Casement was very unfit physically—a fact well borne out by the appearance of Henry Bourke (the modern-style Casement).

Very capable arguments by the prosecution established that Casement might possibly be guilty. The defence said one could just not be sure, but thought that he might as well be given the benefit of the doubt. The judge just didn't know.

At the conclusion of the trial, Nick Robinson thought it a good idea to forget the whole affair—in spite of his magnanimity.

The judge gave his summing-up which confused everybody—and "twelve brave men and true" (they were really fifty) decided that Casement was better at the end of a rope than at the front of a German column (and this without any mention about diaries).

Belfast Congress

The Irish Universities' Economics Congress, 1964, was held in Belfast last week, on the theme of "Productivity and Growth." Trinity's contribution was two papers from Howard Knott and Julian Oliver.

A party was shown round the glories of Stormont by Miss Sheila Murnaghan, who dealt skilfully and convincingly with questioners brought up in the Republican tradition.

The Congress was characterised by the friendly relations between T.C.D. and U.C.D., who agreed that it was a pity that they had to go to Belfast to find so much in common.

Agent on Safari

The Treasurer and Agent have now returned from their fact-finding tour of catering establishments of English universities.

Unfortunately, due to a backlog at work at Trinity, they have not been able to prepare their report. As the Board met yesterday for the last time this term, the report will probably not be presented until January. The Agent told a "Trinity News" reporter that he was pleased with what they found out on the trip, which he felt was well worth while. However, he was unable to give any information as the report could not be released without the Board's permission and much of the information to be contained in it had been given by other universities in confidence.



Jokimas and Betty Bartkus

—Photo by Des. Harman

business of their own. Thus the No. 12 legend began.

Graduates of the pre-Bartkus era may look back on a Dermot in a bar or a Moira in a café as their nostalgic symbols of the life on Trinity's fringe, but if any recent graduate remembers anyone better than Mrs. B. or Jackimus it would only be romantic notions of Jenny or Mrs. B.'s recently-married niece Helen. Mrs. B. enthuses as much about Jenny's aptitude for figures as she does about Jackimus' mysterious reticence about the horses he has backed. Other people enthuse about Jenny—and her figure.

Willing Bartkus is the only place where tutors are met on equal footing. Both bleary-eyed and guilty at missing every church service and the last copy of the "Sunday Times" supplement there is little consolation in Mrs. B.'s "You're awful tired looking." You tell her when you got to bed. "Oh good even Stephen"—a mesmeric expression.

"Four onions too much for you, I think. Oh yes, I think. Ham very expensive," Jokimas chants as he dodges between the counters. "Piggott, good Jockaay, but if him win can't tell, can't tell." The late Captain Becher had more frustrating taunts from Jackimus than anyone—he never seems to lose. But his accumulated winnings have enabled them to buy a small holding at Ballybeg Small, Co. Wexford.

There they will have their first home since they were married, and Jokimas' first home since 1944. The experience gained at growing tomatoes in 1955 will start to pay dividends. Jokimas is soon to become an Irish citizen; he should be made an honorary member of T.C.D. Association at the same time. How welcome he would be at a graduates' dinner.

PERSONAL

THE PHIL. will discuss "The Unreasonableness of Christianity" tonight at 8.15. The Distinguished Visitor will be Dr. Owen Sheehy Skeffington. Private business, 7.15; tea at 7.45.

ARE You a Soc.? Then, come to the Major Societies' Ball, February 2nd. Tickets, 25/- R. Curtis, U.P.S.

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THE Informal Group of Christian Scientists at Trinity College, Dublin, will hold a meeting this afternoon in West Chapel D at 4 p.m. All members of the University are cordially invited to attend.

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