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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Undergraduate Weekly

Thursday, 11th November, 1965. Vol. XIII, No. 2.

Price Threepence

U.C.D. LOCKS FOURTEEN OUT

PRIVILEGES

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

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

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

THE PHIL

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"THAT AN HONOURS

LIST IS A SIGN OF A

DECADENT SOCIETY"

Thursday, 11th November

at 8.15 p.m.

Tea 7.45 p.m.

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Fourteen students at U.C.D. this summer passed their pre-med exams to be told that they could not be accepted into the 1st year Medical course. Apparently the Medical school has reached its point of saturation and the passing of pre-med exams is no longer sufficient qualification for entering the Medical school proper. This may have repercussions on the Trinity faculty, for they are attempting to seek admission to our Medical school.

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

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

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

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

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

Population Explosion

At a packed Regent House meeting on Tuesday night, Dr. Anne Biezanek, the Roman Catholic who caused a rumpus by establishing a family planning clinic in England, spoke of her convictions. The discussion, organised by Trinity's U.N.S.A., went under the title of "World Population Explosion," but neither Dr. Biezanek nor the other speaker, Mr. Michael Drake (Lecturer in Social and Economic History, Queen's, Belfast), kept close to the point.

In her usual frank manner, Dr. Biezanek told of her private schism with Roman Catholic doctrine on birth control. Before her seventh child, she had said: "I would rather be burned than go to a clinic." But the pressure of her family and a personal "revelation" made her apply to the Church for exemption from its teaching. This was refused, and she took her now famous stand. She said she thought that many Catholics agreed with her, but were reluctant to say so publicly. She corrected the impression that she had been excommunicated—"it's just that the bishop considers I'm not eligible for Communion."

Unfortunately she could bring none of her writings on the subject to the meeting; they are all banned in this country. "I just didn't dare try to bring anything past the customs," she said. "After all, I am rather conspicuous."

Galbraith at R.D.S.

Professor J. K. Galbraith, the Economist and former United States Ambassador to India, is speaking to-night at the R.D.S. His paper, entitled "Economic Development—the Nature of the Problem," will be read to the Irish Association for Cultural, Economic and Social Society, and the meeting, which begins at 8 p.m., is open to the public at a cost of 2/6.

UNDERGRADUATE BEATEN UP

Dave Henderson, well known in College for his folk singing, is at present recovering from a contretemps with a small man in the early hours of last Saturday morning. The argument apparently was bought to an abrupt halt when Dave was felled by one blow, and he knocked himself out on the solid concrete pavement. He didn't find out until afterwards that he had crossed paths with an expert boxer.

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Have You Seen This Man?



—Photo Sean Walmsley

At precisely 1.15 p.m. on Friday, November 5th, with lunchtime crowds at peak congestion, the Trinity College equivalent of S.M.E.R.S.H struck in the Buttery, denoting a smoke canister which rapidly emptied the premises and decimated the day's profits.

Eye-witness accounts pinpointed the detonation of the device near the cloakroom entrance, where it did considerable damage to the floor, but it is apparent that some potential V.C. carried the exploding bomb into the cloakroom passage; his intention were, however, misplaced, since the draught from the cloakrooms funnelled the vast clouds of orange smoke straight across the counter and into the kitchens to cause malaise in Buffet.

It is believed that this operation was a blueprint of that carried out at Front Gate on November 5th, 1964, since *Trinity News* crime squad photographs show that not only was an identical device used but also that in each case the bomb was detonated in a black briefcase; it is, therefore, reasonable—or

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Exams in June?

Rumours that change is in the air in the Economics and History departments were given some conditional weight by Dr. Thornley at the Economics Society Staff Forum at the International Bar last Monday evening. "The prospects of honors examinations being moved to June or July," he said, "are probably very good, I'm sorry to say," but added the proviso that the change would not take place for some years.

In the History School, the joining of honors undergraduates and General Studies for English and Irish history have caused some speculation as to the future of this faculty. Dr. Simms told *Trinity News* recently that there was now to be a "shifting of emphasis" away from lectures to tutorials and essay work, and the joint lectures were to enable lecturers to spend more of their already crowded week doing specialist work. Some honors undergraduates have not taken kindly to the new arrangements, especially as some of the lectures "are definitely angled to General Studies students." There are also complaints of over-crowding.

It is felt that pressure is building up against the History Mod. Part I exam., in the same way as similar pressure did against the Economics second year examination, which has now been drastically altered.

Fabians in Arms

Fabrians were up in arms at the Phil last Friday when leftist Economics Scholar Tony Kevin read his paper, "Managerial Marxism." It seems that they felt it was more like "Managerial Fascism," but as Kevin pleaded, it was only because they had missed his point. A quotation from Marx at the end of the meeting mollified them though.

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One of the launderettes recently opened in Dublin, that at Leonard's Corner, should have an added incentive for patronage by Trinity undergraduates. It is owned by ex-Trinity student Alan More Nisbett, who left College in 1963, and his brother Roger, who graduated this year.

The More Nisbett brothers come from Edinburgh and have no other connection with Dublin than their time in Trinity, but they have decided that having "no experience

of business" was a good way of starting a business career. Already they are finding their investment worthwhile, as after only two months they are making a running profit on the venture. "It's washing its face," as Roger More Nisbett quipped.

So far they have not received much custom from Trinity students, but being on several direct bus routes and with car parking no problem, they remain hopeful. Their machines, made by

Frigidaire, are quicker and cheaper than most in Dublin, so that "for less than the price of a quart of stout you can have your whole weekly wash—and it takes about the same time!" They don't think that Dublin can absorb many more launderettes, and so intend to move into other fields in due course, but they both consider that business in Dublin is a worthwhile proposition for people leaving Trinity.

—Photo Sean Walmsley.

CAMERON FAVOURS WOMEN

A statement of personal policy on women, even to those who knew his views, came as somewhat of a shock to many when the Auditor of the Hist., Michael Cameron, included it in the preamble to his Inaugural address, and it undoubtedly has set the tone for this session. In announcing that there would be a debate this term on the subject of women, and in categorically supporting their admission (probably to some sort of "associate" membership) the Auditor was breaking with long established tradition, although the remainder of the meeting was more conventional.

The Auditor's paper, "Ireland's Influence on British Politics," was coherent and easy to follow, even if not always as easy to agree with. His attack on the Liberal Party, moreover, was sufficient to provoke a magnificent tirade against Socialism and planning from the Gladstonian Mr. James Dillon. This was followed by a learned and interesting speech from Professor Mansergh; a plea for the North Antrim small farmers from Mr. Henry Clark, M.P.; and a none too gentle reminder from Dr. McDowell that Irish independence was achieved with remarkably little bloodshed. All this contrived to provide an excellent evening, which seemed to be enjoyed to the full by the very large audience, and not least by the many distinguished visitors.

Exaggeration

Last week we said on page one that there were 1,500 English and 1,200 Irish undergraduates in Trinity. The Secretary to the College has asked us to correct this. In fact, at the last count there were 1,228 Irish and 1,424 English and Northern Irish combined. The approximations were rather rougher than they ought to have been.

Bowels!

Something seems to have started down in the bowels of the earth at Sound City. Every Wednesday night, students—and students only—can have the place to themselves. For four shillings, it could be very good value.

Mail Robbery

The mail thieves have been at it again in Regent House. A considerable quantity of letters have been stolen in the last two weeks, and although some of these have been found in various lavatories around College, there is no knowing whether anything of value has been misappropriated.

Two bundles were recovered from No. 4, and other letters were found in No. 2, in between the pages of a folded newspaper stuffed into a hole in the wall. The Chief Steward has ordered that from now on the Regent House be locked from 5 p.m. onwards (unless there are meetings there) and those wishing to collect their mail after this time will be able to obtain a key from the porters at Front Gate. "We have had the police on to this," the Chief Steward told *Trinity News*, "but I've no idea if anything valuable is missing."

SKIERS CHASING BEDS

They are renovating hotels this year in Zürs, and Trinity's share of the Oxford, Cambridge and T.C.D. ski holiday has been cut to seventy-five people. According to captain Terek Schwarz, forty eager graduates are shortlisted. Preferential bookings for undergraduates close next week.

Pills for Colds

The Department of Pharmacology has just launched an investigation into the effectiveness of vitamin C in the prevention of colds during the winter months.

To quote the circular received by all residents of College rooms, "The investigation will involve taking a tablet of vitamin C every day, and the completion each day of a record card to indicate whether you have a cold." The trial will be organised from the Student Health Service, No. 11, College, and is one of a number of investigations of varying natures carried out by the pharmacology department each year.

"We would like 100 per cent. response," said Dr. C. U. M. Wilson, Reader in Pharmacology, and one of the administrators of the scheme.

The pills are quite harmless, and while there is no evidence that vitamin C is of any value in cold protection, there is a need for such evidence; and the results of this trial will be compared with the results of similar surveys elsewhere. Incidentally, the scheme is open to all ladies from Trinity Hall and anywhere else for that matter. If they apply, they will not be turned away.

White flies off

Off to-day to represent the College at a "Conference on the Atlantic Community" in Washington, D.C., is S.R.C. President Stephen White. About a hundred delegates will attend in all, twenty from Western Europe and the rest from America. Each delegate

attends one of nine seminars on the general subject of the Atlantic Community, and has to write a paper on an aspect of the subject of his seminar; thus Mr. White has written about whether or not it is true or helpful to talk of "Soviet imperialism." After the six-day conference—which also includes interviews of delegates by professional sociologists, and the issue of a "Conference Communiqué"—delegates from Western Europe leave on a three-week tour of America east of the Mississippi, financed and organised by the U.S. Government (who also pay Mr. White's air fare). Mr. White hopes his leftist political views do not result in the interruption of his visit. Also representing Ireland at the Conference is the President of the S.R.C. in U.C.D., Mr. Victor Mc. Breen.

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ROMULUS RITES

Headline in the "Evening Press" — "Thief was no Saint"

Fountain of Mercy

Fun loving Simon Bolier slept soundly, exhausted, yet coughing and spluttering he awoke, to find high leaping flames had already devoured his wooly Male by Paul overcoat. Finding no extinguisher, Bolier improvised—using (some) water and that from some milk bottles he had in the room. Quick thinking, Simon, but it just comes naturally — doesn't it? Or was it hair dye?

Prehistory

Sadly, it seems, Trinity party life is dying. The violent death throes have subsided. The warlords, the heads, the young gentlemen of leisure have no successors. They are now dithering alcoholics, petrified remnants of an earlier age. The Bailey, a mass of dust and new bricks, died last term shattering an ancient Trinity phenomena and a misused legend. There is nothing tragic in this, the grotesque behaviour of 1930 Oxford has no place in T.C.D. 1965. However if "the new age" brings little or much, let it show some originality.

Confessions

Romulus will hear them every day in the Buttery at 4 o'clock.

Bureaucracy Resplendant

Among those evicted in last terms massive swoop on illegal flats were Angela Gibbon and Leone Leslie. For a punishment they were to be gated by the authorities for a term, but there was no room in Trinity Hall. So they were gated in T.C.D. Are they confined within these walls after dark and all night? Do they merely sign on at the Front register and sin elsewhere? Or has the Dean a guardroom near the parade ground?

Tites

Scene—A garret in Upper Mount Street, filled with arty students playing at Napoleonic soldiers. They are having a party.

Time—Around midnight. Amidst the noise and confusion arrive the landladies. Ma, Gran-mama, Great Gran-mama, each more fearsome than the other. "The place stinks of liquor, get out", they cried, "get out". Great Gran-mama spied her quarry—a fresher bright and buxom in her new party dress. "Get out", she spat. The poor girl was dumb founded. At length Great Gran sighed "You're doped I'd say". God helps those, who help themselves.

Overcame?

In Ghana independence celebrations the story goes that an

American arrived to see the yoke of imperialism lifted from the shoulders of the African. He walked from line to line of joyful negroes he congratulated them on their freedom until he came to the largest and most handsome negro he had seen. "My, it most wonderful to be free", he cried, "Don't talk to me about freedom, man, ah come from Alabama."

First take the mote from thy own eyes.

Miasmic Delusion

I was sitting, with malice toward none, in a No. 10 bus going down Northumberland Road. Passing sirenly into an alcoholic oblivion. When the bus was gathering speed a little man scruffily dressed and habellated, started to run after it and with speed that did not befit his size caught and jumped on the bus. He gazed melodiously around and jumped off, went head over heals, got up and started to "hitch".

Oh, the pretentiousness of Dubliners — even when?

kNavish Skullduggery

Blazing Ship Heads for Ireland, thus another foul English trick was initiated to mar the fair land. A floundering vessel of vegetable oil was lit and pushed off from Newfoundland, Nova Scotia. — Oh fie, on the Evening Herald's insinuations. The land of the oppressor seethes and longs for revenge. I know, I've been there.

Dr. David Thornley: We all have a bit of the Ian Smith in us somewhere.

ROMULUS

brainwave

That's Trinity. It's a university. It was once responsible for the leadership of Irish thought. Action? Yes, it had to act—therefore it had to think. Stagnant in both no, though. No, the Free State had nothing to do with the cause. Trinity castrated itself.

It's a question of images. It sees itself as Wolfe Tone perpetuated; it sees itself as a technical school in attractive environments. There's a hotel, you know, in Ballyratty. There are few more revolting people than conceited tech. boys. A bit harsh? Not if you see Trinity in the singular.

Well, what if you look at the individuals? You'll find over three thousand convincing arguments for three thousand conflicting philosophies. But Trinity will be here always, active and meaningful or passive and pointless, in Dublin 2. They graduate, pass on. Do they give to Trinity?

Directly? They are refused direct service and participation. Octogenarian graduates in Malaya vote for Trinity's Senators. Of the three thousand, all actively engaged in living in Dublin, a maximum of seventy scholars may vote—a vestige of the fully active

university. Last June, three bothered to register. The University lost its seats in the lower house through lack of interest. We are told that academics are full-time businessmen, and quiet flees the don from social duty. Is this a university?

The students want a university, but make do with charades, lets-pretend politics. Accomplishments nil; but there's talent, there's thought, there's desire to act. In student eyes it is a university. Pretence dissatisfies the talented, but "if you write to the papers on controversial issues, don't give a College address."—J.D.

In charge of College policy is the Board. Students see its workings only when it acts sensational or when gossip relays its decisions. The external policy is read by them as "no activity, no trouble," probably an erroneous conclusion.

Where is there any liaison—should there be any?

If this is more than a tech., the College Board needs student representation; it must end its social inertia. Through the students, the *sine qua non* of a university, Trinity might recover an external, social meaning. If not, the country is deprived, Trinity commercialised, its values frustrated.

WILLIAM A. STANFORD.



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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Undergraduate Weekly

Undergraduates feel obliged to behave in the manner expected of them; they are expected to be irresponsible — to practise student pranks. But these pranks, in return, should be amusing and clever.

Last week's Butterly smoke bomb incident was neither. Any fool can set off one of these canisters; any fool can put one into a brief-case and bring it into a crowded room. It is not particularly amusing to cause discomfort to two hundred people. Whoever the curious personality behind this was, one hopes, at least, that he will think of something more ingenious next time.

* * *

"Trinity News" has often been accused of being a clique: the reason for this is that we turn down a large number of applicants. We try to carry as broad a representation of college as possible, but selection is solely on the grounds of journalistic merit and energy. At present we are searching for our senior staff of 1967. Come and see us if you are interested. (Or put a note in our Box in Regent House).

Staff:

Chairman: Hamish McRae
Vice-Chairman: Tom Chance

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Features: Gillie McCall, Brian Williamson, Brian Crotty, Malcolm Benson, John McDonald, Mirabel Walker.
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a weekly news-feature of Trinity affairs

scrutiny



Merrion Square is a convenient place for Trinity students to live. A growing number do. In recent years, however, it seems to have become a centre for procuring. It is becoming increasingly embarrassing to Trinity girls

to walk home alone at night. Last week one of our photographers a driver spent two hours in the Merrion Square area. During this period the door (above) was continually ajar, and saw several different couples embracing. At

other times a man looked out. There was evidence of some police activity: two squad cars, patrolling the back lanes. A dark Cortina stood nearby (right) with men in civilian clothes chatting to a uniformed Guard.

profile

nigel ramage

Subject for this week's halting panegyric: Nigel Ramage—Chairman of Players, latter-day knight-errant and the butt of many a ribald jest. "Who is this man?" I hear them mutter into their Winsor soup along the Commons

table. Mutter as they may, everyone knows Ramage, and Ramage, inexplicably, knows everyone.

I mean, you can't ignore the man; he's just there. (And if he isn't he will be in five minutes.) You don't know him? Just stick around a while — Ramage awaits for an introduction, expects no formality, and is willing (nay determined) to converse, with or without authority, on any subject you dare mention. He comes from a major Public School (of which he secretly approves), professes an interest in modern lithographs (of which I do not approve), and enjoys a glass or three of unash-

suming, God-fearing port (of which we both approve).

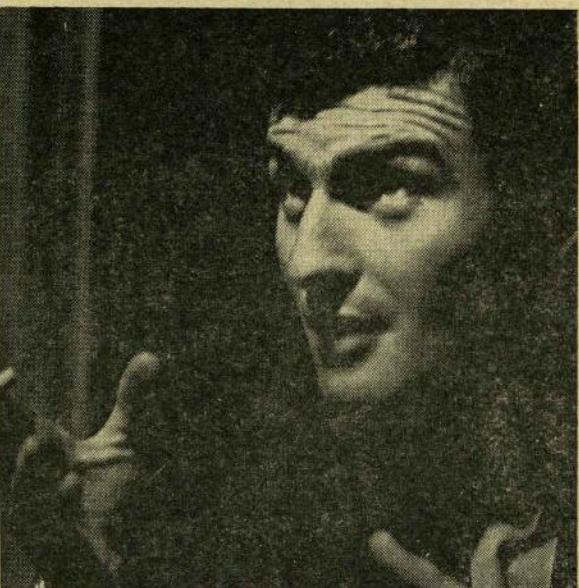
There is a distinct Nigel Ramage image. Nigel secretly cherishes the propagation of it. O.K., so he likes being in the spotlight. Don't we all? The only difference between you, me, and him, though, is (a) He's successful (b) He'll tell you he enjoys it (c) He's quite as happy to see you in it.

It's just that he doesn't believe in living inside a shell. Don't tell him a secret — he can't keep it; he always says pretty well what he thinks, even if he thinks you're behaving like an old cow. (Or at least that is the gist of what he'll say).

He would be the first to wish for a list of his attributes to appear in this column; and so they shall. Although the bones have stiffened of late owing to his diligent attendance to his dramatic activities, he has on occasion been seen padding down the rugby field for the 1st XV; he is also known by his many friends to be an excellent drummer, schoolmaster and professional best-man. He manages to pass his G.S. French second time round this year, and is an ardent collector of dubious second-hand motor vehicles.

Watch it, he might start collecting you.

Don't try and contradict him, he'll win, and even if he didn't, he'll think he has.



—Photo Mike Welch.

In the Summer of 1964, several plain clothes Bangardi walked upon the prostitute beat; about twenty men approached them and were arrested for behaviour likely to cause a breach of the peace. The court case was not held in Camera and the names of the twenty convicted men were published in the daily press. It has been rumoured that as a result several of their wives left them, and that the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, the Very Rev. John C. McQuaid requested that since family life was being

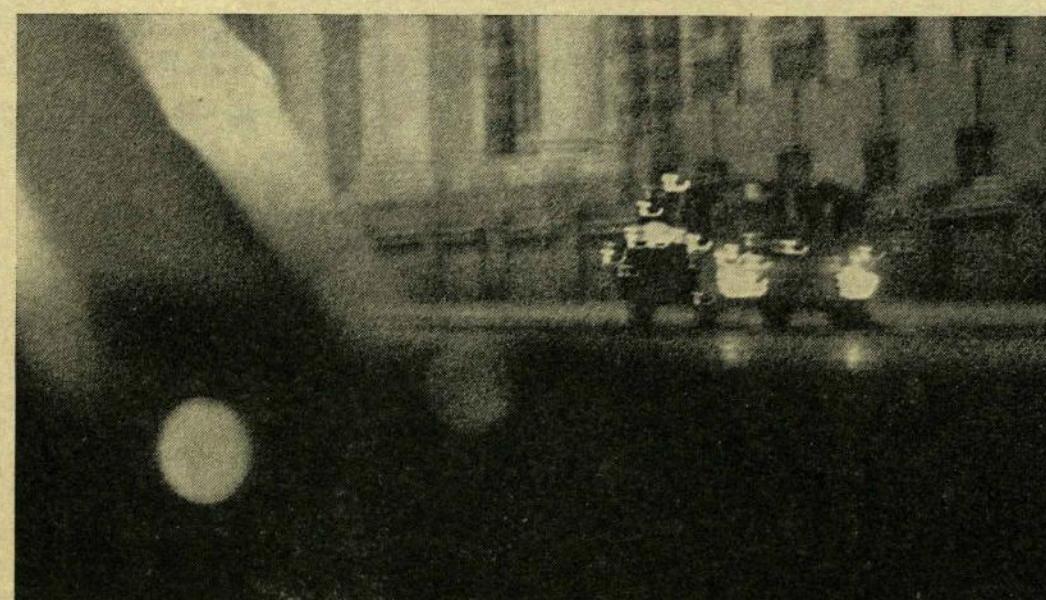
"Even Nassau Street is bad now. I get stopped twice a night along there." —J. Soph.

disrupted by the publishing of the names of married men in search of prostitutes, the publishing must stop. It seems unlikely that the Archbishop could rule in this issue, but one wonders why such a preventative measure was nipped in the bud.

There is a special branch of the Dublin Gardai that deals with prostitution and with keeping it off the streets. It is a difficult task since with under forty convicted prostitutes in the city, the demand far outstrips the supply. So small is the prostitute force, that it has not yet organised itself into a telephone system by

"Once I was offered £2. They won't take no for an answer." —S. Soph, living in Merrion Square.

which its procuring could be done behind closed doors and within the law. The social climate of



Ireland does not encourage this, since going to a prostitute is a matter of furtive expediency prompted by the want of birth control and the frigidity of already over worked mothers, rather than by an urge for a good time; in the bars and works of Dublin there is no gawdy exchange of tips and tales about the girls of Merrion Square. The

"You aren't even safe on the west side of Merrion Square. The cars don't seem frightened of the street lamps or the policemen outside the Embassy." —English girl staying in Dublin.

only way a man can find a prostitute is by a cruise round looking for her.

This presents a very real problem to any woman walking alone in Dublin at night. Particularly

difficult is the Merrion Square and Upper Mount Street area. Walking home at eleven o'clock at night, any Trinity girl can see

"It makes the walk home irritating and disgusting, though it's quite funny to have three cars hopefully parking and winding down their windows all at the same time." —J. Soph.

a prostitute, usually garbed in a head scarf, three quarter length coat and boots, standing at the Dail corner of Merrion Square, and can expect to be approached by men lurking in the shadows, and for as many as eight or nine cars to slow down for her, some ostensibly offering lifts, some tentatively asking "How much?" or "Are you doing business tonight?" It is not very pleasant. A resident of Upper Mount

Street pointed out a woman, seemingly in her forties, who stands in that beat most nights. He said that she is deposited by

"I live in Mount Street and get accosted on my own doorstep."

a man, who collects her and about five others at four in the morning; he has seen her being picked up and deposited by seven customers in two hours.

A Garda officer says that the situation has quietened down since the 1964 convictions. No men have been arrested recently, and this publishing of the names

"I saw her chase a non-paying customer with a broken bottle." —Mount Street resident.

certainly had a deterring effect. If names were published again, the streets might be further cleared.

DANCING: Pepeta Harrison.

Clickity-clack

Widely considered the best Spanish Dance company in existence today Luisillo and his Spanish Theatre, at the present appearing at the Gaiety, provide an often disappointing and frustratingly unbalanced entertainment.

The programme is divided into three parts: Sierra Bermeja; Capricho Espanol; and Venta de Los Pinares; but unfairly most of the "goodies" are kept till the Venta, which in spite of being typically "Spanish" (in the tourist sense of the word), is wholly successful in its colour and dramatic vitality.

Sierra Bermeja and Capricho Espanol were more ambitious but less conventional. In the first the lighting effects in the opening scene were effective if predictable; in the second we were given the full works with castanets, tambourines, clapping and stamping but they lacked the verve and spontaneity of the Venta.

Luisillo himself is a polished and at best a compelling dancer, Zapateado is exciting and beautifully controlled. Conchita Anton, his partner, is good but nothing outstanding as are the other members of the company includ-

ing the two guitarists and singer. If though you suffer pangs of nostalgia thinking about your last summer vac. in Spain, or you just happen to like Spanish music and dancing, or even if your suntan is wearing off and you are feeling masochistic, do go and see Luisillo and his company: at its best it is stimulating, at its worst it's colourful — and they are doing Don Quixote next week.

PLAYERS: June Rodgers.

Painless Poetry

Scrambled Egg

Unlike Macavity, William Young was there—at Players on Sunday night, as the liturgical and ironic star of Geoff Thurley's guaranteed painless, 'Teach Yourself T. S. Eliot'.

Initial timid uncertainty muted the early Eliot poems to a polite, Georgian pastiche, which seemed to ignore the world of the Boston pubs. However, 'The Wasteland' put the team through their paces with beautiful vocal precision, especially from Nigel Rammage and new-comer Petronella Trenam.

Polyphonic rendering of 'The Hollow Men' only increased the disappointment that even a sec-

tion of 'The Four Quartets' was not attempted.

In a potted version of 'The Cocktail Party' Gill Hanna, Nigel Rammage and William Young caught the pattern of human inter-relationships with great sympathy. Geoff Thurley's linking remarks were helpful to those new to Eliot, and provocative to those familiar with his poetry.

If the standard of Sunday evening's performance is maintained, in coming readings of various poets, we may expect an excellent series of Sunday poetry.

Players's half-term offering was mediocre. Potentially the evening could have been good; we had the first scene of Shaw's St. Joan, and eleven sketches by Martyn Lewis and Graham Mortim. But there was a lack of professionalism about the whole production; the acting in the first part was bad, the sketches in the second were flat.

THEATRE: Malcolm Benson.

Silent & Sullen

There is a sting behind John B. Keane's latest play "The Field" (Olympia). For nearly two whole acts the scene is in a pub with a stock comic figure, the drinking Irishman, holding the

play together. Then, quite unexpectedly, there is an accidental killing in a fight over a four-acre field. The play changes completely. The depth and venom of act three is centred around the fact that while the whole village knows the murderer, a terrible and unchristian silence on the part of the villagers defies the efforts of both police and priests to find him. The Irish are portrayed as a sullen, spineless,

"Vicar of Bray" people, unable to think or act except when foreigners begin interfering with them.

While this judgment on the Irish is harsh, exaggeration is frequently the only method of making people realise the truth. This exaggeration almost blunts the effect, but not quite. What does tone down the venom is overmuch comedy; the audience begin to laugh at everything, even when the publican's wife says she is booked for her annual holiday—pregnant for the tenth time. This is just not funny and the sooner it is realised, the better.

Ray McAlly has much to do with the excellent audiences which this play has been getting. He is a tremendous actor and has an enthusiastic supporting cast, including the author's brother Eamon Keane. The play is a double success, for McAlly and for the author; persons interested in Anglo-Irish literature please attend.

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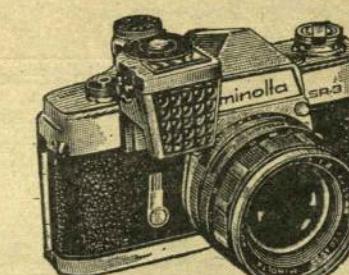
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LOWDOWN

Groaning with anticipation and grasping my tin of glucose, my machine-finished bicycle chain with silencer, and two sticks of celery, I stepped out into the unweeded garden of gruesome wassails. Jolly little dandelions that you feel, I tell you a purblind locust would pass you by. Must I impale such dead leaves to nourish a Gunpowder bonfire? The season stipulates a sophisticated Saturnalia. Have none of you the courage or flair to identify yourselves with a bit of flamboyant knavery, inspired intrigue? Away with this cowardice or you'll stick on my fly-paper.—LUCINDA LOW-DOWN.

Stodge-up for Low Pockets

Somewhere between Hatted Kit, of which one of the vital ingredients is milk taken straight from the cow into an earthenware pot, and Quenelles de Brochet Mirabelle, lies a thrifty and health-giving realm of dishes. Holding pride of place among these is a cut of lamb known properly as Hand Gigot, and commonly as Handkerchief. It is more likely to be tender if small, and is delicious roasted and served with Onion Sauce and Japonica or Red-Currant Jelly.

Onion Sauce

Boil one pound of onions thickly sliced in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of water, till tender. In another saucepan melt $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of margarine over a very low flame, and stir in 1 oz. flour. Gradually add the onion

water and $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of milk, and stir until the sauce boils, and is creamy and lump-free. Add the onions and simmer for five minutes.

For those who are limited to cooking over a flame, the following recipe is recommended:—
Lamb's Handkerchief (traditional recipe)

Place $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. margarine in the bottom of a saucepan over a medium flame. Fry 1 lb. onions till golden, and then the hand gigot until it is brown and the juices sealed in. Add 2 lb. of tomatoes—cheap mushy ones are good enough—or one large tin of tomatoes, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. paprika, a pinch of mixed herbs, and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint stock or water. Cover and simmer very slowly for five hours. Stoned black olives may be added, and it is served with cabbage.

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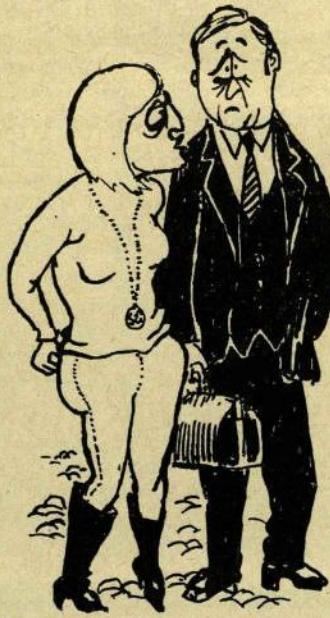
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THERE'S A SPECIAL OFFER TO UNDERGRADUATES — YOUR NEWSAGENT CAN TELL YOU ABOUT IT

Last Wednesday I caught the bus out to Islandbridge to attend the Scientist's Symposium. Q. Hogg Q.C., M.P. was the only 1964 Committee Officer not asked by Tim Lennie but his absence went unnoticed in the benevolence and kindly condescension diffused by Patrick Evershed. There was some talk of specimen bottles and cestoda, a little clinical appreciation of the preparation and properties of partners, Nicky Winmill had to be pointed out to David Hutton Bury and Alan Craig. The provincialism was still inescapable; no-one learns to dance. Only Janet Layland, Valerie Lambert and Jan McGregor were in the idiom; the rest sounded like an army on the march. Not that this spoilt my party. "Lucinda, you're tight" croaked Hubert Schaafsma, losing his voice after his exertions and the brandy cup. I had almost picked Chris Forbes as Beard of the Month until John Arthurs,

Lucy-ffr



"Doctor, darling do these cobbles give us piles?"

would defeat a Castro, thrust him from the limelight. John's songwriter and manager Gus Hancock was too concerned with handing round his birthday cake, aided by Evie Kissin, to forward his protege, who was more than able to fend for himself anyway. Ann Reardon and Pat Stokes both had to go it alone without their betrothed, and Pat was succumbing to melancholia. Drawback to sitting in the changing-room was having to admire Chris Knox' obnoxious sox, straight-through gym-shoes and other articles of underclothing mouldering in his locker. Resplendent in tartan waistcoat, Keith Grant-Peterkin was hardly restraining Jeremy Lucas from collecting 1964 Committee subscriptions. Also in national costume were Oswald Almeida's partner in sari, and Pat Akers whose Chinkers clothes caught Terry Thorp's eye. Sylvia O'Brien caught Tony Senior, who was giving his second party of the week, and only strayed to attend to the bar, manned by Charlie and Dick. J. Weber's timing was good enough to catch his hostess Jane Young for the last dance.

It took three girls living in Wicklow Street, Rosaleen Chambré, Shirley Laird and Rosalind Meiggs to start up the cocktail bandwagon again. The new season saw some old faces like Steve Austen, over from Cambridge to

The hassock's not for hoovering

If you've never tried to Hoover a hassock, take my advice—don't! It gets so excited about this infrequent pleasure that it clings onto the end of the Hoover like some intrepid felt limpet. When it can eventually be persuaded to drop off, it plops to the ground with a gay sprinkling of dust which means you have to start all over again.

My father started it all. His Scrooge-like tendencies forbade the lights of Europe to his only daughter, who in desperation took herself off to a frantically genteel Staff Agency to get herself a job. She turned down many a refined post—like resident chamber-maid in Ballymena, and companion to an octogenarian plus dog, cat, golden hamster and parrot—to char in a religious establishment. She learnt lots of useful things: how to co-habit with 100 square yards of green parquet, say her prayers, drop her aitches, and puloose covers on tight-fitting chairs. All this at 3/6 an hour plus meals, if one could face either religious backchat in the dining-room ("The bishop rang this morning") or chaps' chatter in the kitchen ("So I say to our Bert . . ."). I'm afraid I retreated ingloriously to the nearest Woolworths, a doughnut and a glass of milk.

On the first day of charring I was confronted at 8.10 a.m. by 2 armchairs with 2 pretty, chintzy covers, all nice and clean, waiting to be put on them: all this under the baleful gaze of a Victorian missionary pioneer, staring unpityingly from the wall on my epic struggle. "If you looked like that at the natives, mate, no wonder you got casserole," I thought. The covers sprang to life

check up on that edge in his life, and Douglas Learmond as effusive as ever. On my way to the multy-sexual loo I met Mike Wylie doing a very passable line with Nora-Ann Collin. Another new face, Jenny Laird, from the same stable as Shirley, tried to bridge the passing years with one of my old flames bowling along the same alleys. Trinity's answer to 007, Alastair B**d, failed to arrive . . . he was taking part (?) in a competition with Miss Ireland 1965.

My firstwhite fancy Robert Heale entertained on Friday night in Merrion Square. Lured on by Laird-like liquor I was chatted up by Charles MacLean in between mouth-fulls of Clare Gaynor. Living legend Corbett remained as charming as ever to Debbie, but Peter Bunbury's resurrection was going less well. Debbie Kitchen forwent her normal cyclical gyrations for some rather more animal-like movements with casanova Hugh.

Saturday evening found me down in Blackrock, where a blend of the old and new had collected to celebrate the new year. Simon Bolier was an excellent host, beloved by the girls and especially by Brigit Byrne, moving on to

in my hands, they twitched and writhed, capered off corners and blew about the room when there was no breeze. I tried them at every conceivable angle, but always ended with a gaping row of bar hooks and eyes where one was supposed to sit down. Subject: Hail to the flesh, conceivably, "who thought, 'naked eyes, never'". The growl of a missionary caught my gaze again. I turned her firmly to the wall. Royal, worked like a charm: the cover slipped on submissively, the hooks and eyes found each other. My lone struggle was ended. At last I was free—free to clean 14 wash-basins in succession.

Suddenly a bell rang. "Whizzo Coffee!" I flung down my foaming cleanser and followed the other chaps. We ended up in the chapel, where "Let us pray" replaced the longed-for "How many lumps?". After the prayer-break I took time off for a quick smoke ("please do not smoke in the bed-rooms, bath-rooms, kitchens, Quiet Room, chapel or vestry. An ash-tray is provided in Room 314 in the East Wing) before tackling 20 identical bedrooms. A party of ordinands had spent the week-end there in quiet meditation on their life to come. Some of them were all prepared to make the most of it, judging by the number of "Sporting Chronicles" and Micky Spillane's left behind.

3 days later, I crawled to the Warden's office on my housemaid's knees. I told my pitiful tale. My mop and I must be sunburnt. The green parquet was driving me insane. She was very sympathetic, and quite understood. I left, gratefully clutching my wages—all 25/- of them.

pastures new. Enigmatic Chris Johnson commuted mentally between frustration and desire, whilst David Lamb and Charles Taylor entertained one and all with charming indiscrimination. Mike Stout and Ruth Buchanan were past Stage 1 of a budding romance, and Tiffy Gould used the accumulated experience of a thousand and one nights to advance to Stage III with Amanda Douglas in one throw. Budding too were strong man Peter Reid and freshgirl Angel Bailey. In the realms of metaphysics and applied hedonism Richard Greene and Helen Stewart met and coalesced. I wonder what has happened to James Brown. Where is that irresistible appeal these days.

Several observant eyes have noticed Howard Shattock growing a moustache. He believes the spirit of Paul Thompson has come to rest upon his shoulders.

Congratulations to Patrick Kelly. Margaret Pollen became engaged to him last week.

Announcement: Tony Lowes has qualified in the first round of our fantastic fashion contest, and the prize will be a full-length mirror. One makes such mistakes without one.

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CROUPIER

Were it not for the lecture/credit squeeze, Croupier would be winging his way Boeing transatlantic for the Laurel Park International. You too may not be able to tear yourself away from Reading roomsville but U.S.A. or Erin, and bookies will still want

to see the colour of your money.

Ridden by Jim Lindley, a win for the Limeys would be a real one in the eye for the Americans. But I'm very afraid of Diatome, third to Sea Bird in Paris recently and though, it should be desperately close, Diatome, at 5-1, must be my selection to take those dollars back to France.

Nearer home, we shiver, drink and shiver at Naas on Saturday. If you're nuts or super affluent, you could try Green as Grass, Artist's Treasure, Simon Tappertit, L'Homme Arme, Anabar, Splash, Ordonez, and Wild Roler,

Whizzo!

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Harriers

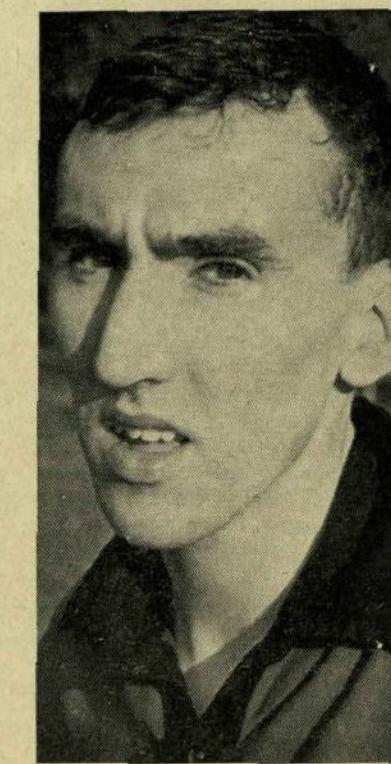
Support Lacking

The Harriers were well under-strength at Phoenix Park on Saturday, finishing right down the field in an inter-club cross-country, for which our side were hosts. Kellett, Byrne and Bryan were missing and Millington recorded his best performance even over six miles, completing the course in 33 mins. 19 secs.

The team was little better on Monday, when the match was lost to Aberdeen University. However, Byrne was the individual winner in a time of 33 mins. 55 secs. After Trinity's captain, came eleven Aberdeen Anguses, followed by Macey in 12th place and O'Neill in 14th position for Trinity.

STEWART McNULTY

Although this year's hockey captain is in his fourth year, the dark gaunt figure of Stewart McNulty striding across Front Square is not a familiar sight. As a veterinary student he spends more of his time at the Veterinary College, Ballsbridge, than in the Butterly. His lean and hungry look at once belies his extremely generous nature off the hockey field and indicates his ruthless efficiency on it. Members of the 1st XI are well used to the Captain's "little few words" before every match, "Now we're really up against it today, lads," and they usually are.



Sports Photo : Tim Cullen.

After Christmas the Mauritian Cup (the Universities Cup, for which U.C.D., Queens, and Trinity contend) is to take place this season in Belfast. Needless to say Trinity, the holder of the Cup, intend to make the journey as short and as sweet as possible. Also, at the end of the Hilary Term, McNulty and his men will make their annual sortie into Saxon territory where a long-standing score has to be settled with Oxford and Cambridge. As usual the stratagem will be to devastate all before them; the fact of this taking place on or off the field of play being rather immaterial.

Sports Review

'On the Ball

Our congratulations go to James Nixon, last season's captain of sailing, on his engagement to Katharine Nesbitt; ex-Trinity sprint champion, Steve Austen, and Louise Edge are also to be congratulated on a similar event. Steve made his mark in another field last Thursday when he performed in the Cuppers winners versus Freshmen athletics match at Cambridge. In bitterly cold conditions, he clocked 10.5 secs. for the 100 (0.7 secs. more than his best) to win; he gained second place in the 220, although his time of 23.7 secs. (1.4 secs. more than his best) was the same as the winner's. Our loss is Cambridge's gain!

Pat Brennan, winner of the Belfast-Dublin walk for the past two years, received his Ph.D recently and has gone to Berkeley University, California, to do biochemistry research. Rumour has it that Robert Winterbottom, the only other person to complete the agonising distance three times, is dragging his limbs along dusty roads already in a determined effort to crack Pat's 22½ hour record of last year.

The Sports Editor tips Trinity's No. 1 squash player, Bill Barr, for both an Irish cap and a Pink this year. Bill's performances against leading Irish maestros amply justify this forecast.

The squash 'A' team recorded a 5-0 victory over Bankers last week with excellent Trinity performances all round, especially

by newcomer Holder, who recovered from 0-2 down to win 3-2. The 'B' side were not so fortunate, losing 2-3 to a newly-formed side, Stephen's Green. However, Galt led Ireland's No. three 2-0 before the latter fought back to win. Graham and Greene were victorious for the 'B' side whereas Platts was the only winner in a 1-4 defeat for the 'C' by Old Belvedere.

Last Saturday at Santry a very fit and skilful Military College side registered a good win over Trinity Gaelic Footballers in a high-scoring match. After an even first-half, the opposition's, eager forwards gave our shaky defence a gruelling time. Three defensive lapses put paid to good work by our forwards, whose 3 goals 8 pts. were compiled chiefly by Slowey, Moran and McHugh.

After what must have been one of the most dynamic Freshers publicity campaigns ever staged in the history of Trinity sport, the Table-Tennis club, under leader Michael Heney, is now attempting to locate its new-found fanatics. During the year, American tournaments, open to all, will be an added attraction. Aggressive artists H. Armstrong and M. McCabe appear to be the male cornerstones, whereas L. Henderson and H. McWilliam should again prove invaluable for the fairer sex. The only result so far is a 9-6 male victory over U.C.D. in a friendly match.

Rugby

CLONTARF BEATEN

CLONTARF—5 pts.

TRINITY—11 pts.

Without rising to any great heights, Trinity gave a workmanlike performance to win for the third time this season. Clontarf, beaten finalists last season in the Leinster Cup, are never an easy team to defeat. So it was encouraging that Trinity managed to win although never asserting any dominance over their opponents. In fact the majority of the game took place in Trinity's half.

A strong wind was behind Clontarf in the first half and the 1st XV pursued the right tactics in keeping the game tight. Clontarf's pack was strong and solid and for the first time this season Trinity's three-quarters were often receiving the ball from a retreating scrum. Carroll had an excellent debut at scrum-half, being particularly quick on his opposite number. The main deficiency of the side remains the lack of an experienced fly-half. Lewis is a sound player, but with definite limitations. It might be worth the experiment to play Whittaker at fly-half. Neither Whittaker nor Morrison were playing on Saturday, both being injured. Without any penetrating centres in College rugby, any centre who tackles hard and low must stand a good chance of getting into the team. Verso and Rees time after time attempted to tackle by clutching at their opponents' arms. They would do well to recollect Ray's fine

covering tackle in the first half, coming from behind and aiming at the thighs. Murphy opened the scoring with an excellent penalty after five minutes, and though Clontarf pressed hard all the first half the score was still 3-0 at half time. Trinity played less convincingly in the second half and Lewis failed to capitalise on the strong wind behind him. Clontarf's fly-half gave Spence an unhappy afternoon and dominated the first twenty minutes of the second half, during which Clontarf scored a goal to lead 5-3. However, thanks to a muddle in the Clontarf defence, Rees scored an unconverted try—following a cross-kick from Donegan who was having a fine game on the left-wing. Five minutes from time Donegan intercepted a pass and, for the second week running, scored a fine individual try, which Murphy converted. This was an encouraging win and a hopeful sign for Nov. 27th.

Ladies' Hockey

FEMALES FEATURE

The Ladies Hockey 1st XI narrowly lost to Muckross II on Saturday by a lone goal. Goal-keeper Philp, backs Sheppard and Pike and halves Taylor, Hayes and Cox teamed together reasonably well in defence but the forwards, lacking Morrison, were somewhat disconnected and did not seem to possess the initiative to score.

Next Tuesday, our girls are hosts for the Chilean Cup: this is an inter-varsity competition, involving Queen's, U.C.D., U.C.G., U.C.C., and College of Surgeons. Trinity have a bye into the second round and thus will not be competing until Wednesday, but, if they reach the finals their supporters will be able to watch them in College Park on Thursday.

Sports Photo: Tim Cullen.



Mary Pike and Mary Bourke in aggressive mood against Muckross II

Later in the season, history will be made in the hockey world when the ladies will accompany the men on an English tour, encompassing Guildford, Oxford, Cambridge and London. It should prove to be some history!

With seven of last year's 1st XI remaining, victories should flow in at regular intervals when the side is a little more co-ordinated.

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Men's Hockey

Equal Honours in Cork

MUNSTER UNDER 23—1

S. McNULTY'S XI—6

LEINSTER UNDER 23—1

NOTTINGHAM UNIVERSITY—1

Leinster's under 23 team went to Cork on Saturday to continue their challenge for the title held by Ulster. They finished level at 1-1 with Munster: no mean performance on the home territory of the spirited southerners.

Leinster missed many chances early on and Munster were allowed to settle down. Once they scored it looked as if the home side would win, but Leinster's defence closed all the gaps. Yet the visiting attack failed to equalise until M. Simpson scored after a fine shot from Trinity's S. McNulty had been stopped.

T. King's well-directed passes put Leinster on the attack right at the start, but all were nullified by poor finishing. The forwards never got such good chances again, and D. Budd, particularly, got very little of the ball. If Leinster are to succeed against Ulster — and victory will mean the under 23 title — the forwards must show more cohesion and penetration.

The four Trinity men who played in Cork were in S. McNulty's XI for the match against Nottingham University at Londonbridge Road on Sunday. The home side won 6-1, but their superiority was only confirmed by a burst in the last quarter which brought five goals.

Driving rain hampered Nottingham's skilful style, yet they equalised with a very fine goal after McNulty's XI had scored first. The late goal-rush was mainly due to the spirit of the home forwards who drove through, backed up and shot with a new-found dynamism. M. de Wit (4), T. King and E. Bradshaw scored the goals for McNulty's XI.

The 2nd XI defeated Railway Union 2-0 (de Wit 2) and thus meet Pembroke II's in the cup semi-final.

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(opposite Provost's House)

Soccer

No Glory

DUF—1
EAST WALL UNITED—4

Trinity were, favoured by an early goal, and for fifteen minutes they played some attractive football in a difficult breeze. Some neat approach work from Nolan, Pointer and Unwin showed promise but soon the tactics of the opposition began to tell. The big boot in defence followed by a helter-skelter rush downfield disrupted Trinity's fledgling teamwork; only some good work by Moore in goal, including one quite startling tip over the bar, held the halftime score to one-all.

Stalwart defence from Moore, Lawless, Jackson and especially O'Moore saved what honour was left in a spineless display. The wingers Baker and Unwin disappeared from the game, while winghaves Rae and Pointer showed occasional touches but failed to link with their inside men, Macreadie and Nolan. Macreadie again showed great promise in a hardworking display but Sowerby at centre-forward was rarely in the game.

Letter

Rugger Rumpus

Dear Sir,

Your rugby club exposé in last week's issue prompts us to suggest a few "spring-cleaning" ideas, which we hope will be seconded by all fellow members of D.U.F.C. To promote further union within the cub, we propose the following suggestions:

1. A 7-a-side tournament to be played either towards the end of the season or during Trinity term.

2. In the D.U.F.C. law-book (members, demand a copy!) There is a mention of a Kicking Cup; the competition for this cup should be revived immediately in order that the art of kicking may be nurtured to life again.

3. All team lists should be pinned up on the board by Wednesday evening at the latest; also an "Accident and Absentees" list should be placed on the board at the beginning of the week, on which members may state their unavailability to play in forthcoming matches.

But, foremost, it must be remembered that D.U.F.C. exists primarily to provide games of rugby for all its members.

Yours faithfully,
Reginald V. Parton,
Jerome K. Farrell.

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my pretty maid?

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feeding, heavy eating, feasting,
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