

trinity news

Dublin University Undergraduate Newspaper

THE IMPLICATIONS of the T.C.D. and U.C.D. merger are still largely unclear in the minds of most students. This week's editorial, on Page 2, comes out in favour of co-operation, but not integration.

ON PAGE 5, Peter Stocken casts his steely omniscient eyes forward to 2067 A.D. and foretells the future of Trinity, or as it is to be renamed, "The Connolly Institute."

Dublin
Thursday, 27th April, 1967
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Burke's Minutes returned to Hist.

U.S.I. OFFICERS FAIL TO RETURN

President phones from Russia with love

The two principal officers of U.S.I. have been missing for over two weeks. Both the President, John Murray, and the Administrative Secretary, Derek Penny, left for an I.U.S. Congress in Mongolia over a month ago.

Gardai struggle with Republicans

The print of a Garda's boot now decorates the banner of Trinity's Republican Club. On Saturday evening a march was organised as a protest against the ban on Republican clubs in the Six Counties. It was decided to march to the British Embassy instead of to the G.P.O., and a protest note was handed in at the Embassy.

A scuffle broke out in Merrion Square, where the Trinity banner was trampled on when the Gardai attempted to seize the Sinn Fein flag. No one was seriously hurt.

Trinity's Liberal Club, while approving of the protest in principle, refused to be associated with 'extremist and violent elements in Irish Society.'

Esquire shock

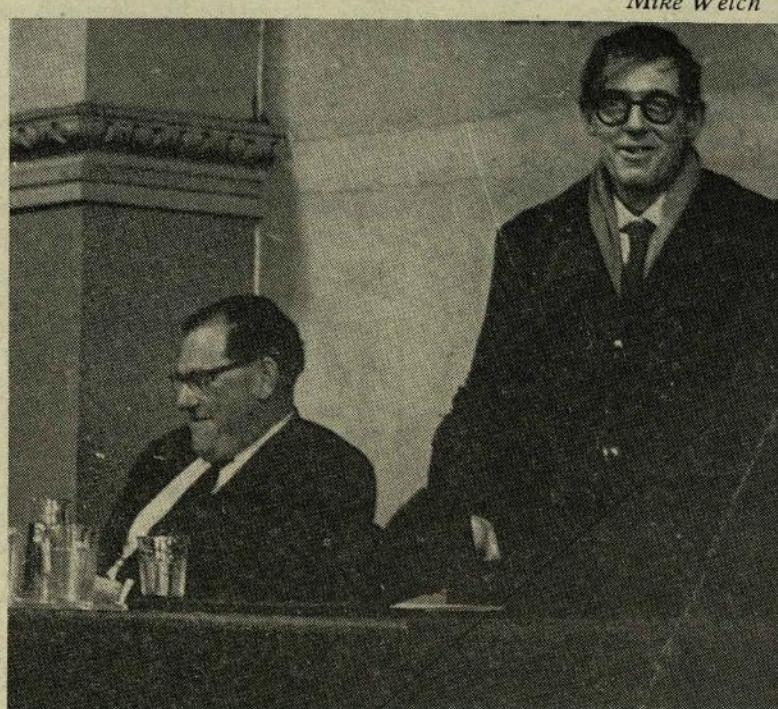
'Esquire', Des MacCullagh's new club has almost exploded in his face. MacCullagh was threatened with a High Court injunction by a former director of the Cavalier Club, who used the premises previously.

After a meeting with his solicitor MacCullagh said: 'This man has not a legal leg to stand on. My partner and I will fight to the bitter end to keep the club open.'

Pink faces seen in botany bay

Pandemonium broke out in the bathrooms of Botany Bay last Thursday. Befuddled and dazed students gropingly turning taps were awakened by the appearance of blood-red water gushing into their basins and loos. A hue and cry was raised. Had a body been found in the cisterns

or had the Water Board gone mad? However, in due course the problem was solved: amidst the turmoil of pink-flecked bodies and towels it was discovered that a practical joker had placed some dye in the tanks. 'Never say dye', exclaimed one victim.



Chairman of the 1964 Committee, Dr. McDowell, introduces an amused Shadow Chancellor, Mr. Reginald Maudling, last Friday.

The role of Britain today in Trinity

Rt. Hon. Reginald Maudling, British Opposition Chancellor of the Exchequer, outlined his views on the Role of Britain Today before a meeting of the 1964 Committee last Friday.

He began by saying that Britain was too critical of herself, and that her performance in science and industry was not as poor as she made out. He said, amid applause, that the best tributes to her developing economy was that it had been strong enough to stand up to two years of the Labour Government.

Dealing with foreign affairs, Mr. Maudling said that he believed in the special relationship between Britain and America.

East of Suez he believes should be the responsibility of other countries apart from Britain and America. In this context he gave Germany as an example.

He was against devaluation of the pound, and criticised the Labour Party for indiscriminate public spending. Speaking of sterling as a reserve currency he said: 'Britain only has a reserve currency because she has large international debts.'

During question time Mr. Maudling commented that he was not in favour of the Scottish and Welsh independence movements, since he did not consider it advisable for the United Kingdom to be divided up.

When asked if religious discrimination was a barrier to economic development in the North of Ireland, he replied: 'That is one question I am prepared for. I do not know the answer'. The Junior Dean who was presiding responded by saying that he was prepared to answer.

Censorship

Last Thursday at the Phil. Ken Rushton read an obviously uncensored paper on 'Censorship and the Law' to a disappointingly small audience. He traced the history of censorship in England and Ireland, and presented legal and psychological views on the whole question.

Jim Fitzgerald, television producer and chairman of the Censorship Reform Society, dealt mainly with political censorship, and he thought that the Government ban on the R.T.E. camera team's proposed visit to Vietnam was political censorship of the worst kind. Ernie Bates had said earlier that he had good reason to believe that the Government were forced into making this decision by the American Ambassador.

Mr. Fitzgerald said he enjoyed pornography, and he saw no harm in it, but that there were many dangers in censorship.

Apology

In our last issue it was inadvertently stated that a motion was passed at a private business meeting of the Hist. 'regretting the unaccountable departure of Messrs. Williamson, Stanford and Lucas'. This should have read Mr. Williamson and other members of the committee. We apologise to the Hist. for this inaccuracy.

After being missing for over two years the Hist's Burke minute book reappeared, undamaged, last Sunday in Jeremy Lucas, the Correspondence Secretary's post box.

The minute book dates from the Society's foundation and much of it is in Edmund Burke's handwriting. It has been valued very approximately at between three and four thousand pounds, but to the Hist. it is "priceless". Nevertheless, in 1965, when it was realised that the book was missing, the best the Society could say was that it had been there in 1963.

It had disappeared before. Twice it had been picked up for a few pence on the Quays, the last time was the mid 1930s. But now it is to be locked up with other valuable records in the manuscript Room, and will not be taken again, according to the Auditor Elect, William Stanford, of the Hist.

Where the little seven and three-quarter inch by seven and a half inch volume has been during the last two years remains a mystery, but it seems unlikely that it ever left the country. The most generous view that the Auditor Elect feels he can take is that the book has been "lying in a pile" somewhere and has been returned hastily at its discovery.

Or maybe an ardent Irish element has been keeping the Hist's most valuable record book in "safe keeping" during the years of the Society's "English Rule": William Stanford feels that someone, somewhere, on Sunday was either blushing very deeply or smiling very broadly.

Last week the Hist., represented by Brian Williamson and Steven Harris, defeated five other teams in Glasgow to win the Scots/Irish trophy. U.C.D. won this cup last year.

FABIAN SOCIETY

Friday 28th at 8 p.m.
Dr. NOEL BROWNE on
Students in Labour Politics
Speakers from UCC and UCG

All about Andrew

Remember Andrew? Well he's IN now, well IN. 'Course I'm proud to know him: even knew him from first term I did. Got in first before that crowd. He still says hello to me. Not much I know, but he does smile—well, sometimes he does. You see he's busy acting that's what does it. Spends all his time in HF buying intellectual plays. But he still smiles at me.

trinity news

Co-operation not integration

Financially there is something to be said for Mr. O'Malley's so-called rationalisation of the higher educational system; but the moment rationalisation is mentioned we are supposed to stand up and applaud. It does not seem that Trinity can gain from a link with U.C.D. and it does not seem that a merger is at all necessary. The financial wastage caused by the duplication of certain facilities can be largely eradicated without resorting to amalgamation.

The alarmingly possible eventuality of Trinity being completely integrated with U.C.D. must be strongly opposed and every alternative weighed and considered. It is indeed true to say that this proposed unification would be the most revolutionary event to take place in Ireland since 1916. In the name of rationalisation, Mr. O'Malley, in reality, is turning the clock back. Trinity would lose her identity, her tradition and above all her unique individuality. Would anyone gain?

A University should be a place where ideas can be heard and exchanged, where free debates can take place with people of diverging nationalities and religions. Mr. O'Malley's brainchild would drive out the foreign element here which would appear the blind jingoism of some Irish.

Trinity has a world famous reputation and one wonders whether it is merely coincidence that U.C.D. is scarcely known beyond these shores. Her students come almost exclusively from Eire and consequently earn a reputation for insularity and narrowmindedness. Co-operation and not integration should be Trinity's slogan in the coming months. We want to preserve our independence and the high reputation of our University both of which stand in grave danger of being destroyed.

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To-night at the Phil ENVIRONMENT OF SCIENCE

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G.M.B. 8.15 (Tea 7.45)

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The FRED GERM Story

It was probably inevitable that the official opening recently of the Wellcome Bio-Chemistry Building would pass almost unnoticed inside College. For, hidden away behind the science buildings and looking out over the backyards of Westland Row it has been quietly in service for almost a year now. The cost, nearly £4m., is small in comparison with that of the New Library; its architecture too is unsensational, for from the outside it looks very much like a modern office block.

The new department has been designed on thoroughly practical lines. Its layout is compact and tidy and makes for a high degree of liaison between staff research workers and students: the Professor's office, for instance, adjoins the main research laboratory. It is obvious that the most up-to-date architectural techniques have been used in its design but the building is not self-consciously modern.

There are four main floors in the building and a lift—believed to be the first in College—has been provided. The Department is almost completely self-contained: all facilities for the teaching and study of bio-chemistry are provided under one roof. There is a library devoted solely to the several hundred scientific journals relating to the field. There are cold rooms, warm rooms and rooms fitted for experiments involving photography and radioactivity. There is even a bedroom—for research workers who have to attend experiments at intervals during the night.

The top of the building is reserved for the animals. Halfway across the third floor there is a "No Admittance" sign posted up and the rest of the corridor has been cordoned off. To ensure that the animals are not contaminated by stray germs carried in on visitors' shoes, only specially dressed attendants are allowed to enter this zone. The animals must live in a completely sterile environment for their tissue is used (posthumously) for research. Their freedom is restricted to romping around the penthouse on the roof but the luxury of a constant temperature and a perfect diet compensates for this.

The main lecture-hall (with "F.R.E.D." painted above the door) is on the right of the entrance hall. This is certainly the most comfortable and expensively-looking in College: each student is provided with a fully cushioned seat and attached mini-table; and one in every twelve of these is fitted for left-handed people.

Why was the lecture hall called "F.R.E.D."? The name was originally chosen for no other reason than because it could be remembered easily but now somebody has come up with the interpretation "First Right on Entrance Department", neatly describing the hall's position. Also in the spy-thriller tradition is the name of the preparation room "G.E.R.M.": research students are believed to be working overtime to find a suitable interpretation for these initials.

Letters to the Editor

Sir,

When I learned, on Thursday, 18th April, that U.C.D. and T.C.D. were to be amalgamated under a scheme, the precise details of which are as yet unknown, I could not, as a Protestant Irishman, and an unworthy graduate of an ancient and venerable seat of learning, help but recall Wordsworth's poem *On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic*:

"... And what if she had seen
those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that
strength decay,
Yet shall some tribute of regret
be paid

When her long life hath reach'd
its final day:

Men are we, and must grieve
when even the shade
Of that which once was great is
pass'd away."

"Tempora mutantur nos et
mutamur in illis." I am not, in principle, against change; nevertheless, I would suggest that it is undesirable in the present situation under discussion. Is the *alma mater* of Berkeley, Burke and Goldsmith, Grattan and Flood, Wolfe Tone, Emmet and Davis, Swift, Farquhar, Synge and John Kells Ingram (to mention only a few) at this late hour to be rendered intellectually sterile in order to appease certain elements in our society?

In view of the recommendations of the recent University Commission on Higher Education, I would suggest that this latest move can only be described as a most reprehensible form of academic crucifixion of a University of which all enlightened Irishmen and Irish-women are justly proud.

Perhaps, even at this, "the eleventh hour", I may be permitted to hope that it is not too late for Trinity, the worthy and illustrious heir of all that is finest in the varied traditions of Ireland, to rally in defence not only of herself but also of our precious freedoms.

If she must die, after a distinguished life of just over 375 years, let her fall courageously, in the glorious tradition of Leonidas of Sparta and the Three Hundred at Thermopylae; if she does not, will she not earn for herself undying shame? But if she falls in the heat of battle, she will, like the Three Hundred, gain for herself honour and everlasting renown. True, men will say that T.C.D. died in 1967, aged 375 years—but it will be no disgrace, for they will also exclaim, in glowing periods of immortal prose, that "It was her finest hour!"

Yours faithfully,
JAMES L. WILSON,
Dublin 6.

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Esquire

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There is more in Paris than the Eiffel Tower

If you walk through the Ile de la Cité on a clear day you will see a slim, black spire rising above the massive buildings of the Palais de Justice. This is the Sainte Chapelle, and staring up at its awesome grandeur of blue and crimson stained glass you can easily imagine falling back through time—to mediaeval Paris, when returning Crusaders built this chapel to house their treasured crown of thorns. This relic, buried in the heart of the rambling Palais emulates that element of surprise which is so integral a part of modern Paris.

Just off the busy Rue St. Jacques is a tiny garden of spring floweries and rockeries; above the narrow, tumbling streets of Montmartre looms the majestic Sacré Coeur; in the middle of bustling Faubourg St. Honore stands the elegant Palais de l'Élysée. Along the gracious streets and wide boule-

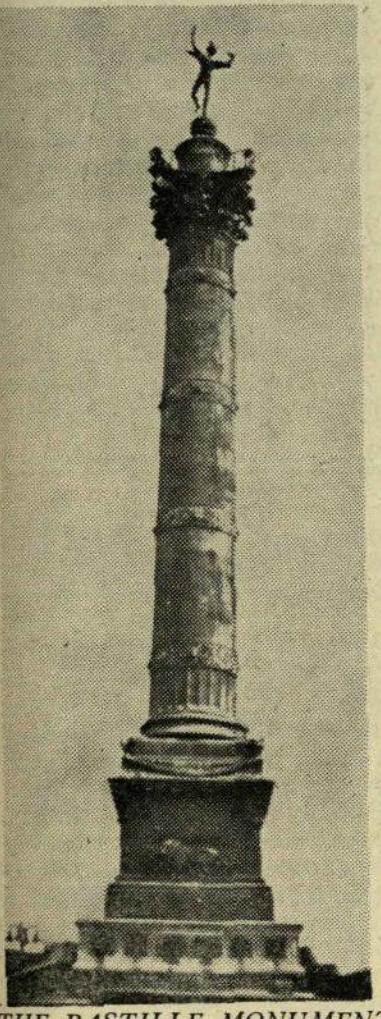
wards shaded by their maples you will find cafés of every kind and strata. In those overlooking the Opéra you can pay four and six for a cup of tea, or in the Boulevard St. Michel you can get a three-course meal and wine for six shillings.

Indeed Paris may well claim to cater to every taste. For the lucky (and necessarily affluent) few there are Georges Cinq or Maxim's at which to spend an evening, or the Opéra where two seats alone cost ten pounds. But the parsimonious needn't despair, for there is much you can do and see for free.

For a start, there are any number of students hostels on the Left Bank which cost only six shillings for the night. At least you can window-gaze at the artificial flowers and the gold-plated dinner services in the Boulevard Haussmann, or stare open mouthed at the antelope suits and white crocodile handbags in Hermès.

The real beauty of Paris costs nothing at all to appreciate. Watch the sun coming up through the magnificence of the rose window in Notre Dame; listen to a choir of schoolboys sing the evening Mass in the Sacré Coeur. If you can afford the initial outlay of a franc for the Louvre you can even make some money (we were so exhausted after tramping about for two hours that we sat down to sketch the Victoire de Samothrace . . . and were promptly besieged by Americans wanting to buy our sketches).

If you're feeling brave, Les Halles and its onion soup in the early hours of the morning is certainly an experience. Need I say,



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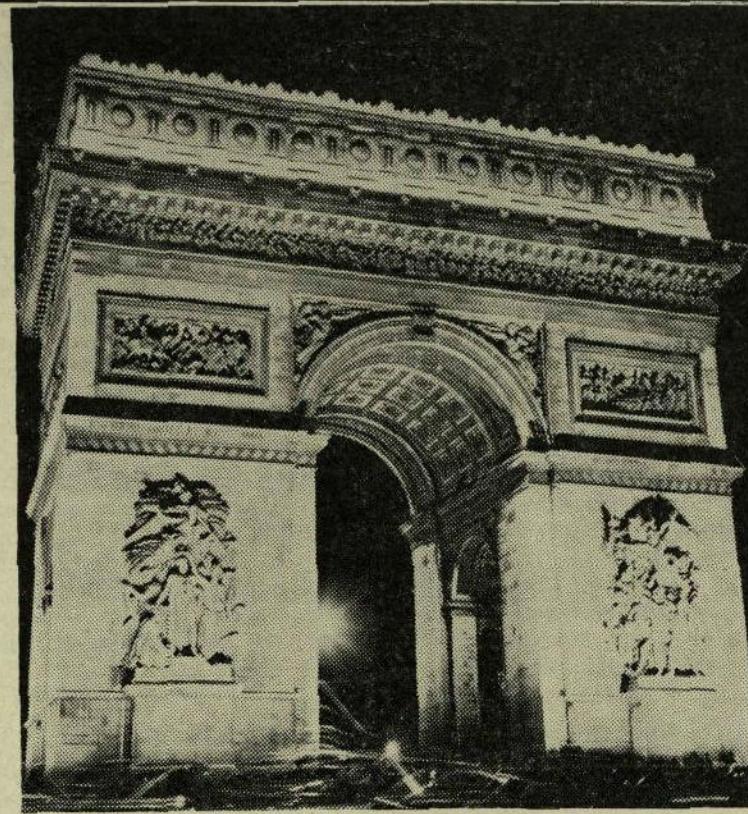
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ARC DE TRIOMPHE

Irish Redbrick?

Interest in student affairs increased considerably over the last few months. The L.S.D. and L.S.E. affairs, the increase in overseas' students fees, have caused violent reactions.

S.R.C. bodies in most British Universities organised coach trips to London to support L.S.E. and to lobby M.P.s about overseas students. Keele opted out of the N.U.S., then changed its mind and rejoined. The ensuing N.U.S. court-martial fizzled out in a furore of waffle about the respective values of votes and abstentions at the meeting. Large Numbers of delegates walked out in disgust.

The rash of leading articles about students in the national papers achieved its *reductio ad absurdum* in the "Sunday Times" supplement's "Insight" on L.S.E. It drew its conclusion from an obviously inadequate statistical survey.

The inevitable reaction began. The nationals dropped students as stale news, while provincial newspapers such as the "Belfast Telegraph" gave the opinion that students attracted too much attention.

Now in Dublin two rival universities merge—almost without comment. Where would one expect to find controversial views there is silence or jocularity. A U.C.D. student, who has jibed at Trinity ever since he came to Dublin three years ago, confessed yesterday: "We're jealous of Trinity".

As the word "university" loses in Britain some of its connotations of the catholic and the international, it is encouraging to see two strongholds—U.C.D. and Trinity—making (though perhaps not for these reasons) one of the initial moves in reconciling the two opposed religious forces.

Only one sign seems really unhealthy—the fact that the merged university threatens to become even more solidly Irish than the Red-bricks are English. If this happens, the individuality of Trinity will have been sacrificed for nothing.

'look back in anger'

The Angry Young Man has now been ranting and raving around long enough to enable us to get him in perspective. A product of the post war class mobility, he is nevertheless portrayed in the old fashioned black-and-white world of Victorian melodrama. For there is a cardboard quality in the construction of Osborne's masterpiece, owing to the rigid apportionment of class-representation among the characters, which reminds us of Shaw's "St. Joan".

If Osborne, together with much contemporary theatre which passes as 'realistic', forgets that we are all really shades of grey, "Look Back In Anger" still remains a document of significance both socially and psychologically. Its best lines, the mordant cracks allotted to Porter, have a power of remaining fresh, and Julian Brett does them justice with a natural use of expressive movement. The passive suffering of Petronella's Alison had a slightly trance-like quality that rang true. Penelope MacDowell gave Helena a rather wooden treatment which was just right for this part, and the dénouement would be ruined by any attempt at something deeper with Hidden Fires just showing through.

Simon Holland's Cliff seems, for the earlier part of the play, nearer to Alison's camp in social behaviour than to Jimmy Porter's, which wasn't quite what Osborne intended, although this may be a legitimate device to emphasise the latter's alienation. Muir Morton copes well with Colonel Redfern, a part which is in many productions unconvincing.

With a good set, simple but adequate lighting, correctly excruciating sound, Nigel Hornby has produced a thoughtful and powerful rendering of "Look Back In Anger".

G.D.H.

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To Start: OEUFS CITRON

- 2 Lemons
- 1 Tin Sardines
- Parsley

Scoop out lemon pulp, leaving neat hollow ball. Mix sardines, pulp, and chopped parsley and fill lemon skins. Garnish each with a sprig of parsley and chill.

Then your pièce de resistance:

CHICKEN MARROCAINE

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- Butter

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Trinity Ball

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A Fireman's life resembles a Trinity student's

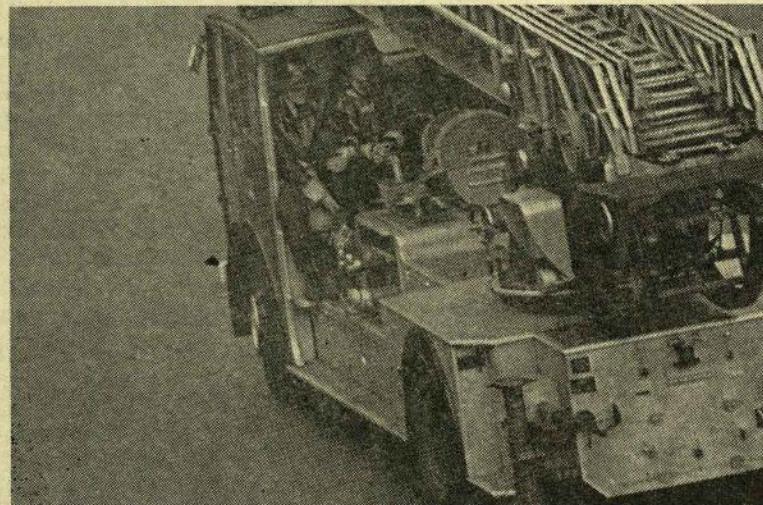
Striving with equal dedication and far less publicity than Desmond Guinness is another, older organisation interested in preserving Dublin's Georgian architecture. The Dublin Fire Brigade was founded in 1862 to continue firefighting efforts previously handled inadequately by either the church or various fire insurance companies. Different parishes had early called the faithful to do God's work in the parish brigades, but the volunteers were controlled by the local priest or sexton, whose knowledge of the spiritual proved no asset when manning the pumps and who saw no reason to pour holy water on blazes beyond the parish limits.

Today the Dublin Fire Brigade has four stations, operated by 252 men, with headquarters strategically located opposite Trinity on Tara St. Horses were replaced by motorised vehicles around 1923, and the overall benefits, says District Officer O'Dowd, a man of forty years service, were immediately apparent. Firemen can now ring their bell all the way to the fire whereas, before the adoption of the self-propelled engine, firefighters had to be satisfied with the occasional clang because constant din spooked the horses.

"Save My Baby"

Once on the scene of the blaze the men take instructions from only the officer in charge, performing particular duties earlier assigned and rehearsed. It is this team spirit which restrains the newcomer, whom O'Dowd described as "a dog straining at the leash", from rash action which might spell the end to a budding career. For the raw recruit the distractions are numerous. There is always a crowd of would-be heroes offering contradictory directions, as well as the occasional, hysterical female who shouts "Save My Baby" when the kid is asleep two blocks away and triggers off a useless and dangerous rescue operation. The jump sheets of cartoon fame are still in use, though only as a last resort, for it takes eight men to hold them, and the percentage of victims caught is distressingly low.

Andy de Mille



The Dublin Fire Brigade goes into action.

To prepare for the inevitable emergency, entering firemen are subjected to six weeks intensive training, covering every angle of their job. They must still slide down the traditional pole, which to-day descends from the canteen and T.V. room, as well as from the dorms, and at the Tara St. station a lorry tower has been erected, from which the firemen practise rescue techniques and overcome any inclination to vertigo.

Invaluable height-scaling experience is frequently offered by Trinity, whose roofs have long been considered a prime rookie training ground. Anonymous students, interested in boosting the Fire Brigade's morale on off days, have obligingly placed various objects, like a complete set of lavatory fixtures, in inaccessible spots from which they are retrieved only after a full-force ascent with ladders and ropes.

Scrubbing in the Dorm

A fireman's life resembles a Trinity student's in many ways. During a week a man has three days entirely free and four days during which he puts in eight hour shifts, two of them on night duty. While "living-in" the boys do their own cooking and scrubbing and still manage to find time for their hobbies and cheerful fraternising. There are painters, woodcarvers and, according to Mr. O'Dowd, "the place is rotten with musicians". Tara St. is the home of Jesse Owens who migrated to America after gaining folk-singing experience on the night shift. At present the headquarters employs four firemen whose off-duty time is spent singing at the Abbey Tavern. Like Trinity students, their schedules are flexible enough to allow cultivation of outside interests.

Despite the perennial distractions from serious work caused by crank calls, old maids with cats who refuse to be rescued, and an unsympathetic press who publicise only the company's infrequent catastrophes, the fire department perseveres. So long as a student remains who will take the trouble to aid the trainee programme, starting a fire by throwing his trash behind the gas heater, there will be an eager recruit from the Dublin Fire Brigade to douse the flames.

FLORENCE SHINKLE

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Grafton Mooney
Harry Street



Having scrambled up the stairs to a true Cupid/Bacchus type orgy, and having skipped nimbly over a variety of lesser mortals in various classical poses, I eventually managed to find my hosts David Naseby-Smith, Hugh du Vivier and Jerry Pearson presiding over their vast cauldron of potent green de Lux liquid. Tom just couldn't take it and soon found cold comfort on the floor—it seems that no girl wants to take the Chance anymore. An unknown quantity seemed to be in hot pursuit of Barbara Ann Ross, while Anastasia David was fair Boled over by the charms of Max Lightwood. Morrough Kavanaugh kept his secrets under his lapel and confided to me that he couldn't resist little badges. How sweet! Ruth Ludgate looked lost, but who wouldn't be when Charles Maclean could only prop the door up—tingling fresh, my eye, some people can never get the proportion of Bacchus to Cupid right. Julian Hutson managed it, but he had the Hicks. As Jim Starkey remarked, it was all go! And talking of go, last Tuesday I went to the dance given by Jacques de Rosee, David "what did you say about me?" Herbert, Roland "don't you dare mention me" Goslett, Martin Knight, Giles Wilkinson and John Royle, in Raheny. Nina "The Celtic Cleopatra" Shovelton, complete with caste mark, made a brief appearance and then drifted miraculously Merrion Squarewards, via Waterloo Rd., on genie Boler's mini-carpet. Richard Fegen and Nikki Gordon (alias Snoopy and the Red Baroness) gave a brief demonstration of the tango, while Julia Almond cast her line and hooked a Salmon. Hilary Blount had drawn a modest net curtain over her front window, but few were fooled, least of all David Herbert. Eve Bonham was determined to show off her cuisses and her culottes to everyone (sounds far more appetising in French I always think). Petronella Taylor was pursued by an ardent suitor—I thought the suit needed pressing, but she didn't seem to. Jane Locke drifted in and out looking beautifully remote, but then she couldn't very well have let her hair down without it falling on the floor... Apart from the miracle at the end when the wine turned to water, a most enjoyable party.

Some of my best Friends are . . .

The 3½ thousand Jews in Dublin live, with about three exceptions, on the south side of the city.

In the religious sphere, the vast majority are professed believers in, if somewhat erratic practitioners of, Orthodox Judaism; but there is also a small community of adherents to the less exacting Liberal Judaism. Mostly they are middle-class, small businessmen or members of professions.

With certain notable exceptions, the community is a rather introverted one, and often those Jews who are prominent in the non-Jewish world tend to take a peripheral part in the Jewish community itself. The reasons for this apparently "exclusivist" attitude are extremely complex; and, indeed, it is probably, in part, the instinctive attitude of any small social group in the face of relentless pressures to conform. But, undoubtedly, many Jews (not always unjustifiably) view the Gentile world as potentially hostile; and this, combined with the very powerful taboo on inter-marriage plus a certain human inertia, means that for most of the Dublin Jewish

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NEW AND SECOND HAND CAR SALES

Trinity – A.D. 2067: The School of Marxist Thought

The joint entry into the Common Market in 1969 as well as the completion of the Larne-Stranraer tunnel thirteen years later reduced Ireland to a dependence upon the United Kingdom more complex and insidious than she had ever suffered in colonial days. After the death of De Valera, the Fianna Fail Party was finally exposed as a tool of the Church and fell amidst charges of corruption and graft only equalled by the sensational demise of the United States Democratic Party during the same decade.

These factors, together with the incompetence of the coalition governments that attempted to clear up the mess left by their predecessors and the increasing poverty of the rural areas in contrast to the accumulation of wealth more and more into the hands of foreign speculators, produced a situation during the 1990s that the mass of the Irish people could not long tolerate.

The seeds of revolution germinated in the Universities, whose confrontation with the Hierarchy over the question of Catholic admittance to Trinity resulted in widespread disillusionment with the traditional values for which the

sister organisations in the other universities.

HUNGER STRIKES

On Easter Monday, 1995, delegates from the Republican Clubs of Trinity, Cork and Queen's, Belfast, met representatives of the London-based Irish Communist Party in the cellars beneath No. 6 and swore 'by any means available to them to create a worker's republic, united, free and self-sufficient.' Such meetings and such declarations of intent had been commonplace in Ireland since the turn of the eighteenth century, but, through no merit of its own, this particular one coincided with an unfortunate decision of the Irish Prime Minister to invite to Dublin the ageing British Queen. The *Irish Times*—pursuing its function as mouthpiece of the establishment and completely out of touch with the people—welcomed the decision: 'At last the hatchet of misunderstanding and false patriotism is to be buried in the acknowledgement

ment of the long friendship between our two peoples.'

Despite the hunger strikes of the extremist students and a curiously large immigration in the months preceding the visit, it seemed as if it would exceed the expectations of its most enthusiastic supporters, until O'Malley closed the gates of Trinity College in the face of her Britannic Majesty and, in an impassioned speech from the roof of the College and one that was relayed through the length and breadth of both countries, called upon his students in particular and the Irish people in general to resist what he described as the 'final emasculation of a great and ancient race.'

BLOODBATH

What followed is not even now altogether clear. The Queen and her entourage somehow escaped injury in the ensuing bloodbath and were smuggled back to England—the last British monarch to fall foul of the 'Irish Question' (in fact, the last British monarch, since the idiocy of the heir to the throne finally brought to a close that last crumbling edifice of feudalism just before the turn of the millennium). Despite frantic pleas for help from both the Irish Government and Ulster, the British Government had burnt its fingers once too often in the cause of neo-colonialism to waste men and money in defence of what at best had been an unprofitable alliance.

O'Malley became head of the junta that eventually emerged victorious in the spring of 2002 and the government was carried out in effect from within the red railings

of the College, renamed the Connolly Institute of Revolutionary Science. In the dark years at the beginning of this century, purge followed purge in the struggle for control of the Party and O'Malley himself fell victim to his own policy of ruthless revolution in 2011.

The nerve-centre of the oppression of free thought and action that plagued Ireland in those years was the New Library, renamed the School of Marxist Thought and Cultural Correction—the books had been returned to the dank cellars and its sound-proof basement was used for purposes unimagined by the architect. As the revolutionary fervour diminished, so bureaucracy increased and the Government administration offices around the old Examination Hall and Chapel were incremented by the construction of office blocks in Larkin—formerly Parliament—Square. By the time foreigners were admitted to the country once again, all pretence of a University had been abandoned: last year, a few research students were still being supported at the East end of the Institute, but even these were working on political theory to no great effect or purpose. Even as I write, there are plans afoot to revert to the old nomenclature of the nineties to diminish the dangers inherent in the cult of the individual that did so much harm to the revolutionary progress of the country in the first quarter of the century.

Connolly Institute,
16th April, 2067.
Peter Stocken

profile

Imagine being a girl called Dinah Stabb

"I always find it difficult to say my name in public. No one believes it. When I first went to school I was sitting in the back of the bus and one girl was telling the others 'they're all sorts of funny names on the list of new girls. Do you know one is actually called Dinah Stabb'. Everyone on the bus laughed and then I was sitting in the corner hiding."

Dinah talks with her face, raising her eyebrows, making faces. She was first on the stage when she was eight at the local village children's theatre. "It was the biggest thing in the world to be in a production". The family children did productions at home, Dinah's three sisters and the cousins who came for the vacations making a cast of about eleven. "Until one day the sherry decanter got broken." Acting was frowned on when she went to Salisbury. School was "like going through the blitz. The friends you make stay with you". Aged three, she had been expelled from school on the first day for "leading a band of four year old boys into an apple orchard."

Eventually she left school at 18 with four A levels to look after "three little boys under the age of six. And I couldn't cook. I used to ring up my mother half way through a sauce to ask her what to do next." She went to Italy to learn Italian at the University. "But the weekends began on Thursday and ended on Wednesday".

The revue, which had begun

TRINITY STRANGE

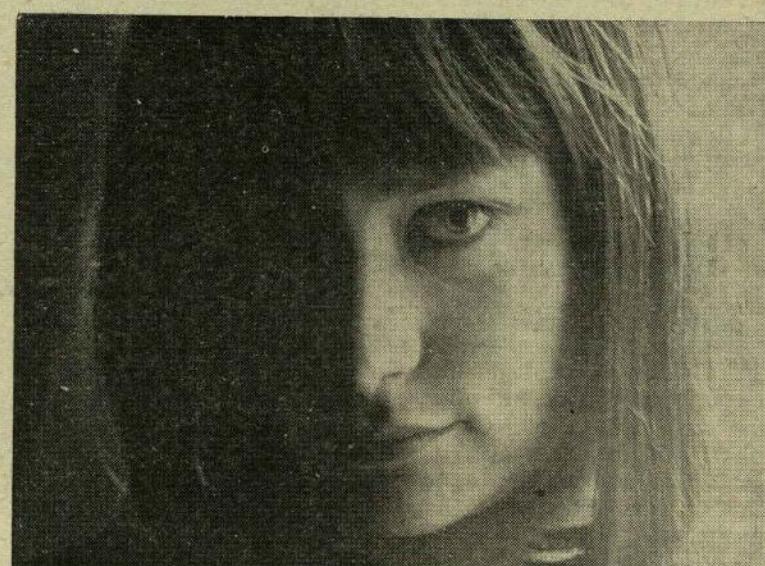
Then Dublin. "There seemed to be something everyone had to get away from in Dublin. Trinity was strange at first. I'd forgotten the futility of hierarchy, but here first year meant first year". She auditioned on her second day for "Chords", two student's poetic theatre. "I didn't understand it. I appeared in Mary Pickford lipstick and Iain Sinclair's pajama jacket. Well, I thoroughly enjoyed it even if the audience didn't." From there to Players, and a small part in "Six Characters" followed by the revue. "Success. And failure". The revue went on first to Edinburgh, with success, but then on to a disastrous London run at the New Arts. "The worst two weeks of my life".

To Edinburgh to act in "The Scaffold". Other parts for the Traverse, and then with them to Liverpool. "I stayed with Paul McCartney's parents. One of the 500 girls in Trinity to sleep in his bed". Trinity again, and Sarah in "The Lover" at the Gate. "I was terrified. Until Vivian Merchant is dead, no one else should do that part." "Under Milk Wood" in the winter, and now studying for third year exams and filming for Irish Television.

After Trinity, everyone says she should go into the Theatre. "But the people in the theatre are not the sort of people you want to be in so many years time. And I'm frightened of going into the theatre. There's a myriad of actresses as talented as I am, and it's a question of how far you push yourself. Yet the thought of never acting when I leave Trinity is a bleak one."

"Besides, I never can believe anyone finds me attractive. I'm fat and horrible." She looked down at her folded hands. "And imagine being called Dinah Stabb."

DINAH STABB



Sean Walmsley

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Sports Shorts

By RODNEY RICE

At a Colours meeting held last Friday, the Rugby Club elected Gerry Murphy as next season's captain. Gerry, a Colour for the past two years, has been Dave Buchanan's deputy for most of this season. This must be the first occasion for some time that a cricketer has led the rugby team and I'm sure we wish him more success than his more recent predecessors have had.

* * *

Boat: At 4.30 p.m. next Saturday, the Head of the Liffey race will be rowed over the 2½ miles from Islandbridge Weir to Butt Bridge. This is the last big contest in Dublin before the Trinity Week Regatta, and a really serious test for the Senior VIII as the season commences.

So far, U.C.D. have beaten College in the Wylie Cup, and Garda had a victory over them at Lough Erne. Both these teams will be competing and the well-prepared Trinity VIII have high hopes of revenge. A little support near the finish would not be amiss.

* * *

Fencing: If I know little about golf, I know even less about fencing. But Trinity's swordsmen continue to march from one honour to another. Last weekend, three of the team aided the South in their 53-11 annihilation of the Northern side.

Sylvia O'Brien, selected in the Ladies' foil, lost only one of her fights, and brother Colm, fencing epee, achieved a similar feat. Club captain, Paul Nicholson, concluded the trio, and won all his foil fights, losing only one of his sabre contests.

* * *

Soccer: After the winning of the Metropolitan Cup, the next junior success story could be a victory for the 3rd XI in the Colleges Cup. Last Saturday, in the semi-final, Trinity defeated the Overseas Club by 2 to 1. This opposition had already disposed of our 2nd team.

This is the first time that a Trinity side has ever reached the final of this competition for non-senior teams, so let's hope that Ken Pakenham and his players can beat College of Technology "A" to bring the trophy home.

* * *

Golf: The golfers have suffered their second defeat at the hands of U.C.D. this season. After a 4-8 fall in the Colours match, College faced National in the quarter-finals of the Barton Shield last week, and lost again.

On the brighter side, Robert Pollin represented Ulster against Lancashire on Saturday, and defeated the runner-up in last year's County Championship. Another useful performance.

Cricket

Cricketers draw in beginning of season match

Dublin University Cricket Club failed to beat Old Belvedere in the opening game of the season in College Park on Saturday. Despite the fact that the match was only a friendly, Belvedere, set 149 to win in about even time, made no real effort to go for the runs. Indeed, so slow was their progress that even Trinity's variety of bowlers, eight in all bowled, could not induce them to throw caution to the winds.

Trinity won the toss and in light rain Lane middled the first ball of the season. Overnight rain had made the pitch quite soft and Belvedere, bowling with a wet ball, seemed unlikely in the opening overs to trouble either Lane or Jones. However, as so often before, Lane was unfortunate to be caught off his glove, when seeming well set. Halliday joined Jones but O'Riordan struck again, bowling him first ball. This brought Byrne to face a crisis in his first game for Trinity and how splendidly he played, falling 4 short of his 50 having added 60 for the second wicket with Jones. McSweeney, Murphy and Little went quickly looking for runs but Hewson and Neill restored the balance enabling Henderson to declare at tea. Of Belvedere's innings there is nothing to say except that McSweeney bowled well without any luck and the skipper held four catches; surely a good omen.

Trinity: 148 for 7 declared (M. Byrne 46; S. Hewson 21 n.o.); Old Belvedere: 118 for 6 (Henderson 0 for 28; McSweeney 0 for 18; Craig 3 for 18; Hewson 0 for 14; Halliday 1 for 220; Jones 2 for 8; Byrne 0 for 7).

Sailing

Third success for sailing team

The Sailing Club continued their recent run of successes when, at the Irish Universities Championships held in Larne over the weekend, they retained the trophy which they won last year in Dun Laoghaire.

Five teams were entered for the event, the climax of which was the race between Trinity and Queen's. The Belfast helmsmen were all experts in the G.P.14 class of boats used for racing, and it was only after a very close struggle that College got home by the margin of 41 to 36½ points.

For the first time ever, Trinity also took the Ladies' team to this event and their performance was especially promising. Few of the team had had team racing experience before, but, in spite of this, they gave the men quite a few surprises, and one of the most noteworthy performances of the weekend was their victory over Royal College of Surgeons.

Walking

Only three finish in walk through sleet and rain

At 9.45 on Saturday morning Mary Peters, the British Olympic athlete, started 25 walkers in rain and sleet on their way to Dublin.

A tired and sore David Alford arrived at Front Gate 28 hrs. 25 mins. later. Maarten De Wit followed him in after 48 minutes and the only other finisher was Mervyn McCullough (35 hrs. 55 mins.).

Alford, also running the first leg of a 4x marathon relay, and Dick Benson-Gyles set a fast pace, but Benson-Gyles dropped behind, lost six miles on the wrong road and muscle trouble forced him out at Newry.

De Wit, Tony Poustie and Frank Graham were next most of the day, but first Graham (Dundalk) and then Poustie (Dunleer) dropped out. Jim Martin was close behind but gave up at Newry, limping badly. He was passed several hours later by his brother John who was propped up by an umbrella.

Winner of the Ladies race was Geraldine Keohane who walked determinedly to Dundalk in a record 13 hrs. 45 mins. Betty Adams,

Anne McCarthy and Deirdre Cairns-Mitchell all reached Banbridge (24 miles), a very creditable effort.

'Andy' Anderson followed by McCullough might both have given up at Dundalk but for the persuasion of Ian Angus who, as many will testify from previous years, could persuade a dead man to continue. Anderson finally stopped in Balbriggan (84 miles).

Piers Allott, looking like the Mad Hatter with 'Walk stickers' on his hat, reached Newry, but the only Pub in Loughbrickland succumbed to Douglas Wain-Heapy. Also prominent were P. Carey, J. Parsons, C. Sanderson and C. Wright.

Perhaps more would have got further but for the two hours sleet to start with, but few would have got so far without the pacing of such as Ian and Lenore Angus, Gus Hancock, Pat Browne and Pete Morris.

Andy de Mille



Maarten De Wit, second of the three finishers in the walk, looks like throwing in the towel here.

Rugby

Cup victory after 33 years

Trinity 5 Lansdowne 3

Trinity's 2nd XV rounded off a very successful season, when they beat Lansdowne by a goal to a try in the final of the Metropolitan Cup at Donnybrook last Thursday. This was the first time Trinity had won the competition since 1934, and it was only the fourth time in their history.

The game itself was an extremely interesting and tense end to end affair. Full credit must go to the Trinity pack, who were giving away a great deal of weight, yet still managed to hold their older and more experienced opponents.

Cyril Goode, their captain, was an inspiring leader and their general play, in which wing forward Evans was quite outstanding, could not be faulted. The backs, who were faced with an almost gale force wind, also managed exceptionally well.

Half-backs Carroll and Poole both kicked well but it was the crash tackling of centres Andrews and Levis which really caught the eye.

Trinity's points came after fifteen minutes when winger Verso charged down a kick and scored in the corner. Ritchie added the two points with a fine kick. With only twelve minutes remaining for play, Lansdowne scored an unconverted try. However Trinity were not to be denied and sensible kicking kept their opponents at bay and their line intact.

Gaelic Football

Footballers flop at first hurdle

Round Towers 5-8
Trinity 0-5.

It was a mistake to enter the Dublin Senior Championships. Trinity's first attempt at this competition ended at the first hurdle in a miserable 5-8 to 0-5 defeat.

Round Towers have an impressive team, which includes several county players. They put in no more than an average performance, but even this was infinitely better than a completely untrained College side could muster.

Before the game was five minutes old, the Clondalkin men were 2-1 ahead of the students. Yes, Trinity came back; the half-time score was 3-1 to 0-4. But bad Round Towers shooting was the cause rather than resolute Trinity defence.

In the second period, the opposition looked for points, not goals. Yet still they netted twice more, and seven points were added. College converted once, and a penalty was missed—the fifth such failure of the season out of five attempts.

Uninspired defence and goalkeeping, coupled with an ineffectual forward display caused the heavy defeat. But Round Towers were a superior combination. Malone, Slowey and M. Hunt stood out for Trinity, but, with the exception of the latter, no one could match the opposition in the air.

At the moment, Intermediate Championships would probably be more at Trinity's level. It was an ambitious gamble which didn't come off. Still, the team is an improvement on recent years, and the experience, one hopes, will pay dividends in the future.

Athletics

Defeat on track

In the first inter-varsity athletics match of the season, Trinity came second in a triangular contest with Birmingham and Berne in College Park.

The home side did not win a single track event, the mile and three miles going to Berne and the other seven to the Englishmen. It was only in the javelin and triple jump that Trinity gained individual victories, Butterworth winning the former in 200 ft. 1 in. and Pike the latter.

Though points were picked up in the jumping events, the standard was disappointing. On the track, Gash did well to take second in the 800 yards from which O'Neill, the usual first string, was forced to withdraw.

Another creditable performance came from Keys, who achieved the best Trinity time in the 400 hurdles since Tony Shillington, the present record holder, and who had to face a howling gale into the bargain.

Although the results show an improvement on the previous match, except for the wind-swept distance events, better performances still must come if College are to win the inter-club relays against the added competition that the new athletics unity will bring.

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