

TRINITY NEWS

No. 232

DUBLIN THURSDAY MAY 5 1966

PRICE THREEPENCE

CHARGES FOR ANNOUNCEMENTS	
BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS	£5
IN MEMORIAM	£25
PERSONAL	£125
BOX NUMBERS	3d

The above rates are now paid by "The Times" to readers sending in the best contributions of the week. Minimum 25 entries per person. Charges for entries on request.

BIRTHS

WILLIAMSON—On May 4th, 1966, to the College Historical Society, an Auditor—ROBERT BRIAN.

O'SIADHAIL—On May 4th, 1966, to the College Historical Society, a Correspondence Secretary — MICHAEL LORCAN.

LESCHER—On May 4th, 1966, to the College Historical Society, a Senior Member of Committee — RUPERT.

MICHAEL FITZGERALD — On May 4th, 1966, to the College Historical Society, a Member of Committee — DAVID JOHN.

MARADUFU—On May 4th, 1966, to the College Historical Society, a Member of Committee — ASAPH.

REID — On May 4th, 1966, to the College Historical Society, a Member of Committee — RICHARD DAVID.

LEWIS—On May 4th, 1966, to the College Historical Society, a Member of Committee — MARTYN JOHN DUDLEY.

FARMILOE—On May 4th, 1966, to the College Historical Society, a Member of Committee — RONALD JOHN.

MARRIAGE

S.R.C.: PHIL—On April 25, 1966, quietly, in No. 4 STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL to UNIVERSITY PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

DEATHS

THE TIMES—On May 2nd, 1966, suddenly, at home, Printing House Square, St. Andrew-by-the-Wardrobe with St. Ann, Blackfriars, London E.C.4, aged 181, father of all newspapers. Much lamented by all. Cremation private. No flowers.

ALTARAS—On May 3rd, 1966, in the Old Stand, DAVID MAURICE, tragically fell into a pint of beer and was never seen again.

BENSON-GILES — Sometime in the future, RICHARD BENSON-GILES OF CLONTARF lost in the Arabian desert following the footsteps of Col. T. E. Lawrence. 'Gone to a greater oasis in the Sky.'

BYRNE—During Trinity term, BRIDGET BYRNE, knocked over whilst at home. "Those whom the gods love, die young."

CAMERON—On the night of the Hist. elections, MICHAEL JOHN, beloved Auditor of the College Historical Society, peacefully of old age. Friends are invited to a Lying in State in the Conversation Room.

LAMB—On April 3rd, 1966, in the Butterly, T.C.D., DAVID LAMB, suffocated in his trousers. No mourning, please.

MELLAND—During Trinity term, after a lingering illness lasting four years, CHARLES, finally passed away from alcoholic poisoning. Embalming service at The Old Stand. 'With Christ which is far better.'—Dick.

MORGAN — On the night of the rugby International, Bombadier SIMON A. C. MORGAN, H.A.C. killed in action, defending the last of his Big Deals.

NELSON—On the night of March 7th 1966, Admiral HORATIO NELSON, tragically fell to his death in Dublin. No flowers please, but donations may be sent to H.Q. I.R.A.

TEACHER—On April 28th, 1966, at Punchestown, HUGH MacDONALD TEACHER, violently done to death by outraged punters.

TORY—On the night of March 31st, 1966, the British Tory Party, the cherished adopted child of Edward Heath, quietly passed away.

WALKER—In July, 1966, clawed to death in the journalistic rat-race while working in Manchester, MIRABEL, deeply grieved by her great friend Thedora Thrashbint.

IN MEMORIAM

MCRAE-WINMILL—In proud memory of our love—they said it couldn't be done.

HARAN—In fond memory of Tom—drowned in a bottle of stout four years ago — "We'll die of thirst now he's gone; But I haven't the heart to drink poor Tom."

PUBLIC NOTICES

RIGHTS OF WAY ACT, 1948, subsection 12, para. 34

In the high court of justice chancery division: Be it known that whereas large numbers of persons are now in the habit of sitting on steps or staircases in and about the vicinity of various public buildings; to wit The Chapel, Trinity College, and The Dining Hall idem. And that the aforementioned persons are unlawfully and knowingly causing obstruction to the free access of the said buildings; inasmuch as such persons could better employ their time elsewhere; The said steps are hereby declared Right of Way and any person or persons causing or instigating any obstruction thereof shall be liable to severe penalties under the above mentioned act.

PUBLICATIONS

T.C.D.

1966 has seen a new era of editorial planning. All meddlesome Feature Writers have now been well and truly eradicated. Witty Columnists, however, are still proving to be an embarrassment. Colin Stoupe resisted editorial pressure for a while but has now succumbed. Sue McHarg is extremely stubborn, but rest assured, dear reader she will not continue much longer.

T.C.D. 1966 has endeavoured to present its readers with what it feels they want—cookery columns, crossword puzzles and way-out American articles which no other magazine will ever publish.

Read more unfounded criticism in tomorrow's featureless T.C.D., fall out over nothing with Peter Stocken. But above all buy it—we'd hate to become known as T.C.D. Can't sell any. Only 6d. tomorrow. Please, please buy it. We are pleasing you, aren't we?

YES, YES, YES

As most people know, Yes is supported by Charities. This makes it the wealthiest magazine in College. Last week's cover was positively yawning with self-satisfaction. The editor considers reprints only (originals to Trinity News).

Buy Yes, The Wealthy Magazine

A CONTINUOUS WORK OF PRESERVATION

Magazines are among the most frequent victims of bookworm and dry-rot. Old contributors, often decrepit, can suffer extensive attacks of unreadability because the evidence may not make itself apparent to the untrained reader for years.

Where attack is suspected, or reassurance is sought, the simplest solution is to call in

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PERSONAL

"THE GLORY IS DEPARTED", I Samuel, chapter IV, verse 22.

WANTED URGENTLY car parking space in Front Square. High price paid. Apply, Agent, East Theatre, T.C.D.

ELEMENTARY FRENCH lessons required, must be qualified teacher. Write, Mlle. Rollin, Modern Language Department, Dublin University.

IF ANY OLD CLOTHES please donate them to the needy. Almost anything can be made use of. Postage refunded if name and address enclosed. Send at once to J. D., 24 Trinity College, Dublin.

WANTED — Porters for University in centre of capital city. Essential requisites — teetotal, pleasant appearance, courteous demeanour, ability to read or write. Apply in confidence to Dept. J. M. W. Trinity College.

COUPLE SEEKS pleasant week-end house in West of Ireland. Apply Bridget, c/o Elizabethan Society.

FAMILY PLANNING ASSOCIATION—Lectures open to the public. 1 p.m. Tuesdays, No. 6 Basement.

WANTED URGENTLY — Aging gentlelady requires experienced young man. Box E 1760. "Trinity News".

J & C NICHOLS, complete funeral furnishers, Saloon Motor Hearse & Cars, Private mortuary, Lombard Street, Westland Row.

YOUNG MAN, knowledge of ballistics, seeks vocational career in booming industry. Will attempt anything. Apply Dept. S. M. GMB.

DARING YOUNG VOLUNTEERS urgently required to plaster posters over Dail and other public buildings, also to sell explosive magazine to unsuspecting natives. Apply YES headquarters, No. 9 at dead of midnight.

A RT BOOKS, PICTURES, etc — Wide selection of the world's most fascinating literature. Send for illustrated catalogue enclosing sealed stamped envelope in strictest confidence, to TCD Library, Trinity College.

S MART LAD wanted for responsible job in academic atmosphere, good opportunities for advancement, luncheon vouchers. Apply marking envelope "Senior Tutor", Box 22245.

F OR DISPOSAL—2,000 copies "Yes Magazine" possibly worth 2/6 at least. Offers? Box 12X.

URGENTLY REQUIRED — Clean well spoken young intellectual for executive post in superannuated and fatuous society. Box 1234. G.M.B.

F OR DISPOSAL—Fine handwritten book; many interesting illustrations, attractively bound. Also several dozen plaster busts and unused picture postcards. Apply with all discretion. Long room superintendent, T.C.D.

W RITING FOR PROFIT—are you interested in writing for someone else's profit? If so contact TCD publishing Co.

P LEASANT PIED-A-TERRÉ available centre city, two bed., one recep., usual offices, servants available. Overlooking pleasantly landscaped park. Tennis, car park, 500 yds., luxuriously appointed bath-house. Apply: Registry of Chambers, T.C.D.

F OR SALE — FREEHOLD — with vacant possession, a Museum Building consisting of Library, 10 reception rooms, 20 toilets, centrally heated throughout prehistoric animals. Very long lease. Please apply. Senior Tutor, T.C.D.

F LATS WANTED to rent. June-October. Full details immediately please to: A.I.E.S.E.C., No. 4, T.C.D.

G ORDON OF KHARTOUM — Vesey / Walker Productions launch "Gordon of Kartoum" next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday in Players' Theatre. It is Peter Vesey's first play: a comic-historic-pastoral-heroic tragedy in 3 acts of uninhabited verse.

PERSONAL

S ARKLING PIED A TERRE as a present for a special friend? Adequately furnished. Able to accommodate a guest if absolutely necessary. 41 year lease, low outgoings, Sallynogging. £2,500 for property including all furnishings, objets d'art, four poster brass bedstead and Welsh dresser. Write Box H. 501.

J D 007 REGISTRATION NUMBER. Any offers?

T HIRD GIRL TO SHARE country house. 400 rooms, 500 acres pastureland.

UNUSED FILM, 35mm. FOR SALE. All the best from "Tom Jones", "The Girl With Green Eyes", "Thunderball", etc. Buyer must prove leaving country soon. Box 286, Censorship Appeals Board.

A MERICANS IN IRELAND should contact the Evening Press on arrival. Good lead stories for front page bought at alarmingly cheap rates.

K NOCKNANOSS v. CLANRIC-KARD III, May 27th. Grandstand ticket urgently required. Prepared to negotiate price. Ring Clontibret 342.

S KI IN TEXAS THIS SUMMER. USI flights available from your local S.R.C. office.

I S POPE PAUL OF ROME the Infallible Guide of mankind as solemnly claimed? B. Trunyan, c/o Hist.

M UST DISPOSE QUICKLY. 2,000 pop bottles, 5,000 cig ends etc. left by customers on Dining Hall steps.

F OURTH GIRL WANTED to share flat, aged 21-22, English or American, well educated, attractive. Apply: Simon Boler, Regent House.

M ONEY NEEDED URGENTLY — 50,000 young Irishmen require Irish banknotes to avail of university career. Contributions to Minister of Education, Dail Eireann.

T O WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—T.C.D. Publishing Company wish to announce that any reference they may have made to this newspaper's association with "The Times" arose as always from total ignorance, and hereby deny all rumours that any such reference, or any other reference in T.C.D., ever stemmed from any factual information whatsoever.

FOR THE EPICURE SUSSEX QUAIL

Boxes of 6 birds (dressed) oven ready with recipes, post free 35/-, 65/-, O.N.O. Cash with order. Bopeep Farm, SIRENSISTER.

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puisqu'à côté de chez vous en plein centre de Dublin vous pouvez trouver en un petit coin de je ne sais quoi, L'ambiance y est sympathique, le service rapide et amical, le bar et la cave bien garnis. Ou ca? THE BUTTERY, T.C.D.

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DUBLIN UNIVERSITY ELIZABETHAN SOCIETY

invites its members to a bigger, better, more exclusive Garden Party than ever before. Attractions include the celebrated Elizabethan Society Bunnies, a dozen wild strawberries, flown in for the occasion from Glasnevin, by the Irish Air Corps, and sensational belly dances performed by Mrs. A. E. R. Denard and Miss M. E. MacManus.

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1964 ASTON MARTIN D.B.5 One careful owner. Low mileage. Numberplate to suit country. Practically unmarked. Ammunition belts, two-way radio, electric bullet-proof windows, fully reclining ejector seats £9,356

1927 ROLLS-ROYCE. Spacious interior. As new. Some dry rot and rising damp under control. Undamaged by several encounters with humble dwellings. Only fifteen owners. This car is in quite incredible condition and must be seen to be appreciated. A bargain still at £12,12.

1962 190 S.L. Coupe Mercedes. Ferrari Red. Radio, Heater. Never rallied. One ecclesiastical (retired) owner £135

1965 RECONDITIONED MGB. Black Hard Top. Radio, Heater, etc. One fairly careful owner. London registration. This car has recently had approximately £650 expended on it and is in quite exceptional condition.

WOOLWORTH

LARGEST BARGAIN MOTOR DISTRIBUTORS

THE HIST.

"FOREST FIRE"

St. J. Stevas on ecumenism

"I thoroughly disagree with the motion", declared Norman St. Stevas M.P., at the Hist. on Wednesday, April 27th, speaking to, "that this House regards the Ecumenical movement as a flash in the pan". "I attended every session of the Second Vatican Council" he stated, "and I saw a flash in the pan become a forest fire".

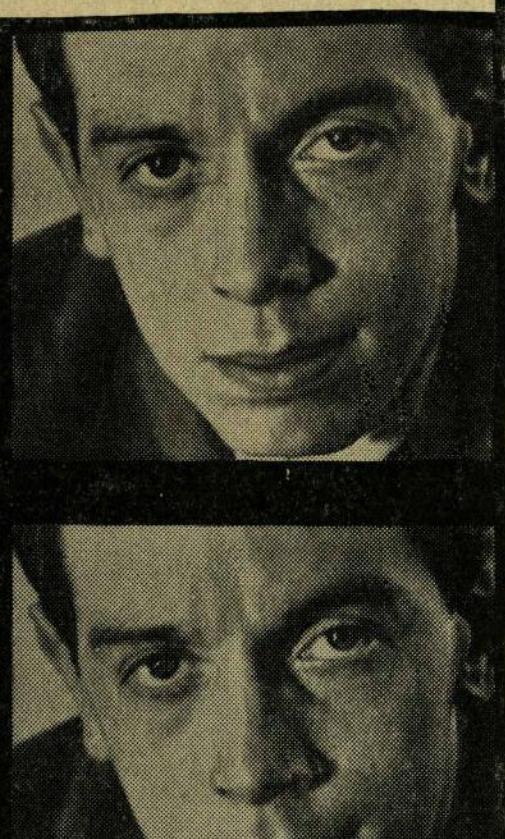
Dr. St. John Stevas, who is one on the most vocal liberal lay Catholics in England, said he had seen "a most extraordinary change of atmosphere" brought about. "The Roman Church is now anxious, and indeed willing, to engage in dialogue with other churches. There has never been a Council so positive in its attitude, and one has only to contrast the reception given in Rome to Archbishop Fisher, with that given recently to Dr. Ramsey on his visit there, to see the difference." And yet, in an indirect reference to Ireland, Dr. Stevas sounded a note of caution: "We must allow time for new influences to work their way through into local hierarchies in remote countries."

It was a serious Hist., lacking the usual frivolities and irrelevancies. One speaker had discovered a priest among the Laurentians, and another knew of a "Cardinal" Lucey in Cork.

Continental rumours say a number of travel agencies have set up trips to see a pre-Conciliar Irish church," said Rev. E. C. Perdue, quiet but authoritative, and earning deep praise for his speech from the distinguished guest. "Let's avoid sentimentalism and wishful thinking," cried the O h-Eigearthaigh. "Shame," sang the opposition. Mr. Stiven, he of the dark brow and blunt sword, grated: "The Irish Catholics will change their attitude." "Prove it," suggested the Treasurer. He could not. Many members predictably found contraception more important than Infallibility, but few had done their homework on Natural Law.

Dr. Stevas told the house of the young lad who got confused when his teacher tried to explain the difference between arson and incest, going home and setting fire to his sister. Everyone sang "Should old Acquinas be forgot," and the Ecumenical movement had gone a stage further.

OBSERVERCINEMA

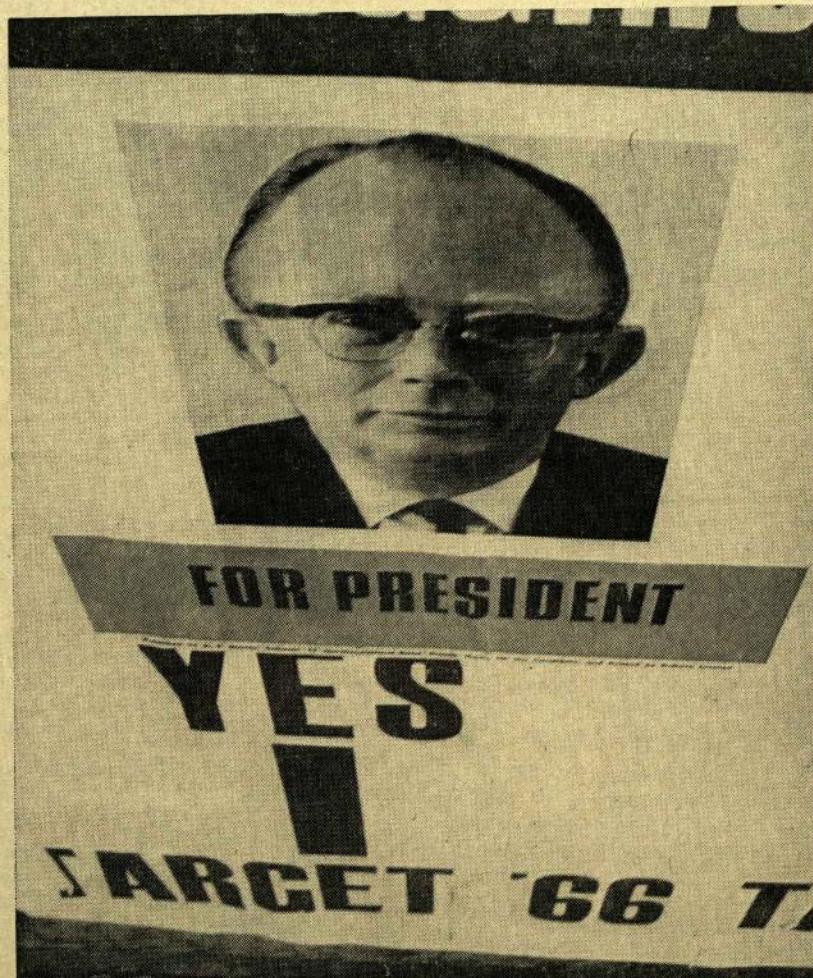


KENNETH TYNAN
in the celluloid jungle
(*Stupendous! Colossal! Dynamic!*)

What happens when a celebrated theatre critic goes to the cinema? The readers of *The Observer* find out every Sunday morning, when Kenneth Tynan sorts out the truth from the puffery. He says what he has to say, on the lines, not between them!

In The Observer every Sunday

Yes in trouble with police —and they can't find enough sellers



It may be "Yes" for O'Higgins, but "YES" Charity Magazine can't find enough people to say "Yes" to selling their publication.

MANY CASUALTIES DUBLIN BELFAST WALK

Only four walkers, and a single women's relay team, managed to complete the Dublin-Belfast Walk last weekend. The blistering heat had a shattering effect upon the 30-odd competitors, the majority retiring before Dundalk had been reached.

Robert Winterbottom was first home, knocking 15 minutes off the previous record time. Three hours later, at 10.30 a.m. on Saturday morning, Eamonn McQuade followed him, then Pat Browne and a women's relay team consisting of Sheila Bawn, Catharine Cox and Rosemary Elliott, and finally a weary David Wright early on Saturday afternoon.

It was sunny and hot outside Belfast City Hall as the walkers lined up. A female U.T.V. personality in dazzling pink trouser suit sent them on their way. Weeks of intensive training, days of idle speculation were soon put to the test. The gap with the leaders began to widen, soon all were strung along the road according to their various athletic capabilities. There was a fez for head gear somewhere, and far at the rear trudged William Garner, Arab head-dress and all. Winterbottom was striding out—others were beginning to count the yards. The sun rose high. A quick coke here, a rest there, but the road beckoned all the time.

By nightfall only the hardest of the hard men were left. It was now the home straight from Dundalk in, and Winterbottom was miles away. The ladies' relay team had a sumptuous meal at 3

a.m. on a car roof, complete with tablecloth, and headlights if not candle-light. Through the darkness all the remaining walkers were accompanied by pacers, Pat Browne nearly being walked into the ground by three car loads of supporters who refused to let him stop! Another nearly dropped dead as *Trinity News* photographer Sean Walmsley popped a flash bulb at him on a country road at dead of night.

Hard-luck story was Stan Greer, who after 96 miles had to creak to a halt at Swords. Winterbottom never faltered. He knew it was his fourth attempt, he knew he had come fifth, third and second in consecutive years, he knew he must win now. "Almost a professional at it," he grasped later. Worth it? "Oh yes!" But others were not so sure. Painful blisters linger on, and the only consolation was the prospect of assisting in the consumption of the first prize, a barrel of stout. Doing it next year? "Not me!"

This year's *Yes* has been dogged by constant trouble with the police. On Friday week last the editor, Nick Robinson, and two of his assistants were hauled off to a police station very early in the morning for defacing a bus shelter with posters. A genial Nick remarked later of his captor, much chastened: "He surrounded us with his truncheon."

More serious trouble followed, as the police twice entered College, demanding that posters littering the city be removed within 24 hours. Failure to comply with this demand, despite a further 24-hour reprieve gained by Mrs. Crawford, Secretary to the Junior Dean, has resulted in a £20 fine. Some unknown agent had in the meantime seen to it that by the time the magazine appeared, practically every poster was in shreds, right across the city. The Fine Gael President candidate, T. F. O'Higgins, has inadvertently gained some cheap publicity, by chance positioning of some *Yes* posters (see left).

Nor was the trouble finished yet. Sellers, promised in abundance, failed to appear to sell the magazine. So far only 9,000 of a total of 30,000 copies have been distributed, and urgent appeals have been issued. Hapless individuals slumbering over their books in the Reading Room have been commanded by a strident Jim McKenna into the role of *Yes* salesmen. "U.C.D. have failed to handle as many copies as expected," Nick Robinson told *Trinity News*, "and we urgently need people with cars, indeed all possible sellers, to help us over the next few days." The original target of £3,000 seems distant at the moment. Unless students make an effort to help, sights will be considerably lowered.

—Photo Robert Bolam

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Double Pink for Declan Budd

At a meeting of the Captains' Committee last Monday afternoon, Pinks were awarded to seven College sports personalities, including a Double Pink to Declan Budd, a final year Historian and Scholar.

The list of successful nominations for Pinks was as follows: Ian Pointer (Association Football), Colm O'Brien (Fencing), Declan Budd (Hockey and Squash), Stewart McNulty (Hockey), Bill Barr (Squash), Lynda Tyrrell (Women's Squash), Daphne Broderick (Women's Lacrosse). The Pinks of McNulty and Barr were awarded unanimously, no vote being taken.

Dean of York in G.M.B.

"Our inability to conceive of an idea of God stems not from science but from a failure to evolve a language going beyond scientific details." So said the Very Rev. Alan Richardson, Dean of York and distinguished theologian, when delivering the Oulton Memorial Lectures in the G.M.B. last Friday and Saturday.

Dr. Richardson said that a "very critical question for Christians is the best historical interpretation of evidence given in the Bible." Yet the New Testament cannot, must not, be taken literally. "One must appreciate the poetic and symbolic elements in Biblical language, for the writers were trying to describe something which was beyond the power of description." Discussing "Christianity, Humanism and Religious Atheism," Dr. Richardson defined humanism as "advocating a secular living Christianity — the worship of a non-existent God," the accent thus being on the second Commandment. This led him to the term "Religious Atheism." The writings of Paul Tillich were discussed in somewhat cold terms, and moving on to Existentialism, Dr. Richardson remarked on "the utterly inscrutable language of Heidegger's philosophy."

The lectures drew a large attendance.

£5 Fine for Litter on Dining Hall steps

Last Saturday's hot weather brought the crowds back on to the Dining Hall steps and with them food, drink and cigarettes from Buttery. The mess they left was so revolting that a £5 fine is to be levied on anyone taking food or drink on to the steps. Seeing a porter trying to remove the bottles at 2.30 p.m., passers-by Jeremy Bell and Paula Street set to with a broom and cleared it all up. The haul—a dustbin full of rubbish.

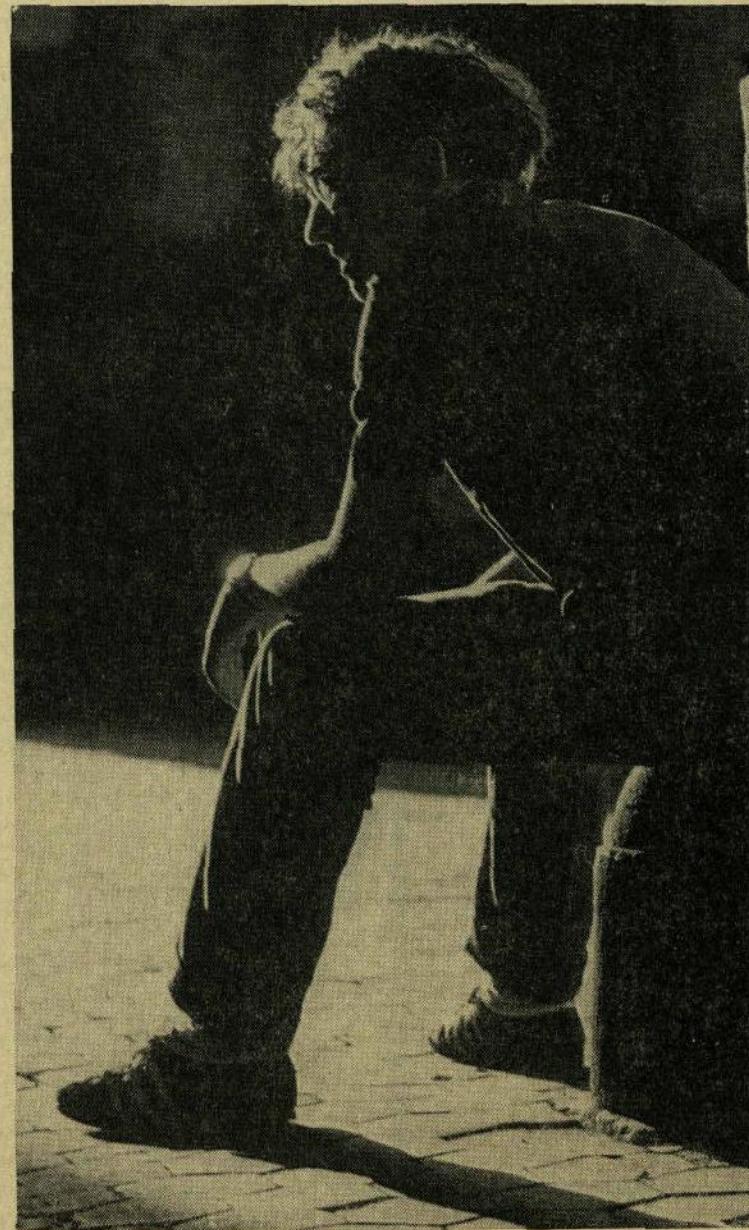
Reaction came swiftly from the Junior Dean's office, and on Monday porters turned back undergraduates coming out of the Buttery laden with food. Porters will also be out in force next Saturday to prevent a recurrence of last week's "Brighton seafront" on the steps.

Winter-bottom strides home in record time

Seemingly unmoved by 100 miles of foot-slogging, Rob Winterbottom pauses at Front Gate just after 7.30 a.m. on Sunday. Belfast to Dublin had taken him 21 hours and 50 minutes, and all the way he had kept about five miles between himself and his rivals.

What do walkers think about? Winterbottom was going so fast when the roving *Trinity News* reporters came across him in the middle of Saturday night that he couldn't be drawn on the subject. Others, not quite so pressed for time, said that women soon left their thoughts, while images of baths and the Front Gate loomed larger than life.

For the girls, the night held unseen terrors. "On the stretch before Dundalk," one told us, "things kept coming out of the trees, and I was petrified." Others felt that the night was much easier going because they



Robert Winterbottom relaxes after his effort.

couldn't see far ahead and it was cooler.

Why do they do it? "To see if I could." "I was bet that I couldn't." "To show the men that we were not so weak and feeble." Did they train? Winterbottom and several of the men had been seen in College Park many days before, but the women refused to take exercise beforehand—"it might have

put us off from going at all," they confided at a relay point.

One thing is certain. The Dublin-Belfast walk is not the easiest way of winning a keg of that well-known product. But the barrel is at least some compensation for those blisters.

—Photo Sean Walmsley

Planning For '70's

Board Looks Ahead

College authorities are engaged on planning the Trinity of the 70's. A sub-committee of the Board, the College Development Committee, has been set up. This committee, chaired by the Provost, and comprising both Board and non-Board members, has been making certain assumptions about the possible size of the student body, and on this basis intends to estimate Trinity's future needs in accommodation and lecture space.

The Secretary of the Committee, Professor Chubb, explained: "We want to be in a

position to comment effectively on Government proposals which will follow the publication of the Report on Higher Education. Naturally, in the absence of definite knowledge of Government intentions towards Higher Education, our planning can only be on a relatively general level."

The Committee operates with the aid of small working parties, which examine particular aspects of likely development. One of the main tasks is to estimate how the site of the College (37 acres) can best be used. Future building projects have to be examined and the most satisfactory method of increasing College lecture and accommodation space decided, it appears even considering the possibility of enlarging the College site.

OVERHEARD...

"We almost made a profit last week"

—Peter Stocken, of T.C.D.

Miscellany.

"There is a danger one will be left with nothing to say."

—Dr. McDowell.

"Irish culture owes nothing to England, owes nothing to France, owes nothing to the U.S.A. It is a lovely lily, growing in a bog."

Voice from back—"That's the bogger of it!"

—At a lecture of Professor Stanford in U.S.A.

"The practice of birth control is now fully established in China, and they know more about it than the British."

—Mrs. C. Williamson.

CLASSICAL SOC.

Imperialism examined

"Ireland shattered the keystone of British Imperial existence in the 20th century," declared W. D. Jacques, at a meeting of the Classical Society last Friday. Deep in No. 40, on a calm, warm night, Mr. Jacques' paper consisted mainly of a comparison between the British and the Roman Empires, crystal-gazing into Europe as a rousing conclusion. "British imperialism contrasts unfavourably with that of Rome," he announced, throwing in for good measure, "It seems certain that the most basic elements in British imperialism are doomed in Africa."

A lucid and well-argued paper was followed by a desultory discussion during which it was suggested that "Imperialism" can mean "extraordinarily little," and that the "Irish Empire" is to-day one of the strongest examples of that term. Summing-up, the Chairman, Mr. Sturdy, argued that the basis of the British Constitution from 1688 on, lay in the sovereignty of the people, and it was this principle, in its logical extension throughout the Empire which brought the structure crashing down.

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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Undergraduate Weekly

The Times are Changing

"Change," said Bernard Trunyan, "is sometimes unnecessary, especially from better to worse." We hope that the unfamiliar look of to-day's issue of "Trinity News" will be short-lived.

The question has been asked why there should be any change at all. Change is the law of death. If things evolve they die a little. "Trinity News" of last week was not the "Trinity News" of 1960 or 1953. Every newspaper is evolving all the time. Top Newspapers serve Society; if they are to do so successfully they cannot divorce themselves from its bad habits. The unique eccentricity of "The Times" was its one virtue.

There is no question of altering the essential character of "Trinity News." Some people have expressed the dark suspicion that one of the reasons "Trinity News" is revitalising itself is to get more Society readers. Of course it is.

Any resemblance this leader may bear to that in "The Times" on Tuesday is purely intentional. As everyone knows, "Trinity News" goes to press on Monday.

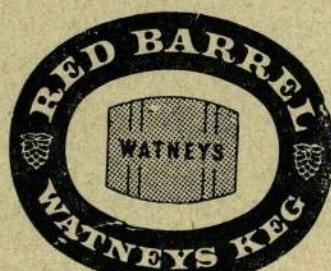
Chairman: John Nickson
Vice-Chairman: Sean Walmsley.
News Editor: Mike Heney.
Features Editors: Charles Dutton, Pepeta Harrison, Jeremy Lucas.
Sports Editor: Robert Whiteside.
Photo Editors: Mike Welch, Robert Bolam.
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AT THE PHIL TONIGHT 8.15

GEORGE ANDREWS, HARRY FANLIGHT,
BRENDAN KENNELLY, GEOFFREY THURLEY

TED HUGHES

READING SELECTIONS FROM THEIR OWN POETRY



**WATNEY'S
RED
BARREL**

Dublin's down and outs —

"Where do you live? said he.
I do not live, I reside,
I exist was the reply.
And where do you reside?
At the Tiger's bay,
And what hotel is that?
That is no hotel—that is the Morning Star."

The Morning Star is the chief hostel of the Legion of Mary for the so-called "Destitutes of Dublin". For 2/- a bed, breakfast and supper is provided. It is run entirely by voluntary labour and on charity collected funds. St. Vincent De Paul runs a hostel in a back lane on the same lines; the Salvation Army has a hostel in York St., and the corporation run a night shelter in Townsend St. where for 6d. you can get a bed and cooking facilities. Apart from these night shelters there are food centres, about 22 of them, where a good meal costs 2d. a course (main course, with vegetables, meat and potatoes).

AT LUNCH time between 11.00-2.00, these food centres are crowded, and the people there are the ones seen begging in the streets, sitting on steps, leaning against closed-pub walls. As a section of society they cannot be categorised into groups, each one is an individual, each has his own story—belief is optional.

The itinerants form a community of their own, camping in Cherry Orchard, they come in

daily to beg and go home again, it is their true way of life and they know no other. They are apart from the real down and outs.

THESE DOWN AND OUTS are social misfits, alcoholics, mentally abnormal people, who for one reason or another have drifted down our cherished social scale to the level of tramps. Many have come up from the country looking for big money and not

finding it, drinking their way from flat, to garret, to boarding house, to hostel. They never adapt to city economics and are completely incapable of holding a job longer than it takes to save up enough money to move back from hostel to boarding house, then down to pub and back to hostel again. Unemployment may be moderately high in Dublin, but every person in authority we spoke to maintained that these people, could, and did, get jobs. They were just unable to keep them.

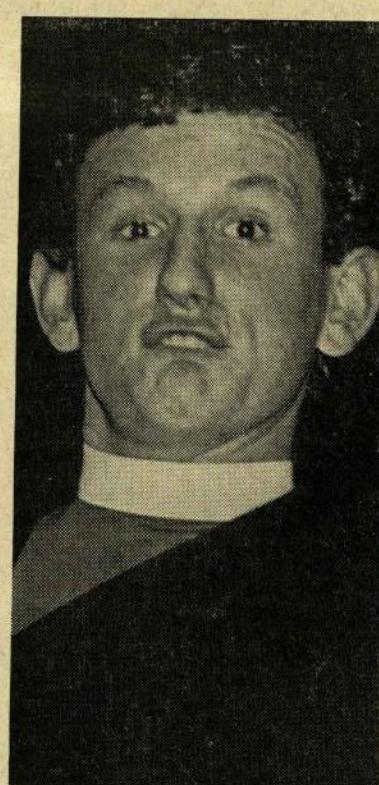
THE CASE HISTORY of one man aged 60: He once owned a large prosperous farm in the country. Eventually he took to drink; his wife kicked him out, or he left of his own accord when things got bad. He came to Dublin last Christmas, since then he's been staying in pubs and hostels. His wife sold out and brought the children to Dublin, she now owns a guest house and refuses to see him.

NOT ALL these men drink. Some of the sisters in charge described them as being mentally abnormal. They don't want to work, have no ambition, some even refuse to collect the national assistance they are entitled to.

—Photo Sean Walmsley

profile

tom chance



THAT TOM, to many a Typical Irishman, should stand out against the backcloth of his own country, surely still teeming with them, is some measure of the independence that assures him individuality. Possessing boundless energy, he is never predictable, and because of his inclination to act as a lone wolf he is not easy to get to know well. Restless, he will gyrate around a room, to leave it on some sudden impulse. With an extrovert's lack of concern for interior motives he has a refreshing unselfconsciousness useful to a photographer — for he is quite prepared to thrust a camera before the nose of some unsuspecting stranger in a bus queue. His photographs sum up a natural Dublin; a man yawning, a bicycle, a turf accountant;

or a collection of colour photographs of grubby children.

IN DRESS he resorts to shock tactics and wears shoes with giant buckles, with Carnaby Street denim. His after-

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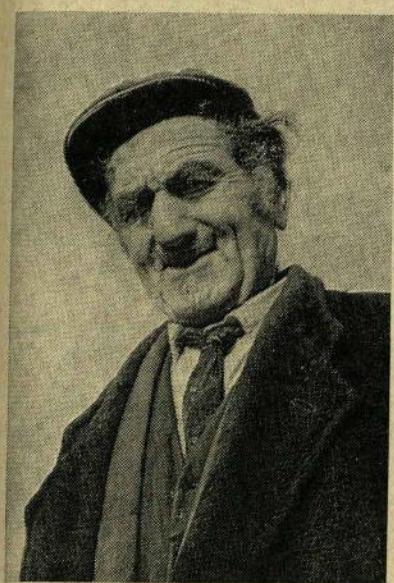
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the casualties of society



life. They are not all old. Some are in their Twenties, already set in a way of life they would find difficult to change, not because they are unfit physically to do so, but because they simply do not want to. A number of these young people have come from remand homes and find it difficult to get jobs with their criminal record. Yet one wonders whether it is really all that hard. The attempts at rehabilitation are confined to the volunteer helpers finding jobs in the few firms in which they have personal contacts. There are very few trained social workers.

T.B. is still fairly common among the older people, and this disease, with its recurring attacks, prevents many from holding steady jobs. Though it is interesting to note that they seldom work even in times of good health. Again there are the ones that have been born in the slums, raised in the slums, and have never been able to adapt to any other type of existence. Some beg, others live off friends, some on the national assistance. But once again the common denominator is a strong individualism, and no desire or ambition to gain money by work or any other

means. This does not necessarily mean they steal. Some do, but they haven't the education or the brains to do it regularly for large sums.

SCATTERED AMONG these "Casualties of society" are what one could call for want of a better word, "The kinks". The old man with the grey beard and the ragged overcoat, pushing a tyrelless, peddleless bicycle down Pearse St. with a sack on the handle bars, a sack where the chain should be, and another on the saddle. The other one strolling along Sandymount strand with last week's Sunday Times as insulation, reading this week's edition avidly. One used to be in charge of Customs and Excise until he gave it all up some years ago, invested some of his savings in a tent and a strong pair of shoes, and went on the road. Another was a medical student in Trinity. Another was a High Court Judge until, when drunk, he sentenced someone to death for a driving offence. They harm nobody and they are as free as it is possible to be in modern civilisation. The police accept them, and seldom move them on from the bus shelters. They have chosen to go on the road merely because they

hated a 'nine to five' existence. Some live off savings. None want to change their way of life.

THE ACT OF 1939 defined a person who could qualify for national assistance as "One who is unable by his own industry or other lawful means to provide the necessities of life for himself and dependents." The amount each person receives varies enormously, but at most it never leaves more than a few shillings in the pocket after the weeks' hostel rent is paid. But more important is the fact that so few claim it. Why? Nobody really knows. It may be pride, refusing to accept Government money, or refusing to accept their own property. In any case many of those who claim it, spend the money on drink or the horses rather than food and clothes.

SO WHAT CAN be done? That depends entirely on whether one believes that these people ought to be helped any more. They are, for the most part, happy, and they would not fit into what we call normal society. But at the same time they are a burden on it in the shape of national assistance and charitable funds. At least their being there gives the Priests something to do!

They merely exist—as the man who wrote the poem does. Their friends sometimes help them out. These people do not seem particularly unhappy. They keep alive, they have the day to themselves, they are no part of the rat race for money that goes on around them. They can watch T.V., play cards and keep warm in the hostel. And this is their

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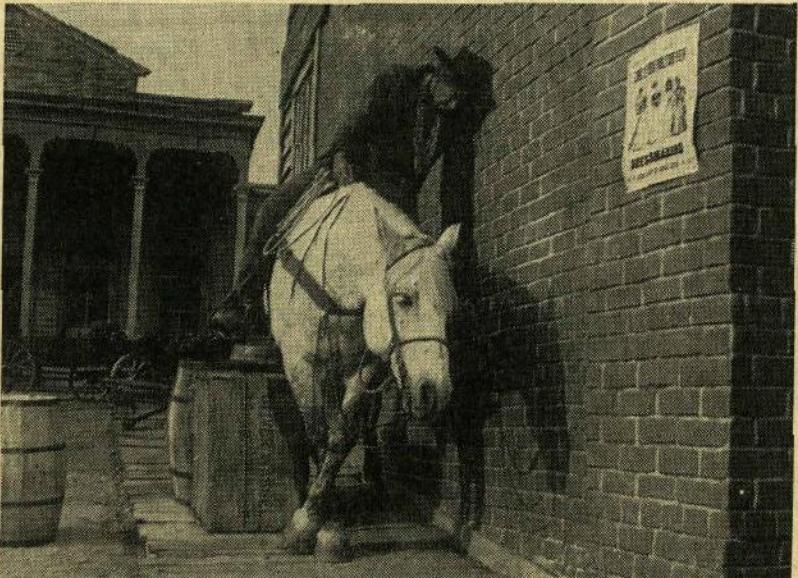
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KALEIDOSCOPE



Lee Marvin in 'Cat Ballou', which opens at the Ambassador tomorrow

BELL-RINGING**St. Patrick's**

St. Patrick's Cathedral, 2.15 p.m. Saturday. A few campanologists gather and ascend the building's cold, damp, 11th century tower. They are members of the Trinity Guild of Change Ringers, the weekly session for beginners is about to start.

The Guild is quite separate from St. Patrick's Society. Although a certain amount of communion does take place: Ann Sadler, Anthony Vere-Hodge and Helen Hubert from Trinity are also members of the St. Patrick's group; similarly, Charlie Reede of St. Patrick's proves a great help to uninitiated student visitors.

Change ringing is not confined to St. Patrick's, but is also practised at Christ Church and St. George's Drumcondra. Throughout most of the world change ringing has been mechanised; in Britain and Ireland, however, the manual

method continues.

Nearly every tower in Ireland has a set of handbells; the Trinity Guild has a set on loan from Professor Boydell. When beginners become proficient on the small bells, they progress to the tower bells. Contrary to popular opinion, campanological adeptness depends upon rhythmic precision rather than strength. This explains why 120 of the 400 active ringers in Ireland are females, and why it is not unusual to see part of No. 6 at St. Patrick's on a Saturday afternoon.

PRINTS Investments

Prints are an investment. Five years ago seventeenth century prints and engravings of Irish scenes cost between 30/- and £13, now they're worth anything from £4.10, to £30. Prints of T.C.D. by such people as Malton (c.1790), Taylor (c.1815), Kelly (c.1815), Brocas (c.1829), and Wright (c.1830) are

rarer but do still exist and can be found at the Neptune Gallery (Stephen's Green), the Museum Bookshop, Hanna's, Cambridges (Grafton St.) and in the book and antique shops of the quays. Prices are fairly uniform. The Museum Bookshop sells reproductions at 2/6. In a month's time they will be available at 12/6 — coloured and mounted.

20th century drawings of Trinity are plentiful; prices vary from 7/6-40/-, and here again, subject to demand, prices could rocket. It's all a question of patient investment.

JAZZ**Wordie Jones**

While the Folk Society thrives in College, and big beat rides on the crest of a wave around Dublin, the Jazz Club under the auspices of Wordie plays every Monday evening in No. 6 and says that the purpose of the club, besides providing music for all interested, is to give any jazz musicians in College a chance to play together.

Wordie Jones has already had a couple of outside groups playing and hopes to get more. Generally speaking, the jazz scene in Dublin is dead—or rather, has yet to be born and little encouragement is given to existing groups by club managers. This is because modern jazz, particularly in the amateur sphere, is essentially a musician's music and therefore has only a limited appeal.

But the Wordie Jones quintet definitely have talent although, as Fryer (bass) so modestly admits, "it is not the same as listening to Miles Davies." It would be a shame if the Club folded again through lack of support.



*Mike
Lambert
surveys
the
Middle
East*

On arrival at the port in Beirut, the ship is met by a horde of twinkling-eyed Arabs hoarsely shouting "Change Money" and waving a wad of bank notes in a variety of currencies and denominations. If by some mischance you still have some Egyptian pounds worthless and illegal outside the state) then these individuals will change them to Lebanese pounds at a rate favourable to themselves but reduceable by barter.

DAMASCUS, the capital of Syria, is a traditional Arab town. The Street-called-Straight passes by the El Azad mosque, famous for its beautiful mosaics and rich Persian carpets. The Syrians are an extremely hospitable people and as orthodox moslems they show kindness to strangers. In Damascus the people are more emancipated than in country towns where all the women are heavily veiled. Aleppo, formerly a great caravan trade centre is now dominated by the fortress in the centre of the town, and still retains some of its commercial tradition, especially in the souk which is full of aromatic smells and the sound of wailing Arab music.

JORDAN IS possibly still more fascinating. The road to Amman passes Jerash, a delapidated Roman town with a unique elliptical form. Amman itself is built on seven hills and has expanded enormously since T. E. Lawrence, disguised as a woman, visited what he describes as "a small village." Sleeping on the roof of a hotel in the centre of the town among bedouin families, one might reflect somewhat testily that science has given a new dimension to religion in the Middle East, when the Muezzin from a nearby minaret calls his prayer at 4.30 a.m. through megaphones and shatters any idea of slumber.

The Dead Sea

JERUSALEM, is an interesting place for bible-story seekers and makes an excellent centre from which to visit Bethlehem and Jericho (both rather disappointing). Bathing in the Dead Sea from the Dead Sea Hotel by the River Jordan is rather unpleasant since the water is full of silt. At Ein Geddi in Israel, however, the water is clear and furthermore there are showers from cold springs to remove the unpleasant stickiness of salt.

FINALLY Turkey, which is rather detached from the rest of the Middle East. The people are Moslem but have discarded the traditional fez and jilaba of Islam; they are simple, generous and immensely hospitable. The Turkish Mediterranean is idyllic, made up of small bays and many archaeological remains. Ankara, the political capital, is modern and dull and is quite different from Istanbul. Arising from the Bosporus to one side and the Gol-

den Horn to the other, the minarets of St. Sophia's and the blue mosques are outlined against the sky. Ferries ply across the water between the two parts of the city, one in Europe the other in Asia. The Topkapi museum situated at the top of the hill should be visited and provides a marvellous view over the water and the city. It is also possible to travel by river bus up the Bosphorus to the Black Sea stopping at many curious villages with waterfront cafés on stilts from which the sound of clanky Turkish music effuses.

THE MIDDLE East provides a multitude of experiences for any travelling students, and the following information may be useful:

Useful Hints

Hitch-hiking: This is unfamiliar to the few people who own private cars and who do not understand why you should travel in this way when public transport is so cheap. But it is easy to do so as lorries and cars always stop. Long trousers are advisable and girls should be particularly wary.

Language: Arabic is the normal language in the Middle East except in Turkey and in Israel. English is the second language in Jordan, Israel and Egypt. French is more useful in Syria and the Lebanon. A combination of both these languages, and German, is useful for Turkey.

Hostels: There are few youth hostels in the Middle East but a number of student hostels (N.U.S. card) are to be found in Istanbul, Beirut and Jerusalem. Anyway, small hotels in the Arab quarters of towns are inexpensive though not always clean.

Arab/Israeli Frontiers: It is impossible to visit Arab countries and Israel at the same time unless Israel is at the end of a tour. One cannot re-enter any Arab country and must leave the country by plane, or boat, to a non-Arab state. All countries in the Middle East require visas except Turkey; obtainable at frontiers, but more convenient and cheaper from representative embassies in London beforehand. Never declare a visit to Israel on a visa form for an Arab state.

Quickest and cheapest route: By boat and train to Istanbul or Beirut via Athens, student fare approximately £30 return, 6 days. Alternatively by student flights to Istanbul or Athens (and thence by boat) approximately £37 return, 3 days.

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LOWDOWN

What a delight that the glorious summer weather of the last few days has given us all the opportunity to air our new summer dresses and the men the chance to shed their jackets and stroll around open-necked. What delight, too, to lie on the Dining Hall steps or in College Park dreamily wasting in lethargic opulence the wealth of time that is ours as undergraduates. But how it has been spoilt, this year in particular, by the mountain of rubbish that is left behind as the crowds depart from their erstwhile repositories. If only the coca-cola bottles and cigarette packets were removed by their owners, College might not look like a trippers' picnic spot on Brighton beach—and surely that can never be considered the ambition of a university. If the trend continues we may even suffer yet further bureaucratic intervention to clean the College up, and that would be too much.

LUCINDA LOWDOWN

I will start with last week, when Jerry Kynaston, Robin Clarke, and Keith Hornby cleared the junk heap in Herbert Place to make room for friends! I arrived late (from the last cockers to be held in No. 6 where Gill Hawser and Co. were chatting up their lecturers, in particular Jim McGilvray, who likes to mix pleasure with business), to find Tom Chance taking liberties with some one's mini. Upstairs Ben Millington Buck had forsaken the ladies to discuss merchant banking with a gentleman from the city, while milling crowds attempted to dance to two different gramophones.

Dinah Stabb added striped sex appeal near the bar; Ann Heyno came, saw, and left. Giles Wilkinson was smiling at everybody.

On Tuesday Clive Rowe, a well-known holder of excellent parties, invited his friends of quality to impress his mother, hoping Hugh Teacher wouldn't let the side down Dermot Scott, insisting that his palate had been raped, found the champagne "very strong" and carried Al McDowell downstairs on the strength of it—and up again! Andrew Davidson, with Pam Beamish looking glamorous, had won the tote double at Punchestown, and was off to celebrate. No one knows what happened to Simon Metcalf, except that he ate too much smoked salmon. Ruth Ludgate and Mary McDowell left to go to Anthology '66, and on to Ballsbridge where Red Morris had invented a Player type party—it must have been, because Jeremy Bell was there.

Wednesday evening saw Paddy Hilliard and Drew Logue dispensing wine out of a bucket to the authors of 'Contact' and others.

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readers write...

The Editor regrets that he could only publish a selection of the many letters received last week.

Dear Lucinda,

Slowdown! Your vituperative, unreasoning and bigoted condemnation of insular and bigoted Northerners has hurt us to the quick of our orange souls. That some of us have so offended—how did you put it—the "unobtrusively civilised life of T.C.D." is a matter for grave concern. That we have "no social conscience"—this is an interesting term, and if it has anything to do with quasi-Oxford accents and pseudo-intellectual chit-chat, coupled with the denigration of the working class, we're all for having none.

To describe the undergrads who play football in 'Botany Bay' as so "many factory apprentices" merely underlies the smug, self-satisfied, supercilious, so-called upper-class snobbery of which you appear to be a mouthpiece.

You seem opposed to the idea that some Northerners should wish to work. How terribly red-brick! But really, Lucinda, you must be reasonable, perhaps their Daddy's could not afford to keep them at college if they failed their exams.

You end your rather pathetic attempt to slur our good characters by an appeal to Easter week hysteria, telling us that we might

receive a greater welcome in the land to which we belong? if we did not make ourselves such unsavoury foreigners. Ireland, Lucinda, is not inside the walls of T.C.D., but outside, and you may not realise, that to a great many people in Ireland, the very fact that you, Lucinda, attend T.C.D. makes you an unsavoury foreigner.

Yours till Paisley is President, an Insular Northerner.

P.S. Lucinda, How do you know that Northerners shout abuse at the walls of College in the early hours of nearly EVERY morning?

Sir,—As you say in your editorial, the Hist. election is not a campaign. It is not intended to be. Officers are elected on the basis of their record and potential within the Society, not on their ability to run a campaign. The electorate is limited to those who can judge the candidates for what they are, not what they would like to be. The ban on canvassing is a rational policy. A worthy candidate can succeed without a lot of enthusiastic friends prepared to use doubtful means to achieve their aims. Such a system may well be introspective, but there is nothing unreal about it.—Yours faithfully,

ALAN CRAIG.

Sir,—Last Thursday I sallied forth to collect my copy of *Trinity News*. I eventually found one on the floor in the Butterly, whereupon I turned instantly to "Lucinda" (to see if she overheard the rather amusing and terribly original things I was saying to myself behind the record player at THAT PARTY the previous Tuesday).

Being a Northern Irishman myself, I was surprised and hurt to read what she had written concerning my fellow countrymen; and I resolved to pen a strong letter of protest and demand a full apology.

However, as I was unable to find any notepaper on the floor in the Butterly, I had time to think. On reflection it seemed to me that something written both in haste and in anger might conceivably be exposed by the crafty "Lucinda" to her readers as a further instance of "coarse," "biggoted," and perhaps even "insular" behaviour.

People sitting near me in the Butterly last Thursday morning may have observed me smile secretly.—Yours cunningly,

J. DANIEL THOMPSON.

Dear Sir,

I would like to point out that Mr. Michael Lambert's expedition to the High Atlas is not the first ever Irish expedition to these regions. In 1962 the D.U. climbing Club visited those parts and succeeded in making the first Irish ascent of Jebel Taubkal, among other peaks climbed. The D.U.C.C. expedition cost £45 per man and was not subsidised in any way.

Yours etc.,

David Whitehead,
(Former President D.U.C.C.)



CONTINUED NEXT WEEK



THE MAN FROM THE INTERCONTINENTAL CLUB

(and his girlfriend too!)

Meet every Sunday at the Intercontinental Hotel, Martello Roof — Stereo Disclothèque from 7 p.m. till midnight. They dine a four course dinner, drink reduced price wines (12/- onwards), have no service charge and live in a millionaire atmosphere for £1 inclusive per head. You could be The Man from the Intercontinental Club by visiting 28, 34, T.C.D. 1 to 2 p.m. Thursdays and Fridays. Girlfriends see Boyfriends.

RUGBY

SEVENS SHOULD BE WELCOMED

ONE OF the most common suggestions made during the year was that the Rugby Club should organise a seven-a-side competition to add some variety to its programme. The idea has been taken up and a competition will be held in Trinity Week. Anybody thinking of entering a team should contact GERRY MURPHY; the fee is a mere 6d. per head.

This competition should give the lowlier members of the club the chance to distinguish themselves, for 1st XV men are being spread out among the teams. The whole venture provides welcome evidence that the Rugby Club really is making an effort to brighten itself up and to cater for players on its junior teams.

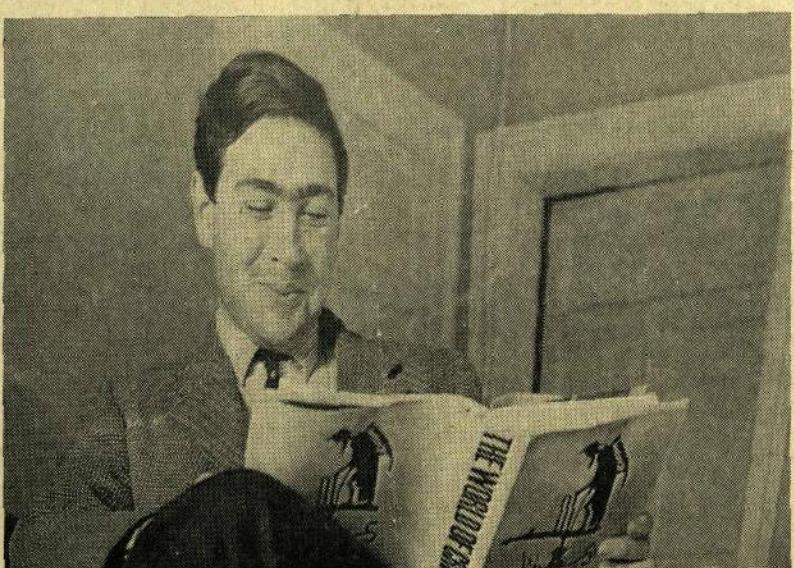
Seven Trinity men got some useful practice for the forthcoming tournament when they played in the Jordanstown Invitation Sevens on Saturday. Led by DEREK SPENCE, the Trinity VII reached the semi-final by defeating Carrickfergus 18-6 and Lansdowne 24-3. In the Carrickfergus match, ASHLEY RAY scored four tries, three of which were converted by PADDY HILL-YARD. HILL-YARD was again in good kicking form against Lansdowne and Trinity played some brilliant rugby, but the highlight was a colossal penalty goal from the half-way line by DOUG HEYWOOD.

Trinity went out in the semi-final to Collegians, who won 8-3 by virtue of a converted penalty try, but their showing had been highly creditable on their first appearance in this competition, to which only two Dublin sides are invited each year.

ON THE BALL . . .

TRINITY'S SQUASH team won the Leinster League when they defeated Baldonnel last week. Although all five matches were won, the Air Corps men did not let Trinity have it all their own way and only D. BUDD won in less than five games. W. BARR was given a particularly tough match by Rugby international M. HIPP WELL and did very well to win after being two games down. P. HOLDER got off to a similar bad start, but he won a torrid third game 10-8 and went on to victory. In the Gray Cup, Trinity, having disposed of Newbridge, came up against Fizwilliam and won.

The Ladies' Hockey team ended their league programme on a happy note when they drew 2-2 with Irish Senior Cup winners Muckross at Trinity Hall last Thursday. Trinity were inferior in skill, but their spirit was unquenchable and they got off to a magnificent start when STEPHANIE EGAN scored from a centre by JACQUELINE KEATINGE in the opening minutes. Muckross were soon level and they led 2-1 at half-time, but Trinity equalised through NORA COOK and almost took the lead when a KEATINGE shot went

SPORTS PROFILE**Chris Anderson**

—Photo Tim Cullen

Chris ("Bubbles" to his friends) Anderson blew into Trinity in October, 1961. He has been a distinctive figure in College ever since. His "Atlas-like" frame can be seen striding across Front Square, his bearing resembling a sergeant-major's dummy, chest out, stomach in. It is not true that he is to be the next Tarzan. Girls! Before you rush off to date him, I must warn you that you have competition. He already dates a blonde who wears a watch on her thumb.

He arrived via Repton, a minor public school somewhat in the Bloxham mould, known rather for his prowess on the playing-fields than in the class-room, an example of the eternal truth that there is an inverse ratio of size to brain. He started by reading economics, but as he freely admits, finding that

economics interfered with his football, he moved into General Studies, which, as everyone knows, interferes with nothing. He quickly gained his football colours. But his athletic career did not end here. He obtained his cricket colours as a utility player, being equally adept as both a batsman and a wicket-keeper.

In this, his fifth year, while reading for a Diploma in Education, he is captain of cricket. The rumours that he was elected on the English tour when only half the team were present and were blind drunk are totally untrue. He has satisfied the thirst of many sportsmen over the pavilion bar, and has satisfied himself by becoming secretary of D.U.C.A.C., a natural result of his knowledge of economics.

Well done, Chris.—you've made it at last!

ATHLETICS

TRACK MEN LAG

TRINITY WERE well beaten in their athletics match with Queen's University at College Park on Saturday. The visitors won all but five of the men's events and triumphed by 105½ to 69½. The outstanding performance of the afternoon came from MIKE BULL (Queen's), who broke the Irish record in the pole vault with a height of 14 ft. 6 in. BULL also won the long jump, but Trinity can take some consolation from the fact that they won all but one of the other field events.

In the javelin, CHRIS. BUTTERWORTH, who had achieved a best-ever mark of 193 ft. during the inter-club relay meeting last week, went better with a throw of 196 ft. 1 in. He also came third in the shot, which was won by L. HATT with a 45 ft. putt. HATT is a fine all-rounder and his discus win with an effort of 123 ft. 3 in. helped to boost Trinity's meagre points total.

High jumper J. JEFFARES soared four inches clear of the field with a leap of 5 ft. 8 in., but Trinity's only track winner was B. O'NEILL, who won the 880 yards in 1 min. 59.6 sec. In fact, the only other track man to even come in second was P. SNATI in the 120 yards hurdles.

The 4 x 100 relay team, which had won its race at the inter-club relay meeting, was narrowly beaten in a thrilling finish. Trinity were a tenth of a second behind on 44.5 sec. The ladies' relay team did better, winning their race in 57.3 sec., but this was the only victory recorded by Trinity in the ladies' match.

LAWN TENNIS

Useful practice

TRINITY, 5; LANSDOWNE, 7

ON SATURDAY, Trinity 1st and 2nd teams combined to play a doubles match against the combined Lansdowne teams. There was good practice for the prospective Colours double pairings, but GALT and WADDELL were the only pair to win both their matches, and Trinity lost 7-5.

In spite of the result, LEDBETTER and CLAPP, and GRAHAM and POUSTIE played well and won a match each, as did bottom pair DONNELLY and SCULLY. ASHE and FAZEL, and BOWLES and WHITAKER ended the day without success.

Walk-overs in the College tournaments have been too frequent, so players should note the deadline dates for each round.

**Croupier**

LEOPARDSTOWN this Saturday stages the Wills Gold Flake Stakes, an event which invariably throws up a worthwhile Irish challenger for the Epsom Derby. Four years ago LARKSPUR was victorious before going on to win, so perhaps there will be another LARKSPUR, lurking in the sixty-one strong field. To be adamant about something running, let alone winning, is asking for it at this early stage. But of the three-year-olds, RADBROOK and NORTHERN UNION have distinct possibilities. RADBROOK was an all the way winner at the Curragh recently, while NORTHERN UNION nailed REUBENS at Naas last Saturday. Prendergast has ten left in the race and Vincent O'BRIEN eleven, so their selected will be fancied and if DONATO turns out for O'BRIEN, he would be my choice to win the race twice running from NORTHERN UNION.

Of the other races, EAVES-DROPPER, MON COCO and SHE'S

PROMINER should be an Irish winner at Chester on Thursday and that goes for GAY CLOUD too. Despite top weight, COSTMARY and ALTHREY DON should go close, while RIOT ACT is likely to be all the rage at Kempton on Saturday and YANKEE CLIPPER must be backed next time.

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