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Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER

Vol. VI—No. 3

THURSDAY, 13th NOVEMBER, 1958

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Knight on Form

FOR anyone who derives enjoyment from a meeting which explodes into a ding-dong firework display the Hist's inaugural on November 5th, at which Michael Knight, the Auditor, ably delivered his address, "Sons of Gloriana," must have petered out like a damp squib.

However, the majority of the audience found this new non-political and light-hearted approach to an opening meeting a welcome change and must have been grateful on arising next morning that it finished somewhat earlier than might have been expected.

The honours of the evening undoubtedly went to the Auditor, who was in good form and made some serious observations about the privilege of a university life in an otherwise quick witted survey of a student's duties and the things he should not do. He advocated that every day should be an integrated day ending with the business of the night—a dreamless sleep. He condemned those who undertook vocational jobs merely for pocket money. He light-heartedly attacked Trinity's English contingent and also the cliques of foreigners who formed little Cypruses in Phibsboro', Singapore in the Bay. He then turned his attention to the young generation in general and pointed out that they were not well thought of on the whole. The angry young man, he considered, was the brain child of irresponsible journalists. He summed up some of the decisions a young man must make—Left or Right, Christian or Atheist, Orange or Green—and said that while he had decided some issues for himself, in others he had reached an interim conclusion.

Mr. Tyrone Guthrie supposed his rôle to be that of an elderly buffer. He suggested that it was not necessary to look for causes, since, as he had found by experience, they come to us. His contribution had a finesse about it, although like all the distinguished speakers he took only ten minutes.

GROUP ONE

Every university has its own jazz band, but Group One, Trinity's own jazz band, was only formed a year ago and since then it has provided good music and entertainment both outside and at numerous College functions. You've heard very little of them this year because two new members, Willie Scott (double bass) and Bob Jones (alto sax.), have joined the founder members, Nick Fitzgerald (piano), Terry Brady (drums) and Dave Pearson (trumpet), and are in the process of developing a new sound and a different type of music—perhaps you heard this new Group One at yesterday's concert, and let's hope you enjoyed it. They've got plenty of jobs lined up, but are always willing to undertake more.

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Practising and Preaching

The S.C.M. held an unusual meeting last week. It took the form of a discussion with some members of the Dublin Jewish Students' Union on "Persecution."

The promised guest speaker having failed to materialise, Mr. F. Baigel opened the discussion (at five minutes' notice) by describing how various persecutions—during the Crusades, in Spain, in Tsarist and Bolshevik Russia, and in Germany—had affected the Jewish people and caused their migrations. He said that Jews in the U.S.A. play an important rôle in opposing Negro segregation.

Mr. Billy Marshall discussed the dangers of misguided conscientiousness (e.g., Killaloe) and suggested means by which tolerance could be achieved and maintained in a world of conflict. Mr. Brian Robinson (D.J.S.U.) dealt with some psychological aspects of the question and said that "man may be fundamentally wicked even though Jewish religious teaching believes in 'original virtue.'" Mr. Snowden (S.C.M.) in a lengthy speech wondered about the attitude of mind of those who persecute. Mr. Simons mentioned the problem of (not) forgiving and forgetting. Mr. Scott (S.C.M.) advocated Socialism and stressed the importance of freedom of thought. The Chairman suggested tea, and all present agreed.

College's Efficiency Expert

THE Board has recently created a new post, that of the College Agent. Their nominee, Lt.-Col. John Walsh, took up his position on November 2nd. Although Lt.-Col. Walsh is not a graduate, he is not a complete stranger, as his forbears for several generations have all been graduates.



BACK TO DUBLIN

The lure of Dublin has proved too much for Vernon Young. In December he is taking up the curacy of St. Anne's, where he will, no doubt, draw a gathering of old friends.

Prosperity ?

Dr. Louis P. Smith, Lecturer in Economics at U.C.D., gave a talk to the Economics Society last Thursday on the new agricultural loans announced by the banks in recent weeks.

The main aim of the loans, he said, was to assist the small farmer in improving his cattle. Under the scheme, the farmer can receive up to two-thirds of the market value of the beast. He would have two years in which to repay the money, although the interest on the loan would be payable every six months. The scheme is only to apply to attested animals.

From the banks' point of view the scheme provides a good opportunity to lend money to a section of the community who do not normally use banking

facilities. This acquaintance with banks, it is hoped, will encourage the small farmers to make more regular use of the banks in future.

The scheme has been timed at a very opportune moment, since the immediate prospects for Irish cattle have not been so good for many years, owing to a number of adverse conditions now existing in the main exporting countries, such as Argentina and Australia. However, these conditions are of only a temporary nature for the most part, so it is up to the farming community here to take the maximum advantage of the chance now available to them, if they are to remain in anything like a leading export position at the end of the present five-year period.

CRIME IN CAMERA

The difficulty of committing the perfect crime at a time when the police have all the advantages of modern scientific aids were brought to the members of the Photographic Association at its meeting on Monday evening.

A capacity crowd listened intently as Detective-Sergeant Lee-Cooper showed something of the methods which the police can call to their aid in the detection and prevention of crime. With the help of slides from the police records he showed how the smallest clue is not to be overlooked if the criminal is to be brought to justice. He outlined the methods of infra-red and ultra-violet photography and their use in showing what was written on scraps of paper which had afterwards been burnt.

The Photographic Association is planning a series of meetings this term designed to interest anyone with a camera, and a course of instruction for all those who want to know more about all manner of photographic subjects. The Association has a well-equipped darkroom which is a godsend for those who find it too expensive to have their photography done commercially.

This is a full-time appointment and the functions which have been assigned to the Agent are not new ones. In the past, most of them have been carried out by the Bursar and they can be divided into two classes. First, the Agent will be taking over the general organisation, supervision and control of all non-academic employees of the University, such as skips, cleaners, porters, gardeners, the men employed by the clerk of works, and the women employed in the kitchen, whilst their day to day regulation will remain in the hands of the chief steward, the lady housekeeper and the lady superintendent of the kitchen. The Agent will also be responsible for the maintenance and repair of College buildings and rearranging of contracts where necessary. He will also be responsible for the maintenance of College grounds, including playing fields. He will arrange for the buying of materials for the clerk of works and the lady housekeeper, and for supplies for the kitchen.

The other main function of the Agent will be of a financial nature, namely, to be responsible for the insurance of College property and to assist in the planning, organisation and supervision of major re-construction works and additions to College buildings.

Finally, the Agent will be directly responsible to the Board for all his actions. He can be described as an efficiency expert, whose task it is to co-ordinate the activities of the entire College personnel, which number about 200, and to see that there is no duplicating of functions by the different sections for which he is responsible.

O.T. VALUES

The first ordinary meeting of the Theological Society was held in the G.M.B. on Monday evening. Mr. P. H. Vaughan read the President's prize essay on "The Value of the Old Testament to Christians."

He began by showing that the Old Testament was the necessary preparation for the coming of Christ, stressing the unique position of the Hebrew prophet. There are four main doctrines in the Old Testament—the Monotheism of God, the Holiness of God, God's election of the Chosen People, the relationship with God by Covenant and Law. The main value of the Old Testament was found to be in its spiritual aspect rather than in its historical. The Old Testament is used to-day in preaching and theological discussions, and chiefly in the Church's worship.

The Hon. Librarian, Mr. G. C. Kerr, proposed a vote of thanks. He showed that the Old Testament was a preparation for the Gospel, and stressed the importance of the individual. The goal of the Old Testament is Christ. Criticism of the Old Testament must be done in faith and not from a scientific point of view.

Mr. W. J. Marshall (Sch.) Mod., B.A., seconding, substantiated what Mr. Vaughan had said about the aspect of Holiness. He also showed the connection between the ethics of the Old and New Testaments. In opposition to the Hon. Librarian, he stressed the importance of the community as against the individual. The Old Testament had an important part also to play in the liturgy of the Church, especially in Matins and Evening song.

The President, who was in the chair, summed up and so concluded a most interesting evening's discussion.

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Vol. VI TRINITY NEWS No. 3
THURSDAY, 13TH NOVEMBER, 1958

WISDOM

FEW would consider themselves to be lacking in common sense and yet the number of people apparently devoid of this faculty is regarded as very large. In fact, everyone possesses this form of judgment to a certain degree, but the average level of intelligence is incredibly low; nor does a university degree of whatever rank imply even the average level. Knowledge is merely a potential gateway to success and must be combined with experience and judgment before its fruits can be achieved to the full. Woe betide any graduate who complacently takes his "first" into the world in optimistic confidence for he would have spent his four years better as an office boy never having heard of Aristotle or his contemporaries. The pessimist would be a happier and probably more successful man since he would have few disappointments or regrets. Also, the specialist will find himself at the mercy of shrewd individuals such as financiers whose long-sightedness and clear perspective of essentials will enable them to use his talents for their own ends. As Proverbs says: "How much better to get Wisdom than gold."

OVERSEAS STUDENTS

The Auditor of the Hist. last week deplored the tendency of overseas students to form little cliques from which they rarely emerged. Let us hope that present and future generations of these invaluable elements of university life will take note of this advice and endeavour to take the advantages offered and make their views known at Society meetings. In this way, they will prove worthy ambassadors of the lands from which they come. It is well known that many of these find their place in the Medical School and are thus deprived of much time but even they could indulge in at least one sideline in College.

The Editorial Board do not accept any responsibility for views expressed by correspondents. All copy intended for publication must be accompanied by the name of the contributor even if this is not for publication.

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Profile :

TONY REID-SMITH

Captain of 1st Fifteen

This year's captain of the 1st XV is Tony Reid-Smith, a final year medical student from St. Peter's School, York. After spending three years in the mêlée of junior rugby in College, Tony found

spends most of his time practising the theory and not preaching it. It is a real pleasure to watch him take a place kick, the success of which brought his points tally to over 50 last year.



—Photo courtesy of Irish Independent

his way to the 1st XV, where he took over, and held, the left-wing position. Since then, this well-built lad from Yorkshire has made rapid progress on the rugby field. Last year he first played, as a substitute, for the Leinster XV which beat Connaught.

This year Tony was Trinity's only representative in the Leinster final trial and he was deservedly selected on to the Leinster team. Tony believes in physical fitness as a basis for good rugby and, unlike a good many players,

He himself is a man of few words who, nevertheless, has a sound knowledge of the game, acquired by long hours at practice and by a willingness to benefit from the advice and experience of older players.

In the summer months, Tony is a keen cricketer and golfer, two pastimes which he does not allow to interfere, however, with either work or recreation. He is an energetic dancer and the arch exponent of jive, rock and roll. We wish him every success, both personally and for the XV, in the present season.

RANDOM REFLECTIONS

In the many lines, cutting, patronising or simply statistical, written on the influx of Junior Freshmen this year, few, if any, express thoughts of a Fresher on those of senior years.

Junior Freshmen are repeatedly warned to beware of certain undergraduates of the opposite sex. Can this not apply to hitherto neglected Junior Freshmen? Is there no Senior Freshwoman to be avoided (and, consequently, if paradoxically, mobbed)? Advice, it is felt, would soften the inevitable blow at some Dixon hop. The first impression conjured up by a Knight of the Campanile is of a tall, long-haired, aesthetically faced romantic, who has perhaps distinguished himself in the fine arts. Does one register disappointment or relief when a broad, crew-cut, dedicated young man is pointed out shouldering his way into Buffet?

Those of us who register admiration take up an ostentatious stand at the appropriate table or notice board, and dream that our laurels can be earned before next year's Freshers arrive.

A raging conflict seems to exist between two Societies whose names, to say the least, are misleading—the Phil. and the Hist. The principal difference to a stranger is that women students may join the former, but not the latter. Yet another point worthy of thought to those not energetically minded is that one has to climb stairs to the Hist.—strong claims are made that the struggle is well worthwhile.

Players is not so obviously self-assertive to an impersonal observer, though apparently it has the appropriate air of cabalism and fashionable eccentricity—appropriate, perhaps, to the point of stock characterisation.

The Societies are too numerous to mention that impress us with their

enthusiasm, and incarcerate our vital five "bobs," but may we mention the reticent Poetry Society? On hearing of its existence, not a few sincere voices, as yet unenlightened, have been heard asking where it is to be found? Possibly its discovery, like the reading of poetry, is made all the more enjoyable by looking hard.

Even to newcomers, that most provoking of sets, the Socialites, is obvious and ubiquitous. Here, too, amongst the sartorially impeccable bright young things we have our candidates; in fact, well may the Fresher ask if the Socialite is not an official Trinity club, involving exhaustive initiation rites? However, could it be that this unmilitant set has had more newspaper space, pandering and envy that is its due? One also wonders exactly why the back bar at Jammets is so popular. Let's face it, the décor is depressingly anti-septic—does tradition or proximity hold the sway?

From Irish students often comes the query: "Whence all the English?" A theory has been put forward that the many English students at Trinity are actually descendants of the colonists who were forced to keep to the Pale by ferocious Gaelic gallows-glasses. This piece of levity has been rejected, and the true explanation, that English students at Trinity simply wish to take advantage of the incomparable education (academic and otherwise) offered by an Irish university, has been established.

Having been shown round by blasé Junior Sophisters, discovered Dr. McDowell, and had the devil of a job finding a gown, we are making our little niches, as so many have before. Major problems do remain—the H. or the P.? Bottles, beagles or books? But these will be settled soon enough. May one end on a personal note: Is your umbrella necessary?

College Observed

By Our New Correspondent

The Editor regrets . . .

Since the unfortunate departure of the previous correspondent, the Editor has found it extremely difficult to fill the post. However, I, shoulders square and head held high, stepped forward in the dear old Roedean tradition. As a beginner, it's very difficult to know what to write. Of course, you can be catty about it all:

Deirdre Mooney is fay and Heather Laskey is gay and Gay Turtle, well the name's enough — like Frances-Jane French or Elizabeth Dillon they're all too busy being catty themselves to be interesting, and all of them want to see their names in print. They want so much to be recognised.

What about the men? The smutty Gilliat, the aren't-I-smooth unsuccessful lover-boy Mariano and the plain, unsuccessful: Brereton, Osman, Leahy . . . There are interesting people in College: Helen Noble isn't, neither is Gloria Myers, but at least she has some charm, which is more than can be said for Pauline Goodwin's cultivated naivety, and as for her brother, he, like the Kaminski animal (when is the wedding, Jan?) and the Doral bird, is dying to be named, but he's not worth it, and neither are the self-important Climbers and their get-to-the-top friends.

Then who is worth mentioning? Certainly not nomadic Drew Cameron, Players' new leading light of no fixed abode. Terry Brady? No—he has a perfectly good publicity service of his own, as has the dull Nowlan—pst, don't say anything rude about him or he'll run to the authorities . . .

As I've said, you can be catty, but it's all very dull and stupid and only for the small of mind.

One could resign oneself to writing funny sentences like: Botros, Hana Botros or Red Brick! Red Brick! Rubric! . . . But even these grand sallies of wit pall after a few painful attempts and the unfortunate writer is forced to grieve and nobody cares if it's after August 12th or not.

The chips on Buffet are getting fewer and fewer . . . Why don't we abolish: (1) Junior Deans, (2) six o'clock rule, (3) fines, (4) Wednesday lectures for students in art, and (5) exams. or anything else that is irritatingly unnecessary? . . . We on this soap-box stand for more chips, beer on Commons, proper treatment of Skips, etc., etc.

But we've heard it all before and it doesn't do any good—of course, if they ever threatened the whole of Commons for one firework, it would be an open incitement to mass uprising and we'd have some copy, but until then the grousing approach is definitely dull. What else is there?

In desperation I asked the Editor to put in two full-length silhouettes of the Great Maralyn for ornithology students, but he said that the block was too much . . . which is a strange thing to say—he didn't mention Charlie or fifty-one pens!

I eventually gave up the effort of trying to write "College Observed" and passed it on to my "ghost."

Law Society

The State and Fred

With the very sensible Mr. Max Abrahamson kindly taking the chair at short notice, the Law Society debated last Friday: "That the State is becoming too strong for the liberties of the individual." A trapped, pessimistic Mr. Topping felt that we have lost our personal freedom to the power of the Government; Mr. Blakeney countered concisely by insisting that all depends on the application of that power. Having exposed the Critchell Down affair, the Auditor compared the State to a snowballing Colossus.

In opposition, the shrewd Mr. Cochrane showed rights go hand in hand with duties. Then Mr. Crivon, a true green-blooded Irishman, cursed the Irish tongue; Mr. Gibbons got near to being human; Mr. Hagard wondered about coloured stockings. With his usual good sense, the Secretary insisted that now's the time for action, not talk.

Owing to treachery, the motion was defeated 11-10.

The encouraging speeches of the Freshmen, Messrs. O'Connor and Graham, and Miss Johnson, voice hoarse with emotion, augur well for this Friday's Fresher debate on Communist China, w'en may the chinks in their reasoning be few.

Your School—ECONOMICS

Economics has become the principal Social Science. It used to be Theology, but those were the old primitive days when man lived in caves and had no knowledge of university education. In our times the secret of ultimate salvation lies in the miraculous ability of the economist to multiply the loaves and the fish without Divine intervention. The main social problem is not so much the number of angels which may comfortably be accommodated on the head of a pin as the maximum number of workers who may jointly dig the same hole and not waste productivity by getting in each other's way. In short, economics is about the proper allocation of resources and the efficient use of the nation's wealth. In Trinity, the course is more than that; in addition to economics, the curriculum requires a thorough knowledge of politics and statistical method.

Clearly, the correct teaching in Economics is basic to social order and prosperity. The question remains: Is this done properly in Trinity? Individual answers will obviously differ, but on the whole most people will have a few things to complain about. Without intending to be particularly revealing, one may, however, make a few observations that everybody in the Economics School carps about.

Of all the Colleges in the British Isles, Trinity is the only one where the Economics and Political Science course is a set and rigid programme. No one can choose freely his subjects or follow a specialised path. To make things less pleasant, highly theoretical political theory is mixed with the dubious "science" of mathematical statistics. In the Commerce course the syllabus, consisting of a number of technical subjects such as accountancy and transport, is linked up with the B.A. and the inevitable "Little-Go."

For what, one may ask, is all this heterogeneous compulsion for? There is no attempt to fit the course to the man, nor, apparently, the man to a course designed to fit him into his future place. Very few people have any real need of the double degree in Commerce and B.A. In the Honors course, too much is taken and not intensively enough. The Senior Soph. who sheds certain subjects not only does it with honest relief, but altogether forgets the "rejects" in a matter of weeks. In this way three years' work is completely wasted.

It has been long maintained that a greater variety of subjects and their free choice could not be sustained in Trinity College because of inadequate funds. High education costs and the growing picture of deficits and poor salaries are a familiar enough picture. But not all trouble can be fobbed off on to the empty treasury. For instance, some simple reforms such as the merger of the Commerce and Economics Schools would have the automatic effect of giving the choice of a suitable science to the inmates of both schools. No additional expense need accompany such an adjustment. Without harm to anybody, the course could also be reduced from the present four to three years and thus fall in line with the practice all over the British Isles.

Finally, too much is talked to the student. For three consecutive years, notes are pumped into you, perhaps with rhyme, but only perhaps with a chance of using it otherwise than in the preposterous examinations. Really, there is no need to understand things. Anybody with a good memory can get first class results, while one with a personal way goes right under. Giving back pure unadulterated lectures is the surest way to success, though also to utter imbecility. We want more tutorials, essays, discussions. It is characteristic that in spite of their "professional" knowledge, students of the Economics School are conspicuously absent at the numerous debates on political and economic issues. The School has also got the smallest number of Scholars and almost no gold medalists.

Basic criticism which an outsider would make of the School is that it fails to inspire and sustain the interest of those who enter its gates. Whatever the reason for the apathy, nobody can fail to see its creeping progress from the second year onwards. When one talks to a "finished" Economist, say, at Commencements, one can take it both ways: That he has finished college and college finished him. He is full of knowledge, but little understanding; equipped for all contingencies and yet unable to find use for this "spread"; aspiring for high office and only able to become a "clerk with prospects." It would be interesting to know what kind of man our educational system wishes to produce. It definitely succeeds in creating embittered, carping and undaunted all-rounders. Whither, gentlemen?

Dublin Sketches: THE REGULAR

The halves of stout were set before us and by the time he entered there was a good two-inch collar on the top of the glass. Age and his condition made him totter, even though the poor man really did not look his age. How could he with a face so scarlet and without a line on it? Only his eyes gave him away, and, of course, his laboured conversation. He was all set to pass through the swinging wrought iron door when he lurched towards our table. I knew him and spoke out:

"Good evening, Mr. O'Brien. I haven't seen you for a long time."

"Good evening, my child. But for the life of me I can't remember who you are." I told him.

"Of course, of course," he stuttered, guiding himself carefully downward on to a small stool. "Paddy!" he called

the owner who came hastily, his moon-face beaming. "A brandy for me, and ask these young gentlemen what they are drinking."

We protested, naturally, and the outcome was more stout all round. He was in a jovial mood and cracked a joke. We laughed. Then he laughed—very bad form. He raised his brown trilby in mock salutation and then replaced it at a more rakish angle. Yes, he knew all our tutors, if not personally, then by reputation. Yes, he knew the London School of Economics; he even professed to know the original "Davy."

But he was sure he was boring us. Young people like young company. He downed his brandy and slowly, yet ceremoniously, passed through into the subdued lights of the cocktail bar.

Still No Ladies

Although no ladies have as yet spoken at the Phil. this session, maiden speakers are relatively common. Last Thursday night, of the three who spoke to Mr. Gann's paper entitled "Problems of To-day," Mr. Arthur Hughes showed great promise, Mr. John West showed promise, and Mr. Basu is leaving College soon (not because of his speech). The other speakers were old-stagers with stereotyped ideas and jokes.

The essayist discussed the major problems facing the world to-day—overpopulation, atomic war, racial antagonism, and social unrest. He tried to reconcile Christianity with politics, and suggested ways and means of opposing and overcoming Communism. He urged Christians to practise Christian love and charity; he also supported the U.N.O., doubted the morality of birth control, and quoted extensively from the Lambeth Conference report.

The distinguished visitor, Dr. Monk Gibbon, from his chair, described man as a metaphysical and philosophical entity, flourishing under adverse conditions. Modern man needs to cultivate himself in a kind of Ivory Tower and should ignore the daily dose of anxiety dished out in the morning papers. Many of to-day's problems are insoluble, said Dr. Gibbon, and the ultimates (religion)

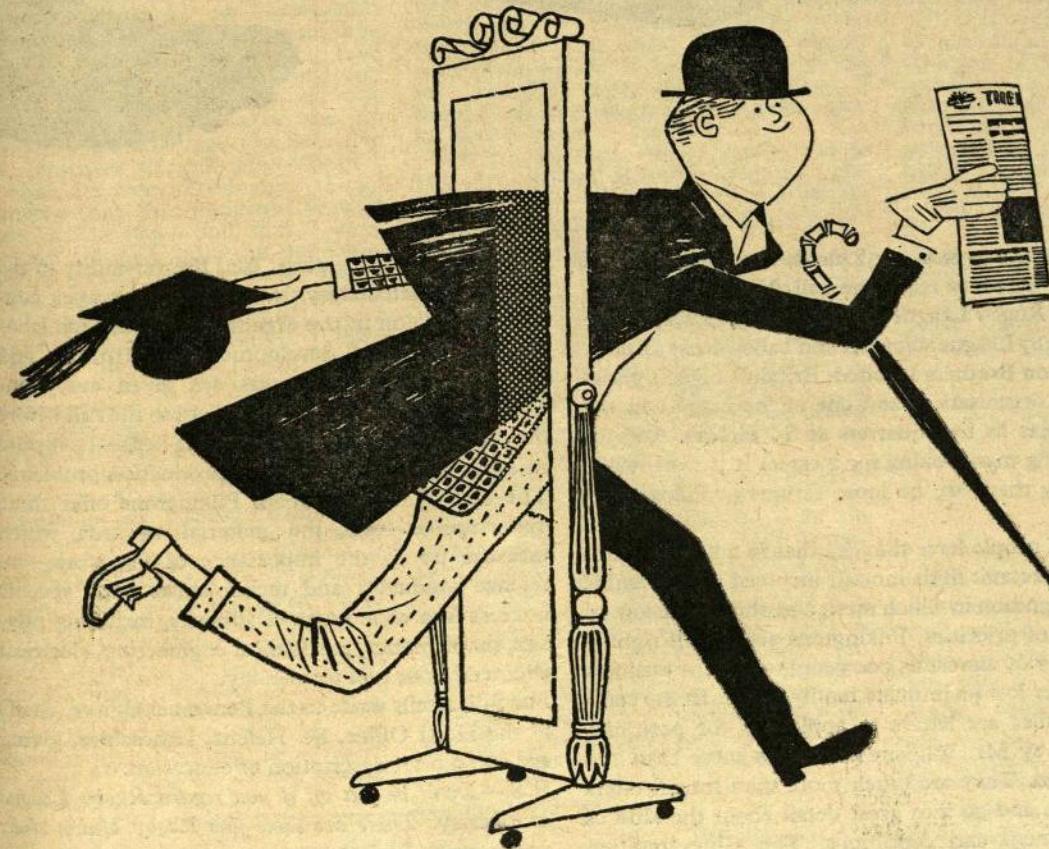
rather than the immediates (politics) should be pursued.

Surprisingly, and unfortunately, Mr. Riggs made a trivial speech, quoting from Press cuttings and telling anecdotes about vacation work; he did manage to get across this message: Workers don't like work.

Mr. Chapman disliked materialism and his speech (or was it a sermon?) had this message: Modern man likes T.V. sets and the other material trappings. The Treasurer, Mr. A. G. Lucas, continues to improve in substance, if not in delivery. He urged his listeners to broaden their horizon and to always remember that the university is a sheltered world and that problems facing the world concerned us as well. Mr. R. H. Johnson thanked the Lord that the minstrel shows were gone and discussed racial discrimination in general. Mr. Hughes humorously described racial integration and suggested that it wasn't feasible. Mr. Baigel protested at the indiscriminate use of the term "Christian" to describe values, ideals and theories common to all great religions and schools of thought. He wanted religion, as such, to be kept out of politics.

Mr. Gann replied; Dr. Gibbon replied, and the President summed up in his usual, very slightly controversial manner.

through the looking glass . . .



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A lot of people have the idea that in a big organisation the recruit finds himself involved in a scramble for recognition in which merit and ability rate low on the list of priorities. Pilkingtons are big all right—they employ almost 25,000 people—but the business has never lost its intimate family touch. In the company's files are letters to applicants for positions, written by Mr. William Pilkington more than 100 years ago. They are much more than formal offers of work, and go into great detail about the kind of employment and conditions. The same tradition holds today. Recruitment is the special concern of a panel of directors. They ensure that the enlistment of graduates is limited to the number indicated by the future requirements of the organisation at top level, and that when engaged, the newcomer is not pigeon-holed and forgotten.

And the work? Glass is one of the most basic and versatile of today's materials. Describing the present day as the "Glass Age" is not fanciful phrase. Glass is everywhere... in a vast number of forms in buildings... in observation panels at the very heart of nuclear research... in the form of insulators carrying electricity all over the world... as lenses and television tubes playing a large part in our entertainment... as glass fibres for the plastic industry. These are just some of the many purposes for which

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FOUR & SIX

The cocktails given by John Goldberg, Terry Brady and Ronnie Pilkington last Thursday in their rooms hit a new five-star high in College parties. Candles, lethal drinks, an abundance of food, ably handed round by Gloria Myers, and smooth conversation, despite the efforts of Dr. McDowell, all contributed to bring "that certain smile" to the faces of Drew Cameron, Mike Hudson and Michael Stubbs. Tony Gynn and Ann Mahon obviously had a lot to discuss, and it was noticed that Felicity Miller, despite the pleas of Noel Roberts, has not yet started on the spirits. Nick Fitzgerald and Judy Harbinson revolved, as did the whole room, around John Hunter, whilst Tony Colegate, realising some duty to stay sober for the Boat Club Ball, left far too early. By common consent (the J.D. could not find it be-

cause it was so quiet), this party was one of the best organised for many moons.

The International Affairs Association Ball at the Shelburne proved most enjoyable for those who liked its exclusive atmosphere. An Indian element led by the garrulous M.C. Jajeda, and South African Nat Bhoola was the main overseas contribution, while Mike Yeo and Danae Tulalumba were among Eastern representatives. Jan K... was oozing charm, from every pore, even more than Drew Cameron, who seemed tired but managed to keep up with Juliet Tatlow. Cha-cha champion Homa Khonsari spent the closing hour chatting with the staff's lone representative, Mr. Luce. However, the concours d'elegance undoubtedly went to David Cranfield and Fiona Love, as John Killen degenerated to Rock-n-Roll after midnight.

As I See It AN ATHEIST

The doctor told him that he should try and get some sleep before the operation. Instead, he asked for some paper and started to write: Dear Jackie, please excuse the lack of punctuation and form in this letter. The fact of the matter is that this operation is going to be a bit of a hit or miss effort and I can't bear to sit quietly for the fear of thinking of it. I'll tell you straight, I love you, or at least I did. It will be interesting to see if I still do if I survive this operation. I can't feel anything for you at the moment, except in remembering, the fear of the operation drives any other feeling out of my head. So I'm setting myself to write to you all that I have ever felt for you, hoping that by doing so I can kick away the fear for a little longer.

Talking of fear, it's a peculiar thing that I, as an atheist, am not afraid of death, and in the face of death have not turned religious; I am very proud of that. I am very sorry that I might have to die and cut off all the content I sometimes find in this world—such as loving you, singing when spring comes and bursts into flower in my heart. When I consider, I find that all my joy in life has been in the looking forward to things; yes, in looking forward, looking forward to standing by the quiet of the sea, watching the deep purples of the reflected sunset, looking very soft, and scarcely daring to breathe in case, somehow, I shattered it all. And yet it means nothing to me now, that I have nothing more to enjoy in anticipation. It is not that which scares me; it is the fear of pain at the operation; all that is left is a sadness at things uncompleted.

There are many things which I have always longed to do. All my life I have been looking towards an indefinable something that feels like a mountain, disappearing upward into a mist. And me, searching for it, containing my energies within myself ready for the great assault which will carry me up through the mist and into the sunshine and the clearness of still air—where I might taste its very freshness. I am deeply sorry that this imagined assault has never taken place and that I have never burst through into the sunshine. With this great longing inside me, I have been trying to find myself a religion, thinking that without it I would wither up inside myself. I have never found it, but I have never withered.

Sometimes I look back on history, and try and discover why wars and atrocities have come about. It seems that all wars, atrocities and persecutions have been brought about in the name of either religion or strong nationalist feeling, which has for its basis the same strong, unreasoning, unquestioning, wholly accepting belief. Or if there is any reason, it is always a case of warping the facts where the facts will not fit the theory.

When I asked a priest a tricky question on the Christian faith, he replied: "You will find that although there are things which you do not understand at first, they will be revealed through faith." Thus speak all priests when they do not know.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,—I have got a domesticated animal called Rabbit or Ficelle. He annoys my neighbours and especially my landlady who insists on his exile. As this paper has had a long and glorious association with Dazzler-the-Rabbit, I write to seek new foster parents for him in the usual way. Would anybody wish to adopt him?

The facts about Ficelle are simple. He could be described as placid and unambitious. His desires are simple, and if satisfied he will hop after you like a kangaroo. He eats almost anything—potatoes, carrots, bread and, above all, shoes and socks. If he can reach your bed he will take it for a grazing ground.

Ficelle's general appearance is sophisticated. Both his ears and his nose are brown. His tail is clipped and, consequently, has no colour. The rest of the wardrobe consists of a pure white

Have you ever thought, Jackie, just what it must be like for a man that has lived all his life in a cube box, to try and imagine a sphere? It would be wasting time for him to try. The same with life. I would waste my time if I tried to discover the secret of life, for I am on the inside, and the motive force on the outside.

Once I tried to test the efficacy of prayer; I went to a church and prayed for all the things that my priests had told me were good and beautiful. I had great faith and died a little inside myself when none of my prayers were realised.

A friend of mine was an ex-bomber pilot in the war, and just before they used to drop their load over Berlin he used to pray: "Oh please God don't let them kill any women or children." What was the point? They killed plenty of women and children all right. Oh they killed them pretty well.

There is only one thing that I obey constantly, and that is my conscience, for whatever is the motive force behind everything, the only way it can express itself is through the chemistry of a conscience.

That is why I must tell you why I feel for you so strongly; my conscience urges me to do so. If I left it, I might die struggling for something I had left undone.

I remember when I was talking to you, and you smiling, then laughing, unsure, and then talking fast trying not to hurt anyone, and full of immediacy—"immediacy," a vitality, an enthusiasm, an ability and desire "to seek thy salvation with diligence." That's when I felt it, when you said that the most important thing was not to lose heart, to question everything with reason and test by experience, and then to strive with a fulness of energy when the object was in view; I felt an almost overwhelming desire to crush you to me in a complete unity—but I refrained; I loved too completely to cause you embarrassment.

I think, perhaps, my mountain was to try to make strong religious and nationalistic feeling drop into a stagnant pool of apathy, so that the world might at last live in peace.

He ended the letter with a very full, lovely, tender piece of writing that was so delicate it would hurt in the telling.

He survived his operation; he had known that it was not really a serious one. But he did not send the letter; he felt that because of his knowledge of the comparative triviality of the operation it was insincere, so he acted on his conscience and kept it.

The last I saw of him, he was lying on the stinking black deck of an oil tanker, back broken, screaming in my arms, praying to "Sweet Holy Jesus" that I would kill him to finish the great pain. Just before he died, he had a quiet moment and murmured, "I told you, John, it doesn't do any good to pray." Then he went screaming, sobbing, choking and twitching like a newly-dead chicken into death, stillness—and the hands of God? I doubt it. And me, with my arms around him, and his dead back all broken within the circle of my arms.

rabbit fur. He has a strong sense of hygiene, seldom gets dirty and is regularly seen washing himself. He hasn't got a looking glass, but then he is not passionately interested in himself. The circumstances of his birth are surrounded in mystery and, consequently, his identity, like that of the editors of "T.C.D.", is obscure, and I better admit that he is somewhat illiterate. However, he doesn't pretend to be amusing, and hence avoids being ludicrous. His parents are unknown, of course. There can be no doubts that he was born of a rabbit. His pedigree doesn't really matter, as of all the earthly animals the rabbit race never really cares for titles. Should the prospective parent insist, I am prepared, though, to issue him with a letter patent certifying the nobility of the rabbit's character.

Only serious application to this paper will be considered. Inspection of the rabbit only by appointment and at the cost of two carrots.

PIPELINING IN CANADA

Flying into New York on June 28, I decided, after staying a few days with friends in Toronto, to try to find work on the Trans-Canada Natural Gas Pipeline. It offered high wages and the best opportunity for obtaining work.

But it was not so easy as that. Canada is in a recession this year, and it took me 12 panicky days to land a job. Panicky because my dollars were beginning to run out rapidly.

I had to report to my foreman's office at six every morning and usually returned about 7.30 in the evening. It was the long hours rather than the work itself that was tiring. But compared to British wages, the money was fabulous and I was able to save £45 approx. per week.

As there is nothing like it over here, an explanation of pipelining is necessary.

The trans-Canada pipeline stretches from Alberta to Quebec, a distance of 3,500 miles, and is the longest in the world. Each company has a stretch of, say, 80 miles to complete in a certain time, the foremen and companies usually being American, as they have great experience of this work.

At first, trees are felled and are used to fill up swamps and marshes. The solid rock ground has to be dynamited into a ditch, otherwise excavated by backhoes. Then the pipe gang weld the 36 in. diameter pieces of steel pipe, while the dope (tar) gang cover it with "hot dope"—boiling at 587° F.—and put protective wrapping around it. Finally, the tie-in gang lays the pipe into the ditch, and bulldozers fill it in.

Working with the tie-ins for 7 weeks, my sole job was to carry 60 lb. buckets

of hot dope to and from the pipe. Obviously, this was extremely boring work to do for 14 hours a day, and only the money prevented me from "dragging up."

Regular pipeliners are remarkably tough, since they usually do this for the summer and go north to lumber camps in the winter. The foreman, Scottie, who, incidentally, earned about \$30,000 per annum, hailed from Oklahoma. He wore a huge stetson, and was incredibly tough for his 63 years. His nourishment for the entire day's work consisted of a quart of milk. For the first week it proved very difficult to understand his Southern drawl. "Hey, Limey! Get that goddam skid outta there son" would be a typical unintelligible sentence.

In the gang, one was an escaped convict from Vancouver wanted for rape, a university student from Winnipeg, a Dutch immigrant, and a Red Indian—minus feathers. (I thought I knew how to swear till I heard them.)

Heat, dust, mud, and long, hard work were the ingredients of pipelining. One manages to stagger out for a beer (no liquor allowed in the town) and crawl into bed every night. But the work was amply compensated by the wages, for in seven weeks I earned enough dollars to take a month's holiday flying round the entire United States.

Many of our party were quite content to do office work in Toronto for \$50 a week. Should anyone contemplate working in Canada for the summer, pipelining offers a lucrative insight into Canada's rugged way of life.

A good day's work there is 15 hours, compared to six over here!

R. Wadia.

Varsity Round-up

Some Brief Glimpses of Events in Other Universities

Queen's

New undergraduates at Queen's have been indulging in schoolboyish romping, and greeting films, "hops" and even the latest Dramatic Society production with volleys or squibs, paper darts, toilet rolls and feet stamping.

In the saner atmosphere of Trinity, we are glad to say, this sort of thing is confined to Commencements and the Engineers.

* * *

London

The Anatomy Department of University College, London, is to acquire a "memory machine." The Nuffield Foundation has provided a grant of £34,000 towards work on an analogue computer, which is a machine resembling an animal's nervous system and which can remember fairly complex shapes, including letters of the alphabet.

It is thought that the impulse released by a stimulated nerve fibre increases the strength of the path along which it is travelling, so that the next time it is stimulated there will be a greater likelihood of it travelling along the same path. This process, which is the application of memory in an animal, is duplicated with the help of electronic counters in the analogue computer.

* * *

Liverpool

The gross takings at the bar at Liverpool University were approximately £1,000 for the first three weeks of term.

This shows an increase of 100 per cent. on the sum for the same period last year and the rise is attributed to reduced prices of drinks. Well, what are we waiting for?

* * *

Exeter

An Exeter University student paper includes a gem of a poem by Miss Anne Cave, beginning:

"Will you queue a little faster?
Said the Fresher to the Grad,
I see Prof. is close behind us,
So I think I better had."

* * *

Durham

The Durham "Palatinate" reports that five medical students from Innsbruck have conducted a pilgrimage "in medieval style." As a mark of thanks for passing their examinations, they marched barefoot to a place of pilgrimage some eight miles away!

* * *

Birmingham

The official opening of Carnival in Birmingham was marked by a parade of the Carnival Committee wearing only the top halves of their morning suits. This idea should appeal immensely to our own Carnival men!

* * *

Sussex

The proposed Sussex University is expecting to include European studies as well as the other usual faculties.

There is a Beauty called "Violence"

The fox stood silhouetted in the pale light at the end of the tunnel made by the overhanging of the trees. He had been lolling along, heavy-bellied after his kill; the fluff of chicken feathers stuck around the wetness of his muzzle. He had half crossed the glade when he smelt the stale smell of man; he froze in the middle of the glade.

A hare crouched trembling with dry fear up sun and down wind, watching the warm, smooth brown-redness of the fox fur.

Down sun in the dark part of the tree-tunnel a dandelion puff-ball quivered slightly in a faint upward thermal current from the still-warm pine-needled earth. It glistened with minute condensations of dew, each globule tiny and star-like.

A small black fox stood very still and black against the pale redness of the sunset, framed by the round blackness of the point two-two back-sight aperture. The hunter shivered gently with excitement, then drove out the excitement and became cold and machine-like inside. He felt the pulling of the webbing sling, and the pushing of his arm muscles. He let them balance themselves out. They settled in perfect equilibrium. He breathed in softly and watched the foresight come steadily down until it was level with the centre of the back-sight aperture. The joining of the imaginary

centre and the solid blackness of the foresight tip were just in front of the small black picture of the fox. The hunter gently flexed a muscle in his left forearm, and the sighting picture moved along to the right and stopped at the point where the nature-made fox-neck joined the furry body resting still and exact above the metal, man-made foresight. The hunter and the rifle were still; the only movement was the controlled squeezing of the forefinger against the cold, smooth, concave curve of the trigger. The fox was still motionless, left foreleg raised, alertly listening. The hare trembled in the shadow of the bush. The puff-ball quivered sparkling dew in the warmth of the upward draught of air. And yet all this in a moment. All this now, now was ever everything and eternity, and all was now, now in the eternity of time.

The rifle cracked sharply. Already the fox was sinking down, already dead. He had felt a sudden tiny metal-hotness at the base of his skull before the death.

The hare bounded with the strength of fear in his limbs.

Small feather-headed puff-ball stems floated down to the ground in the sudden bullet-made air eddies.

The hunter lay still, with the little black fox and the sighting picture still before his brain.

The sun sank lower and gave way to soft darkness.

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SPORTS NEWS

Rugby

AT LAST!

Trinity, 3; Clontarf, 0.

THAT Trinity left it until the very last second of their match on Saturday to win by a dropped goal, kicked by McMullen, to nil, is shown by the fact that Radio Eireann and "The Sunday Times" both reported the score as being 0-0. However, it was a well merited win and Clontarf were fortunate that the margin was not greater.

For the greater part of the second half Clontarf were pinned in their own half of the field, and it was good to see the Trinity pack at last playing as a unit and not as eight individuals. Although lighter than their opponents, the Trinity forwards were much quicker around the field, and at the end of the match had quite mastered the heavier Clontarf pack.

It would be inviolable to select any names for individual praise, but H. O'Connor made an excellent return to the team after an absence of some weeks, much to the delight of a certain section of the onlookers. Also, K. Andrews made an excellent debut as hooker, and it seems that he may well fill that problem position.

R. McMullen, as usual, had an excellent game, crowning his display with a fine dropped goal. The backs, like the forwards, were playing more as a compact unit, and a little more progress in this direction should find them welded into a fine attacking unit. In the centre A. Endall, after one or two inefficient games, gave an entertaining display with a few good attacking bursts down the field. R. Robbins, another newcomer to the team, had quite a successful game, after a rather shaky start. His service to Hall was good, as was his touch-kicking in defence. Hall, however, had not a very happy day. He tended to be

harrassed and hurried by the Clontarf wing forwards, and his handling and kicking suffered as a result.

Generally speaking, however, the team showed an improvement on the form displayed against Belvedere and we hope that this upward trend will continue.

D.U. 2nd XV, 18; Lansdowne 2nd XV, 11 To write a sufficiently glowing account of this rousing encounter with Lansdowne would require the talents of a literary genius. Trinity to a man rose to the occasion and fought supremely well against an older side whose obstructionist tactics almost caused the downfall of the home team.

Singling out any player for special mention would be impossible, as all 15 combined to form a single rugby playing unit whose team spirit and keenness were at a maximum.

The scores all verged on the opportunist type. That does not imply that skill was below par, but that Trinity made the most of their opponents' mistakes.

Reilly, intercepting on his own 25-yard line, opened the scoring between the posts. Dwyer added the points. The second try followed a break and a kick ahead. Stewart, dribbling along the wing an inch from touch, beat the full-back and Reilly, carrying on the movement, touched down. Stewart, in a goal-kicking spree, had two converts and a penalty.

CLIMBING CLUB

The Trinity College Climbing Club has been founded in order to teach the technique of rock climbing and to raise the existing standard among university climbers. For this purpose, University expeditions are made to the rock faces of Dalkey and Glendalough every weekend. Here novices are trained under the guidance of experienced climbers, while there are innumerable problems for the more advanced to exercise their skill upon.

The popular conception of climbing as a dangerous sport is, unfortunately, true. Most experienced climbers have known someone fatally injured, but, as in other sports, many accidents are the result of negligence, and in an effort to minimise the danger we are training our climbers to the highest possible safety standards.

Since University climbing is generally of a higher standard than that found in other clubs, we hope that the men we are now training will in a few years' time be able to pioneer new routes in Western Ireland as well as completing the known climbs in the Alps, etc.

We accept for membership people with no previous experience of rock climbing, but it is desirable that they have reasonable athletic ability, a good head for heights, and a genuine desire to learn how to climb rock.

SWIMMING CLUB

Although the D.U. Swimming Club has enjoyed more successful seasons than the last, it has, however, little of which to be ashamed. The main victory of the season was over London United Hospitals in water polo, whereby D.U.S.C. won the "Gink" Trophy, presented by Mr. Purcell of the same name. The London team will be over here next Trinity term for a return contest. Besides this success, D.U.S.C. senior water polo team did extremely well in the League, but were in the last match frustrated of that championship which seemed so near. An inter-Varsity fixture at Bangor was uneventful for Trinity, but was enough to convince the selectors that E. Skelly would be an excellent addition to the combined University water polo team.

In common with other clubs in College, the Swimming Club has been faced with a large influx of new members, but training is well under way and takes place on Friday evenings at the Tara Street Baths.

BOAT CLUB

The Boat Club annual general meeting was held some time ago. Mr. J. V. O'Brien was elected Captain; Mr. G. I. Blanchard, Secretary, and P. G. Fleming was re-elected Hon. Treasurer. The usual sherry party (intending members please note) was held afterwards in No. 23 (also note).

Perhaps the most heartening feature of this term's rowing activities has been the number of new members. Mr. Frank Trufelli has very kindly agreed to take charge of Maidens, while the Captain and Mr. Blanchard are coaching those who have some experience already.

The "At Home" is provisionally fixed for Saturday, November 29th. It is hoped to send crews to Galway "At Home" and to a Maiden Regatta in Belfast.

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Hockey

IMPROVEMENT MAINTAINED

Trinity, 2; Three Rock Rovers, 1.

TO Captain Ian Steepe must go the credit for this outstanding victory. His tenacity and determination in introducing "circuit-training" and concentrated team-practice reaped their just reward on Saturday last. The success, however, was not only manifest in the superior fitness of the Students, but also in the new-found team spirit, a unity of purpose which has moulded eleven individuals into a compact team, capable and prepared to give of their utmost throughout the seventy minutes of a game.

Let this spirit be maintained and there are no heights to which this team cannot aspire.

In their previous encounter, Rovers maintained a fast pace and scored a convincing 4-1 win. On Saturday, Trinity outpaced their rivals and were not flattered by their win.

J. McCarthy led the attack in his usual thrustful manner, and was well supported on either hand by Byrne and Findlater, whose contribution to the defence was also of immeasurable value. Wingers Lavan and Keely threatened danger at every opportunity. The half-back line of Grigg, Webb and Blackmore combined their powers of attack and defence to great effort, the performance of Blackmore being outstanding. The well-tried trio of Stewart, Judge and Steepe gave nothing away in the face of a strong Rovers' forward line, Steepe being an inspiration by example to his team.

A brilliantly contrived goal by inside-left Haughton gave Rovers a 1-0 half-time lead. With tension and pace mounting, the minutes of the second half slipped past, until after sustained

pressure, Trinity equalised through McCarthy, a just reward for his constant harrying. Minutes later, Blackmore, in close support of his forwards, picked up a loose ball on the edge of the Rovers' circle and shot home the winner.

In the first round of the Railway Cup, the 2nd XI defeated Weston by 4 goals to nil. Scorers for Trinity were Hughes, Wheeler and Moffet (2).

Women's Hockey

Defence's Day

D.U., 0; Muckross, 6

After last week's 4-2 defeat by Muckross 2nd, little hope could have been held out for a Trinity win against Muckross 1st XI on Saturday. In fact, Muckross won by 6 goals to nil. Almost throughout the match Trinity was on the defensive and as a result the forwards seldom had a chance to show their paces. The halves tried hard to bridge the midfield gap, but the Muckross intercepting was so good that they rarely achieved this aim and Trinity was continually driven back.

The first 10 minutes saw first one set of forwards attacking and then the other, but a poor clearance kick by the Trinity goalie led to a Muckross score. Four more goals were scrambled in after half-time, but the last was from a rising shot into the right-hand corner of the net. The scorer, Helen Buckley, was the most outstanding forward, despite Moira Barnewall's "hat trick."

In this match the Trinity defence was busiest. At times June Palmer, the right full-back, seemed to stave off the entire Muckross forward line. The much-capped Joan O'Reilly was allowed little scope by Hilary Kirwan, while Rhoda Ritchie had her best game this season.

A friendly match against Muckross minus their three internationals has been arranged for next Saturday and this should be good preparation for the Chilean Cup matches on Thursday and Friday week.

SATURDAY SPECIAL

After last week's 15-1 double success, Paul Jones is my choice for the Manchester November Handicap.

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