

trinity news

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY'S NEWSPAPER

Thursday, November 3rd, 1966

Vol. XIV, No. 2

Price Threepence

Dull and Orderly Vietnam Protest March on U.S. embassy

About 300 Irish students took part in an orderly march last Saturday on the American Embassy to protest against U.S. activities in Vietnam, and to call for peace. Uniting with Trinity students were representatives from the College of Surgeons and Queen's. A resolution on behalf of the Irish United Nations Students Association was handed to an Embassy official by the organiser of the demonstration, Trinity student Kanaan Atiya.

After a brief address by Atiya outside the Municipal Art Gallery in Parnell Square, the march moved off through the city centre. Bearing banners and chanting slogans, the demonstrators appeared to have had a difference of opinion even amongst themselves. Those who carried slogans like "Make Love, Not War," taken to be amorous pacifists, whilst one assumed that those who were shouting for a Vietcong victory were out and out Communists who wanted to fight to the death. Hand-outs were distributed to members of the public, who seemed at best bewildered, and in many cases downright scandalised. The march was organised with the full co-operation of the Gardai, and in contrast to the "Hands Off Cuba" march of 1962, when dogs were set upon the demonstrators, there were no incidents.

Outside the Embassy about 20 people carrying pro-American placards were parading when the march arrived, but these were soon swallowed up in the crowd. Atiya read out his resolution to the demonstrators and called on them to remain orderly to "show their consciousness of society and to show that they were working within it." An Embassy official then received the note which called for "the immediate stopping of the bombing of Vietnam, the recognition of the National Liberation Front, and the unconditional withdrawal of the United States and all foreign troops from Vietnam in compliance with the Geneva agreement." After a rendering of "We Shall

Overcome," the demonstration broke up.

Atiya said afterwards that he was satisfied with the turn-out and thought that the protest had achieved its purpose. There were other demonstrators, however, who were not so enthusiastic, one of whom saw the march as a display of "emotional socialism." Disagreeing with the use of banners, he said that slogans such as "Make Love, Not War" tended to propagate political inertia rather than encourage action. Whatever the validity of this remark, there were others for whom the banners might not have existed. One old man, seeing the procession, was under the mistaken impression that it was the farmers on the march.

No support from SRC

A specially convened meeting of the S.R.C. called two days before the March debated a motion calling on the Council to participate officially and to urge Trinity students to take part. The motion was lost by 10 votes to 9, with one abstention. Speaking first was the proposer, Séán Morrow. "Everyone wants peace," he said, and it was ridiculous not to take part in the march merely because some of the marchers were politically on the Left. "The line between politics and humanitarianism is very difficult to draw," he went on, and called upon the S.R.C. to support the peace motion of the U.S.I. Congress and replace words by action.

The motion was opposed by Bev. Vaughan, Vice-President of the S.R.C. The S.R.C., he said, ought not to commit itself politically and if even one of the banners on the march was anti-American, then the S.R.C. would be committed. The S.R.C. had opposed affiliation with the Communist-sponsored I.U.S. and therefore ought to oppose the march.



Peace marchers in pensive mood

MIKE WELCH

Minister jeered and booed in G. M. B.

The Minister for Agriculture and Fisheries, Mr. Charles Haughey, was jeered and booed by Trinity students and N.F.A. representatives outside the G.M.B. last Saturday evening whilst he was attending the inaugural meeting of the D.U. Biological Association.

An hour before the meeting began, groups of farmers and larger groups of Gardai were collecting around Pearse Street and Lincoln Place gates. The harassed porters refused to admit anything with an even vaguely agricultural flavour. However, half a dozen or so of the more persevering farmers managed to slip in to join the forty odd students who were sitting on the steps up to the G.M.B. A passage was left up the middle for the guests to squeeze through.

Angry shouts and boos from the side gate announced His arrival. The G.M.B. sitters positioned their behinds more firmly on the granite and grinned happily at a few bewildered onlookers. One well known Orangeman voiced his opinion that the whole thing was "Very silly." His speeches go down better in the Hist.

Tension increased with the arrival of the Junior Dean. He asked the protesters to move aside before the arrival of the Minister. No one moved. Policemen were seen lurking in the shadows. The Junior Dean repeated his plea. Anguished minds remembered Sharpeville. A few bottoms twitched. Slowly, reluctantly,

ponderously, the dark mass moved to one side. The police replaced the safety catch, metaphorically speaking, and the J.D. smiled.

Then came Mr. Haughey himself. The booing, hissing and shouting drew a large crowd. "I thought it was a South African distinguished visitor by the uproar," said one passer-by, and another, "The right thing in the wrong place." Mike Howie, of the Biological Council, said, "It was all in very bad taste. Students should have the decency not to interfere with other society's meetings."

However, the drama was not over yet. Some students, amongst them the President of the S.R.C., who had had no part in the protest, and the ex-Deputy President to squeeze through.

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viewpoint

by the NEWS STAFF

Haughey meeting

It has been suggested by some students, and not necessarily biologically-minded ones, that Mr. Haughey's reception outside the G.M.B. last Saturday evening was in very bad taste, and that guests of Societies in College should not be insulted under any circumstances. While this appears to be a very reasonable point, we must remember that Mr. Haughey's manners during the past weeks do not altogether entitle him to anything resembling respect. It is all too easy, within the somewhat de-

tatched and sheltered walls of Trinity, to forget the very real and obviously unfair plight of the Irish farmers. The rather stupid comment of one of the onlookers last Saturday evening, "I think it's all very silly," is typical of the thoughtless and unreasonable ignorance of attitude which adds nothing, and never will add anything, to either side of the problem. The farmers' row with the Minister is an Irish problem and exclusively an Irish problem. The farmers are following a certain policy in order to make their plight known. If their policy appears to be a rather dramatic one it is because less dramatic ones have, in the past proved quite unsuccessful. If this attitude happens to find an echo amongst a certain section of Trinity students, and if the opportunity of openly expressing this attitude in Trinity presents itself, then it is reasonable that a protest should take place.

The Biological Society's subsequent refusal to admit students

other than Medics. to the meeting would seem to be very reasonable. But it was also very dangerous, all the more dangerous in fact since the President of the S.R.C. is not a man to be carelessly dealt with. However, given the situation, it was the only thing possible to ensure Mr. Haughey's safe passage, and as such must be entirely justifiable.

SRC & Vietnam

The S.R.C. decision not to associate itself with the march on the U.S. Embassy was an act of realism from a body which has not up till now been distinguished by that virtue. Despite efforts to make it appear that the issue was one of "Either we associate with the march or we allow the war to go on in Vietnam," the problem was less dramatic but much more difficult.

The S.R.C. is still, in many ways, a peripheral body. Its dilemma was whether associating itself with a march of this kind would help it to move into the mainstream of College life. The S.R.C. concluded finally that a gesture of this sort would prevent it from becoming recognised as a body truly representative of student opinion and that its efforts ought instead to be directed to furthering the interests of the students in College while leaving each one free to take his or her stand on Vietnam.

DUCAC expenditure

It is a little bit difficult to realise, when reading the D.U.C.A.C. report on expenditure, that Trinity is in a serious financial position. Indeed, anyone whose knowledge of Trinity was confined to a reading of this report

might well conclude that Trinity's position was happy indeed. After all, any College of this size whose sports club can spend £300 to £350 on tours or £240 on entertainment, in some cases, is certainly far from being the bread line.

Or is it? Many of the faculty societies, for instance, are lucky if they get £350 in ten years, never mind one. Compare, for example, the £40 grant of the Business and Economics Society with the £35 spent by the Cricket Club on stationery alone. Compare this £40 grant with the £640 received by the Football Club.

Why, after all, should rugby players on tour be subsidised while history students going to a history seminar are not? Could it be that rugby is "rather fun" while history seminars smack of a somewhat distasteful intellectualism? Redbrick and all that.

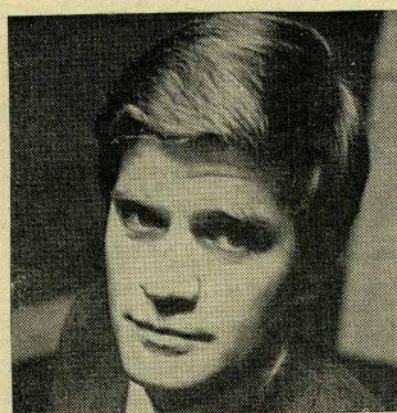
At any rate, our sports clubs seem to bear in mind that well-known motto: "A healthy expense account in a healthy body."

Trevaskis: 'Ireland' — for the last time

"Vintage Trevaskis" was the epitome given to this year's Phil Presidential Address last week. While much of what President Brian Trevaskis said seemed familiar, the occasion was his biggest platform so far and his allegedly last public comment on the subject of "Ireland."

Unprecedented in recent years, the Dining Hall was jammed with onlookers as "the quiet man" nervously began his dissertation. While many in the "reserved seats," embarrassed by the paper's blunt tones, shuffled their feet, the audience elsewhere seemed to enjoy themselves. Great bursts of applause, laughter and interjections greeted not only Trevaskis but the other speakers as well.

The Phil President had tried to turn the meeting into a crusade, but the "Distinguished Visitors" saw, or decided to see, the evening for mundane ends. Donagh MacDonagh sprang up, fruitlessly, to defend his father's and everyone else's name; Senator O'Kennedy thought that Davis



addressing another meeting was more in keeping. T. F. O'Higgins, "the white hope of Irish politics," made a party political broadcast, a move that was backed in a rapturously rousing fashion by Michael O'Leary. If the meeting went without the "natural breaks" expected from anonymous phone-calls and letters, most left the hall with the unusual feeling, in College, of satisfactory self-purification.

Personal

Personal Rate 3d. a word, prepaid only. 2/6 minimum. Advertisements must reach "Trinity News" box (Regent House) by Saturday noon preceding issue.

Joly Geological Society.

Wed. 9th Nov 8 p.m.
Murrogh O'Brien, Manager, Tara Exploration Company.
"The Further Scope for Economic Geology in Ireland".
Coffee 7.45.

* * *

RIFLE CLUB . . . The Autumn General Meeting will be held today (Thursday) at 8 p.m. in No. 39 (1st floor). ALL WELCOME.

TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT book early for the Rugby Club's Annual Colours Ball in the Intercontinental Hotel on Wednesday, 30th November. Tickets are now available in No. 15.21, TCD.

* * *

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NEW statesman

Players £700 in the red

An extraordinary general meeting of Players was convened last Wednesday and was staggered by the news that the society is £700 in debt. This news was particularly remarkable since last year's Treasurer, in his annual report in May, gave no indication of such precariousness. The debt is largely made up of amounts owing from the Bradford trip (which was a huge expense and turned out to be inadequately subsidised by the Board) and an outstanding bill owing to Strand Electric, who supply all the lighting equipment. Two-thirds of this bill, the Treasurer considered, could have been avoided by more careful handling of the property, much of which was on loan.

The Chairman announced that in an effort to pay back £500 of the debt, there would be only three productions this year, two of which would each run for a fortnight. The three productions together are not expected to cost more than £100 to stage. ("The Country Wife" cost £300.) The Thursday play scheme will be rested this term, much to everyone's dismay.

Trinity student in court

A third year Trinity student appeared in the District Court last week charged with stealing a saxophone valued at £200 from the T.V. Club in Harcourt St.

Questioned about the incident, the student said: "There were two saxophones in identical cases. I just took the wrong one." He went on: "I went back next morning to return it but there was nobody there. Then the police contacted me."

SPECIAL OFFER to new student readers: 20 weeks for 10s. Write sending 10s. to Arthur Souter, NEW STATESMAN, Great Turnstile, London WC1.

reviews

"SHAKE DOWN . . ."

At the Astor we have some good stuff with Ingrid Bergman as nanny, nurse, guide and saviour of several hundred Chinese children. A good classic for a wet afternoon at the *Inn of the Six Happiness*, and there should be plenty of room on any Michaelmas day. *Dr. Zhivago* is still going strong, you have a moral right to miss a lecture for this one at the *Metropole*.

Sinister Alfred Hitchcock's latest arrives at the *Savoy* . . . and for gamblers who don't want to lose there's a *Big Deal at Dodge City* and you only have to go to the *Adelphi*, while *Brendan Behan's*

FILMS— *Cul de sac*

Dublin is only round the corner at the *Academy*, that may be a dead end but *Cul de sac* certainly is not . . . but don't try and reach Florida and the Everglades with *Nevada Smith*, because there aren't even any Indians and precious little action . . . you can learn *How To Steal A Million* at the *Savoy*, but you have missed your chance to ride a tiger and earn £2,000 a week at the *Carlton* however you can see General Custer at the *Great Sioux Massacre* . . . by way of passing Folk Song addicts be sure to get tickets for *Pete Seeger* and *The Dubliners* on November 17th.

R.M.

BOOKS—

paperback Herzog

Recently Penguins have published in paper-backs a collection of works by Saul Bellow, an American author, of which 'Herzog' is his latest.

The main theme of the book appears simple enough, and concerns the inner struggle by the central character, Herzog, an attractive middle-aged American professor, to convince himself and his contemporaries of his own sanity and to regain his own self-respect in the face of the shattering discovery of his ex-wife, Madeleine's adultery with his ex-best-friend, the vividly portrayed

Val Gersback.

The true greatness of the book rests in the presentation of the story. Herzog, attempting to grasp his sanity, is found madly writing letters both real and imaginary to people alive or long since dead. From these letters Herzog's whole life history comes beautifully into perspective, from his poverty-stricken childhood in Montreal (and the brilliant picture of the closely knit Herzog family) through his various successes and failures with his love life until his present day betrayals, when Herzog discovers that one after another of his friends are convinced of his lost sanity.

Bellow is particularly pleasing in his various detailed character analysis and I found especially gratifying the descriptions of his latest girl-friend, Ramona, and the hysterical rantings of his lawyer Himmelstein. Herzog's ability to objectively study himself and cynically point out his own faults and misgivings is contrasted with his philosophical ramblings, which intersperse the novel. These are interesting in places but tend to distract the reader at times from the more important parts. In short, then, a very enjoyable novel and well-worth a serious reading.

David Altaras

John Nickson

How to steal a million

Suspecting a lot?, I was not too put out to find that it was a simple case of Gigi meeting Raffles. Charles Bonnet is an elegant Parisian, head of a distinguished family and philanthropist who often gives works of art to French museums and the possessor of a legendary Art Collection. He is also a talented Van Meegeran, an art forger of genius, with a secret attic in his

mansion where he works, and works hard doing what his father and his grand-father did before him.

Enter Private Detective/Burglar O'Toole specialist in Art forgeries who is caught in the act of raiding Daddy's household by Audrey Hepburn and taking a sample of paint from a latter day Van Gogh. But it all ends beautifully.

Nicole Bonnet is soon seeking the help of Simon Dermot when the family's celebrated Cellini Venus is to be displayed and/or horror) authenticated. Enter O'Toole to return a favour, and again it all turns out beautifully. For such a frothy piece of work the tension is admirably sustained.

B.V.

MOUTHPIECE

random answers from undergraduates to the question 'what do you think of this year's junior fresh?'

"I don't believe in them".

"Miss fresher was quite enough".

"From what I've seen, a little on the grim side".

"Much too earnest and Irish, which must result from the ban on English students in general studies. We've lost a colourful element of Trinity's social life".

"Not one beautiful male among them".

"One week of fresher's congress and they reckon they own the place".

"You can always recognise them sidling selfconsciously into a pub and ordering half pints of guinness in loud English voices, clutching in clammy palms fivers which Daddy gave them not to be spent on the same girl hahaha. Dear God".

"All scarves and donkey jackets".

"Really, it's impossible to differentiate this year's from last year's

freshers, just a phalanx of faces filling themselves full of buns in the buttery".

"Aren't they sweet"

"Same as ever: pink plastic and disposable".

"there was I, sitting by myself at a buttery table and then down comes this earnest youth and sits beside me, and assuming me to be a fellow lonely fresher, patronises me with his urbane advice on what to do and where to find the places in Dublin. Very christian of him, and I wouldn't have minded but for my mature status as a senior sophister."

"The other day I saw hundreds of them waiting to be auditioned for players. Without exception the women had long hair and appeared to be composed and confident for freshers—terrifying".

They are in *The Observer*
every Sunday, yet

Are these the eyes of a madman?



These are the eyes of Michael Frayn. For seven years now, week in, week out (apart from 4 weeks' paid holiday a year), first in *The Guardian*, then in *The Observer*, Frayn has had to write an article 700 words 3 times a week for *The Guardian*; 900 words once a week in *The Observer*.

He has also written two novels, *The Tin Men* and *The Russian Interpreter*. Appeared regularly on Granada TV. Wrote for TW3. Contributed to *The Age of Austerity*. He is also married, with two daughters.

Yet there is still virtually no evidence that Frayn has been affected by this. However a growing number of people read *The Observer* every Sunday for this reason alone. To be actually there, on hand, when he does finally—well—snap.

Read *The Observer* every Sunday



Trinity News Ten Years Ago

A new junior Dean

On October 1st, a new Junior Dean was appointed, and Dr. McDowell, a very familiar figure in Trinity and a lecturer in History, has already shown proof of his abilities as Junior Dean. Notably, he apprehended several gentlemen the other night who felt it right and proper to set fire to the cellar in No. 6.

Last Thursday was Dr. McDowell's first Commencements as Junior Dean, and he was on guard in Front Square as the Provost's procession moved into the Examination Hall. It looked as if it was going to be one of the quietest Commencements for years.

Gordon Godfrey

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protest

Protesting is the birthright of the student. It is also one of the human activities he is most qualified to exercise, and usually most active in. This is as it should be. Those of us who slide into middle age without having experienced or voiced idealistic revolutionary and anti-authoritarian sentiments will be sadly ill-equipped for later life. The University is the last point in one's education where the student is excused for holding peculiar views, and is almost encouraged to impose them on other people, especially the authorities.

Yet Trinity, in comparison with most other universities, abrogates its rights with a thoroughness which almost defies explanation. True, there are protest marches. There are sit-downs. There are even strikes. But for every U.C.D. student who takes part in mass protests, only a twenty-fifth of a Trinity undergraduate can be found in the same place.

Whether you agree with this 'apathy' or not largely depends on whose side you are on. It depends whether your best friend is Kadar Asmal, or the Agent, your favourite society the Fabians or the Hist. Or does it? Perhaps there are others, irrespective of political beliefs, who look at protesting in a more realistic light. How much does it achieve? Does it prejudice outcomes of struggles locally or nationally, or can it assist in peaceful solutions of problems? Or is the act of protest justifiable per se, despite the consequences?

People who ask these questions may decide to become Brian Trevaskis: they may decide not to march: they may decide that some issues need shouting about, others whispering in the right ears. What they don't do is apply one answer to all problems. They don't march regardless of the issues on the nearest foreign embassy. Unless they really need to.

People who don't ask these questions are most often found muddling into their uncooked potatoes on Commons, instead of writing furiously (and effectively: try it sometime) in the Commons Suggestions Book. They will be found in those organisations, radical so-called, which make their members accept and pass on their dogmas, through the slick and professional organs of propaganda. These people stand outside the U.S. Embassy and talk United Nations Charters with ease, but with little understanding.

It is a pity that in Trinity there are not more students prepared to experiment a little with their protests. Merely marching, merely writing to the IRISH TIMES, or merely being a Trevaskis isn't enough. But they are all purposeful media, and they should be used. After all, if protesting is a birthright, we might just as well make the most of it.

We regret that owing to increased printing costs and wholesale tax, TRINITY NEWS from next week will cost 4d.

"ORCHARD GLOW"

The cider that equals any French wine in strength, body and flavour.

ONLY 4/6 A BOTTLE OR 21/- A GALLON

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Orchard Products Ltd., Killendmond, Borris, Co. Carlow.

TONIGHT ! INTERVARSITY DEBATE AT THE PHIL

"That passion for equality makes vain the hope for freedom"

Speakers from :

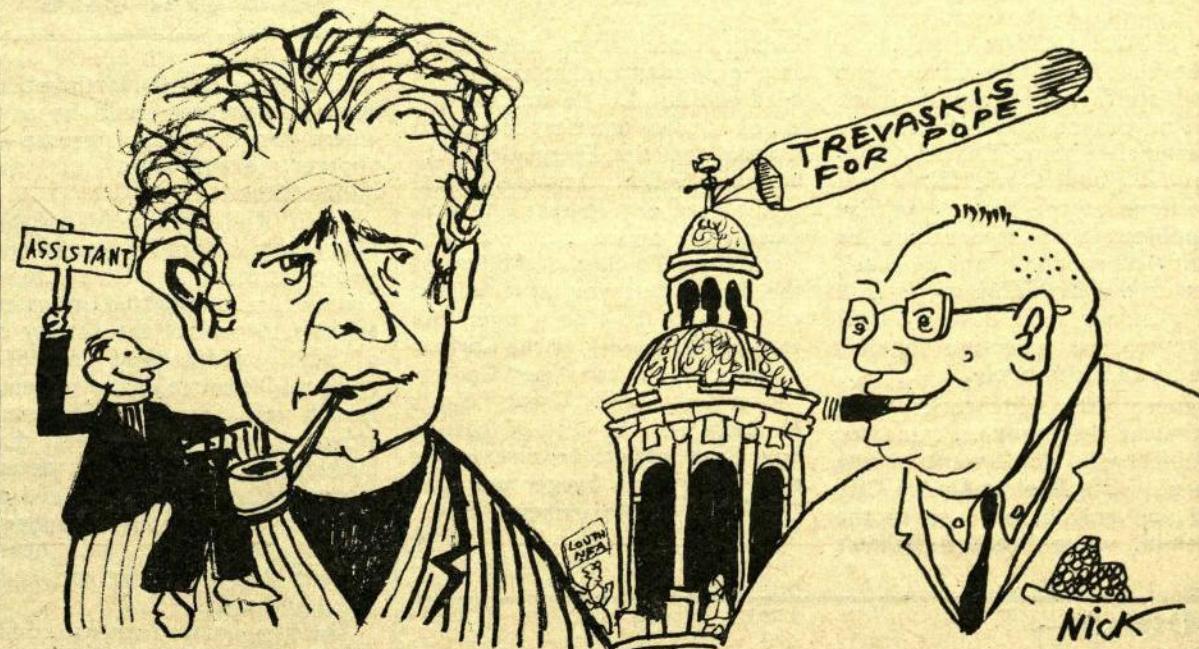
Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Belfast, Lancaster, Leicester, Exeter, London, Hull, Swansea.

Chairman :

Eoin O'MAHONY, K.M., B.L.

8.15 GMB

Ladies Welcome



"Say buddy, what order of priests d'ya have here?"

On Growing Old by DENZIL BATCHELOR

NO DOUBT the first sign of it, delicately conveyed in literature, is when Mr. Pooter puts aside a hairbrush, as his barber has told him not to use a hard brush "just now." But, of course, the first indication comes to all of us in ways as diverse as our various fingerprints. I know one man who read the writing on the wall when he found himself counting the stairs up to his study in his maisonette.

And, of course, it didn't stop there—it never does. A week later he was counting the stairs in his club on the way to the dining room. He is (or had been) a greedy fellow; but the day that happened he cut down his lunch from three to two courses, refused potatoes and ate no bread. No good—with in a fortnight he found himself in an Underground where the escalator was out of order—his only consolation was to count the stairs on his way down. The next day he started the habit of counting all the stairs he went up or descended during the day. All his life he had meticulously kept a diary which he had hoped would bring him undying renown long after his death. But when he became a stair counter he stopped putting any entries in his diary beyond his day's bag. Eighty-one (up); forty-seven (down). Or twenty-nine; thirty-five. You don't get very famous out of that sort of material.

* * * * *

MIDDLE-AGE had set it: as it does—as it must.

The wise man has a stock-taking the day he recognises the symptoms. He sits back in his armchair after dinner, resolves only to

have one whiskey and soda hereafter, asks himself where he has got to, and makes plans for the future; or, if he is a really wise man, scrap plans for the future.

But he must make positive resolutions, not merely negative ones. What shall he read from now on? He has wasted far too many years reading nothing but detective stories: the plot of none of which he can now remember. Better to start a new future for himself by reading some of those soul-enriching masterpieces he had always meant to dip into, but had never quite found the time for.

Alas, poor devil—he runs a serious risk here. I know one agreeable fellow who actually made provisions for his middle-age when in his thirties by buying a whole set of volumes of eighteenth and early nineteenth century novels. "As soon as I retire I shall curl up with these," he used to promise himself. Well, now he has retired—and the longed-for happiness is denied him. Even with the strongest glasses, he can't read a word of the print.

* * * * *

IF ONLY he had learned to take an interest in music, like his friend Hobday whom he hasn't seen for years! He must ring up Hobday and ask if it is too late now—but Hobday has become completely deaf, and can't make out a word he says on the telephone.

Oh well—there are other hobbies. Women, for instance; and wine. His doctor soon put a stop to the latter. He can have a teaspoonful of brandy very, very rarely—and then only for medi-

cinal purposes. As for women—all his life they had resisted his advances, and now that it was far too late, teen-aged Lolitas would simply love to weave a way into his life. He had better be carefull or he will finish up in *The News of the World*.

You don't have to strain your eyes over Browning—there is the supreme human pleasure left to the middle-aged; the joy of boring one's friends with talk of the past. The horse-buses one has been driven in. The meals in Soho before the War: five courses for 2/6, six for 2/9. Hobbs playing the cover-drive. Pearl White in the serials in silent films. Beer when it cost sevenpence a pint at the end of World War II instead of 2/-; and when it had an average gravity 1043° (in 1921) instead of 1037°.

* * * * *

AND OF COURSE (as you watch the young recede from you) there is one other point not to be overlooked. The old are shuffling towards you, grateful for a word, a nod, a glance of reognition—anything. Among them, you are a king: in the prime of life. Sooner or later one of them will call you a mere boy. When that happens it sets you up for the evening. And by Jove, the fellow is dead right. Come to think of it, you are only fifty-nine—not ninety-five.

DENZIL BATCHELOR, 59, author, journalist and broadcaster, has written among other books, "For What We Are About to Receive" and "The Sedulous Ape," as well as contributing to many magazines and newspapers.

CINEMAS

Savoy — Hitchcock's 50th film "Torn Curtain" with big-star cast of Paul Newman and Julie Andrews. Continuous from 2.10 p.m. Feature 2.25, 5.45, 8.40.

International Film Theatre — Jean Desailly and Francoise Dorleac in "Silken Skin" (la peau douce) by Francois Truffaut. Separate performances (Monday excluded) at 6.15 p.m. and 8.45 p.m.

Film Centre (O'Connell Bridge House) — recently opened cinema which will feature the old classics. "A Common Fascist" story of the Third Reich. 2.0, 4.10, 6.20, 8.30, Sun. 3.0, 8.00. Late Show every Sat. at 11 p.m.

Astor — revival of "The Inn of the

Sixth Happiness" starring Ingrid Bergman, Curt Jurgens and Robert Donat. Feature at 2.17, 5.10, 8.03. Late Show every Sat. at 10.45.

MISCELLANEOUS

Sale in aid of Blind, 10 Dawson St.—until Nov. 9th. Unbelievable bargains in 20's type clothes and knick-knacks which are currently the rage. For 3/6 to £7 Garbo-style hats, mod buckled shoes, fringed stoles, fur jackets, teddy-bear fur coats and anything the keen eye can root out. Take No. 44 bus and see the beautiful scenery in Powerscourt, Enniskerry. Flowers, eggs etc. on sale at the gardens.

Letters to the Editor

WEXFORD REVUE

Sir,—The standard of the D.U.P. Players' review (*sic*) in Wexford has been falling for some years now, but this year's production is "the end."

It is cynical to inveigle the unsuspecting public to pay to sit in an unheated hall to see a show which barely lasts three-quarters of an hour and which contains hardly a redeeming feature.

I feel that the promoters would do well to remember that:

Members of the cast touting like tinkers outside the Theatre Royal and hindering the free flow of people leaving that building after the opera is behaviour not calculated to endear the show to its prospective audience.

English allusions are mostly wasted on a predominantly Irish audience.

The majority of the audience do not share the script-writers' curiosity about sex.

The mere description or suggestion of bodily functions is rarely humorous.

The possibilities of the banana as a phallic symbol were worn out by George Robey nearly half-a-century ago and their revival can safely be left for another half-century.

In all fairness it must be said that a few members of the cast (*I forgot their names*) show some signs of possessing a tender talent, which, if carefully nurtured for a few years, might allow them to put on a successful show.

Meanwhile I would commend to the D.U.P. the wisdom of not appearing down here until the recollection of this year's efforts have faded into the inmost recesses of the Wexford memory.—Yours faithfully,

M. H. LE CLERC.
Rathlannon, Wexford.
October 28th, 1966.

SUNDAY COMMONS

Sir,—I feel that those who are not habitual fans of Commons should be informed that nausea and intense digestive difficulty are but two of the symptoms accompanying the present meals. Last Sunday's meal (for want of a better printable word) must rank as an all-time low. To those who have not passed the rigorous initiation test of one year's Commons, this warrants a brief explanation.

It now appears that one has to have a tie as well as a ticket to

gain admission to Commons' hallowed precincts. This example of pure bureaucratic efficiency is made a mockery of by the few trend-setting people who were allowed in with ties but minus collars. As for the meal, two and a half sections of grapefruit was slowly followed by a concentrated rice-like solution, which none of the attendants even dared to suggest was potato. Upon a slight objection being made, this thick solution was replaced by some left over from the staff table. Regrettably, this differed only in texture from its uneatable predecessor, but nevertheless raises the interesting point that the academic staff eat rubbish of a better texture than that set before the students. The dessert was of a particularly interesting nature to those budding bio-chemists amongst us who discovered that when the cream (in fact, milk) was applied to the blancmange it actually appeared to be breathing.

Perhaps if Commons was non-compulsory, competition from places such as the Trocadero might result in food of an eatable quality. As it is, a lack of competition has obviously led to apathy among the kitchen staff, who think that they can produce tasteless trash and get away with it.—Yours sincerely,

MARTYN LEWIS.

PEACE MARCH

Sir,—No one could, or did, prevent the Peace March which took place last Saturday. The Irish United Nations students who undertook it claimed to be anxious to draw attention to their disapproval of the conditions in Vietnam. No one can reproach a student spokesman for such intentions.

The twopenny publication which associated itself with the march and sought to encourage students to join the march is another kettle of fish altogether. It was a sloppy, badly written, ill-thought-out piece of anti-American propaganda. How genuinely representative of the current opinion in the United Nations this publication is leads one to considerable doubt. Few will reproach the view that the war is wrong. Conditions in any war are wretched. But is it enough to simply march, register a protest, and then disband?

—Yours etc.,
ADAM LEWIN.

assist passengers in determining their heredity.

Secondly, these words may constitute a command, in the colloquial sense of the word, as employed in the underworld. Passengers may well be being instructed to remove a keepsake of their journey from Penzance to London, in order possibly to display it later to their friends in new surroundings. I am not very happy with this theory.

What strikes me as the most interesting interpretation has only recently been suggested to me by a Cornishman. Indeed this seems to stand out a mile. This is not a statement of fact or a command. It is exhortation—and to be more precise a drinking toast. What quaint convivial gathering from Penzance to London would inspire it, I cannot imagine.

Firstly, let us consider "Gentlemen, lift the seat" as a statement. The immediate inference is that there is class distinction on the train from Penzance to London, and these words have been generously provided by British Rail to

William Young

MIKE HENEY examines the fate of the outlawed and controversial pirate radio stations

"GET UP! You hear me, get up! All right, now three times around the bed, and sing after me—SING! 'Have you seen your mother, baby, standing in the shadow . . . ?'

Pirates rise early, and disc-jockey Big Jim Murf the Surf on Radio Caroline seemed determined that others would do likewise. It is this form of intimacy and sheer exuberance which has blasted the offshore radio stations into the very foreground of the broadcasting scene. Since the first "pop cannon" was fired by Radio Caroline as recently as Easter Sunday, 1964, considerable re-thinking has been going on within the ranks of Radio Luxembourg, and even in the hallowed precincts of the British Broadcasting Corporation. The pirates are sharp and clear. As the *Observer* put it, "They know about people."

Beside their fast-talking, zany presentation, the B.B.C. and their disc-jockeys, like David Jacobs, seem to the younger generation dated and old-fashioned. The comparative rise in the popularity of Jimmy Saville in recent years (named "Disc-Jockey of the Year" for last year) and the meteoric rise of newcomer Simon Dee ("My only fault is that I can't stop talking") are examples of the fresh air which the pirate radio stations have forced into the B.B.C. Saville's individualism anticipated the pirates years ago. Meantime, Radio Luxembourg, as anyone who listens to the "Bird-Brain" Tony Brandon will know, is trying hard to beat the opposition at their own game.

Radio Scotland gives 40 per cent of its air-time to Scottish news and Scottish music. But this, and the odd trumpeting revivalist warnings on "Morals in a sex-crazy world" and similar subjects, are very much the exception rather than the rule. Empty words have been spoken about these radio stations upholding "freedom of choice," even by distinguished members of the Conservative Party. The choice provided by the pirates is severely limited; non-stop pop and fast zany patter is the normal receipt, and the multiplication of Jolly Rogers has proven its appeal beyond dispute. It varies little.

* * *

Piracy, apart from being illegal, is a jolly thing, and by definition the Carolines and London's facilitate the process of teenage identification. On July 16th the *Times* carried a leading article entitled, "Encouraging Note in the Pop Music World," and rightly so, but it failed to appreciate the powerful influence of the pirates in sweeping away the cobwebs:

"Pop music in the 1960s has taken a new form. It began in 1956 or so with the livelier beat

Pop Pirate radio

of Bill Haley and Elvis Presley, and has remained popular largely through the favours of a young, monied classless record-buying public, which grows steadily more certain of what it prefers, steadily less amenable to the woo-some come-along of disc-jockeys too old to appreciate the niceties of a teenager's spontaneously sophisticated taste."

"Woo-some come-along"—the phrase seems aptly designed to cover many of the ageing, toothless substitutes for disc-jockeys who litter the staff of the B.B.C. and R.T.E. But the Ugly Ray Terrets and the Mike Ahearns of the pirate world, unrehearsed, uninhibited, sometimes ludicrous, always happy, admirably meet the demands of a youth in revolt against convention, who need recognition and seek through their clothes, their choice of music and even their language to assert and justify their being.

* * *

The revenue of Radio Caroline is kept secret, but may be estimated at around £1m.; Radio Scotland netts £360,000 a year, while the total annual revenue of Radio London is "in the £1 million a year" bracket. Clearly it is a lucrative business. At the ripe old age of two and a half years, Caroline, the "elder statesman" of the offshore stations, can afford to ask £90 for a 30-second advertising period, whereas the more menial of the other nine stations, Radio Essex, charges only £8 10s. for a similar time. The listening audience of Caroline rivals that of the long-established Radio Luxembourg at around 13½ million, while Radio London gets 12 million, and all other rivals considerably less. These figures tell their own story, and no matter what legislation Britain introduces against the pirates, they have knocked holes in the broadcasting establishment that cannot be mended. Let us consider, then, what the future holds for them.

On present showing, only Radios Caroline, London and 370 are likely to survive the legal onslaught of the Post Master General. The present extra-legal structure of commercial broadcasting in Britain

clearly cannot be allowed to continue.

The limited number of frequencies available, quite simply, demands that the allocation of these frequencies be rigidly controlled. What the pirates have shown is that alternatives must be found; the demand for a wider choice (a euphemism for non-stop pop) cannot be denied, nor can the profitability of commercial advertising allied to the provision of this music. There need be no fear, non-stop pop will be provided. Caroline and London will continue, regardless, to operate from France, with French advertising (already being sought by its Dublin-born Director, Ronan O'Rahilly) and Canadian and Australian staff. They are defiant and have great faith in French advertisers.

* * *

But it is equally clear that the final answer to the pop music demands will be provided elsewhere. Whether the solution lies in the establishment of a national commercial radio network by the B.B.C., or in the widespread use of lower-power transmitters beaming pop at highly populated areas, as is the fashion in America, is difficult to tell at this stage. The latter arrangement might well result in the six strongest points on an individual's waveband being monopolised by pop—surely a disastrous situation—and would certainly involve the duplication of services on a massive scale. The former solution would necessitate changes in the charter of the B.B.C., which is forbidden at the present, to taking advertising. Pop is a fairly catholic phenomenon across these islands, and it may perhaps be held that those who advocate its provision by local transmitters are the dupe of the pirates' aggrieved complaints about freedom of choice, a misleading argument, and essentially irrelevant to the dispute, which hinges around pop music alone.

In the meantime as the attacks mounts upon them, the pirates may derive some slight consolation from knowing that Vatican Radio and A.F.N. Munich are among the 500 other European stations broadcasting on wavelengths not internationally authorised (though these have national authorisation, which the pirates have not). Nor should it be forgotten how they have helped to crack the restrictive practices of the Musicians' Union, which for years has raised B.B.C. costs, and severely restricted her hours of record listening, all in the interests of second-rate musicians. And if it does not look like being a merry Christmas for the pirates, at least they have the comfort of knowing that things will never quite be the same again, and that as Ronan O'Rahilly said, they are the true creators of British commercial radio.



THE MAN FROM THE INTERCONTINENTAL CLUB

(and his girlfriend, too!)

Meet this Sunday, 6th November, and every Sunday during term at the Intercontinental Hotel, Martello Roof — Stereo Discotheque from 7 p.m. till midnight. They dine on a four course dinner, drink at reduced prices, and dance to the latest records, in a millionaire atmosphere.

You, too, could be the Man from the Intercontinental Club. Membership 10/-, Tickets £1-10 per person from: The Secretary, Intercontinental Hotel, Ballsbridge, Dublin 4.

The Bird Walk

women and the Eliz

Ask any girl (not a Fresher, who will as a rule still be overawed by the potentialities of a university society after the confines of school clubs) what she thinks of the Elizabethan Society and you are almost sure to be overwhelmed by a catalogue of grievances about its deficiencies.

Popular criticisms are that the rooms are shoddy, the chairs uncomfortable, the supply of papers totally insufficient, the magazines practically non-existent, and most

frequent of all, the telephone continually either out of order or stuffed up with pennies. The list is unending. On the credit side there may be the occasional reference to the Eliz teas, or to the usefulness of the iron and sewing machine. Generally, however, in the face of all the adverse criticism, such merits are forgotten.

None of these grievances is unfounded, but the most frequently neglected, and yet the most valid criticism which can be levied against the Eliz is about the quality of its meetings. As the major women's society it ought to make some kind of impression through these weekly meetings, but at

present it seems to be satisfied with talks by college personalities and nonentities, and by poor inter-society debates leavened by the occasional beauty demonstration. Only once a year, at the presidential meeting, is there any murmur of anticipation associated with an Eliz meeting. This compares badly with the high standard of debates, discussions and talks in the Hist and the Phil.

It is easy to blame the committee of the Eliz for the society's torpid state, and undoubtedly it cannot be absolved completely from the charges of inefficiency, domesticity, and an inward-looking policy, but it should always be remembered that any society must by its communal nature reflect the quality of its members. It is unfortunately true that the Eliz is the victim of the malaise which is a feature of women in general, and of Irishwomen particularly. There is an unwillingness among its members to distinguish themselves from the crowd, to think constructively, and then to assume responsibility. While such

conditions prevail, it will be impossible for the Eliz to submit itself to the radical rethinking necessary if the society is to emerge from mediocrity and to attain something of its potential stature. It has the money, the space and the numbers with which to achieve such a transformation. What is needed is enthusiasm at all levels if it is to occupy by right, and not by habit, its position as the major woman's society, and not merely to be a girls' gossip centre.

kidneys in cognac

This has been the week of the Homeless Sophister. Flats are impossible to find, and myriads of third-year girls are temporarily camping out in bedsitters or with hospitable friends. The beginning of term is normally a good time for giving dinner-parties. Grants are as yet unspent, and one feels more than usually well-disposed

towards one's friends. But this enforced life is not conducive to haute cuisine. For those who have only a single gas ring, and who do not want to live out of a tin, here is a recipe for four people (a homeless waif will not want to invite more).

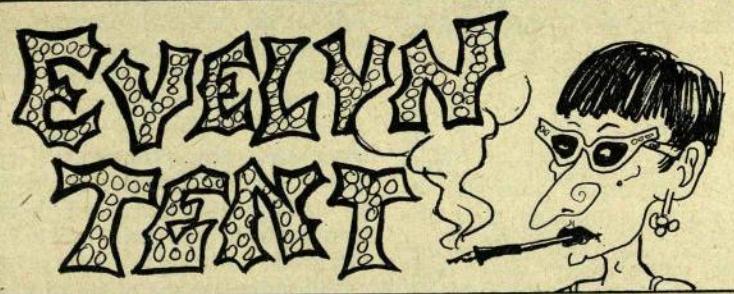
Kidneys in sour cream (for 4)
Ingredients :

8 kidneys
2 ozs. butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint fresh or sour cream (approx)

$\frac{1}{4}$ pound button mushrooms
miniature bottle brandy

Fry kidneys and mushrooms gently in butter, until kidneys are cooked but still pink inside. Heat the brandy (as much as you feel you need) in a spoon and pour over mushrooms and kidneys. Light with a match (flambe). Pour in cream, stir well, and flavour to taste.

Serve with buttered rice, or, if cooking facilities allow, creamed potatoes.



I'm so glad I went to Sarah Priestman's party after all, as only the most presentable of Neville's Trinity friends were there. I've made the Hutson grade at last.

At dinner beforehand Nick Greaves counted twenty 'supers' to the minute, so armed with this magic password to polite society I drove down to Enniskerry on Saturday night and found Robin Mathew thrilled at being in a 'proper house' again. I said 'super' and no one looked so it must be all right. Soon afterwards Richard Douglas arrived with Barbara Anne Ross, Claire Empey, Maggie Hutton-Valence. Mark Davis' party was away with only a few stops to look—as if one wasn't anyway—at Charlotte Bingham. Simon McCall took kinky Moya Green under his arm and everything was super.

I spent Sunday resting so as to be ready for the first day of my first term as a top person. I even hoped that John Jennings might condescend to greet me—but no—only Muir Morton and top people don't make do with second best. Desolate I slunk down to the buttery where I found Jane Lipscombe shining forth amongst the peasants who actually go there to drink coffee. Poor Jeremy Pierson, who does, found

Saturday was an original old time goodie, in spite of a tiring afternoon in the cinema. The Old Stand, Murphy's—since its mention as an 'in pub', unpleasantly full of out people—and on finally to the Todd, Hirsch, Fitzgerald, Bolands barge, the ambassadors had by this time left and Hugh Du Vivier was able to amuse himself throwing champagne bottles into the canal without a diplomatic incident. Dickie Benson Gyles and Nina Shovelton discussed the moral problems of youth and Claire Gaynor was intense. Mary Kirby got burnt and refused to grace the O'Brien Hamilton stronghold at Fitzwilliam Square—probably just as well as Chet was being even more stroppy than usual.

Sunday was rather too much and I only just made Upper Mount Street for the discreet little party given by Mary G. O'Donnell, Debbie Kitchen, Di. More and Liz Conway, for fabulous Sara—The Counts top bird—but Tatty bears no malice. Morrough Cavanagh was very rampant inspite of his afternoon playing hockey with Arthur Quinlan. Chris Hodder found a new friend, Pru Neusink. Lots of lovely drink and so to bed.

Bryson

3 CHURCH LANE

GOWNS, HOODS, TIES,
SCARVES, BLAZERS.

THE NEW Abbey Theatre opened on July 18th, exactly fifteen years after the old theatre was burned down. At a cost of £615,000, it looks like a vast cardboard box. No-one will admit exactly how long it took to build, everyone questioned was strangely circumspect and thought it had been about four or five years. Anyway, the actors had waited so long that when they finally did transfer from the Queen's theatre they "couldn't believe it."

Now three months later they can be objective. Working in a virgin theatre like the new Abbey presents a stimulating challenge and evokes a certain sense of excitement. Obviously an actor must adapt his performance to the physical contest in which he is playing. Unfortunately, the large stage makes comedy playing difficult because there is no immediate contact with the audience and throw-away lines can easily be lost. Yet in spite of this the company remains enthusiastic.

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The acoustics are superb. The three sections of the auditorium ceiling can be staggered to produce any required level of sound. The lighting is a "tour de force" while the consul looks like some giant science fiction organ and can be pre-programmed for a whole show creating startling effects as the production of "One for the Grave" proves. But although the stage has five adjustable levels this does not compensate for the lack of a revolving stage.

Being state-supported the com-

pany hoped that the initial gift of the theatre itself would continue in the form of a subsidy. At the moment a play runs only as long as it is popular, which means that planning ahead is impossible and even with a full house every night they expect to make a loss which the state grant cannot cover. Financially instability is a serious drawback.

* * * * *

And so the dramatic changes which everyone had eagerly awaited in technique and policy have not fully materialised after all. Vincent Dowling who has been with the company for twelve years said, "The Abbey offers unlimited scope but still foolishly persists in its reactionary attitude."

Surely a contemporary theatre demands contemporary ideas? When the company moved to the new theatre the old directors came too. Whereas outside directors and designers could bring a breath of fresh air, and as the actors admitted, "We need a good hard kick."

The onslaught is happily in sight. There are plans to present Shakespeare and the best of the European dramatists. Cyril Cusack is returning to direct Dion Boucicault's "The Shaughran" and in March the "Peacock", a small experimental theatre seating two hundred will open below the

main theatre. Its prime (though not sole) purpose will be to encourage the work of Irish playwrights; "but not if they are mediocre—that would be doing ourselves and Irish drama a disservice."

At present the Abbey runs rather an inadequate acting school from which students are enlisted for the big productions because the company is so small (about 20 actors and 70 technicians). If the school expands, as is hoped, the students might introduce some new ideas, which the Abbey still needs.

* * * * *

The actors are ambitious about their theatre: "We are a non-star company but we should be an all star one if we want to produce first class drama." Plans are afoot though to woo audiences with some high quality material, and it seems deplorable that such potential is still unrealised. "Tell the students to come," begged Vincent Dowling, "and if they don't like what they see, let them make their criticism to the directors."

Basically they will like what they see. The theatre is magnificently designed and, the State and Directors willing, the Abbey could become The Irish National Theatre. It is up to us to support it.

ADAM

THE MANSHOP THAT
CATCHES THE TREND
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Now open in ANDREW ST.

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WE SELL THE BEST STEAKS — AND THE WORST COFFEE IN DUBLIN

NOBBIT

P.S. We are doing something about the coffee

— WICKLOW ST. — OPENING NOV. 5th

SELF SERVICE CHICKEN AND FLAPJACK BAR

trinity news sport

Edited by BOB WHITESIDE

SAILING

Prestige of Trinity yachtsmen soars

Following the winning of the Irish Universities' title at the end of the Trinity term, the Sailing Club began what was probably one of its most successful summer seasons ever. In the middle of June a team was sent to Bembridge on the Isle of Wight for the Universities' Keelboat Team Racing event and sailed well to reach the semi-finals. With more luck they might even have done better.

Then, at the end of June, three members of the Trinity team were selected for the Irish Universities' team which competed in the European Universities' Championships in Munich. They gave a very creditable performance and were only just beaten into second place by a very strong English team.

In the middle of August a crew was sent to the British Universities' Keelboat Championships on the Clyde, and Trinity's fine recent record in this event was maintained when the Young Cup was

won for the third time in the past four years, despite some stiff Oxbridge competition.

More in hope that confidence, Trinity entered for the Irish Team Rowing Championships in the middle of September. However, in a strong field of thirty-two teams, Trinity surpassed anything that had been expected of them and carried off the title.

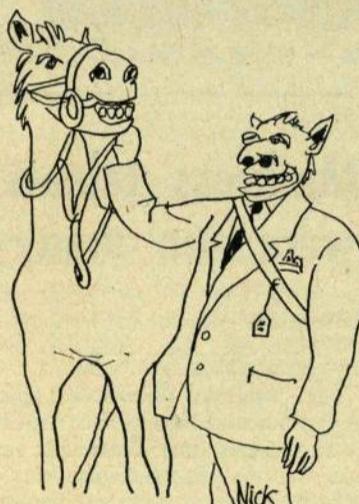
There was stiff competition from all over Britain; in fact, Trinity's success this year was the first non-English triumph for four years. The three helmsmen in this event were JAMES NIXON, JOHN NIXON and OWEN DELANY.

Further honour was brought to the Club in the last few weeks when the captain, BARRY STACEY, and DELANY were selected for the British Universities' team to meet the Combined Services, so again enhancing Trinity's sailing reputation across the water.

maxwell smart

All the thrills and spills of an exciting day's racing came to light last Saturday at Leopardstown, enjoyed by Trinity en masse and Brian Williamson in particular. Maxwell Smart moves on to the Curragh on Saturday—a trip to the Laurel Park International is not feasible lecturewise—but wherever you are, bookies will still want to see the colour of your money.

American interest in the Washington Stakes (November 11th) is ASSAGAI, a grass track specialist and rated one of the best to have ran there during the past decade. Also joint favourite at 4/1 is TOM ROLFE, U.S. champion three-year-old last season, owned by the American Ambassador to Ireland. Britain's invitee is DAVID JACK, but at 5/1 is not my idea of a bet; same odds are offered about GEORGE ROYAL, Canada's "Horse of the Year," and I've had a Canadian whisper for him. PROMINER, our sole representative, seems value for money at 18 to 1, and BEHISTOUN, very prominent in the Arc de Triomphe, could bring the dollars back to France. To complete the book, twelves are offered for Iron Curtain hope ANILIN, but my "greens" will be



for the home contender and favourite, ASSAGAI.

The last day's flat racing stages the Vernons Sprint at Sandown, richest non-handicap sprint for short distance sizzlers like LUCASLAND, again faced with her old rival DOUDEEN. GREENPARK is a danger to both. The Newmarket filly has twice held on to win in a driving finish by DOUDEEN and I rate LUCASLAND (nap) best bet of the week. Pigott can ride another winner on Murless's last runner of the season, HERBACEOUS, and GILGIL may add to her heavily-backed success last time out, both being runners at Newbury to-day.

FREDDIE takes up the cudgels at Sandown (Sat.) and has all the steam for this uphill finish. Nippy autumn winds may make it risky for open air living at the Curragh, but INDINA SHOW seems a likely forecast and GLADSMOME may be a good morale raiser.

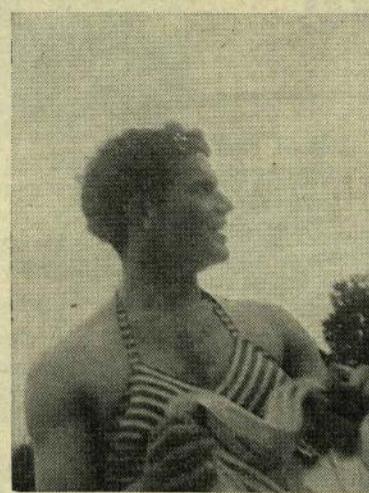
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SPORTS PROFILE

ROB HUTCHINSON, who is almost certain to be out-half for Trinity in this year's Rugby Colours match, was educated at Hurstpierpoint. There he won colours at both Rugby and Hockey, and at the latter gained representative honours for Sussex Schools as a right-inner. However, Rob's talents were not confined only to winter sports as he was also an outstanding cricketer who played two games for Surrey Young Amateurs as a wicketkeeper-batsman.

Rob came over to Trinity last year after spending a few months in America. Here he started his Rugby career in the "Springboks," but his talents were soon noticed and he was put onto the Freshers' side. For Freshers he played several excellent games and showed himself to be a fine runner with the ball who was capable of weaving his way through most defences, without losing his centres. At the beginning of the second term his name appeared on the list

Rob Hutchinson



from which the party for the tour to Oxford and Cambridge was to be chosen. Shortly afterwards, he made his debut for the Firsts against Cork Constitution. In this match, despite being faced by international hooker Noel Murphy,

he showed few signs of nerves and in fact dropped the goal which proved to be the winning score. This performance earned him a place on the touring party and he fully justified the selectors' confidence with another dropped goal, this time against Cambridge.

Since then he has rarely looked back and if it would be pleasant to see him make a few more breaks than of late, it is only fair to mention that as a defensive player his stature continues to grow. As yet, Rob has had little time to give to cricket at Trinity, but it is possible that he may be persuaded to play a few games next season—at least let us hope so.

Off the field, Rob, who is Treasurer of the Rugby Club this season, is a very keen student of the game. But it would be unfair to view Rob only in a sporting light as he has many other interests, especially in the practical side of the Social Studies course he is pursuing at Trinity.

ON THE BALL . . .

Trinity Harriers' visit to the Curragh to run against the Army was somewhat disappointing. The first team lost 37-13 and the second team went under by a 29-14 margin. Captain MILLINGTON ran well to finish second, but excellent packing by the Army brought them the next seven places. MACEY and GREER finished tenth and eleventh, never being able to get going, but Junior Freshmen KAYE and ALLANSON ran steadily to finish twelfth and thirteenth, respectively. The team was weakened by the absence of O'NEILL, GASH, BOOTHROYD and WARNOCK, either ill or injured.

* * *

The Tennis Club officials for 1966-67 were elected on Monday and are as follows: HAROLD ARMSTRONG (Captain), TONY POUSTIE (Secretary) and ALAN GRAHAM (Treasurer).

* * *

The Ladies' Tennis Club have their A.G.M. to-day at 1.20 in No. 6. Only last year's members may vote, but prospective members may come to the meeting to join the Club.

* * *

Last Thursday the Rifle Club notched up yet another triumph at a Rathdrum invitation shoot, coming away with three plaques and one perpetual challenge cup, all won by JIM MARTIN and MARTYN

SQUASH

New squash court rules

At the end of the Trinity term a new set of rules was brought out regarding membership of the Squash Club and use of the courts. To book a court you must be a member of the club. Anyone who has not yet purchased a member-

ship card may do so from either SIMON STUBBINGS (No. 38) or DECLAN BUDD (No. 25).

Courts are now booked at the Porters' Lodge in Front Gate and membership cards must be produced. Each day the booking card goes down to the Gymnasium at 8 a.m., so if you decide to have a game later on that day you must go to the Gymnasium to book it. Whites must be worn this year on court.

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touchline

When visiting sports teams come to College Park to tackle Trinity they usually bring with them bands of supporters displaying their club colours and shouting encouragement to their men on the field. There can be no doubt that this support is a great source of strength to those playing in unfamiliar surroundings, particularly when it is of sufficient strength and volume to outdo the home supporters. Many is the time that the energy for a last effort to conquer the opposition on their own terrain has come more from sideline urgings than bodily resources.

The number of "camp-followers" in Trinity sport is necessarily limited, for most of those of undergraduate age with an interest in sport give their enthusiasm free rein on the field of play, rather than find themselves frustrated at watching the supposedly less competent endeavours of others. Some of the watchers genuinely prefer watching sport to playing, but there are others who are incapacitated, have no time to train or are just plain lazy.

This collection of inactive sportsmen and sports-women is of the greatest value to Trinity games, but are they really loyal supporters? A sizeable contingent will gather to cheer Trinity Rugby team at College Park on a Saturday afternoon, but how many will even think of travelling to Castle Avenue or Lakelands Park? Yet it is in away matches that support is most appreciated, as exemplified by the effect of those invading bands in College Park. There must be a big effort in the weeks remaining before the Colours match to give the Rugby team increased encouragement, home and away. This effort should reach its zenith on the big day itself, for Trinity will need to be boosted from the sideline more effectively than ever before.

The Rugby team needs the stimulus of added support, even though it is the best-supported side in College. How much more do the other clubs need more backing in their struggle to keep the Trinity flag flying, week in, week out? While crowds of reasonable size gather across the way even for 2nd XV Rugby matches, most of those who watch the soccer team in action are partisans of the opposition. Nor are the hockey endeavours of either sex given the encouragement they deserve. The non-spectator sports, of course, suffer even more from lack of outside interest.

There is more to this question than unrefined holler-

ing by the student supporters, welcome through that is. What is needed even more by Trinity sports clubs is mature constructive criticism by knowledgeable and experienced sportsmen who have the best interests of the teams at heart. Members of the College's academic staff who have had sports careers are clearly best suited for this kind of role and there are a few who give up much valuable time to watching sport and advising Trinity sportsmen. Dr. Thornley, for instance, has just been awarded his colours for his services to the Boxing Club.

University sports clubs lack the support most clubs derive from past members. For one thing, graduates scatter far and wide; for another, those who remain in the vicinity almost invariably become identified with outside clubs, whose fortunes they follow until the end of their days. It is because members of staff are constantly in College circles that their assistance is so valuable, but graduates out of touch with Trinity have a part to play, too. Had more of Limerick's Trinity graduates been at Dooradoyle on Saturday, the interval lead against Garryowen might not have been lost. Surely there are enough graduates in Dublin who have pleasant memories of their years in Trinity colours to swell the thin student ranks at the various matches each Saturday and, where qualified to do so, to give a few words of advice to players whose immaturity is their biggest handicap.

GAELIC FOOTBALL

Lennon's arrival will strengthen team

Trinity 4-5; Kilmacud 1-3

Trinity 1-13; Grangegorman 2-10

The Gaelic Football Club, which had a win and a draw over the week-end, has, in JOE LENNON, made what is probably its greatest ever acquisition. LENNON is the great Down half-back, a survivor of the All-Ireland winning teams of 1960 and 1961. He still holds a regular place on the county team. Whilst taking General Studies at Trinity, he has made it known that he is available for selection on the College XV.

With the Sigerson Cup game against U.C.D. due in under three weeks, LENNON's ability to inspire confidence in the team will be important. As a qualified P.E. instructor, his training tips would also be invaluable.

Apart from LENNON, the experienced Sigerson XV would include seven other county players, of whom MALONE, COSTELLO, CAVANAGH and HANAHOE are the more experienced. The other three, MCHUGH, O'CONNOR and CONWAY, should also be very useful to captain HUNT, who has predecessor SLOWEY among his players.

Six first team probables were missing against Kilmacud, but the team was in control midfield and the corner forwards played havoc with the weak Kilmacud corner backs. MALONE and HANAHOE were back on Sunday and the team was more impressive than the previous day, even thought only a draw resulted.

As yet, LENNON and COSTELLO have not been available, and until they play the full potential cannot be seen. A full team and a serious training programme will be necessary if the traditional rivals are to be beaten in the cup tie. But hopes must be high, for there are more quality players in the club than previously and, with a 2nd XV fielded for the first time, competition for places will be keen. This could be the most important year since the club began.

ANDY DE MILLE



Trinity forwards Nolan and Macready watch for a favourable bounce during an attack on the Killester goal at College Park on Saturday.

SOCCER

Nelson, Reany and Rae end Trinity goal famine

Trinity 3 Killester 0

Trinity easily contained a relatively elderly side from Killester in their second match of the season at College Park on Saturday. After a goalless first half one began to wonder if either side was capable of netting the ball owing to an incredible lack of accuracy near goal, but three goals after the interval saw Trinity home.

Neither side was prominent in the first half, because Trinity was incapable of playing as a team. Often the forwards were robbed of possession when they should have passed long before. But this should be attributed to over-eagerness rather than selfishness.

In the second half, Trinity were

completely revitalised and the forwards looked dangerous on several occasions, except for a complete lack of finishing. Then in the 70th minute NOLAN centred beautifully and NELSON was perfectly placed to do the rest. After this, Trinity's confidence was restored, but the forwards still seemed short of shooting practice as several easy chances were wasted. Then REANEY took a very nicely-timed goal which seemed to be turning-point of the game, for Trinity persisted with a ceaseless bombardment of the Killester goal. In the final minute they were rewarded when RAE made a lot of ground and scored with a deceptive curving shot from thirty yards.

LADIES' HOCKEY

Muckross talents were too many

Muckross 8
Trinity 1

The mighty Muckross team proved far too strong for Trinity at Rathmines on Saturday, but their 8-1 margin of victory was a little flattering. It was clear beforehand that to ask a young team of limited experience to take on one with four victories and twenty-three goals already behind them was a tall order for the first match of the season, yet Trinity showed every sign of keeping the score within reasonable limits until the last quarter, when they conceded four goals.

The defence suffered from weak and inaccurate hitting and a lack of ability to mark the dangerous Muckross forwards really tightly, but once or twice the fighting qualities of last season showed themselves in fierce tackles by MARION PIKE and CATHERINE COX. However, clearances out of the circle came far too slowly and lesser forward lines than VALERIE BARRY's famous five might also have given MARGARET PHILP a difficult afternoon in the Trinity goal. As it was, she gave a valiant performance and prevented the ignominy of double figures with some fine saves. A good goal by MARGARET MILLIGAN reduced the arrears.

RUGBY

Garryowen spirit rattles Trinity

Garryowen	9	9
Trinity	8	8

Trinity, who travelled to Limerick on Saturday without captain BUCHANAN, were slightly unfortunate to lose 8-9 to Garryowen. Leading 8-0 in as many minutes, Trinity seemed likely to build up a big score, but afterwards all went astray and Garryowen scored once in the first half and twice in the second to record the narrowest of victories.

The Trinity tries came when HERRON gathered a mis-cued drop at goal by HUTCHINSON to score, and when RAY went over after beating centre and full-back in excellent style. MURPHY, reappearing after missing the Old Wesley match, converted the first try.

From this point on, Garryowen started to disrupt the Trinity play and a mistake under the posts cost three easy points. After half-time this pattern continued and lack of clean heeling enabled Garryowen to employ kick and rush tactics which put Trinity out of their stride. KEANE, who otherwise had a sound game, began to get caught in possession.

Pressure from Garryowen resulted in a good pushover try and shortly afterwards their out-half scrambled a somewhat dubious try. Lack of cohesion was the trouble with Trinity, with the pack not securing good balls and the backs not getting their passes away quickly enough.

Of the forwards, ROBERTS, just up from Magee, and HEYWOOD performed well and were prominent in heavy Trinity pressure in the last quarter. This was repulsed by some almost unbelievably good covering, so that Trinity were prevented from scoring. They contributed to their own defeat, for Garryowen were not equal to them in skill, but carried the day by playing a type of football to which Trinity were unaccustomed.

Trinity team:
G. Murphy; D. Beck, A. Ray, D. Donovan, R. Herron; R. Hutchinson, F. Keane; S. Stubbs, A. Harrison, R. Fox, R. Davies, M. Roberts, K. Sheridan, O. Heywood, C. Hawkesworth.