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A Dublin University Undergraduate Weekly

THURSDAY, 6th MAY, 1965.

Vol XII, No. 16

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## REPORT SOLD TO PRESS S.R.C. Members Gain £6 on Deal

THE twelve-page S.R.C. sub-committee report on the lecture system, which does not come before Council until May 17th, was offered to the national press last week in return for a cash payment to 'cover the cost of printing.'

Ex-Vice-President Larry Jacobson and incoming Vice-President Howard Kinlay, both members of the four-man sub-committee, took the report to the offices of the "Irish Times" on Tuesday without the full agreement of the sub-committee and without consulting the Executive. The report was shown to the T.C.D. correspondent and the news editor, and they were told that for £10 the "Irish Times" could have full publishing rights. It was explained that this was not normal practice, but after the report had been read, £6 were offered; Jacobson and Kinlay accepted, and the deal was closed.

On Wednesday night, it is believed, President Stephen White severely censured both Jacobson and Kinlay for misconduct, but it was decided that distribution of the report should go ahead over

the week-end. The publication of the "Irish Times" story on Monday morning coincided with the arrival of the reports to delegates, but the statement that "the report is to be placed before the Council to-night," based on an assurance from Jacobson, proved to be two weeks early.

The report itself, which includes comments from the Senior Lecturer on discussion groups as well as fewer and larger lectures, is compiled from information from faculty representatives, using questionnaires. A table lists this information in statistical form. The statistical methods and inferences have been taken without any expert opinion, so that, even discounting incomplete questioning by representatives, gross inaccuracies appear on the most superficial examination.

One proposal is that the question of a TV. link with other institutes of higher learning should be referred to a sub-committee to consider the advantages of "pooling" and increased scope.

Another recommendation is that lectures in the last two years should be optional and that there should be less gap between Arts lectures as they have a "disruptive effect on the average student, who is occupied in private study."

The main tone of the report is an attack on the present quality of lectures. It is pointed out that academic qualifications are no guide to competent lecturing ability. It is suggested that "a course in University teaching methods should be given to all incoming Junior Staff; and that where lecturers deliver regular prepared lectures on an annual basis, copies of these lectures should be circulated in advance."

The report, which at the moment is in limited circulation, will only be generally available if it is passed on May 17th. Already there is strong opposition to its misleading and inaccurate information and it seems unlikely that the report will get through without many amendments.

### 9 months for T.C.D. thief

Austin Carlton was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment, of which he has already served six, at the Central Criminal Court on Tuesday. Of eleven charges of housebreaking, larceny and false pretences brought against him, he pleaded guilty to four. Judge Conroy allowed his sentence to be back-dated to November 1st last when he was initially arrested.

Carlton pleaded guilty to breaking into a College room on October 27th and to stealing a wallet containing £2, the property of John Baker; to entering David White's room between September 15th and October 16th last and stealing a wrist watch valued £5; to obtaining £20 by false pretences from Michael Parigaux, a lecturer in College; and, lastly, to obtaining £1, also by false pretences, from another student, Kailash Sarda.

For quite a long time Carlton posed as a student in College. In order to obtain a loan he would offer a watch or some other valuable in security, which he had previously stolen, give a false name and address, pretend to know several friends of his victim, and promise to return the following day to repay the loan.

On the occasion he borrowed money from Kailash Sarda, he offered a stolen transistor radio as security. Unfortunately, none of the borrowed or stolen cash has been recovered.

Carlton has been convicted on nine previous occasions, four in England and five here. In three months' time he will be roaming the streets of Dublin once again.

### Yeah, Yeah, to Yes

This is what high-spirited Liverpudlians seemed to say when ten Trinity students, led by Douglas Learmond, invaded their city with cans, copies and confidence over the week-end. Thanks to the dedication of the party, especially Eva Beacon and Deirdre Mitchell, who sold 1,000 copies between them, over 4,000 magazines changed hands. Bob Dylan and Joan Baez, appearing in Liverpool on Saturday evening, bought copies and autographed several others. The biggest disappointment of the week-end was Liverpool University's sales contribution—they sold six!

In comparison, sales in Ireland over the week-end amounted to 8,000; only 90 students came forward to help and only 30 of these more than once. This last statement seems to sum up the apathy and disinterestedness of the majority of Trinity students towards the cause, for in the end the charities will suffer, not the magazine. If more people do not come forward to sell this weekend and sales do not improve, there is a very real danger that "Yes" will be taken over completely by U.C.D. next year. The committee of "Yes" are offering a free double Ball ticket to the person who sells the most copies as from yesterday morning; also bottles of sherry will be awarded to the three overall best sellers.

Yesterday sales began in several provincial towns and to-night the Billposter-General leaves for Cork to be greeted on Friday with 5,000 copies and the selling contingent.

### Trial by Jury

Tickets for the forthcoming production of "Trial by Jury," to be held in the Dining Hall for one night only on Wednesday, 12th May, are in short supply. The performance of the operetta will be preceded by some vintage Victorian songs sung by Norrie Boultong accompanied by violin and piano. It is hoped to create a Victorian atmosphere, and period costume is to be worn both on and off stage, and bric-a-brac, including aspidistras, is to be scattered around the hall.



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## TRINITY NEWS

Vol. XII

No. 16

A Dublin University Undergraduate Weekly

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**T**HE character of Trinity is changing. Everyone realises this, one has only to wander into the Reading Room to see the evidence for oneself. But does everyone get value for money? Since the fees were raised to their present level, approximately £110 for English students and £70 for Irish, a new awareness has arisen in the University on this value-for-money question. So far this term the Editor, a History student, has been required to attend two lectures in three weeks. At the other end of College the Science students are hard at work at their twenty-five lectures per week. Presumably fees are paid to offset Lecturers' wages; someone is losing on this arrangement.

\* \* \* \* \*

Have you been in the lavatories in No. 4 recently? The disgusting, obscene condition here needs to be looked into by someone. What a reflection on Trinity that the queers of the College should be permitted to adorn the walls with their creations. Is no one prepared to tile all the walls with unscratchable material that will frustrate these Oscar Wildes?

\* \* \* \* \*

Last week saw a rash of charities entrenched in or around Front Gate. Having bought a copy of "Trinity News," "Justice," "Think '65," "Yes" and a ticket to the Cricket Club dance at Islandbridge, one staggered towards College Green to be met by a penny-showered coffin, a book of raffle tickets and an exhortation to leave the University with feet shining. Just outside College limits a flag day was in full swing. The success of all these ventures, whatever their extent, shows that Trinity is not peopled entirely by tongue-in-the-cheek "no concern of ours" individuals.

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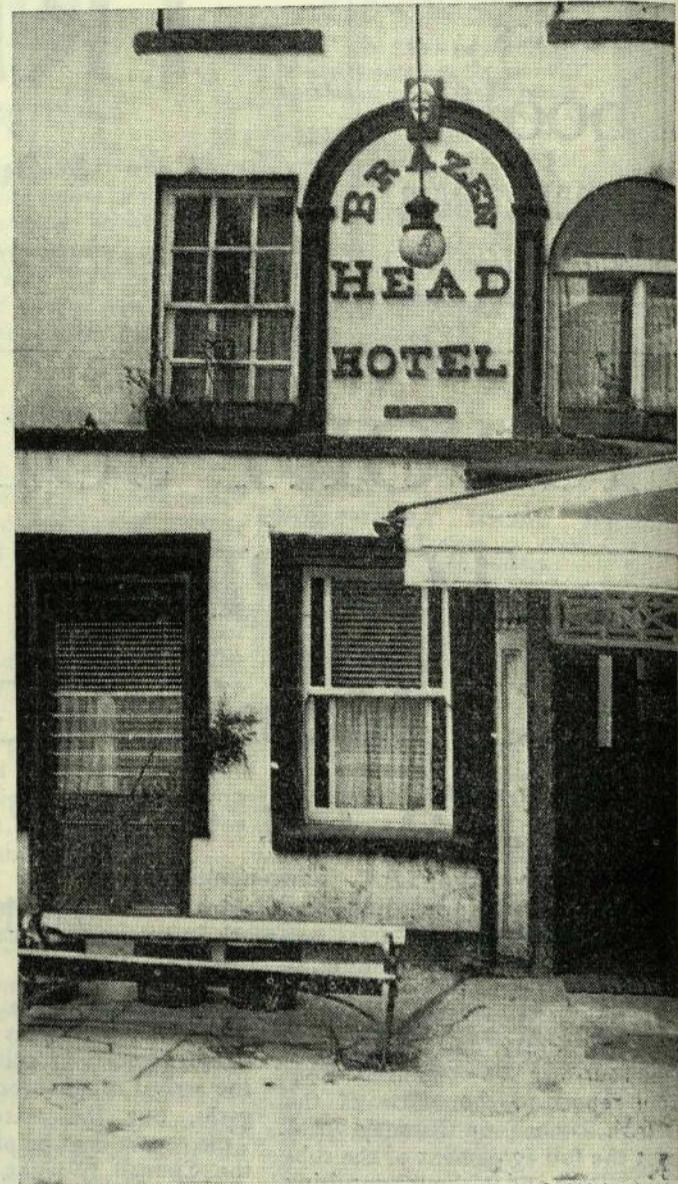
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## PUB CRAWL—3

## THE BRAZEN HEAD

This week gather a coracleful of lovelies, and set off up the Liffey from O'Connell Street. Paddle hard until you reach Bridge Street Bridge. Disembark, and wander up Bridge Street; you can't miss THE BRAZEN HEAD. The oldest pub in Ireland (and Europe). It was built in the 11th century, hard by the "Bridge of Hurdles." Though it was rebuilt in the 17th century, it's so old that beer and stout are still only available in bottles. You can get sandwiches, but not a meal, unless your coracle springs a leak and you have to stay the night, in which case Mrs. Clooney will put up five of you for 12/6 (b. and b.). Oh yes, and the J.D. will tell you all about Emmet's writing table, which is in the bar; but you'll have to buy him a drink.



—S. Walmsley.

*Miss Ann Thrope*

After last week's MATFAM appeal for more invitations, Miss Ann Thrope actually made four parties this week, but decided that she in fact found coffee bar habits more titillating to her social sensibilities: with a little luck one might find Carolyn De Wolfe de Witt draping her b\*dy over Julian Reeves and the radiator of an afternoon; with a lot less luck one might have Mike Harris tossing his puny wit from doughnut to hamburger and even vice versa, if he's feeling really virtuoso. Peter Hale may be seen keeping his suedes out of puddles of spilt coffee, and swaying delicately in a shower of sniggers. Debby Trenerry holds court among the empty seats and coffee cups . . . One day it was said that William Clarke had actually died in there, but as I saw Gillie McCall supporting him as usual the day after I don't think there was anything in it. On an extra-special day Jane Welland can be seen over "The Origin of Species": she won't actually talk, but sometimes she'll groan. All this is nothing, however, to the Big Day which occasions many a long vigil on the part of your columnist—when one of Sean Walmsley's platitudes actually does crack a coffee cup in two.

Sally Elmes and Gay Jessop were the hosts at the University Club on Saturday. Lots of long-forgotten faces appeared through the Pimm's-and-Mint, including Mike Gilmour, the new all-action, whiter than white, power-packed emaciated Thin Man from No. 13. Mike Shortt (off-the-record)

doesn't wish to be mentioned. Rob Andrews circumnavigated the room—whether or not he met Caroline Pack-Beresford is something only he can say. Jane Lipscombe fought furiously—don't worry, they all wanted an invitation not an acceptance. Charles Taylor, briefly returned from Sligo, behaved in Western fashion with a vengeance. Elsewhere Miss Ann Thrope saw a gaggle of impudent Freshmen, led by Keith McCarthy-Morrow, having as much success as a misogynist in a harem.

Three men of business, David Hawkins, Charles Lindley and John Gray, were the hosts at a cocktail party in No. 15 last Friday. Taking the tip and touting his tickets was cricketer Anderson preparing to move on to Islandbridge with Antoinette Burke. Tiffy Gould assured Miss Ann Thrope he was much better on one leg than two—we all knew that last summer, didn't we? George Smith and Heather Bell both wished to be remembered to their admirers as they were passing on. Dr. Holliday Horlin had lost his bow-tie, but found sharp-shooter Liz Morgan ever ready to say Forget-me-not. A special mention must be made of Alison Rennie — her toe-nails glistened with radiant joy for her calf-love. Helen Campbell felt much better off without a man—camels have nothing on you, Helen, or on Chris. Johnson who was heard to tell Niki Winmill "Women are a waste of time." Lastly, Alastair Bond, the love of Miss Ann Thrope's life, lost a 5-

pick-me-up bet—guess who he went on to Islandbridge with?

Scene: A cavernous cellar in Merrion Square. "Bird lives" scrawled on one wall; High Priest Martin Benham sits crouched over a bubble-bubble, emitting weird gurgles and welcoming new devotees. A pale light illuminates them trickling to a corner where Chris. Bamford has taken a newspaper from his pocket and is sitting on it. Dave Durrell wanders through in faded shirt ("Great, I haven't taken it off since I came to Trinity."). Rosemary Browne and Angela Colhoun are having a quick turn-over of suitors—but it comes to an end all too soon—exeunt together. Martin Rix, in a sudden burst of unbridled extravagance, is heard inviting Bim Hargrove to come back to his rooms to share John Platt's scrambled egg. By a marble urn, containing the ashes of cremated cigarettes, James Farrer is drinking intently, benignly facing the prospect of carting home a besotted John Jennings later in the evening. A hirsute primitive lurches forward. "Chris. Oakley!" screams Leone Lesley, but Tom Baker springs chivalrously to the rescue. But there is no sequel, she is already in love—with Ireland's romantic in loce—with Ireland's romantic loos.

Quote of the Week: Julian Matthews, recovering from the reported storm in a . . . (supply the missing word): "I could do with a drink. Go and put the kettle on."

## views-reviews-re

### LIKE A LITTLE BLACK MONKEY

Adapted from Sheridan Le Fanu's "Green Tea," "A Stranger in the Tea" (Gas Co. Theatre) is a Victorian domestic tragedy well worth seeing.

A scholar-parson, Richard Jennings, is living a bachelor life and studying at the British Museum. There he meets Effie Eames, a cheerful young woman apparently reminiscent of his lost love of twenty-five years ago. She enters his household as his private secretary; then the personal mania of Mr. Jennings becomes known. He is haunted by a shape like a little black monkey with shining red eyes, an hallucination brought about by his constant imbibing of green tea. His butler Colpoys (Conor Evans) is in the confidence of his doctor, and is to look after him if he gets dangerous. The arrival of Effie releases him from his mania, and he soon proposes to her. Effie, whose feelings are no more than affectionate towards this much older man, refuses him, and leaves the house. Jennings, solacing himself with his green tea, becomes a dangerous homicidal maniac, and the play ends on a tragic note, with Jennings tied to a chair, tormented by his black monkey, and awaiting certification.

Robert Somerset, as Richard Jennings, is the hero of the night. Good supporting acting by the rest of the cast and an air of professionalism throughout the performance make it thoroughly enjoyable. Wait for the spine-chilling moments when Richard Jennings sees the shape which is tormenting him. If you are as scared as I was, have a brandy before you go! M. B.

### "THE YELLOW ROLLS ROYCE"

(Adelphi)

The separate stories that have about ten feet of bonnet, and roller blinds in the back, in common. These blinds come in handy when lover boy Edmond Purdon and Jeanne Moreau leave hubby Harrison at Ascot to catch forty winks in the back seat. Then Alain Delon and gangster's moll MacLaine leave the sights of Florence to do the same. The blinds come down again for Slav resistance leader Omar Sharif and Ingrid Bergman.

"The Yellow R.R." is as glossy a film as it is a motor car. But for all the string of famous names it misses out somewhere. Perhaps it's just that it lacks class.

H. M. D. McR.

### "YES"

"Yes" says on the cover that it is a "humorous magazine." Unfortunately this is only a half truth for it ranges from jokes and photo cartoons to an essay on Ireland's rôle in the U.N. and a report on the D.U. Expedition to the Middle East.

Easily the best parts are the few pages of jokes and the excellent photo cartoons; some of the newspaper clippings are very

funny but are spoiled by accompanying moral comment. I don't think "Yes" is the place for an essay on the U.N., a report on an expedition of even satires such as "Globvision," no matter how witty.

It seems to me that its function should be that of a rag magazine, humorous, quick to read and, above all, not a pulpit for social moralists. It should also be cheaper: Queen's University Rag Mag. is much fatter for a shilling.

C. S.

### KOSMOS 2

Science is not just the study of a series of academic subjects generally concerned with natural phenomena; it is rather more a way of thinking. There are twelve articles on topics ranging from science fiction (Trinity some hundreds of years from now) by Anthony Barton, through the history of the Department of Bio-Chemistry to "The Menstrual Cycle — its Control by some Natural and Synthetic Steroid Hormones," which might be subtitled "The Pill."

A study on osmics—the sense of smell—is enlivened by reference to an Irish worthy of former years who possessed olfactory perception and offered consultant olfactory services who rejoiced under the charming pseudonym of "Smelly" Kelly.

Kosmos is a magazine for the scientist, but any layman with two shillings to spare will find it well worth the price.

J. B. L.

### "MORNING PRAYER"

(College Chapel)

Trinity's production of Cranmer's "Morning Prayer" attempts to combine the ceremony of a cathedral service with the intimacy of a family chapel. On neither count is it successful for it is neither a thing of beauty in itself, nor does it encourage audience participation.

Last Sunday this falling between two stools was particularly apparent during the Benedictus, for none of the audience were familiar with the chant, and so were unable to join in, yet the choir's tone was too crude to make it pleasant to listen to. The singing of the hymns was similarly disappointing.

Awkward management sometimes, because the chorus left before the sermon which completely broke the continuity of the performance. Prof. Woodhouse's sermon was no doubt a learned discourse, but I am afraid that I found it difficult to hear and impossible to follow.

All in all, I found the service disappointing. If Trinity is unable to achieve cathedral standards of ritual, it would be better to concentrate on producing a friendly "family" version. Though it will continue its run, I feel that the houses will diminish further. This would indeed be a pity.

H. M. D. McR.

## Lager and Lime . . .

"Then there flashed through her mind what her mother had said, With her anti-penultimate breath, 'My child, if you look on the wine when 'tis red, Be prepared for a fate worse than death!'

Every night men are turning to the women of their desires and saying: "My dearest, come let us quaff the nectar at Mooney's en ville," or "Darling, let us partake of a beverage to assuage the thirst and nourish the body." Then the minion of loveliness flashes her sparkling eyes after the manner indicating thought; finally, after much persuasion she addresses her graceful footsteps towards a house licensed for the sale of beers, wines and spirits. On seating this vision in a suitably dark corner, the man turns to her and says "Forchrissake what have?"

Perhaps an answer springs readily to your mind, but that is because you are a product of this decade, or a loose twentieth-century man-killer like most Trinity women. Women have only been allowed socially into pubs in the last ten or fifteen years. In fact, the whole idea of women in pubs is horribly modern.

Even to-day many older women will not touch whiskey or vodka, regarding them as inventions of the devil, dangerous, or simply men's drinks. In true illogical female fashion, however, they will

drink gin, which is both as strong and as expensive as whiskey or vodka.

This last point, of expense, is one of the most important as far as University life goes. While many men at College can afford whatever drink their girl friend may choose, far more would be ruined by careless or selfish choosing by the girl. Girls who drink heavily will not find themselves asked out twice. On the other hand, don't ask for orange squash unless you are a teetotaller. Feel out the situation before you choose, even offer to buy him a drink if you reckon he deserves it.

If you want to drink economically, then don't drink brandies, cocktails (of the Tom Collins type), or Irish coffee. Remember, all spirits are 2/6 a half glass, and the tonic, bitter lemon, dry ginger or whatever it may be brings that up to 3/1. Now you know what not to drink (except on binges, celebrations, anniversaries, birthdays, after-exam parties, or when an Englishman with a grant is standing it), what is there left?

Lagers are good value at 1/11 or 2/-, but Smithwicks No. 1 or Time is better and costs 6d. less. Sweet and dry martinis make a good evening drink, though slightly more expensive. All ales, such as Watney's Red Barrel, Phoenix, Younger's, Double

Diamond, Bass, are good value at 1/3 a glass, and most pubs have two or three of these available. Even cheaper than this is the national drink of Ireland, Guinness, at 1/2 a glass or 2/1 a pint. If you like it, don't be afraid to drink it. I have only known one woman around Dublin have the courage to order a pint; a little less inhibition from girls would be a welcome relief to Trinity men, as well as boosting Irish products.

Of course, if there is money to spend, show some initiative in ordering drinks. There are over 500 cocktails in the "Barman's Bible," and most pubs have a card saying which of these the barman can actually mix without consulting it. Other good drinks to try are hot brandies and hot whiskies, especially if you are tired or cold. Irish coffee is good, Port is the "in" drink, hot claret is fun, and Bloody Mary (vodka and tomato juice, Errol Flynn's drink and guaranteed to put you under the table) is definitely disreputable. Liqueurs in general have a low alcohol content; Advocaat, Chartreuse and Apricot Brandy are good drinks if you want to stay sober while all around you . . .

Bonne chance to you female boozers, with a final caution: Men with a lot of drink in them are probably tight, but girls in the same condition are most certainly loose.

T. T.

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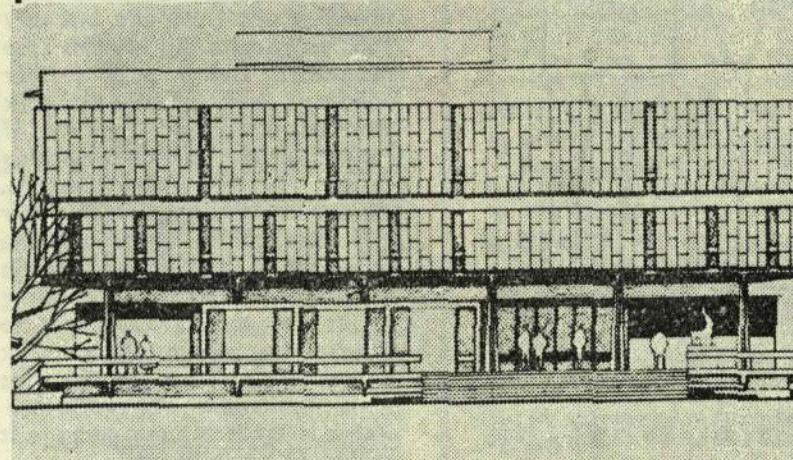
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# INVASION OR INVESTMENT?

A Trinity newsman was walking his dog along a seemingly deserted stretch of beach when suddenly he found himself looking down the barrels of a twelve-bore. Behind these, a small, dark face announced thickly: "You will get off my land."

Our man (unarmed) complied, but went away feeling somewhat sore towards Germans.

It is the small things that irritate most, and this is an example of the way Germans have made themselves far more unpopular than the facts of their "invasion" would warrant. Just how big is this invasion, and how many Germans are there over here?

Incredibly, no one knows. There are three separate prongs to the influx: tourism, industrial investment, and the purchase of land. Yet no accurate figures are available on any of these counts. However, despite this paucity, I shall try to put the problem in perspective.

Firstly, tourism. Last year some 3,800 people came into the country direct from Germany. But this excludes the number that came via Britain, and includes all business visits. Assuming that the total number of tourists was between four and five thousand—that's Bord Failte's guess—it is amazing how many complaints they manage to generate. The comparable figure for U.S. visitors is close on 100,000, for British, nearly a million. The complaints

are usually of a minor nature—Lord Sligo's pithy letter in the "Irish Times" last March, when he tells of being attacked by a German poacher, is exceptional. Nevertheless it is rather an indictment that such small numbers, coming, I am told by Germans, to sample Ireland's peace and quiet, can cause such animosity.

It is equally difficult to find out how much of Irish industry is German owned. Since 1960, direct German investment has been running at an annual rate of somewhat over £1m., giving employment to over 800 people every year. These impressive figures are largely the work of the Industrial Development Authority. The Irish Government is, naturally, anxious that this investment should continue, particularly as much of it goes to the poor areas in the West. Out of the 37 firms established since 1953, only two are in Dublin.

But these are figures for direct investment: the setting up of wholly owned subsidiaries by German firms. No one knows to what extent Germans have bought into Irish firms on the open market. Lists of shareholders are of little value as so many shares are held in banks' names and are virtually impossible to trace. By increasing stock-market values, and so making it easier for firms to raise additional capital, this, too, has benefited the economy.

There has been evidence of similar complaints about German firms as about German individuals

—lack of knowledge of Irish ways and bad labour relations, but the blame for this cannot be put entirely upon the firms. Irish labour has much to learn about industrial discipline if it is to be suitable man-power for an industrial state. But on the score of industrial investment, the advantages to Ireland far outweigh the disadvantages.

by Hamish McRae

The slate is different when it comes to the buying of agricultural land, and it is this which has provoked the greatest opposition and anger here.

There are two main reasons for this. Firstly, as was pointed out to me when I spoke to the Land Commission's Chief Clerk, foreign purchases hinder the Commission's efforts to make land available to smallholders. Secondly, as was brought up by the German Embassy, the Irish experience of landlords. Having

rejected the British, the Irish are promptly selling their hard-won land to Germans.

Not even the German Embassy knows how many Germans live on Irish soil. They have addresses of about half of them, and estimate the total number to be around 1,000. Since Hitler's fall there has been no legal obligation for Germans living abroad to register at their embassy. Often the first thing the embassy hears, I was told, is that they are in some kind of trouble—trouble that might have been avoided had they been able to whisper advice into their ears beforehand.

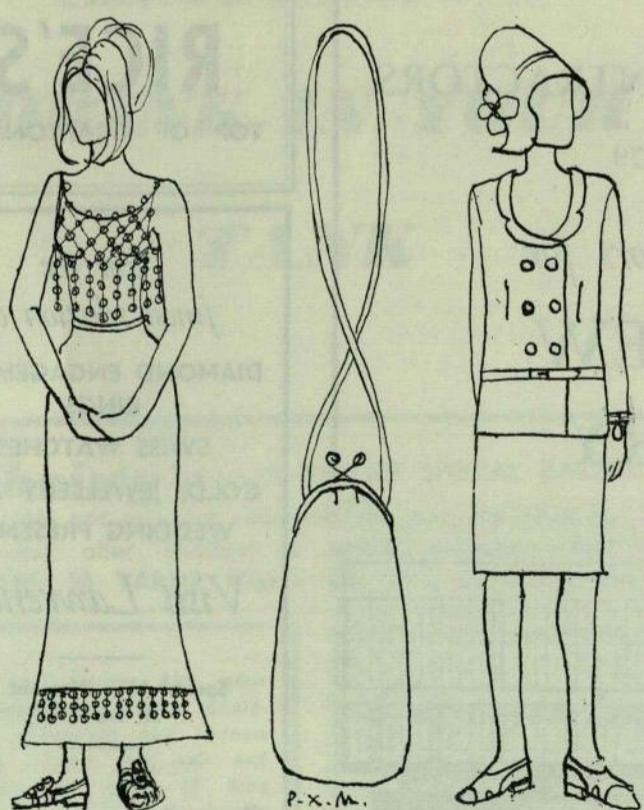
The figures for German ownership of land are non-existent. In 1961 a stamp duty of 25 per cent. was introduced for sales of agricultural land to non-Irish citizens. This was to discourage foreign buyers. Despite this, land prices were still attractive to land-hungry Germans. From August, 1961, to April of last year some 18,500 acres were bought, duty paid, together with a further 6,000 acres, duty exempted. Unfortunately, these are all foreign (including British) purchases, and even by looking at the register it

is impossible to find out what proportion of this land is now owned by Germans. In addition, pre-1961 transactions are excluded, and there was considerable evasion of the duty.

It was to plug these loopholes, and physically cut down on land purchase, that direct controls were established in the Land Act of this year. Now, one has to get permission to buy land. I was assured that this would be "very difficult" to get. So though this may be a case of shutting the door after the horse has bolted, it seems as though a major cause of friction has been abolished.

Let's hope then that we are going to have an improvement in relations between the Irish and the German immigrants. The amount of immigration has been so exaggerated, but more Germans should have spoken to their Embassy before erecting offensive signs.

The buying up of land has been controlled—let's hope now that the industrial development will continue to grow, and that tourism will also. It will be to our own mutual benefit.



## TOP GEAR — BY TANIA

The image of the female student is a jeans-clad, bespectacled figure, swathed in a duffle coat; or worse, the American idea of fresh-faced nymphets in Bermuda shorts and crocheted knee-socks. Trinity adds a third view: the tweedy type who sports her favourite and probably baggy suit solidly from Monday-Friday.

The only way not to fall into any of these disastrous pitfalls, bearing in mind the limited student budget, is to adapt them to suit yourself. Stick to your favourite suit if you like, but vary your accessories. Au Hermès type head-scarf, and a plain leather handbag and gloves work wonders, as do a different pair of ear-rings, or a co-ordinating cravat, to ring the changes. Blazers are very much in this year and manage to cheer up the shaggiest skirt, besides always looking smart. The more daring might well try a trouser suit, to relieve the tedium of the shirt and skirt routine, given slim hips and considerable self-confidence. What it takes of your courage it repays in compliments.

For the evening, anything goes, unless it is a formal dance. Now are the best years of your life to be original, whether to decided to simper in a mod. length dolly dress or sweep in in silk trousers and shirt to match. Try for effect, and don't worry about pleasing everybody.

On the cocktail kick, those skimpy yoked dresses in anything from Paisley print to chiffon look terrific on most people. The hemline has risen spectacularly, so don't forget to take up last summer's creations for the '65 look.

Save all your aces for Trinity Week when you have full licence to wear anything and everything you possess, as long as you justify the means by a breath-taking end product. Hats: the bigger and more sensational the better (i.e., the more sunflowers and chiffon you can stick on to your brother's boater the more devastating the effect). These team well with plain linen suits, but don't make the mistake of buying "fashionable" colours. There aren't any. Choose whatever does most for you, remembering that good

dressing is coherence between your clothes and the essence of elegance. Please don't totter over the cobbles on pin-like heels, aglow with pink frills and flowers, and jangling costume jewellery like a general on parade.

For long evening dresses, black and white always look stunning, especially combined with a simple line, a profusion of genuine-looking jewellery or one or two flowers; don't fail to have your hair done, and you won't fail to create a stunning impression.

Above all, be your best accessory. Stop moaning because you don't look like Jean Shrimpton / Ava Gardner / Françoise Hardy, etc. Make the best of yourself and you might end up looking one better.

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May 6th, 1965

## GOLF

## Great Win Over U.C.D.

AFTER a rather moderate season the Golf Club rose magnificently to the occasion in beating U.C.D. in the annual Colours match for the Murphy Cup at Portmarnock on Tuesday, April 27th. After halving the foursomes 2-2, Trinity took the singles 4½-3½ to win by the narrowest of margins.

Sharpened no doubt by the recent tour of the North, Trinity got off to a flying start in the morning foursomes. In perfect conditions, Trinity rather unexpectedly found themselves up in all the matches early on, with David Fleury and Ned Stokes birdying the first two holes. As it turned out, Hugh Mackeown and Richard Fleury gained a good victory in the bottom match, whilst Jeremy Pilch and John Gray halved the top foursome; Steven Black and David Bishop, playing together for the first time, did well to halve their match.

In the afternoon singles, Pilch, with some prodigious hitting, beat international Eric O'Brien at the last green. Gray's victory over Ryan, the U.D.C. scratch man, was perhaps the best of the day; by birdying two of the last three holes he just managed to get home with a little to spare. Black, playing on top of form, added another point. With Mackeown winning his 12th University singles match out of 13 played—a fine record—only a halved match was required for victory from the other four games. Stokes, Fleury and Bishop failed to add this vital half point and so all eyes were turned on anchor man Richard Fleury, playing in his 5th Colours match, to clinch a half. Fleury was one down playing the 17th, but his experience won the day for two bogies duly got him a halved match and a great victory for Trinity.

As your correspondent reported last week, hopes of victory in this match were higher than last year at a similar time. However, U.C.D. had still seemed the more

powerful team. Much of Trinity's success must be attributed to captain Jeremy Pilch whose outstanding achievements of late have been a fine example. His efforts have done much to improve the reputation of the Club in Ireland, a golfing pink must surely be his in the very near future.

### Tennis—a look at the Colours Team

The battle between the respective number ones is intriguing. H. Sheridan (U.C.D.) is seeking his third successive win over J. Horsley in this match, although Horsley has two wins over him in the Irish Hard Courts and the League. Whatever the outcome, this match should be worth watching between two people with similar temperament. Lower down the scale, P. Ledbetter should beat P. O'Farrell (U.C.D.) if he maintains his consistency, and the enigmatic H. Mackeown could prove a winner at number 3. F. Graham, always a solid player, should have the will to win, provided he introduces a bit of power to his game. His opponent is likely to be F. McArdle, the former Irish junior champion. A. Ashe, like his coloured counterpart, has grown in stature. He may not be quite up to U.S. Davis Cup standard, but his spin can be very effective.

C. Whittaker, the only new 'Colour,' has to learn a lot yet, but should develop well.

## Croupier

Croupier, who gave his many followers a charming 30/1 double at Punchestown last Thursday, looks forward to killing the bookies for another six at Leopardstown this week-end.

Despite the regrettable absence of top Irish fancy for the Epsom Derby, Hardicanute, the Wills Gold Flake will nevertheless be hotly contested. Irish St. Leger winner, Biscayne, will probably start favourite, but as he's been coughing, I look elsewhere for the winner. Ragazzo, Prendergast's stand-in for Hardicanute, will be warmly supported, but I'm not sure that he'll confirm Curragh placings with Donato. Another that appeals is Test Ban, who ran well behind Hardicanute last time out. In an open race I take Donato to win from Ragazzo. I expect to see Majority Blue show the others a clean pair of heels, 3.30. Couple him with Strand Station in the forecast. Islette ran prominently at the Park on Saturday and could do the trick, 4.40. Sandiment disappointed last time and he could well be second best again behind Cassim. Belle of New York should be the final long-priced nail in the bookies coffin to send us all home happy. If you've recovered from Saturday night's victory celebrations, Leopardstown will be well worth a visit on Monday night, when Peter's Town, Clusium, Tirconderoga, Tomahawk, Regret and Phantom's Son seem to have chances.

Thursday sees the re-appearance of Indiana at Chester and if he's to be European champion this year, he should beat his three opponents out of sight. Other Chester winners could be Aegean Blue, Alan Adare and Robinson Crusoe, whilst at Kelso, Curtain time, Playford and Irony should go close. Though carrying a big weight, Irish challenger Red Slipper won't be far off the mark in the Kempton Jubilee. Perhaps he has most to fear from Minor Portion and New Liskeard.

## ATHLETICS

## Birmingham and Aberdeen Well Beaten

Trinity athletes continue to be impressive. On Wednesday, April 28th, the team were hosts to all the other A.A.U. Clubs in Dublin. The meeting was the annual inter-Club Relays in which all the results are added to give an aggregate for each event. Trinity started by giving a first-class display of bad baton changing in the 4 x 110 yards relay and as a consequence lost the only track race which they had the ability to win. Apart from victory in the hurdles, our athletes were defeated in all the other track events by a strong Crusaders team which seemed capable of supplying four good runners for every distance. However, in the field, Trinity reigned supreme and, due to points gained by Hatt, Russell, Kennedy-Skipton, Boelens and Butterworth, managed to emerge as outright victors at the end of the day.

Please note that all entries for the College Races should be in by the end of this week. The lists up at Front Gate come down on Saturday, and any intending athletes, faculty relay teams, etc., must be entered by then.

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### BUTTERWORTHS

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## Sport in Brief

The Ramblers XI had two more games last week. In the first of these, they were beaten by a Staff XI in spite of a hard-hit 45 by Chris Bulford. Chris. was again in the runs in the game with St. Andrew's. This time, helped by "Corporal" Redston (17) and Wilkinson (16), he made 36, and enabled the Ramblers to reach the comparative respectability of 102-9 declared. Clive Wilkinson then found the wicket much to his liking, fiddling 4 for 15 in a St. Andrew's score of 45.

\* \* \*

The 2nd XI have made a bright start to their League programme. Last Saturday they beat Railway Union II by 105 runs at Park Avenue. Trinity batted first and made 193 for 9 declared. Neill (61) and Leaver (48) hit hard in a quick partnership of 85 for the third wickets, and although the tempo then sagged for a time, Cordess (23) and Redston (21) saw to it that the score reached

a more-than-respectable 193 for 9 declared at tea. Railway Union were never scoring fast enough to have any hope of winning, and some good medium-paced bowling by Roger Knight, who took 6 wickets at small cost, gave Trinity victory, just as the rain came down. On Sunday the 2nd XI went to Phoenix Park to play Civil Service. Play began in a drizzle which thickened as time went on, and the game was abandoned after an hour with the Trinity score 70 for 1, of which Charles Halliday had made an unbeaten 55.

\* \* \*

The Fencing Club report that they are preparing for the Irish Open Championships, which are being held at Whitsun, in conjunction with the Kilkenny Beer Festival. Also in the offing is the Coupe de la Cercle d'Escrime de Paris, the only competition in the world which is held between women and men. Trinity are the

hosts this year on May 15th.

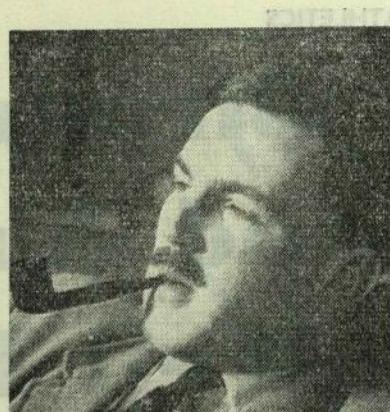
\* \* \*

The Boat Club sent two teams to the Head of the Barrow at Carlow last Saturday. The senior crew were good winners in the main event. So this Four, Clarke, Ryder, Bowder, Walton and Gray (cox) have taken an encouraging first step on the way to the Visitors' Cup at Henley. The junior crew of Pratt, Somerville, White, McCahon and Harvey (cox) won the Clinker pennant in an exciting finish. The Liffey Head of the River is being held next Saturday, and Trinity can expect determined assaults from several quarters on their present position as Head.

\* \* \*

Two clubs have held meetings to choose captains for next season. The new captain of the Rugby Club is Cyril Morrison. Stuart McNulty will be captain of Hockey.

**Paul  
Thompson**



—S. Walmsley.

To many people, not least to himself, P. C. Thompson has delighted in appearing a cross between Mr. Chips and Peter Simple; a splendid anachronism, unequivocally devoted to all things hereditary and traditional, staunchly middle-class, convincingly middle-aged. The stained school pullover, the pipe ("I bought my first pipe before most Trinity people went to school"), and the moustache have become as much symbols of his defiant conservatism as long hair, bad manners and need of soap have of the beatnik "progressives" for whom he has such contempt.

But behind his irascible "public image" and reactionary tastes (it is related that, when his mother bought him a pair of grey flannels with a zip fastener, he forced her to replace it with buttons) lies a sympathetic and genial personality, a fine intelligence, a "wonderful sense of humour," and a talent for mimicry which has satirised all, from undergraduates to Senior Fellows.

Born in the garrison town of Aldershot, long an inhabitant of Tonbridge, his career at Tonbridge School was distinguished by the captaincy of Boats and utter academic sloth. After a year's teaching in prep school, where he "had no difficulty in keeping discipline," he came up to Trinity to read Classics. As a Freshman, a scorner of the

socialites and an enemy of female emancipation in any form, he is now a familiar and unmistakable figure at parties, and has even been known to have young ladies to tea in his rooms.

A writer of fine English prose, he has indulged in an extensive and stern correspondence with newspapers from "Trinity News" to "The Times." He has been a keen but inactive member of the Hist.—he broke a three-year silence with a maiden speech last term—and gained the highest oratory marks for the session.

Like the "solid men" of pre-Great War T.C.D., who were "rarely troubled by doubts on any question," for whom "life resembled a College cricket match played according to fixed rules," Thompson has brought to Trinity their virtues of forthrightness, sincerity and good fellowship, and he has had the courage of conviction which the superficially enlightened modern undergraduate regrettably dismisses as old fashioned and, therefore, something to be despised.

All too few have had the opportunity of appreciating his devotion to his old school, his more reasoned and serious political opinions and his genuine and passionate belief in the value of the lessons and precepts of history.

## PERSONAL

**LOVE** — Lost suddenly after a long absence, sadly missed. No flowers by request.—Jonathan.

**THE INFORMAL GROUP OF CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS** at Trinity College, Dublin, will hold a meeting this afternoon in West Chapel A at 3 p.m. All members of the University are cordially invited to attend.

**DIGGERS WANTED URGENTLY**, out at The Central Remedial Clinic, Goats-town. Anyone wishing to help, please contact Dick Barham between 5 and 6 p.m. in No. 38.

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## FELLOWS' GARDEN

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Tea in G.M.B. at 7.45 p.m.

## NEWS BRIEF

### The Chairman's Girl?

The Chairman of "Trinity News" wishes to announce to all his many female admirers that he has won first prize in the Famine Relief raffle. The prize consists of a dress and jacket designed by Irene Gilbert, Dublin's leading fashion expert. The Chairman is now looking for someone to fill the dress—to his satisfaction.

### S. S. Halliday

One of those interesting little spectacles that any true Tory hopes to see, but rarely does, occurred last week. Ex-Fabian and ex- "Trinity News" Chairman Doug. Halliday had his shoes shined by peasant labour outside Front Gate. Great crowds had gathered for the occasion, and Dubliners pressed against the green railings saw the magnanimous Halliday drop his coins into the expectant cup. It was all for charity anyway.

### Terrible Beauty

This year's Fashion Show has been banned from the Examination Hall because the Board felt that last year's performance "lowered the aesthetic tone of the place."

### Rack Thefts

One result of new letter racks in Regent House is that the Chief Steward has received many more complaints of opened letters. Already this term £5 have been taken from one letter and a high value cheque from another. A spot inspection revealed that many letters had been tampered with and methods are being considered to stop this practice.

### Film Society Scripts

The result of the Film Society's script competition was announced last week by the adjudicator, Fergus Linehan, film critic for the "Irish Times."

The winning script was "Blow, Brothers Blow," by Tom Baker, an experimental film essay, which Mr. Linehan said had "a nicely Ionesco-ish touch about it and plenty of originality and imagination. Second was Deborah de Vere White's "Painter's Dream."

Mr. Linehan said of the competition as a whole that "he liked some of the other entries, though some of the entrants need to learn to walk before attempting an Antonioni run. Still, the standard of creativity, intelligence and technical know-how was refreshingly high."

It is hoped that production on the film will start as soon as the Standing Committee have met and considered the Society's application for a grant.

Michael Gilmour, Chairman of the Society, commented: "Filmmaking is by nature very expensive; the Society felt that its obligations were primarily to the majority of its members and so we invested rather more money in

quality films and that's why we need a grant. This year we received more scripts than ever before. It would be a pity to kill this interest if we cannot make the film."

### Hist. Forum

The six nominees for the three University Senate seats answered questions from the floor at a special meeting in the Hist. Conversation Room on Monday night.

It was a night for dark suits, club ties and lengthy platitudes. Somehow the meeting never had enough bite to bring out the best in the candidates. The usual questions were asked: Senate functions; the Irish language, and Party affiliations. It was the latter that brought the first sparks. We had Dr. Skeffington's expulsion from the Labour Party; Dr. Thornley's too—who described his party career as probably the most "sordid" of the six. Professor Stanford was an independent by conviction; Mr. Ross felt his main virtue was annoying people; Mr. Dillon claimed that he would always be against the government whatever government was in; Professor Jessop came out best on this question, as on others, adroitly offending no one.

### Surplus Gowns

The Dean of Residence for Anglican Students, Rev. E. C. T. Perdue, has received strong protests about the organisation of Morning Service in College Chapel, and the general relaxation of the regulations concerning dress.

It has always been the custom, and indeed it is laid down in the Calendar, that for the Morning Service men should wear surplices and women gowns. This apparently is no longer being enforced and visitors as well as ungowned undergraduates are allowed to sit in the nave, whereas before they were always shown to the Gallery. The main objectors claim that this is destroying the dignity of Morning Service and are pressing for the rules to be enforced.

It is now known that they have received an assurance from Rev. Perdue that arrangements will be more orderly next week, under the supervision of Mr. John Gaskin—one of the objectors.

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