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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Undergraduate Weekly

THURSDAY, APRIL 29th, 1965.

Vol. XII, No. 15.

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TRINITY BALL DETAILS

Strict Security Precautions

STRINGENT precautions are to be taken on Ball night, 28th of May, against illegal entries. Last year it was found that at least 300 extra people attended the Ball either by illegal entry from College Rooms or on forged tickets. In addition to the usual barricading of Botany Bay and New Square, more porters will be placed outside rooms and plain clothes detectives will mix freely with guests.

Trinity Ball Cabaret

Highlights of this year's Ball will be the open-air ballad session between the Library and the Rubrics at which three groups will sing, and a highly professional cabaret in the G.M.B. Star attraction will be Trinity graduate Terence Brady of "Beyond the Fringe" and "Dig This Rhubarb" fame. Brady is well known for his classic interpretation of the Junior Dean, for which he once fined a student £5. He will be appearing with the successful Irish star Donal Donnelly.

This year's Ball Committee under the chairmanship of Declan Budd has also decided to do away with the old Campanile bar. In its place, two long bars running east and west from the Campanile will connect up with the bigger awning system, providing extra serving space and shelter from the rain. Fullest precautions have

been taken against bad weather; complex alternative arrangements, far more comprehensive than in recent years, have been made so that all the entertainments can go in College buildings.

Extensive use is to be made of floodlighting; principle buildings and the Campanile will be highlighted and an attempt will be made to light up the outside facade.

Since application forms were sent out, it has been decided to arrange an extra earlier meal at 10.30. Those eligible for tickets will be asked if they would prefer this meal when they collect their tickets. Wine, at a fixed price, is to be served with the meal, though coffee will be available separately in the Elizabethan Society's Rooms in No. 6.

The Ball will start at the usual time of 10 o'clock and last until 4 in the morning.

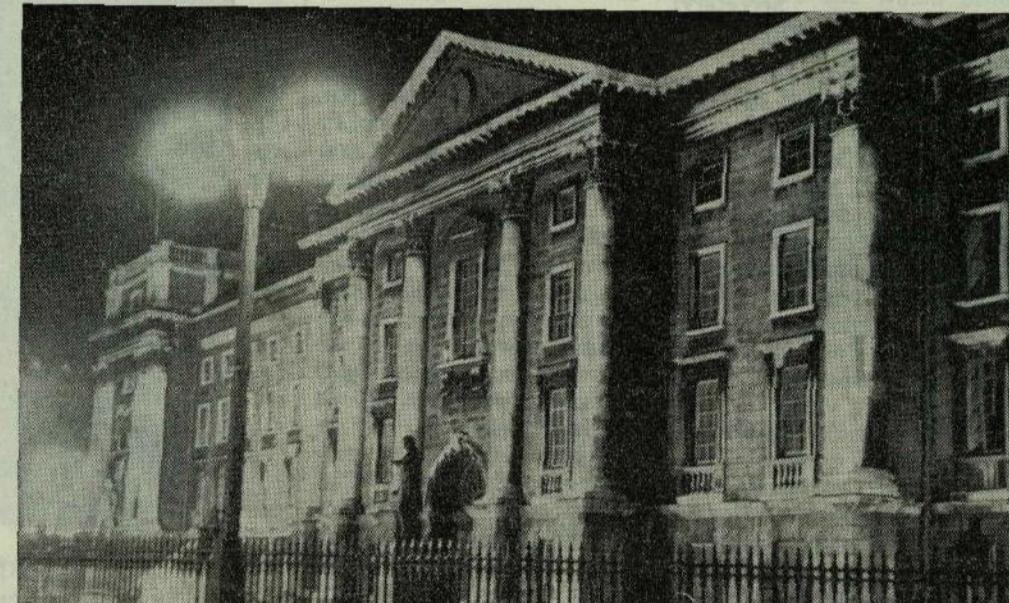
Yes Again

To-day sees the second publication of "Yes," the charity magazine. After a bombastic advertising campaign, including slides in cinemas, plugs on Radio Caroline, posters from Liverpool to Limerick, and a Press conference yesterday, "Yes" is once again on sale.

The organisers, lead by Chairman Simon Morgan, expect to raise a minimum of £1,800 this year to be donated to selected charities. These are Cerebral Palsy, Cancer Research, W.U.S., and U.N.I.C.E.F.

Last year 12,500 copies were sold—this time the target is over 20,000. In 1964, £1,050 were donated to four charities. By 1967, "Yes" expects to be selling 70,000 copies, realising £9,000.

As can be seen by reading "Yes," 1965, the Rag Mag. tendencies evident last year have been removed. In its present format, "Yes" fills a gap in student publications in Ireland—



"Radiant in all her glory."

—S. Walmsley.

Hist. Election Surprises

Present Treasurer, Michael Cameron was elected as Auditor of the College Historical Society for the 1966 session last night after the first use of proportional representation in the annual elections of the Society. His 51 to 48 defeat of the only other candidate, Cian O'hEightertaigh, came as a surprise to many, for it was commonly assumed that unless Cameron secured Committee nomination his chances would be limited. This he failed to do, but steadily gathered support as his opponent ran into some confusion over his candidature to win by three votes in the high poll of 87 per cent.

Other surprises occurred in the results for the offices of Censor and Librarian, but all Committee nominations for the six members of the General Committee were declared elected.

Auditor, Michael Cameron; Treasurer, Hugh O'Neill; Record Secretary, Michael Shiels; Correspondence Secretary, Brian Williamson; Censor, Christopher Knox; Librarian, Francis Skeffington. Committee: William Stanford, Clive Westwood, Stephen Harris, Peter Stiven, Michael O'Sullivan, Gordon Ledbetter.

Dillon for Senate

When nominations for the three Trinity seats in the Senate closed last week, surprise last-minute nomination was that of William Dillon, Economics and Political Science graduate, and youngest entrant in the field of six. This careful timing is part of a well organised and unconventional campaign to elect to the Senate a representative of the economics and business section.

Company Director Dillon said that the Senate should become more of a "vocation" chamber and he felt that as the majority of legislation in the late sixties would be on economic matters it was essential that there should be a Senator qualified to speak on such matters.

One strong plank in his platform is his attitude to the Irish qualification necessary for government service. "Thousands of graduates are leaving the country because they do not fulfill these requirements, and many others, desperately needed at home, do not return for fear of promotion being bypassed on competence in the Irish language."

At 25, many have claimed that he is too young for the Senate and that his nomination is premature. Dillon replies: "That's what they said to Kennedy."

Stop Press

In a surprise result the Golf team beat U.C.D. in the annual Colours match at Portmarnock on Tuesday. Playing without Secretary Alastair Bond, who was injured, Trinity won 6½ matches to 5½. Best performance of the day came from the Captain, Jeremy Pilch, who beat Irish international E. O'Brien.

FINE GAEL STUDENTS' BRANCH

Declan Costello T.D.

on

Social Reform

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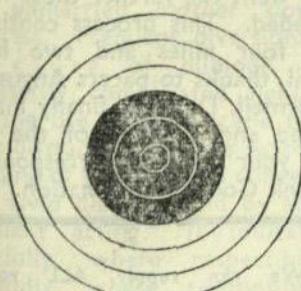
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TRINITY NEWS

Vol. XII.

No. 15

A Dublin University Undergraduate Weekly

Chairman:
Robin KnightVice-Chairman:
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Tom Chance, Eric Lowry, Sean WalmsleySecretary:
William Clarke

ON April 21st the "Irish Times" published a report in their University column concerning "Trinity News" and an English advertising agency, Achievement Publicity Ltd. This report stated that an agreement had been signed by the Chairman which meant that the agency took over the running of national advertising in "Trinity News." In fact no such contract has been signed. Nevertheless the substance of the report was correct. "Trinity News" feels that, since the "Irish Times" chose to reveal the negotiations before they were completed, the reason why such an arrangement is necessary should now be made clear to all our readers.

Each issue of this paper costs between £75-£110 to produce. Sales amount to about £15 a week, leaving a balance of well over £50 to be settled. In the past it has been possible for "Trinity News" to more than cover these expenses through the advertising it received. However, in the past year it has become increasingly apparent to all concerned with University publications, that large firms are more and more reluctant to advertise in student papers. This trend is more obvious in Ireland than Great Britain. In this country national advertisers prefer the glamour of an exhibition, or grant to a College fund, or sponsorship of a national event to small-scale advertising for which there is no visible return. In other words, canvassers are more likely to secure a £500 investment than a £5 advert.

As a result our advertising revenue has slumped considerably. If "Trinity News" is to continue as an independent newspaper it has to continue to sell advertising space. In this specialised and professional age the independent and amateur advertising efforts of our hard-pressed staff receive short shift at the hands of full-time agencies. Thus, when approached by Achievement Publicity, "Trinity News" had little option but to accept what was offered.

The terms of the agreement involve no loss of independence whatsoever. "Trinity News" will continue to be responsible for local Irish advertising. We hope all sides will benefit as a result.

* * * * *

Those females in Trinity who look to Martyn Lewis as the logical successor to Emily Pankhurst would do well to sneak a look at the Suggestion Book in the Hist. Conversation Room. To satisfy the less adventurous, the Editor recently extracted the following efforts, all of which were signed by Mr. Lewis.

15/2/'65. ". . . A bar be set up before debates . . . so that members may have the chance to voice their views while in a state of intoxication."

26/2/'65. ". . . that members be requested to refrain from using the Conversation Room unless the lights have been fused."

4/4/'65. "That this Honourable Society has shown a remarkable lack of initiative in failing to extend its influence into the realms of outer space."

Mr. Lewis's entries into the Conversation Book reflect the basic frivolity of the current campaign on behalf of Trinity females. Until women are to be seen battering on the doors of the debating room in the G.M.B. in order to gain admittance and status few people will be convinced there is any deep feeling amongst our fellow women students to achieve this "emancipation."

"Down from the mountains..."

CAME NOT ONLY
SLATTERY'S MOUNTAIN FOOT
BUT HORDES OF TRINITY
STUDENTS ALL HEADING FOR

SLATTERY'S

THREE BARS IN SUFFOLK STREET

PUB CRAWL—2

WICKLOW HILLS HOTEL



TURN left at Kilmacanogue, slam the M.G. up the Long Hill, and, providing you don't go off the road at any of the four hump-backed bridges en route, you will arrive at Roundwood. It boasts that it is the highest village in Ireland. It also has about the highest pub/population ratio. (The figures are 791 feet and 1:8 respectively.) Of these numerous pubs by far the swishiest is the WICKLOW HILLS HOTEL: a 22/6 dinner, and very tolerable wine list, with folk singing on Saturdays thrown in. In winter a dinner dance and log fire replace the ballads. One of the best country pubs within 25 miles of Dublin, and it's so close to all those romantic Wicklow lakes . . .

Teacher's Trek

After a lengthy alcoholic softening-up the editor popped the question. Having gullibly failed to smell this so patently obvious rat, I found myself bullied into the rashest of promises. He who hesitated was lost, and thus, the moral behind this singularly sad saga is: Never ever, on any account, under any circumstances, volunteer for anything.

Hence my appearance in Belfast on a grim, granitey morning. The one thing I had anticipated with the faintest modicum of pleasure was Telefis Eireann stardom and the ravishing beauty of the Belfast Dairy Queen at the start. However, the chauffeur-driven car lost the way and with it went any chance of bathing in reflected glory. Moreover, any hope of victory was foregone as we became irretrievably entangled in the maze that is Belfast suburbia. After eventual extrication from religious posters, slum hinterland, football stadia, and the "Remember 1690's," there was a deficit of 2½ hours and 10 miles to claw back.

It was then that your man on the walk made his break for fame,

leaving James Brown and Andrew Allen strolling easily in the ruck. Glucosed to the eye-lids, feet suffused in surgical spirit, the Big Trot now began. But this unprecedented athletic alacrity was short-lived, and that first portentous embryonic blister embedded itself into my heel, as the disintegration of the pink bedsocks began.

The road between Bambergh and Newry was the biggest heart-break. Here an attempt to fool myself into latent masochism quite misfired. Self-inflicted torture just isn't my idea of heaven. What masochists get from life beats me. After six hours' slog, those lying, deceiving, disheartening sign-posts showed me that Dublin, dear, dirty, darlin' Dublin, and dolce domum were still inconceivably 80 miles away. Theoretically the long trek through the bucolic beauty of County Down sounds just what the doctor ordered for someone quite so sybaritic. However, herein lies a fearful irony. For the further I limped, the more my lungs became pervaded with carbon monoxide and

the more agonised my feet.

Then came the epic haul up Newry hill and once more face to face with that smug, super-nourished, supercilious Tiger of Esso fame, leering out of the dusk. Despite the tigerish scorn for such misplaced heroics, onward marched our little martyr, to derisive hoots from the youth of Northern Ireland.

Three blisters later, the Border loomed ahead, and with it less chance of making Dundalk than the camel ever had of getting through the eye of that needle. Having heard lurid stories of the wolf and I.R.A. infested forests, the speed was raised to a modest 1½ m.p.h.

At long last the lights of Dundalk twinkled through the darkness. If ever there was a mirage this was it. The further you went the further those lights receded. This process continued for four miles and two hours until, thanks to pacers Angus and Wormell, Dundalk finally materialised and the end of the road for your crippled correspondent. Thank God for automation.

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LETTERS

Sir,—I have gathered from the rather wandering and vague article by Des. Hickey called "Censorship" that he believes that a good film magazine from Trinity will help to alleviate or even solve the present censorship troubles of the Irish cinema. There are few worthier causes to which we could set ourselves but I suggest that there is a question that Mr. Hickey has not even thought upon; do we not see good films because of censorship ("Vivre Sa Vie," amongst others, was censored in London anyway) or do they fail to appear because of a lack of initiative on the part of the cinema managers, who will only accept what the big distributors spoon-feed them? How many of the good films that we do not see are banned, and how many have not come up before the Board?

But this possibility is asking unnecessary questions, as is much of Mr. Hickey's article, for the Fine Arts and the Academy have already shown the way around the Censorship Board—a Board that I do not think will be beaten openly for a very long time; it is part of the Irish character and the Irish Church system. At present the Fine Arts is only open on some Sundays (thank goodness, or there would be even less theatre) and the Academy is totally unexploited since it is only showing banned films, which are not necessarily good—that pretentious joke thing "The Victors" being a prime example

of this. What is wanted, and it should not be too difficult to achieve if there is any real interest, is a cinema run as a club, that will show good films and will work on a repertoire system. Who runs this does not matter so long as they think properly about what they are doing. The Irish Film Society is an obvious body to do so, but knowing how scarce money seems to be, there will probably have to be a patronising individual. If it didn't mean losing the Funnies, I would almost suggest that Classic Cinemas run their Grafton as they run most of their English chain of cinemas.

More important than this, Mr. Hickey is putting the proverbial cart before the horse; how can a magazine attain high critical standards when there are no high standard films being shown in toto or at all? Our object must be to have the good films shown and then to comment on them. This always assumes that there is a ready audience to see the films (at least one of his examples, "Parapluies de Cherbourg," lacked a public in London) and will buy yet another magazine to add to the weekly pile.

A well-run club would make the Censorship Board think about their decisions, even if it did not prevent them all. It would be a start, and would be a far more practical start than founding airy fairy magazines to criticise things that do not exist.—Yours etc.,

Peter Gower.

Sir,—My motion to admit women to Hist. debates was not so much "interminable" as comprehensive, systematically amending the relevant laws of the Society. Its large number of supporters do not regard it as "the thin edge of the wedge" and, under present circumstances, would vigorously oppose any attempted intrusions into the rights of members outside the debating hall. The obvious superficiality of your remarks about the extension of women's influence in College warrants little comment. And surely you realise that as the Phil. is a paper-reading society it holds no interest for those who are primarily interested in debating. Furthermore, your statement that the Hist. has just won the "Irish Times" debating competition for the first time since 1958 is merely another way of revealing the number of times that it has been won by mixed debating societies.

It is intolerable that women who enjoy full membership of this University should not be allowed to debate in the premier debating society in College. Women can be just as effective in debates as men, and would help to make the Hist. more truly a forum of Trinity opinion. Admittedly a tradition would go, and part of one more male sanctum would bite the dust, but surely this would be for the better? As an ancient member of a London club once said: "I don't mind admitting them so long as they can generally behave like gentlemen!" This struggle is undignified, wearisome, and based on an outmoded tradition which is hopelessly incompatible with the social sphere to which we all belong. Society in general has emancipated women, but the College Historical Society has not.

It would appear from your impassioned editorial that "agitators" are also sitting astride the anti-feminist band wagon and I cannot help feeling that John Gay was right when he said: "I must have women. There is nothing unbends the mind like them."—Yours sincerely,

Martyn Lewis.

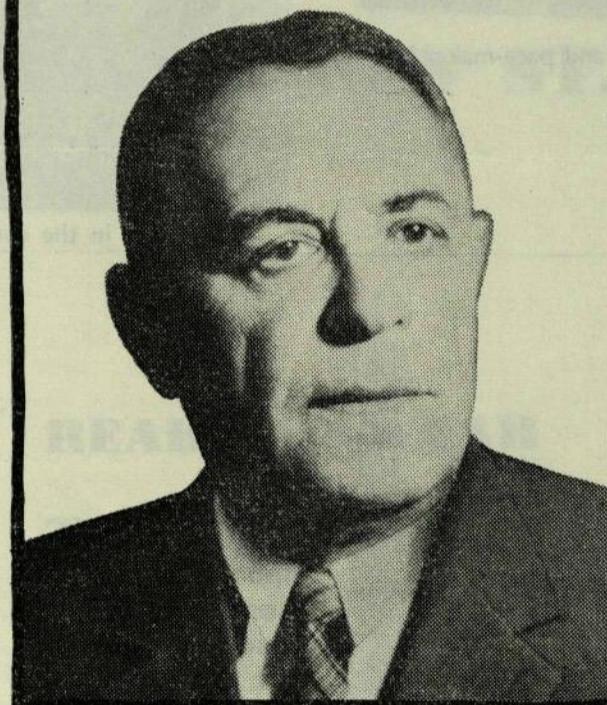
Sir,—Toilets for tinkers, Colin Jordan's hatred of Jews, Fianna Fail's return to power, unemployment benefits at 42/6, the turnover tax and the fact that Irish education is the poorest in Europe are all concerns of reasonable-minded citizens of this country.

All social injustices, whether they affect us or others, are a matter of great concern. I do not believe that anyone who has a religion or a love of mankind could be so hard-hearted as to stand and watch others crushed to the lowest forms of existence, while he remains an onlooker. "But it is no concern of ours"—am I to be considered part of the "T.C.D." picture? Are you?

I feel that any editor is entitled to state his views provided he states that they are his views or those of his editorial staff, and that the article being sold in no way includes others to whom it may be offensive. Merely by its name, "T.C.D." gives to the general public the impression that its views are representative of a large section of College. I hope that it is not the view of a large section of College.—Yours faithfully,

D. W. Hutton Bury.

OBSERVERSCOOP!



The first great cry of defiance from inside Russia

Today, in Russia, the phrase 'political asylum' has a double meaning. Hundreds of sane but free-thinking men and women are paying for their frankness in psychiatric hospitals. The warders wear white coats, there are television sets, and maids to scrub the floors, but like the labour camps favoured by former Soviet regimes the new asylums for the sane impose one crucial restriction: the inmates are not free to leave.

Valeriy Tarsis is a former inmate of the 'Villa Kanatchikov', an asylum in Moscow. At great personal risk ('lunacy', unlike lightning, can strike in the same place twice) Tarsis describes his experiences in a new novel called 'Ward 7'. It is the most direct and outspoken piece of protest literature to come from Communist Russia. (It was smuggled out.) At the author's insistence it is published under his own name. The first of three extracts from 'Ward 7' appears in The Observer this Sunday.

In The Observer this Sunday

views-reviews-reviews-reviews

"ON TRIAL"

(Mairead Ni Ghraida)

The Eblana (Busarus)

This is the English translation and revision of the remarkable successful Gaelic play, "An Triail," produced at last year's Theatre Festival. Unfortunately, some of the original force has been lost—the first act is too long and the inclusion of social problems other than the principal one of the exclusion by society of the unmarried mother slowed progress. Frequent diversions in the cause of humour, unnecessarily complicated lighting, and the use of large scene titles were distracting, yet the essential meaning of the play was conveyed in a vivid dialogue and by some excellent acting. It indicated, forcefully, where responsibility for the murder and suicide of the unmarried mother and her child lay—with us. The audience was on trial, and I wish that the play had ended where this point was made instead of going on to the apologies which disguised the power of Mairead Ni Ghraida's conscience.

M. A. S.

"THE BEST OF MOTIVES"

(Seán Dowling) (Abbey Theatre)

"The dead who died for Ireland, Let not their memory die."

This illustrated history lesson set in the Dublin of 1922 is inevitably reminiscent of O'Casey, but the similarity is in more than a common subject matter. A study of the Civil War through the involvement of the family is the basis of this play as much as it is of O'Casey's three masterpieces; not only do the characters have a common situation, but some bear strong resemblances to each other. (Mrs. Byrne and her daughter, Tess, are very close to Mrs. Boyle and Mary.) The dialogue hits hard occasionally, but it is not as strong as the story, and towards the end the argument becomes tedious. The production was good, using techniques not normally associated with the Abbey, to improve the continuity, but the lighting didn't always work, and the acting was often unconvincing.

M. A. S.

New and Second Hand Booksellers

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"FATHER GOOSE" (Savoy)

Cary Grant and Leslie Caron (plus eight schoolgirls) surrounded by Japs on a desert island. On the whole it's supposed to be funny, but a bit of machine-gunning is there to add suspense. All good clean fun, in a watery sort of way—perhaps it's all those schoolgirls that cramp Grant's style.

H. M. D. McR.

"THE DEVIL'S EYE" (Fine Arts)

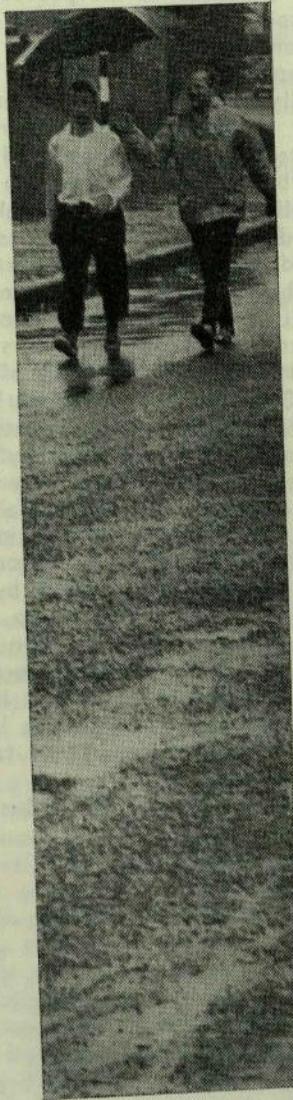
One of Bergman's more recent films, "The Devil's Eye" is a brilliantly funny comedy with undertones which show once again his understanding and awareness of the powers of evil. Even a window banging takes on a diabolical significance. Acting and production perfect, as usual. Supporting shorts include "Zoo" by Haanstra. Sundays, 6.30, 8.45—not to be missed.

C. S.

2-COURSE LUNCHEON 3/9 AT

Ray's Restaurant

15 WICKLOW STREET

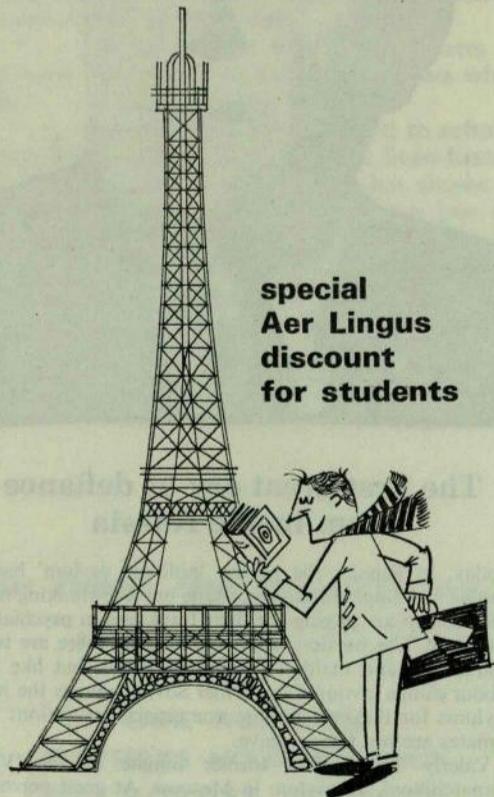


8.10 a.m., Sunday morning, Westmoreland Street.

WALK '65



Brennan and pace-maker Langley.



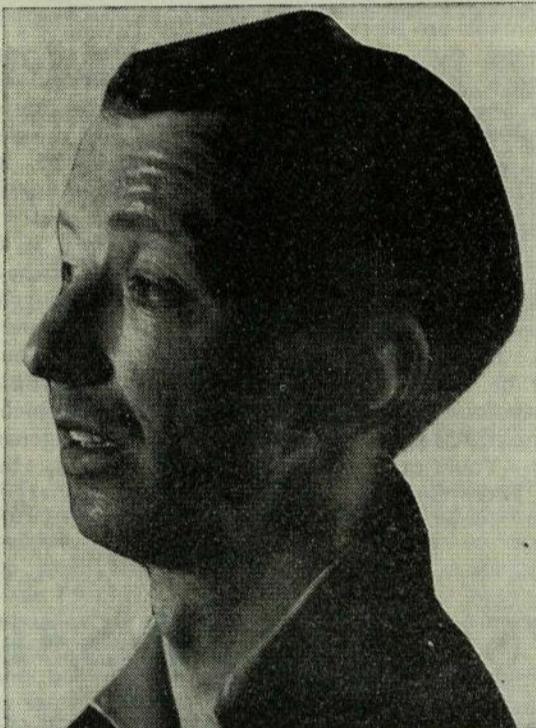
fly to Paris and back for as little as £17.10.0.

It's an Aer Lingus exclusive! From 1st April to 31st October, students can save one-third (or more) of the fare to Paris—from Dublin, from Cork, from Shannon. And there's a further reduction for parties of 10 or more travelling together. Here's how these reduced tourist return fares work out. From Dublin, Cork or Shannon to Paris: £20.11s. return. Or for groups of 10 or more: £17.10s. per person. For full details send today for our free folder to: Student Travel Section, 9 Lower Abbey Street, Dublin 1. For reservations see your travel agent or Aer Lingus office. Age limits: 12-26



Pat Brennan proved himself Trinity's champion walker for the second year running when he entered Front Gate 22 hours 10 minutes after leaving Belfast — another record-breaking win. R. Winterbottom, who came second, finished for the third year in a row, also a record. Altogether thirty-nine people left Belfast: five completed the course.

Photos by Mike Welch



A Record Winner: Pat Brennan.



Runner-up Winterbottom.

Miss Ann Thrope

"Où sont les neiges d'antan?" asks the poet, and "Où sont les soirées d'hier?" asks Miss Ann Thrope. This time last year, and the year before, and the year before that, my darlings, in fact before this nasty column was even thought of, we were simply swamped with lordy invites by this stage of the Trinity term. But now, apart from the odd crashable barbecue in the Wicklow Hills, which consists mainly of a damp Simon McCall, staring sadly at a burnt sausage on a stick, there is absolutely nothing on the socialite's horizon. Oh for some fulsome hostess to arise, like a new Venus from a wave of champagne, and clutch us all to her gregarious b**m. Think of the honour, the reputation, the return invitations this would give! As worthy as any triumph on the creaky boards of Players, or the nether regions of the Eliz., to be given Miss Ann Thrope's award as

"Hostess of the Year" is really worth striving for. All 2/6 of it. (2nd prize, 2 dozen copies of "Trinity News" to send home to Mummy whenever your name appears in this column.)

A little South Ken was transported to Trinity Hall on Friday when Idina le Geyt threw, if that is the right word for so static an occasion, a dance. It wasn't her fault; more so Julian Oliver and Arthur Pritchard, who fitted everyone with lovely liquor earlier on. Roger Knight spied Liz McGowan over the camembert and instantaneously ducked behind a stilton. A little more togetherness was achieved by Liam Healy, whose wife was on show to Miss Ann Thrope for the first time. Catharine "I hardly know any of these Freshmen" Mathias is finding life a little lonely up in the 3rd year—any offers? Pint-size Fedelma Cruise O'Brien had no need to drop Daddy's name to get ahead;

Rodney Rice flapped his water wings to every flutter of her eyelashes, but finally had to blush off in embarrassment to the less torrid climes of Zion Road, Rathgar, where Hilary Reynolds was having a hinterland houli.

On Friday, the invited (and Pat Stokes) swelled up and fell down the stairs of No. 38 on Julien Oliver's and Arthur Pritchard's instigation and drink. Tony Kevin chatted with Lucy Spence. Dick Hopkins chatted up Sue Webb. Zorba Frangopoulos chatted at David Thornley. Pocock and Pierson talked of drink, while Angela Durand followed their advice. Doug Halliday and Patsy Harvey, on their first public appearance since they made it legal, murmured sweet nothings, but Jan Thompson murmured "Nothing doing" to Roger Greeves. The question everybody was asking was: Who was it who tried to hit the J.D. over the head with a bottle?

CRICKET

Thwaites' Stars Too Strong

Malahide well beaten

ALTHOUGH they suffered early set-backs, I. G. Thwaites' XI quickly took control of their game with Trinity in a damp and windy College Park last Saturday. Trinity found a side containing eight players with experience of first-class cricket much too strong, and were beaten by 107 runs with an hour to spare.

The match began on time, despite a steady drizzle which continued all morning and made fielding and bowling a difficult business. So Trinity did well to restrict Thwaites' XI to 111 for 2 before lunch. Henderson struck two early blows, clean-bowling Briggs in the first over of the day and uprooting Mordaunt not long afterwards. The patient Hutton and the stylish Fortin were soon into their stride and both completed good fifties. Hutton seemed out of touch, but Fortin played some fine shots all round the wicket. The later batsmen all lost their wickets forcing the pace, but Thwaites was able to leave Trinity a target of 205 at a run a minute. Henderson was Trinity's best bowler and he kept up a brisk pace to take 6 wickets for 74.

When Trinity batted they were soon in trouble. Hutton took three quick wickets and Trinity never really recovered from a poor start. Lane, who made a watchful 47, and Farrell (21 n.o.) were the only batsmen who reached double figures. The others fell to a mixture of poor strokes and fine catches, and Trinity were all out for 97 at 5.45.

Scores:
Thwaites' XI—204 for 9 dec.
(Fortin 81, Hutton 55, Henderson 6 for 74).

D.U.C.C.—97 (Lane 47, Hutton 3 for 11, Scott 3 for 11).

On Sunday, Trinity recovered well in their first League match and defeated Malahide by 40 runs in a tense finish. Trinity batted first and were soon in trouble. Five wickets were down for 25, but it was reassuring to see Labbett coming in at No. 7. He led a fine recovery and put together a patient 34. Kynaston, Murphy and Henderson followed his example to such good effect that Trinity were able to declare at 144 for 9.

Caprani led Malahide's effort to get the runs, and the home side were well in the hunt as long as he was there. But at 55 he missed a sweep off Henderson by a considerable margin of distance and time and departed for 32. Then wickets fell at regular intervals, but Trinity had two wickets to take in the last five minutes. This they accomplished, but not without anxious moments. Henderson was again the chief wicket-taker, with 6 for 54.

Scores:

D.U.C.C.—144 for 9 dec.
(Murphy 38 n.o., Labbett 34).

Malahide—104 (Henderson 6 for 54).

Croupier goes to Punchestown

It's ironical that Punchestown, the Irish answer to Royal Ascot, invariably coincides with vicious rainstorms. Come the last race, those glad legs look real sad and the high heels have sunk deep down, so don't say I didn't warn you, ladies.

Feature race is the Guinness 'Chase, where I'll take a chance on Duke of York. Although Argloin and Splash must have good chances, Dreaper's virtual monopoly of big races cannot continue indefinitely. Forgotten Dreams is a strong tip, but his run in the Grand National will have been a strength snapper. Agincourt ran well at Fairyhouse and might beat Flying Chariot in the 2.50. Vulgaway should be a winning favourite in the 3.30, and if Devon Breeze doesn't win the 4.55, my name isn't Croupier. Hill House's half brother, Ronan, stars in the 5.30, but I can't see him giving weight to Arctic Stream and Beau Supreme. Air Commodore and Flat Spin appeal in the 6.0 and if you haven't passed out by 6.25, Belle of New York looks slightly sweeter than Vulgan's Moll.

The 1,000 Guineas looks sub-standard and so it could pay to follow the French filly Beat It. Rose D'Or could be second best for Ireland and Miba looks a likely outsider.

A new era starts at Ascot on Friday with the steeplechasing. Red Tears should be the first ever winner, hard pressed by Beaper's Son, and other Ascot winners could be Desacre, Ragazzo, Compensation and Oncidium.

GOLF

Trinity Tour North Queen's Held

The Club has just completed a tour in the North of Ireland, where they halved with Queen's, were heavily defeated by Shandon Park, and narrowly defeated by Royal Belfast.

To hold Queen's round Malone, a course unknown to the Trinity golfers, was a creditable performance. Although they lost the foursomes 3-1 in the morning, Trinity came back strongly to take the singles 5-3. At Shandon Park on Saturday the home club proved too powerful, with internationals Duncan and Edwards the spearhead of their attack. A good win by Pilch and Gray in the top foursomes was an encouraging result in the morning, but the afternoon singles soon showed which was the better side, with only Fleury and Black winning points for Trinity. The outcome was a resounding victory for Shandon Park 9½-2½.

The main point arising out of the week-end's golf was the discovery, at last, of a top-class foursomes partnership in Pilch and Gray. Fleury and Bishop are also playing well together, but the other pairings remain a problem. The morale of the team is high, and a victory against the strong U.C.D. side seems more likely than it was a year ago.

Sport in Brief

The next big event in the Sailing Club's programme is their trip to West Kirby in Cheshire in ten days' time for the Wilson Team Trophy Races. Fireflies are the boats used for the meeting, which is one of the main team events in the British Isles.

* * *

The Ramblers XI played Leprechauns in College Park last Thursday, but rain washed the game out when the Ramblers had 41 for 2 in reply to a total of 141. Chief wicket-takers for Trinity were Morris (4) and Farrall (2). But Redston also took a hand when with his first ball he clean bowled McDermott who scored 63 for Leprechauns. When Ramblers batted, Kynaston and Leaver looked in fine fettle, but the rain came down just as Leaver was dismissed for a speedy 26.

* * *

Trinity's Gaelic footballers have recently paid a successful visit to the North, where they played two matches. Owen Roe were beaten easily at Coleraine, and Trinity followed this up by defeating the powerful Downpatrick side by

3-7 to 3-4, possibly their best win of the season. The hurlers were under-strength for their game with U.C.G. last Saturday and were soon 1-5 down. After half-time a re-shuffled team matched U.C.G. point for point, but were never able to make up for their poor start. For Trinity, Malone, O'Connor, Tracy and Darcy were hard-working forwards and Hunt, Connolly and Moran were staunch defenders.

* * *

For their match against Clonliffe Harriers and Avondale last week, the Athletic Club fielded two strong teams. The Vice-Captain's men won the meeting with 54 points, hotly pursued by the Captain's side with 48. The signs are that Trinity can expect a good season. Austen ran a notable 22.6 in his 220 yards heat, and Shillington won the 880 yards. Scott, too, showed good form and has much potential both as a sprinter and a hurdler. It was good to see F. Middleton again after a long spell of injury.

* * *

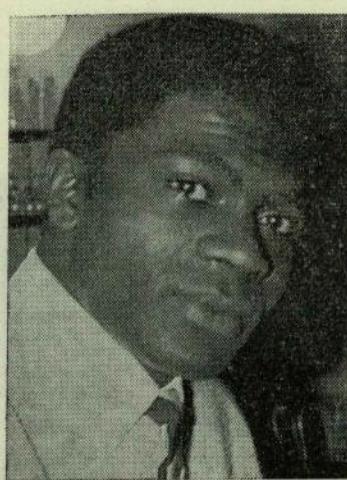
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—M. Moore.

John Coker, whose six and a half feet not only Trinity students but a great many Dubliners recognise, was born in Guinea, West Africa. He arrived on English soil in 1949 and later entered St. Peter's, York.

Going on to greater things, he walked through Front Gate in 1961 to read Economics and to reserve a place for himself almost immediately on the 1st XV wing, which he has retained ever since. This first season, when he was selected to go on tour with Irish Wolfhounds, was probably his best season in boots. Those were also the days when he received the ball more than three times a match in College Park, and when one saw the turn of speed and the fierce hand-off. On several occasions Wasps have employed his services.

Heavyweight Coker began his Trinity boxing career in 1962, and again, his first season, when he was Irish junior finalist and asked to fight for Ireland against Poland, was probably the most promising. Last season he won the Leinster championship, but, unfortunately, lost it in this season's fight with Billy Quinlan, the U.C.D. international. His next fight, versus Brogan, the Irish champion, will take place in Trinity week.

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John Coker

During the past year, John has appeared on both film and T.V. screens last summer at Ardmore he stood in for Ray Charles's manager in the film "Ballad in Blue," which has been released in England and will soon be showing in Dublin; recently he played an American sergeant at Checkpoint Charlie in "The Spy That Came in from the Cold." Currently he is playing Dr. Adam Peterson in the Telefis Eireann Monday night serial, "The Riordans." He is also on the short list of actors for a racial film starring Sidney Poitier to be made by the B.B.C. at Shepperton in August.

John's most dominant quality is his undaunted enthusiasm for any undertaking, so much so that he often forgets about essentials. Frankness, determination and cheek will always stand as the Cokerian symbol of success, for John would not entertain failure. After throwing insults at friends in which he revels, one generally hears a loud guffaw of satisfaction and observes the familiar shoulder shake.

Next October will see him at Oxford where he hopes to do a Diploma in Economics for a year in preparation for employment with Shell. Oh, and just for the record, John's married.

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NEWS BRIEF

Pop goes the Phil

Simon Morgan flashed his smile and slick remarks at the Phil. last Thursday, when he read his paper on Beat Groups. He traced the rise and development up to the present day of this "most veritable Kaleidoscope of all time." In speaking to the paper, Rolling Stonesman Andrew Oldham surveyed the Pop Scene from its lofty heights. He was only able to trace the Beat back as long as he had been around, but had seen the simple "I Love You" songs of the Presley Age transformed into the more complicated themes and the return to the basic sentiments with the advent of the Beatles; social status songs are now on the way in.

Answering questions from the floor, Andrew Oldham described the beginning of his career, "And the angels came down and took me up," and the conflict he now feels between the artistic and the commercial. He expressed surprise at the way in which pop music was becoming a subject for the national and intellectual newspapers, and was assuming parent appeal. "I got £50 for going on the Eamonn Andrews Show, drinking the bar dry, and making inane remarks. I'd do the same for the Archbishop of Canterbury."

1916—the Easter lily

In Grosvenor Place recently four young men trooped seriously back and forth over a distance of about 15 yards carrying four banners with the inscriptions, "The Easter lily is our national emblem, we will defend it" (twice), "The Easter lily will overcome police terrorism," and "Hands off the Easter lily, you traitors." Passers-by paid no attention, and when it was pointed out to a fifth youth, who appeared to be the banner-bearers' silent sergeant major, that the demonstration was having little impact because no one in England knew what the Easter lily was, he replied: "If that's so, we don't care. We're demonstrating for them over there."

"Them over there" was the Irish Embassy.

Buttery wine

The Agent threw a party on Monday night in the Buttery. The main purpose of the evening was to entertain the Chancellor and the Board. Also invited were heads of the College societies and staff from all sides of the University. Two of the outgoing Senators, Professor Stanford and Mr. J. Ross, were also present. Dr. McDowell, the Junior Dean, was seen in animated conversation with Michael Cameron, one of this year's candidates for the Hist. Auditorship. Our reporter gathered they were discussing the difficulty of controlling young women.

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Changing roles

Melissa Stanford, who was chosen by the Senior and Junior Deans to represent Trinity at the centenary celebrations of Cornell University, New York State, has just returned to College after 12 crowded days in the States. At the expense of the Board, she flew to New York and attended the International Conference of Students to "Demonstrate the changing rôle of the student in a changing world and to dramatise the calibre of the Cornell undergraduate and his relationship with students of the world." Also invited to Cornell were 100 delegations from 70 different countries and the calibre of the Cornell undergraduate was shown when Delta Gamma "rushed," "initiated," "pledged," "fraternity pinned" and "house mothered," and when Sigma Phi dressed up in "weejuns," "shirts, matching knee socks and sneakers."

Black Market

The new "advanced booked" Commons and the rigidity that it has imposed has led to many illegal booking agencies. Tickets for Commons, especially first Commons, are being touted at Front Gate, exchanged in the Buttery and offered at cut-price levels on Chapel steps. Under the old system, none of this was necessary; if you wanted to go on first Commons, you turned up just a little before six o'clock. Some were left over, but those anxious to attend evening engagements could be sure of a place if they arrived in good time. So the result was a natural selection. Now a rigid artificial system which requires advance knowledge of a term's commitments has been substituted: students with second Commons tickets are turned away when there are spare places on first Commons—and anyway it makes the Crush Hall look like a railway station.

He is what he is

Peter Adler is rising fast in his bid for fame in the pop world. Manager of the Kinks, Larry Pafe, was A. and R. man when Adler joined Michael Chaplin in the production of their rush-released disc, "I Am What I Am," which came out on 23rd April in London on the Decca label.

The big selling point will be Michael Chaplin's image, formed by two weeks of intense newspaper coverage on his receiving National Assistance and his appearances on television beat shows.

Adler has also been approached to run a group with Chaplin to tour Australia and America, but academic commitments, the Bluesville successes, and a new recording contract on a 50% basis seem strong reasons to stay at home.

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VOLUNTARILY SOCIAL WORK SOCIETY will meet in West Chapel "A" at 1.15 p.m., to-day.

DIGGERS WANTED URGENTLY, out at Central Remedial Clinic in Goatstown, on Saturday and Sunday. Any one willing to help contact Dick Barham, No. 38.

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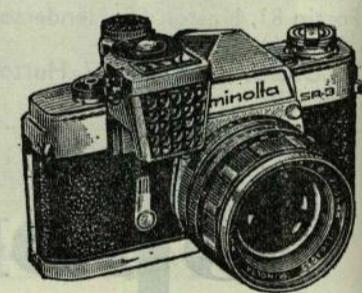
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