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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Undergraduate Weekly

THURSDAY, 9th MAY, 1963

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Trinity to compete in TV quiz

Phil to choose team

Granada T.V. has invited a team from Trinity to take part in their programme **UNIVERSITY CHALLENGE**. No date has not been fixed yet, but it should be towards the end of term. The team will be of four under-graduates, with one travelling reserve.

The programme is recorded in Manchester, but goes out over the whole Independent T.V. network at 10.10 p.m. on Mondays. It is really a high grade Top of the Form. But the team will have to be quick-thinking because the questions are asked of both teams and the marks—and extra questions—go to the first team to answer correctly.

The Phil., which received the invitation, intends to run a knock-out competition to pick the team, using scripts of previous programmes. This quiz will be open to anyone in College including women, though women don't seem to do well on this programme.

The team attempts, on the first occasion, to challenge the team in possession, and if it gets higher marks it becomes the team in possession and is challenged by another new team the next week. If the team makes three appearances it retires undefeated. Exeter College, Cambridge survived two appearances and was then roundly thrashed by King's College, London, so the programme is very variable.

Success seems to be guaranteed to an team which wears button-holes, has at least one beard and at least one arrogently confident member who can bully the opposition. Do you think you have a chance?

In the Hist. elections for Officers and Committee, the post of Auditor was won with an even narrower majority than last year.

Officers and Committee as follows:
Auditor: E. H. Lowry.
Treasurer: J. M. Craig.
Record Secretary:
R. Ervine Andrews.

Correspondence Secretary:
P. R. Evershed
Censor: M. Morgan.
Librarian: D. J. McConnell.
Committee: C. S. O Héigeataigh
(Senior Ordinary Member), W. D. Sinnamon, J. B. L. Rose, J. S. Keary, H. J. O'Neill, R. J. Grindle.



Ian Angus, who still manages to look cheerful, after the 103-mile trek from Belfast.

The Walk — Results

Of the ninety eight entrants in the 103 mile Belfast-Dublin walk, last Saturday and Sunday only forty two started. It is not known how many finished.

The winner was Ian Angus who strode through the Front Gate at eleven-thirty on Sunday morning, having covered the distance at an average speed of 3.92 miles per hour, to set up a new record. During the twenty six hours twenty minutes that he took to cover the distance, he only had one half-hour rest.

John Spence, who was placed second, arrived at three o'clock p.m., four and a half hours later. S. M. Bratney was third, and M. Ferriss fourth. The first women home was Lenore Best, whose time of thirty nine hours twenty minutes is a new women's record, since she is the first women ever to finish. The women's relay team of Valerie Paul, Helen Benedikt and Daphne Kelly, who took it in turns to walk the distance, arrived third, at about two o'clock p.m., looking remarkably fresh.

The Large Trio

Three Trinity students have just cut a disc for 'Spoken Arts'—an American record company. The Bill Somerville Large trio, which has quite a reputation in Modern Jazz circles in Dublin, provides the accompaniment for a new recording of Irish folk songs. The singers are genuine 'Singing Pub' personalities. Amongst the titles recorded inevitably are 'Molly Malone', 'Slattery's Mounted Foot', 'Dan O'Hara' and 'The West's Awake'.

The trio is led by Bill Somerville Large on piano, with Chris

Serle and Chris Hart on drums and bass. They started playing together about two years ago and now play about two engagements a week, in and around Dublin. They will probably play at the Trinity Ball, alternating between the G.M.B. and the Dining Hall.

Rosemary and Heather Mac-Millan, who come from Bray, are also making a name for themselves. Rosemary, who is in her first year, and her sister, still at school, sing pop songs.

Carnival Time International Variety Preview

The thirteenth Carnival of Nations will take place this year on May 20th to 25th inclusive, at 7.30 p.m. each evening. This is the first time the show has been run for a whole week, and organization difficulties have expanded in proportion.

Those who have seen the Carnival in the past, will remember St. Anthony's Theatre, Merchants Quay. A new and larger theatre has been built beside the old one, and this year the Carnival will take place in the new one on the first two nights, and will then move back to the old theatre for the rest of the week. In past years about two thousand people have seen each Carnival, and this year, with the larger theatre and extended performances, nearer three thousand are expected.

The response from the various national groups of students in Dublin to the call for acts has been better than ever. It should be emphasised that the Carnival is not restricted to Trinity students. The Production of the Carnival is in the capable hands of Laurie Howse of Players. This year's show includes acts from Uganda, Malaya, Mauritius, Nigeria, the West Indies, the Middle East, Sweden, Ireland and of course, Trinity Jazz Band. Last year's most popular actor in the Carnival, Robert Serumaga, will be the compere this year.

The proceeds of the Carnival will go, as usual, to Charity, this

year to the World Food Programmes Tanganyika project, which is being administered and run by Irish officials and technicians.

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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Undergraduate Weekly

Vol. 10

Thursday, 9th May, 1963

No. 14

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Too sensitive

TRINITY NEWS has been charged with irresponsibility and insensitivity and it seems right that we should defend ourselves.

THE very existence of Trinity News implies that we are concerned with what goes on in Trinity. We try to give a wide and accurate coverage of what does go on but we are hampered by lack of space; not only in the paper itself. We have no offices; the paper is conceived in the "corridors of power," written in snatched moments, wherever we can find room to wield a pen or pound a type-writer.

NOT unnaturally, we make mistakes. Inevitably, they are pointed out to us, for they are there for all to see. What Committee in Trinity could avoid being charged with irresponsibility if their activities were as widely broadcast as ours are?

THE S.R.C. is particularly sensitive about criticism. The average student, whose view-point we express, would have come away from their last meeting with the impression that little had been achieved during the last year. Mr. Hutchinson's letter does nothing to contradict this.

A career is what it's worth

If you divide the population into two groups—those who take THE TIMES and those who don't—you find this: those who *don't* take THE TIMES are in the great majority. Those who *do* are either at the top in their careers, or are confidently headed there.

THE TIMES both by its seniority in experience and by its incomparable prowess as a modern newspaper, naturally commends itself to successful people. There is no high level conference, no board meeting, no top executive's private office into which THE TIMES is not apt to be taken.

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* STUDENTS AND THE TIMES: As a student you can have THE TIMES for 2½d. Write for details to the Circulation Manager, THE TIMES, London, E.C.4.

Lolita and Cape Fear

Without a doubt the best films on in Town this week are "Lolita" and "Cape Fear" and both suffer at the hands of the Protector of public morals.

Irrespective of mood or moral the censor it appears is utterly uncompromising. In "Lolita" on the first night that Humbert and Lolita spend together the mood is one of extreme tenderness and mutual sympathy; yet we are not allowed to see how this is developed and brought to a climax; since this is the only time that their love is without complication, one dimension of the film is lost.

For the most part the film is incomplete to anyone who has read the book—the nearest the twentieth century literature has come to pros poetry—and understandably so. The very subject

matter and the bliss/dispair relationship presents an unsurmountable problem, but Stanley Kubrick's direction does go a long way to solving it; the beautifully controlled climaxes, such as Lolita running upstairs to say goodbye to Humbert before going off to camp, have the stamp of greatness.

James Mason as Humbert gives a performance that he should be proud of; he captures the intensity, the social malaise, the complete obsession; and his scenes with Shelley Winters, the culture conscious widow, are superb. Sue Lyon's Lolita achieves some effective changes of character, particularly towards the end. Of course there is Sellers. The character detail in his various roles is the nearest thing to perfection in a film which is by and large unsatisfactory.

Cape Fear has a pretty grim theme of violence and sex, but remains one of the most effective thrillers to come from America. Lee-Thompson's direction is a lesson in the art of creating tension and holding onto it.

Mitchum and Peck stand way above the others, but it is Mitchum as Cady, the animal seeking revenge who one just cannot forget; in one particularly vivid scene with his pick-up Diane the whole ruthlessness of the character is expressed. The fight at the end has a quality seldom reached by thrillers; the blood is there to taste all right.

On Thursday night onwards the Players summer season opens with "Draw the Line Somewhere," a literary journey through social comment, and the Pinter play, "Dwarfs."

M.N.B.G.

Insight

This recent contribution to the plethora of college journals contains more than the average number of faults typical of such publications. The editor took upon himself the task of revising previous policy—and making economics palatable to the average student. It should be pointed out that to do this one has to be a fairly competent economist and it seems over-optimistic to expect this from an undergraduate—especially when he is only in his second year. An example of the kind of mistake which should not pass the editorial eye and pencil, is the last paragraph of the magazine—facile comment on current economic affairs which control but mislead some of those unfamiliar with the techniques of economics.

One would also expect reasonable competent editing in the field of printing errors—of which there are a few, and an adequate command of "university standard" English—which the editorial and "comment" pages completely belie. It seems to me that, apart from the fact that it was printed, the magazine is an unqualified failure.

If a faculty society decides to publish a journal, least of all subsidise it, it should at least make an effort to secure an efficient editorial committee. Such publications should not be the personal

vehicles of pushful and thoroughly incompetent students.

C.P.M.D.B.

Review Five

Review Five, published by the Modern Languages Society, presents, behind a smart cover, six translated poems and six essays. Hugh Mooney's editorial says that this issue "claims to deal with literature and man"—a big simple theme which in fact, in a good review, it might be harder to avoid than otherwise. The translations, which read easily, consist of two by Michael Longley from Vere White from Catullus and Horace, the "Ballad of the Hanged," from Villon by Derek Mahon, and a piece from the Anglo-Saxon by Ian Blake. This last at least manages to suggest the remoteness in literary feeling of our most direct linguistic ancestors: Derek Mahon's Villon, compassionate but laconic, comes, perhaps naturally enough, nearest in language and feeling to our own time.

In prose, the classical aspects of the theme is presented by Enda Broderick writing about "The Humanism of Cicero"; Hugh Mooney looks at "Some aspects of the Renaissance"; and the present century is examined by way of articles on Kafka, by Richard Byrn, on contemporary African writing, by Sammy Olagbaju, and on Camus' L'Etranger and on

"Neutralism—towards a new definition of Humanism" by T. B. Harward.

The general drift of the essays seems to be towards a notion of Humanism which is either radically old-fashioned (of the Renaissance) or very up-to-date and quite different from the usual 20th century version. Does Humanism today no longer imply scepticism about everything ("Humanism is a faith or it is nothing" says Edna Broderick)? Perhaps something more is required than simply being "men of goodwill," or being "very intelligent." And it is, momentarily, inspiring to recall the Dignity of Man. But can one really believe in it? As Pico proclaimed, man knows about choice. But how far, poor creature, is he allowed to make it? Perhaps all he can do is to be aware of, and to present, alternatives. This is what all literature, but particularly writing of a humanist temper, does: Thomas Mann in *The Magic Mountain*, say, or E. M. Forster in *A Passage to India*. "Mystery or muddle"?—it is neither a question of faith nor of decision but of presenting viewpoints. The humanist makes the most of detachment in order to speak out; and if the effect seems no more than ironical rumination, that is, as the essays collected here indicate, enough.

C. G. SALVESEN.

Letters

Sir,—Two years ago the first exhibition of the work of artists in college took place in the Public Theatre. It was well received and though the general standard was admittedly nothing spectacular (since all entries were accepted) there was enough of quality to show that such annual exhibitions are worthwhile. This exhibition was organised by a group of three people of which I was one and was a separate venture to the foundation of the College Art Society at about the same time.

Last year a similar, and as enjoyable exhibition took place under the auspices of the College Art Society, secretary Duncan Jarrett has decided not to hold the exhibition (the reason he gives is that he is too busy).

It seems that the schotomy that was evident from the first—the disjunction between artists in College and members of the College Art Society—is now being felt.

Perhaps the former, if they are sufficiently interested could bring some pressure on the latter to ensure that the annual exhibition of their work might survive.

Sincerely,
PETER RYAN.

Sir,—Your rather crude clause, "he felt that his Executive, with few exceptions, had let him down," in the account in your columns of my Presidential Report at the S.R.C. meeting on April 29th is a grotesque attempt to precis what I said.

In discussing the role of the S.R.C. executive, I suggested that the position of the S.R.C. executive should be as servants rather than masters and that loyalty was the most-needed virtue. I added that although to a certain extent this loyalty had been lacking this year, the executive had with one exception been easy and pleasant to work with.

It is an additional pity that

your report made no reference to the many things on the credit side that I discussed in my Report. The difficulty of the S.R.C.'s position is not helped by this unsympathetic distortion and to my hope that the S.R.C. will be better supported in future, I must add an appeal for a more responsible and sensitive press.

Yours sincerely,
D. ROBERT D. HUTCHINSON
(Ex-President, S.R.C.).

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OCULI OMNIUM

We, 350 of us, launched this expedition off to Greenland with masses of champagne on Friday in the G.M.B. I do hope they kept a crate to enliven the journey.

Various celebrities were there, but Kim Novak and Co. didn't turn up. Perhaps that explains why Rory Rudd, who, incidentally, had relinquished his moustache for the occasion, had to be helped out by stunt-man Peter Houston.

Everyone looked so smart you'd hardly recognise them. Even Andrew Murray-Threipland looked sprucer than usual in a dashing sunshine-yellow tie and brown stripey shirt. John Binning, Trinity's representative at the 'Wedding', looked bronzed and handsome. You'll be glad to hear that itsy Penny Samuels has exchanged those Darks for a Hat, and, with her, looking extra clean and scrubbed, was Tony Quinn.

Amanda Douglas smiled bravely when she won the gargantuan salmon in the raffle. Charles (oh so smooth) Dewhurst proudly carried off the small panda. Leslie Jennings won the giant

one. Brian Burleston thought a reversing light just what he wanted for the Daimler and lucky Zaz Shackleton found lots of new friends when she won all those bottles of champagne. Everyone should thank Anthea Dixon and Alan More Nesbitt for kicking us all into Trinity Term.

dry gulch

Those who came after 7.15 to find that there was no champagne left, should thank the thieves who stole a total of thirty bottles. Incidentally £130 was added to Expedition funds.

The Jazz Appreciation Society no longer intends to hold Monday meetings in No. 6. Instead, they plan to hold concerts. The first one will be held in the Exam Hall on Monday evening, 13th May. There will be a modern and a Dixieland group. Members of the Jazz Appreciation Society will enter at a reduced price. This concert will be the first of the termly concerts, with which the Society hopes to replace its Monday meetings.

dig them pomes

—A brandy, please. I've been at the Laurentian Society.

—No, to hear the poetry.

—Who do you think? Blakeweb-brownlowmahonlongley.

—Well, I suppose nobody else was invited.

—Old Blake looked the part, anyway, in that waistcoat. And the "Jerusalem Quartet" is worth hearing. But I wish he wouldn't try to write about love.

—Oh, the Poet Laureate? Very tense, but he had some very good things. I liked "The Arnofini Wedding."

—Brownlow? A double brandy, please. He talked about Dublin being the Lost Outpost of the Noble Conception of Life. And his poetry was like that, too.

—Oh, Mahon gave a very professional performance. Poetry and presentation were the best of the evening—they really brought the meeting to life.

—There's something very armchair about Michael Longley—his is a very quiet talent. The sonnets were magnificent. And the delivery was superb, of course, though verging on the ponderous once or twice.

—Yes. Then afterwards they had to try to be spry concerning questions arty. Without much success. But it's an evening well spent. Good old Joyce —I hope they do some more

gobbets

The Caroline Charter and Statutes under which this College operates, possess the rather dubious distinction of having been drawn up on the advice of a Lord Deputy, Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, who was later executed for high treason, as was the Chancellor of the University, Archbishop Laud, who drew them up. They were accepted by a Provost who was condemned by the Irish House of Commons and impeached by the House of Lords and sealed by a king who was also decapitated for the same offence.

It seems a great pity that New Era Enterprises have to stoop to gain publicity by making use of their rubber stamps on the newly-painted walls of No. 27. If they stamped the Book of Kells, they would become world famous. I don't think it would be out of place if the Agent sent them a bill for the cost of cleaning the said wall.

As a result of a fire in College a few terms ago when a fire engine got stuck under Front Gate the College authorities have now raised the height of the gates. This should be obvious to all who have passed through them in the past few weeks.

The Long Walk

by Captain Becher

"Go on the walk," said the chairman and I was soft enough to obey. How I envied the Belfast Telegraph man at the City Hall who didn't have to get up at 5.30 and was just jotting down names and numbers to take to his sub-editor. He asked Gerry Quintrell how much training he had done. Gerry, inhaling deeply, looked over his Daily Express, tightened the knot in his green silk paisley tie and replied that changing into gym-shoes had been sufficient preparation for him.

Unfortunately, Gerry, James Brown, Jonathon Nicholson and I were so far behind after the first 300 yards that we missed the Newsreel camera. Jonathon then had to send some postcards and as he'd finished the Express, Gerry slipped off to buy the Daily Mail—"The only other English paper they've got." After six miles by feet were complaining and John Suter took me on a mile where I joined that free striding pair Daphne Kelly and Valerie Paul who were just warming up as far as Lisburn for their rigorous relay. Feeling lazy, I squeezed into the back seat with Theodore Cecil (the biggest blonde I know) and cruised up to Helen Benedikt. Helen and I walked for ten miles through Hillsborough where I bought oranges for Simon Morgan and her and on to just short of Dromore. We both felt a bit wacked and I saw ominous rain clouds so I spent the next hour and a half in Banbridge watching the Victoria Cup. Simon marched in and took less than a minute to down a hot rum, squeeze his sopping shirt, borrow a light and set off, with a cheerful "see you in Newry."

It was about six o'clock and I was thinking gin and tonic wise, when I met Martin Child. The names George Everett, Rob Merrick, Turner Duff, John Spence, Andrew Russell and this Angus Douglas or Ian Ange or something had been passed back and meant little. Suddenly I was intrigued by the thought of this fantastic performance by the leader, already

well on his way to Dundalk. I chased off across the border, a short talk with Turner, and into the McGuill cafe.

I was told Ian Angus had got in a few minutes before me. He was sitting in the corner with his shoes off, drinking his second cup of tea having demolished ham and tomatoes. The tility with which this little feller, who had run and walked fifty miles, whipped off his socks, vaselined and dressed his toes, took another sip of tea and flung out questions about Duff and Merrick, flabbergasted me. He went off to the gents, returned straightening his yellow towelling cravat and said in his high pitched jabbering way, "You may think this is a bloody silly question, but have you a comb I can borrow?" Andrew Russell and I watched him through the window as he waddled down the main Dundalk street, arms semi-circling from the elbows, and I don't think either of us had the slightest doubt that this neat little man would reach Dublin in record time.

Borrowing a mac, I caught Ian up at eight o'clock, parked the car and at the end of a very heavy shower started off beside him. There was an old woman in a donkey cart on the other side off the road doing about six m.p.h., and I could tell that Ian wanted to beat her; he never admitted it but each time she caught up, he said, "Mind if we trot now?" I was astounded by his stamina. For eleven miles we jogged then walked, jogged then walked—talking incessantly. First of all we measured his stride; it had been



Valerie Paul, Helen Benedikt and Daphne Kelly looking fresh after finishing the Walk.

fifty per telegraph pole, it had gone up to fifty-eight, but he didn't let it worry him. He went to Harrow; I found this surprising and refreshing. He's obviously good at sport, outstanding but not not brilliant. Athletics and school took up most of the time, interrupted by "Sorry about this, but let's walk a bit." He told me about his training, pains in his heel and the odd twinge where Brian Stat-ham is always being hit. We'd never been introduced and I suppose he still doesn't know my name. Just as it was getting dark he sent me back in a car to get him a white shirt so that he could be more easily seen. I had been the only person to walk with him since Dromore.

Feeling tired and stiffening up myself I drove back towards the border. Lenore Best and Daphne were coming into Dundalk. I offered them Scotch which Lenore refused reluctantly. Between midnight and one I helped four bodies into the car. The stench of feet and drying out clothes was

horrible. There were groans of agony as cramp set in and blisters got bumped. We were all shattered and I found keeping my eyes open was absolute murder. We passed courageous Lenore, a refreshed Helen, an impressive McBratney, closely-guarded George Frangopulos and white-coated Spence. On through Drogheda, we saw no-one. Had Ian decided to rest somewhere? Not on your life. There on a straight stretch was my shirt tied like an apron, back to front on that comic figure I'd left three hours before.

"Oh, Hullo, It's you. You were kind, you know, to go with me all that way." He stuck his head through the car window. "Who have we here? I am sorry you all decided to turn it in. Jolly well tried! There's a cafe two miles down the road, it's staying open for me. Do drop in and have some tea. They'd probably welcome custom. Tell them I'll be along in half an hour. I'll move on now if you don't mind, mustn't stiffen up." (Continued on back page)

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Close Thing

Sailing Club Irish Champions

For the fifth year running, but by a much narrower margin than usual, Trinity won the Universities championship of Ireland sailed under the D.U.S.C. burgee in Dun Laoghaire, last Sunday.

Trinity beat U.C.D. in both races easily and due to some excellent team racing by James Nixon, also beat Surgeons convincingly.

The first race against Queens however, was lost by 24 points and the second only won by 3. Surgeons having beaten Queens, this put the result at two matches each to Surgeons, Queens and Trinity. However, the competitions were decided on overall points and the final score was Trinity 40½, Queens 38½, Surgeons 37½.

Trinity who set out for the West Kirby championships tomorrow will have to improve their starts which were only mediocre last weekend although, to be fair with such a strong wind blowing, the competition was really a test of survival rather than pure team racing. D.U.S.C. team: J. Nixon, B. McSweeney, J. Vernon, F. Williams, Helen McCandless, R. R. Watson.

DAILY 1-2
S.R.C.

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The Long Walk

(Continued)

None of us said a word. We weren't given the chance. He had already gone thirty yards when I started up again, "Your bottom's got a very sexy wiggle," I shouted as we passed him. "Get 'em off you!" he retorted, and I haven't seen him since.

Apparently he got in at eleven fifteen on Sunday morning. I slept till three p.m.

It was midnight when I heard that Lenore was on her way down O'Connell Street. This attractive, first-year Social Studies Diploma student from Armagh is the first girl to complete the walk. In the porter's room at Front Gate she accepted my Scotch, gave a thank-you kiss to Porter Tom Maher for the hot cup of tea and stocking footed she jumped into the car of the highly efficient officials. The walking was over but I'm looking forward to Friday night's celebration.

Captains

At a meeting of the Colours team Bob Reed was elected to be next years captain. He has invited Aubrey Bourke to be vice captain, of what promises to be an extremely powerful and experienced fifteen.

On the same day the Association Football Club elected their captain for the 1963-64 season. He is to be Paul Beale and P. Parry will be vice captain.

Around The Clubs

TRINITY SWAMP CLONIFFE SELECTED

In blustery conditions, Trinity easily overcame mediocre opposition by 82 pts. to 42. The highlights of an otherwise unspectacular afternoon were a magnificent 3 miles record of 14 mins. 32.8 secs by Steve Whittome, and good performances in the Long Jump by Boelens, the High Jump by Russell, and 880 yards by Quinlan. It must be said however, that if Trinity are to maintain their improvement, and even reach their peak by the U.C.D. match, opposition of better calibre must be provided, since it is too easy to win at a low gear. This Saturday's trip to Cork where we hope to retain the O'Sullivan Trophy, won last year at our first attempt, will provide much keener contests from athletics from U.C.D., U.C.C., and U.C.G. On present form D.U.H.A.C. will give a good account of themselves.

TRINITY WIN CLUB RELAYS FOR 5th SUCCESSIVE YEAR

On a pleasant Wednesday evening, Trinity easily retained the Vice-President's Cup defeating their closest rivals by 18 pts. D.U.H.A.C. won every field event, and two track, coming second in three others, a very fine result. It is hard to single out individual achievements in what is essentially a team match, but mention must be made of Oubiagele's discus throw of 134 feet, and fine running of the sprinters.

Results—1, D.U.H.A.C., 44 pts; 2, Donore, 26; 3, Crusaders, 25.

The Trinity First VIII challenge U.C.D. in the Gammon Cup on Saturday and seem likely to retain their unbeaten record in Ireland. In the recent Head of the Liffey they finished thirteen seconds in front of U.C.D. and broke the

course record by nine seconds. Although U.C.D. have since strengthened their crew by bringing in heavier men, Trinity's teamwork and ability to strike high ratings should bring them home in front.

At the Trial Eights Dinner held after the "Head" the crews were announced for the regatta season. The Maiden crew, after several setbacks and the introduction of two new men, is finally settling down, whilst the Juniors under the improved stroking of Hannon, should be reaching their peak form at Trinity Regatta.

CREWS

Maidens—Bow, Rountree, Marsh, Rainsbury, Evershed, Loeb, Stokes, Porter. Stroke: Moore, cox: Gibson.

Juniors—Bow: Vere-Hodge, De Pugh, Oliver, Ryan, Jacques, Gibb, Boyle. Stroke: Hannon, cox: Grey.

Seniors—Bow: M. Ryder, V. Northward, N. Rathbone, N. Lewis, R. Moore, P. Bradwood, M. Clarke. Stroke: R. Taylor, cox: N. Gillett.

A PROMISING START

Over the weekend Trinity played a disappointing draw against Clontarf, and then won convincingly against Malahide, the latter being Trinity's first Sunday match.

Against Clontarf on a cold stormy day Trinity started well with three wickets by Hughes in seven balls. Then fielding lapses and eight dropped catches allowed the fourth wicket pair to put on 80, so that Clontarf eventually scored 132-9 declared, leaving Trinity just under two hours to get runs. They lost Markham and Guthrie cheaply, but Labbett played a great innings of 58. When he was out the task proved too much and Trinity finished at 100-7. Hughes and Rice bowled



T. P. Glennon pictured at Leopards-stown in August. Watch this Australian master in action on Deep Gulf this Saturday.

particularly well, but were let down by bad fielding. Of the batsmen Labbett looked in good form.

Clontarf 132-9 dec. P. Hughes 5-14.

D.U.C.C. 110-7. B. Labbett 58, P. Parry 21.

At Malahide the home side won the toss and made a rather moderate total of 87. Hughes taking 5 and Wicks 3 wickets. The fielding, in complete contrast to the previous day, was excellent and all chances were taken. Trinity then scored the necessary runs without undue trouble, thanks mainly to another splendid innings of 36 by Labbett. Guthrie, the captain showed welcome signs of returning to form.

Malahide 87. Hughes 5-25. Wicks 3-20.

D.U.C.C. 89-4. Labbett 36 not. In their first match of the season Trinity 2nd eleven had an easy win against North Kildare at Kilcock on Saturday. Scores: North Kildare 44. Naughten 3-4, Garst 3-10, Bagley 4-19. D.U.C.C. 46-4. Horsley 21.

GOLF TEAM BEAT Q.U.B.

Last Friday at Royal Co. Dublin, the Golf team had their first win over Queen's University for ten years, and thus remain undefeated in six inter-versity matches this year. Trinity won the morning foresomes 3-1, and retained the lead of two matches after halving the singles to win 7-5. On the following two days the team played against two Belfast clubs, Shandon Park and Royal Belfast, halving the first match but losing the second. Shandon Park, who are Irish Club champions, fielded two internationals but they both lost to D.V. players C. McCarten and J. Pilch.

In addition to the first team, the "Wedges" team is unbeaten this year. Last week they beat U.C.D. 7½-4½ at Royal Dublin.

Captain

Becher

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