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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Undergraduate Weekly

THURSDAY, APRIL 22nd, 1965. Vol. XII, No. 14.

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FABIANS LOSE ELECTIONS

S.R.C. Resists

Take-over Bid

AN obvious attempt by members of the Fabian Society to elect a "slate" of candidates to the Executive Committee of the S.R.C. met with stiff opposition in Regent House on Tuesday night. Before the meeting, prominent left-wing radicals were offering membership tickets, the only qualification necessary to vote, to students willing to comply with a set of candidates opposing seven of the nine positions vacant.

The effect was merely to stiffen support for the Committee nominations; with two exceptions, all Committee candidates were successful.

In a small 30% poll, ex-External Relations Officer Stephen White was declared elected President by 26 votes to independent challenger Jeremy Lucas's 13 votes. The only other prominent independent, Hugh O'Donnell, narrowly beat John Goodwillie, Committee candidate for External Relations Officer, after hectic lobbying and last-minute nomination.

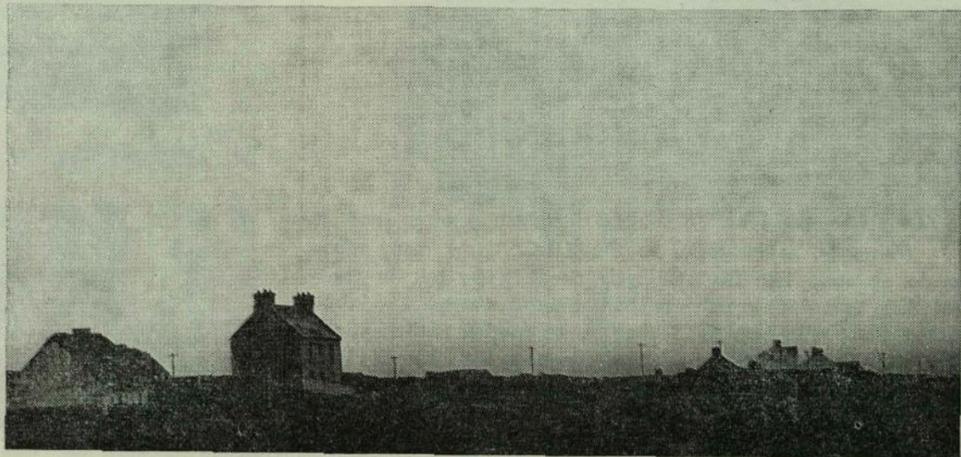
"Year of Consolidation"

Retiring President Malcolm Saunders said that it had been his intention to use his time in office as a year of consolidation, and to get the S.R.C.'s own house into order. By appealing to basic student opinion he felt that a new interest had been created in student affairs and that this would mean many internal re-

forms of a constitutional nature would be essential in the future.

President White said afterwards to our reporter that he wished to continue many of his predecessor's policies, but at the same time to attempt to cultivate closer relations with the Board, envisaging a student "middle man" who would be responsible for opening up relationships. The S.R.C. would continue to issue reports, to conduct polls and petitions, and to be a watchdog of student affairs. Outside Trinity, he wanted to see more Trinity representatives in the Union of Students in Ireland, and expressed the hope that the threatened withdrawal of Queen's University, Belfast, could be avoided.

President: **Stephen White**; Deputy President: **Howard Kinlay**; Treasurer: **Michael Adams**; Secretary: **Peter Stiven**; External Relations Officer: **Hugh O'Donnell**. Committee: **David Shanks, Jenifer Smith, Michael Shiels, Simon Hewatt.**



The Aran Islands; Tom Chance writes on Page 4.

—T. Chance.

Trinity Poets Success

Trinity poet Derek Mahon, a final year student in General Studies, has won £250 in a poetry competition. The prize is one of four, each worth £250, which form the E. C. Gregory Trust Award and are presented annually by the Society of Authors. The competition is open to poets under 30 in the United Kingdom



Derek Mahon.

and the judge this year included Philip Larkin.

Also among this year's winners was Michael Longley, a Trinity graduate now teaching in Belfast. Both Longley and Mahon are Belfast-born and this is the first time the award has come to Northern Ireland.

Son et Lumiere

On Tuesday night the College joined the ranks of the stately homes, when the front facade facing College Green was lit up by the use of floodlights.

Summer School

Three European Universities are holding courses during the summer vacation for which scholarships are available to Trinity undergraduates.

At Lund University from August 23rd-September 6th the course is on "Forces of Transformation." At Utrecht from July 6th-22nd a course in English on "Europe and the Netherlands" is being sponsored by the Dutch Universities' Foundation for International Co-operation. Finally at Strasbourg University two places are available on the course, which commences on July 5th and ends on August 21st.

Each scholarship provides full maintenance and tuition for about a fortnight. For the Strasbourg course, the student chooses a suitable fortnight within the period of the course, and may be asked to undergo a test in French.

Further details can be obtained from M. Shields, 33 T.C.D., or brochures from Miss Goff, 40 T.C.D.

Provost Opens Exhibition

The Provost, Dr. A. J. McConnell, opened an exhibition for the public in the Exam Hall last Tuesday. Entitled "World of Oil," the exhibition is on view until Saturday next. It is sponsored by Irish Shell and B.P.

According to Mr. Bernard Nolan, Managing Director of the sponsors, the purpose of the exhibition is primarily for education. Portions of the exhibition deal with the wide use of oil all over the world. Several panels deal with the development of chemicals from petroleum, and another section illustrates the destruction of crops through insects.

Enjoy a drink in the friendly atmosphere of

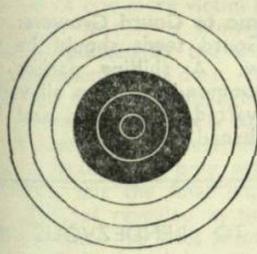


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Crime in College

A short while ago a thief entered one of the rooms in No. 37, packed away all he could carry in an ex-army hold-all and departed. Fortunately, he behaved rather suspiciously, and, after being followed as far as Front Gate, was eventually arrested by the College porters and handed over to the Gardai. His haul was valued at £46, one of the articles stolen being an electric razor. The thief was fined £10 for his pains in court last Tuesday.

When the Central Criminal Court meets again on 26th April, the case of Augustine Carlton will be given a hearing. He was arrested last November and stands accused of many similar thefts in College.

TRINITY NEWS

Vol. XII

No. 14

A Dublin University Undergraduate Weekly

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"WOMEN in the Hist." a subject discussed as often, and as fruitlessly, as lavatories in the S.R.C. How many more times do agitators like Martyn Lewis need to be put in their places? Less than three years since the last abortive attempt to inject unwanted sex-equality into the Society comes another anti-traditionalist move. With around six hundred members, the Hist can claim to be the leading light of College societies. Around a hundred members attend debates, and as such were allowed into Mr. Lewis's confidence when he drew up his interminable report on women. Feeling his own performances were unable to inspire his fellow debaters, Mr. Lewis now seeks to boost his crumbling image by enfranchising Trinity females and allowing them into debates. Disraeli tried the same trick in 1867, and lost the 1868 election. The masses were not deceived by his "gift." Neither is "Trinity News" by Mr. Lewis. If he is so keen to debate with women why does he not leave the Hist, taking his fellow-travellers with him, and join the Phil? Though the Phil narrowly rejected allowing women full membership at the end of last term, it seems in the near future full status will be granted. If women are allowed to debate in the Hist, it will merely be the thin end of the wedge. In time someone like Mr. Lewis will be thumping-his-tub to allow women to sit in the Conversation Room—even to play billiards. What next? Women in the Rugby Club? Can you really see a woman with a billiard cue? Why shouldn't there be one place in Trinity that excludes women? Not every male conversation is enhanced by female intervention. Many are the times when men wish to relax after yet another conquest (or failure) alone, uninterrupted by feminine triteness. If women became debating members of the Hist it is only a matter of time before they assume full membership. This year the Hist—all men—has won the "Irish Times" debating competition for the first time since 1958, and has had a lively and successful year in its ordinary debates. It has continued to provide a male sanctuary in a petticoat-dominated world. Long may matters remain this way.

SLATTERY'S

FOR

DEAD

FRESH

SALMON

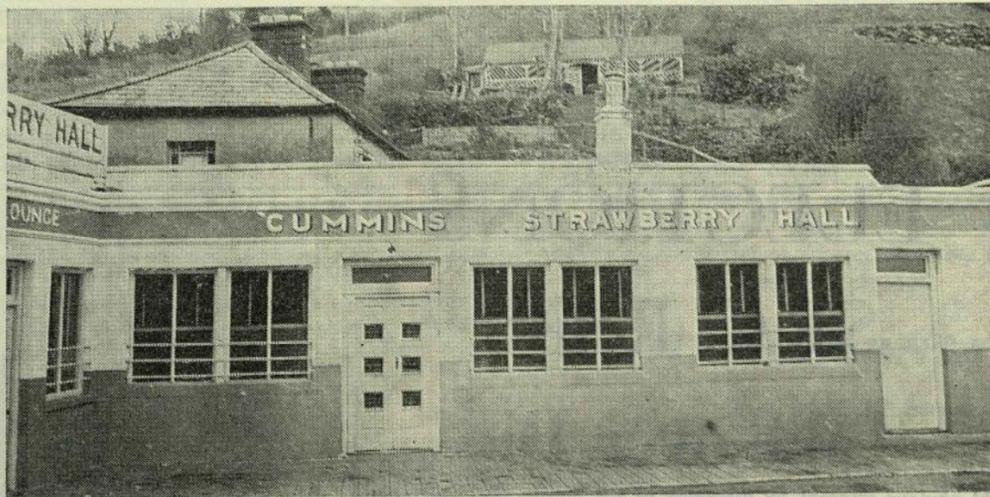
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PUB CRAWL 1

STRAWBERRY HALL



—T. Chance.

"TRINITY NEWS" selection of country pubs for summer evenings: STRAWBERRY HALL, on the Lucan Road, is externally unprepossessing, but beautifully situated opposite the river, and makes an attractive run from Dublin. There is a telly and billiards, and on fine evenings you can sit out in the beer garden. Down the road is THE WREN'S NEST, which is in the process of being re-decorated. It has known electricity, but prefers oil-lamps and so do we. Not infrequently a singing-pub. Ronnie Drew is sometimes found there.

These Halcyon Days

Now that the darling buds of May and summer are icumen in, we think it time to emulate the malpractices of the female journalists deplored by our correspondent last week, and put forward a few suggestions, in the main for the aliens and the bored in Trinity, on what's to do in Ireland until midsummer:

To Go:

Most of us have shaken hands with the Crusader in St. Mican's crypt, but few have seen the lovely rooms of the Bank of Ireland (the old Parliament). It is well worth asking the porter to show you round.

Keep an eye open for big country house auctions, billed outside leading Dublin auctioneers. These are often the only way to see inside Georgian houses otherwise not open to the public. A more conventional way to see Georgian Ireland is to join the Irish Georgian Society. Write to Mrs. Desmond Guinness, Leixlip Castle, Co. Kildare, for more information.

An unusual country excursion is to one of the restored old Irish monuments in the Dublin area, such as the tombs at Tara or Fourknocks.

To Eat:

The gastronomical interest of such a day in the country is enhanced by an alfresco lunch. Try the following picnic menu with a difference:

Cold mulligatawny soup (from

by Mirabel Walker

a thermos).

Salami and cold meat from the delicatessen, with endive salad (in a polythene bag), or

Cold duck with orange salad.

Follow this with a syllabub, a traditional English pudding. This is a delicious combination of whipped cream, white wine, sugar, and lemon juice, which can be made beforehand and stored in a jar.

Festivals:

With a few more days, you

could continue the Trinity Week junketings at Kilkenny Beer Festival from May 30th-June 6th. From there it is but a short distance for you to crawl to Thurles where the national festival of song and dance is to be held from June 5th-7th. There you will find, according to a classic understatement in the programme, "informal gatherings of musicians . . ."

If, after these Bacchic excursions you feel the need for a little cultural elevation, make a pilgrimage to Sligo, Yeats country. Sligo Festival, a rather un-cultured carnival, is being held from June 13th-23rd, but you could also indulge in some private bardolatry of your own among the Benbulbin hills. And where else is so romantic for midsummer's eve?

Memo to Gourd Growers:

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CENSORSHIP

BY
DES HICKEY

(of The Sunday Independent)

Since I first drew attention in January, 1964, to what exactly was happening to films in Ireland there has been unheaval and controversy. But the state of the cinema here seems just as gloomy. I don't believe that good times are around the corner.

Intelligent sponsorship is beginning to encourage the making of films, and this in time may develop; but for film-making to thrive, even to survive, there must be a climate of opinion favourable to films. I don't think it exists.

The operation of censorship in Ireland has been hostile to such a climate, and the opponents of film censors chose to ignore the concerned with censorship per se than with films. So long as this continues, the victory will always be Dr. Macken's. If successive film censors chose to ignore the provisions of the Censorship Acts for the grading of films they were safe enough because (until I wrote about them in the "Sunday Independent") nobody seemed to have read the Acts.

If they were silent in the face of attack it was because they were confident that any attack would be minor, ill-informed or short-lived.

Only a week before the film distributors descended on Mr. Lenihan, he had made a statement at the Fianna Fail Ard-Fheis in which he strongly opposed a plea for theatre censorship and strongly supported the

then film censorship set-up.

The new Appeal Board has brought about some changes, but their appointment has been considered by many as an end and not a beginning.

The "Irish Times" is excited because "Dr. Strangelove" and "The Victors" will be shown, and to many equally anti-cinema minds this may represent a victory. But already the "Irish Independent" has questioned the operation of the new system and asked if the Censor is making any attempt to work in liaison with the Appeal Board. An erotic film "Topkapi" is running its full length for general audiences, though censored in Britain, yet the fate of "Becket" still hangs in the balance.

All that has been achieved is this: Films submitted to the Censor by the distributors are passed, with or without cuts, for general exhibition, but the Censor still refuses, it seems, to grant limited certificates.

Films which are rejected, or too heavily cut for the distributors' or makers' liking, are submitted to the Appeal Board. Up to this point things are exactly as before. The new Appeal Board may reject the film also, or give it a limited certificate, with or without cuts.

This suggests a state of conflict between the Censor and the Appeal Board in which, as always, the films themselves suffer.

It doesn't help matters that

many films never reach the Appeal Board, films which need less ruthless cutting and more ruthless classifying than Dr. Macken chooses to give them. I have listed examples in my column week after week. Nor does it help that Dr. Macken has not spoken out in his own defence or even bothered to attack his opponents. We know him only by his methods.

Meanwhile films come and go. The censorship controversy over, they are no longer news. A little has been changed—maybe more films will be seen, but the film reviews won't change. For a brief time the cinema in Ireland has been front-page news, but no critic has used the occasion to explain his critical attitude to the cinema or define his terms of evaluation.

The "Irish Times" climbed on the bandwagon when censorship became an emotive word: it has stepped down to avoid writing about films. Once again we have shown that we have the censorship system we deserve. It needs and demands an excited response. Its first effect is always emotional. But the sad thing about film criticism in Ireland is that it encourages a climate of opinion hostile to the cinema.

How many of the critics who kept silent about the banning—later lifted—of Hitchcock's "Marnie" are anything but devil's advocates for the medium that helps them make a living? There



Tippi Hedren in Hitchcock's "Marnie" . . . the critics were silent.

would be a full-scale rumpus if a respectable form of entertainment like the theatre were subject to the same social stigma as the cinema each time a major work was banned or cut. Don't forget that Hitchcock was branded a pornographer during the time "Marnie" was on the banned list. Did any film critic object?

There is uproar enough if a literary work by an internationally acclaimed author is banned. But who speaks for the cinema? Certain not "Vision," the new organ of the National Film Institute. Certainly not the Irish Film Society whose influence in Dublin could not be more deadening.

And what of Trinity? It is from Trinity that one would expect a film magazine, but there is none. After all, the magazine "Movie" developed from articles in "Oxford Opinion" to which every major critic in England felt obliged to reply.

A freer flow of films could

come from their classification. The Irish Film Society would become obsolete—nothing they have screened at their "A" programmes should be denied a certificate to a distributor who asks for it. Surely there is a public in Dublin—as there is in London, Paris, Munich, Vienna, Milan, you name it—for "La Regle du Jeu," "Ugetsu Monogatari," "Lola," "Parapluies de Cherbourg," "Vivre sa Vie," "Vanina Vanini" and many, many more of their stature?

The National Film Institute produced a film magazine which is not a film magazine. The Irish Film Society stayed mum, and through its continued existence has reinforced the censorship abuses.

Reform could make "Vision" and the Film Society unnecessary. But reform depends on distributors, managements and audiences. It also depends on critics. It is now high time a film magazine appeared. Trinity is its obvious source.

views-reviews-reviews-rev

REVOLUTION'S REWARD

Excellent acting and an entirely professional production make "The Public Prosecutor" (Gate) a night's top-class entertainment. Written by a German, Fritz Hochwälder, the play is set in Paris in the year 1794, just after the fall of Robespierre. The young lawyer, in the post of Public Prosecutor (good acting by Derek Young), though nominally subject to orders, is nevertheless in a position of great power. So many heads have rolled during the Reign of Terror that when he hears of one more victim he little guesses that it is himself. His fall is plotted by the wife of a government leader, Theresia Tallien (Nancy Manningham).

There are hints at a conflict in the justice of his fate; he maintains that he is only acting on orders, but the final impression of him, as revealed in the sham trial where he finds himself the accused, is one of a monster. The audience laughs with malicious delight as he is dragged off to the guillotine, vowing revenge on his betrayers. **M. B.**

"RASHOMON" (Gaiety)

"People see what they want to see and say what they want to hear." So spoke the Wigmaker in Fay and Michael Kanin's adaption of "Rashomon" which

had its European premiere at the Gaiety on Monday.

Japan, a thousand years ago: Three people shelter from the storm at Kyoto's crumbling Rashomon Gate. They chat about the recent murder of a Samurai and the rape of his wife. A well-known bandit had been arrested all right, but at the trial strange things had come to light. Tajomero the bandit confessed to the murder (though he didn't mean to do it). But then so did the loving wife (though by accident). And finally the Samurai himself, speaking through a medium in a dutifully disembowelled manner, said he committed suicide. Who is lying?

In fact one of them are—so we learn when we see the fourth, almost true, version. For each has merely embroidered the drama to project his own personality as he would wish it seen. The truth is sad, a trifle pathetic perhaps . . . and extremely funny.

In particular, credit for this liveliness goes to Hilton Edwards' direction and Joe Lynch's bandit. But the rest of the cast were unobtrusively competent. Patrick Bedford and Valerie Sarruf as husband and wife switched personality effectively in the different versions of the murder, and Arthur O'Sullivan's cynical wig-

maker deserved his ovation. Costumes and settings by Micheal MacLiammoir, and lighting, Hilton Edwards; need I say more?

A rather terrible story of human passion—and a rather sad one of human weakness. No doubt we will still be the same in another thousand years when Ryonusuki Akutagawa's stories will still be told. Let's hope they will be told as well as they were last Monday at the Gaiety.

H. M. D. McR.

"MARY POPPINS" (Metropole)

Never since the "King and I" has any film bored me half as much as this Disney effort. If you manage to sit through this sentimental bilge for the full two and a half hours without even feeling sick you must either be retarded or love-struck. The story is adapted from the series of Mary Poppins books and is located in the London of 1910. Mary Poppin is a magical nanny and specialises in making unhappy households happy once more. Julie Andrews won an Academy Award for her performance as Mary Poppin. And she well deserves it. Indeed it might just be worth your while popping along to the Metropole to be entertained by Miss Andrews. **B. C.**

Miss Ann Thrope

Which?

The summer market is flooded with buyers and sellers in the Trinity term. To ensure you get a good bargain, Miss Ann Thrope presents her own consumers' report:

Girls:

Free! with Gill Hanna, Paula Street. Liz Allbury is reduced to clear. Gill Hauser comes luxury packed, but being a high-class product, needs treatment to match, so paupers lay off.

Fowl: Liz Rees-Jones is a good layer, but a bit noisy. Liz Birch has the advantage of a simple diet—dust is all she'll touch, provided its gold. Julia Bevins is no chicken, in fact she's a cross-breed between grouse and peasant. Gill Regan is an essential buy which no Trinity male can afford to be without.

Best Buy: Sally McFie—the heavy dividends repay substantial outlay (good pre-ball dinner required—Ray's infra dig). Thrifty, Scottish, hard-working. Orders are heavy, so book ahead.

Men:

Instead of a transistor, get Tom Chance — always switched on,

round-the-clock entertainment. Bargain of the term—Mike Le Larabeite. Closing down sale—positively last term on the market. Julian Matthew is no longer for sale—he drowned in a cup of tea. Moray Scott-Dagleish is a sound investment for suburban dwellers. This term's best buy—Francis Gilbert 2/6 o.n.o. Of antique value—Bobby Harris. Replicas, usually under the name of George, should not be touched—they are not the Genuine Article. Dermot Scott is no longer for sale—other virgins, N.B.

An object lesson in party throwing was given by Gillian Crampton on Sunday evening. Trinity term hostesses, please note Essential Ingredients: Lovely house, low lights, high people, Gardai, no crashers, Rosemary Gibson in a turquoise night-dress. Pauline Massey looks lovelier every time we see her. We don't see nearly enough of Rudi Holzaphel, one of the most charming of Dublin's literati. Tom Haran sat in a corner wondering why his magnetic charm didn't attract every girl there. Max Lightwood's tan did, till they discovered it was cocoa.

EMIGRATION — THE DRIFTERS

"Young Cassidy" ended with a symbolic shot of Ireland's destiny, as O'Casey boarded the boat to England. He could write, and so earn a living. The majority who leave Ireland aboard the B. & I. vessels have much less to rely on, often only their hands and their wits. How do they survive when they first meet the jungle that is Liverpool?

Seeing the pathetically innocent, naive girls who land in

To an average Englishman, the Irish are associated with enormous families and drunkenness. Lack of understanding between the two nations has been the root evil of all that has happened since 1171. Nearly 800 years later little has changed. Most English people know no more about Ireland than that it is the home of Guinness and the Blarney Stone, and they care even less. The drifters who leave

The National Health Service is less of an attraction, and if it causes many to leave the Republic, they probably head for Belfast.

Liverpool to-day is not the best place for an unemployed labourer to look for work in. But old myths die hard and though at present work is difficult to find, the idea still exists that employers are queuing up at the dockside looking for workers. With no hostels for Irish immigrants, many labourers spend the nights on one of the two Liverpool stations. This lack of hostels, especially Catholic hostels, is surprising. Apparently one had started for girls, only to be hurriedly closed when five prostitutes moved in and set up shop. Lack of money hinders all voluntary welfare

agencies." Their extreme friendliness leads them to talk to any man on board ship. Having spent the night in idle chatter, by morning they cling with dogged determination to their new-found guardians. I was told that the Vigilance Association has been instrumental in breaking at least one "agency" which specialised in such procuring of Irish girls. So bad was this problem at one time, and so haphazard the co-operation between the English and Irish police, that "agencies" of this type even managed to establish offices in Dublin. The Catholic Bureau informed me that prostitution in Dublin was a serious problem. One almost felt the Irish were corrupting England.

Even more astonishing was to be told of the considerable number of illiterates who land up in Liverpool from Ireland. Many runaway girls, even below 15 years old, take the boat to England with no more than the

labour in Ireland, and owing to this fact the Irish employer is able to take advantage of the helplessness of his poorer countrymen, and compel them to work for less than their fellows in England receive for the same class of work." Almost 70 years later, life is changing, if slowly, in Ireland. Yet large numbers continue to leave the South. Pound notes, in the weekly letter back home, are still a large contribution to the national income. Ireland's greatest natural resource has always been this labour surplus, but with the decline in expansion in British industry to-day, some economists are prophesying a 1930 type recession. What will the emigrants do then? Join the dole queue in Liverpool, or accept low wages in Ireland? Whilst active discrimination against the Irish is rare in England, the drunken, disorderly image remains. A typical case arose in March when a labourer, Irish, was found twenty feet down



Liverpool Slums — the worst in England?

—Irish Times.

England is the job of organisations like the Vigilance Association and the Catholic Social Service Bureau. How long before these girls end up in court, become pregnant, earn a living as strippers or worse? Not all go this way, of course. But this article is concerned with the misfits and drifters, very much square pegs in round holes. And a depressing lot they are, with few redeeming features. The English blame the Irish mentality, the slightly mad, disorganised streak they see in everyone who arrives from Ireland. Talk of the brave new world being created by Lemass leaves Liverpoolians cold. All they see is the worst—at least not what the Irish would wish them to see. People emigrate for many reasons, but those who end up involved with welfare services usually leave Ireland having failed once already.

Ireland have no idea of this. To them Dublin is the big city to look at and wonder at. Strangely, though the vastness of America is read about, and understood, emigrants from the country have no understanding that England is comparatively quite large too. So the drifters start off by getting lost.

Often they arrive with scraps of paper with addresses like, "Mrs. Smith, Lancashire." Usually they have little or no luggage and even less money. Not that this is a real worry. Within a week of arriving in England an immigrant can sign on at a Labour Exchange, and thus be eligible for National Assistance. Undoubtedly many lazier Irish emigrants are leaving home because of this attraction. The Vigilance Association told me of one man who had been arriving in England for his dole each week for years.

by Robin Knight

work. Criticisms about such organisations were voiced by Father Cronin, a dockside priest. He disliked especially the form-filling routine which scared off so many bemused Irish. Both from Father Cronin and the Catholic Bureau came criticisms of the blind Christian faith which the Irish bring to England. They felt that the naivety, which so typifies the drifters, only makes them a party to crime. Both seemed to be pleading for the Irish to adopt a more realistic attitude to life.

Particularly concerned with girls and women, the Vigilance Association emphasised how the number of Irish immigrants is dropping. Three years ago this society dealt with nearly two thousand cases a year. In 1964, the total was around eight hundred. The majority of these girls are still in their teens, often 15-16, and come from S.W. Ireland. Unprepared for industrial England, such girls are an easy prey for "employment



Liverpool Docks — no drifters on board this ship.

—Courtesy "Irish Times"

clothes they stand up in. One girl carried no luggage; instead she wore two complete sets of clothing. The mentality of these girls is "derived from comic papers and fictitious love stories," to quote the Vigilance Association.

In 1897 the Irish Marxist Connolly wrote: "There is always a large surplus of unemployed

a hole in the precincts of Blackburn Cathedral. The magistrate heard he had spent the night there in a drunken stupor. Asked for an explanation, O'Reilly replied that he had had a couple of pints to drink and was on his way to the Cathedral to pray. "I must have lost my way," he finished. A typical end to a typical drifter night.

Trinity Star-time

AQUARUS: A near-miss this week—thank your lucky stars she was married. Enter for the mixed doubles—don't pair up with ball-bashing Horsley. "Yes" requires an answer—No.

PISCES: Romance in Buttery—aim for strawberries at the garden party and nothing less. Heading for a breakdown—ease up on work. Cancel plans for vacation trip to Mt. Athos—you're not the right type.

ARIES: A talk to the College chaplain might be in order. He'd love to help. Good week for the horses and parties. Go to a lecture—if you know where to find one.

TAURUS: Try societies to keep your mind off sex. If this fails, join the Women's Athletic Club. Pattern of Venus's conjunction with Ranger IX indicates meeting with your tutor—last known occasion 24 million light years ago.

GEMINI: Be kinder to your wife—it pays. Next two days will be decisive on the Ball question. A wedding in view—exercise recommended. Turn down a chance to write for T.C.D. on current affairs.

LEO: The College porter persistently mislays your mail—chase him. Find a protest march and join it. A Valentine card arrives—you should suspect foul play or a joke. Someone, somewhere is waiting for a letter from you.

VIRGO: Good week for investment in shorts. Keep off alcohol, avoid crossing Front Square in daylight. In the Reading Room don't be surprised to get 24 bound volumes of "Woman's Wiles" instead of a Hindustani translation of "Fanny Hill."

LIBRA: The stars indicate collision with the J.D.—avoid

him. Look at the "Book of Kells" to solve your emotional troubles. The customs confiscate your copy of original works by Errol Flynn. Get away for the week-end together.

SCORPIO: If you have any friends, cultivate them for that invitation you should be getting. Volunteer to join the Climbing Club's expedition underground. Pin a notice at Front Gate. Drown your sorrows in a non-Trinity pub.

SAGITTARIUS: Back-gate porter sticks a temporary resident on your car—be nice to him just this once. Don't ask questions, do as you're told, soak your feet in alcohol for next week's Walk.

CAPRICORN: This week only—special offer, never to be repeated for £500 down and 394 weekly payments of 1/4½d.—a ride in the Provost's car—decline gracefully.

TOM CHANCE ON ARAN

Beyond the legendary Galway Bay lie three flat rocky islands, the smallest, Inisheer, nearest to the mainland; Inishmore, the largest, the furthest away, with Inishmaan in between. A dangerous stretch of sea effectively sheltered them from the rest of the world until recently. They were a microcosm world refrigerated into its own slackened evolution by a ten-mile stretch of water. They have remained the replica of what Ireland was like a hundred years ago. Now the thaw of modern communications is melting the isolation.

It is now quite easy to get to Aran, a ferry going out four times a week in the high season, often leaving Galway loaded with tourists, and children sent to improve "their language" to pass the exam they must take. The ferry is also the lifeline to the mainland on which the islanders now depend for food, clothing and luxuries they have grown accustomed to. The ferry is

responsible for the death of the traditional way of life; the old crafts that used to create the necessities of life have died; it is easier to import what is used on the mainland; to pay for these there is the income of the tourists and students, augmented by the native crafts that can be exported and a certain amount of farming. The ferry has smothered the old way of life while giving them new means of being able to afford the new life.

Aran has become a spectacle, a kind of human managerie, and it is not surprising that this should effect the islanders' outlook. Linguists, sociologists, authors, actors and tourists come to stare and watch a disappearing mode of life. Their presence speeds up the process. The islanders have looked on this invasion with mixed feelings, they are sorry to see the old life go, but they are stoic enough to accept it. Such is the price of progress.

GOLF

Pilch in West of Ireland Semi-Final

Six members of the Trinity Golf team took part in the West of Ireland Golf Championship at Rosses Point, Co. Sligo, over the week-end. Hugh Mackeown and Jeremy Pilch qualified for the match play part of the championship; whilst Mackeown was knocked out in the first round, Pilch put up a magnificent performance in reaching the semi-final.

Because of the record field the qualifying round for the 64 places for the match play section was started at 7 a.m. Being supposedly young and bright in the morning, Trinity teed off at this unearthly hour. However, even though a strong wind was blowing at this time we were luckier than the later starters who played in high impossible conditions. Some idea of the strength of the wind can be judged by the fact that less than 60 people in the whole field succeeding in breaking eighty and only three 70.

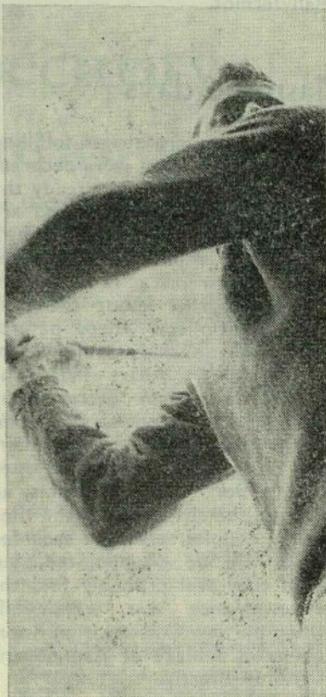
Pilch and Mackeown qualified only after some anxious moments, having scored 83 and 87, respectively. (J. B. Carr, for the record, also took 87 shots). Ninety was finally the qualifying mark and Gray, Bond and Black, who were on 90, missed qualifying because of a poor second nine.

In the first round Mackeown found Hosty of Galway too good, whilst Pilch had an easy enough game, beating a local man, Bruen. Pilch's next match was a really tough one—against international R. de Lacey Staunton. All square playing the 17th, Pilch had the agonising experience to see his opponent chip into the hole for a birdie 3. He fought back gamely to win down the 19th. In the third round Pilch sank a brilliant

20 ft. birdie putt to beat Brendan Edwards. The quarter final was a slight anti-climax after the morning game and after some early anxious moments he won easily enough.

In the semi-final Pilch's opponent was the current international, Vincent Nevin. Pilch played well, but was not able to match Nevin's top class golf; when the match ended on the 16th, Nevin was two under fours.

This was an outstanding performance by Pilch who has now proved himself the best golfer Trinity has produced in the last



Jeremy Pilch.
—T. Chance.

Sports Profile

Beverley Labbett

Beverley David Curtis Labbett is a well-known East Anglian Nationalist and a founder member of the Mildenhall Anti-Apartheid Movement. He is also this year's cricket captain. After only ten idyllic years at Christ's Hospital, it was mutually agreed that our subject should shed his blue gown and yellow socks and move on to new fields. This turned out to be a year with V.S.O. in British Honduras, an experience which turned him into something of a fire-raising missionary and also gave him a fine suntan. Four years spent reading history in Trinity have somewhat cooled his youthful ardour, though he is now looking forward to a teaching career and further evangelising in the Fens.

It is as an all-round sportsman that he is best known in Trinity, for apart from gaining his cricket colours for four years, he was also full-back for the Rugby XV when they last beat U.C.D. and is a devotee of four-a-side soccer. Bev. also performs heroically on the golf course and is justly proud of his nickname, "Long-ball Labbett."

As captain of the Cricket Club this year he intends to try to foster a more ruthless approach to Leinster League cricket than has been evident in the last few years. In a competition where the emphasis is so often on defence, Bev. realises that success will come only by a combination of patience and determination. This is not to say that Trinity will play dull cricket under Bev. Somewhere between the reckless and the turgid there lies a Golden Mean. Bev. should be able to find it.

Croupier

With the equine Asian 'flu still very prevalent, the racing scene is kind of mixed up, the big cough meaning small fields and bizarre results. Thus the task of the racing correspondent is marginally more thankless than ever, so that finding a certain runner, let alone those elusive winners, is like trying to hit a bull's eye in the dark. But "Trinity News" don't pay me for nothing, so **Croupier**, the man the fans love to hate, must chance his arm once more.

Last night I dreamt that **Arkle** didn't finish in the first three at Sandown next Saturday, beaten out of a place by the unconsidered **Anglo**, but perhaps in the traumatic haze I got the news mixed up. Dreams do, they assure me, come true, but if this one does I'll be mighty surprised and rather the poorer. If there is a turn-up, **Rondetto** or **Happy Arthur** are the only ones who could conceivably do **Arkle**.

Other possible Sandown winners are **Philistine** and **Robber Baron**, whilst on Friday I have good news about **From Russia With Love**. I'll be doubling her up with the promising Murless colt **Blomyddin**, who should take care of this lot if the cough doesn't beat him.

Up at Bangor, old friend **Bleached Tips** could be a money spinner at a long price and **San Jacinto** is my idea of a racing certainty.

On the home front, Wednesday at the Curragh should be most informative if un lucrative. Main feature is re-appearance of leading fancy for the Epsom Derby, **Hardicanute**. Apparently he has just about survived the Siberian Kildare winter and is rearing to go. He should be able to account for this cough-decimated field, but keep an eye on the beautifully bred Vincent O'Brien colt, **Baljour**.

At Naas on Saturday, **Clusium** should gain amends for last fence fall at Fairyhouse on Monday. **Lands End** could start us off on the right foot.

- Other Selections:—
3.30—**Quintilian (Regret)**.
4.0—**Dry Don (Dramatize)**.
5.0—**Agincourt (Prairie Mistress)**.
5.30—**Fuengirola (Sciulcia)**.

BOXING

Taylor's Title

The annual Universities' Championships for the Harry Preston Trophy were held at Glasgow on Saturday, March 6. The standard as usual was uneven. Glasgow, who fielded a full team, not surprisingly were able to carry off the team trophy for the first time, although the holders, U.C.D., were unlucky in that their experienced welterweight, **B. Flynn**, was ruled out with a badly cut eye in his first contest. The highest standard was at featherweight and light-middleweight; in the latter class the Glasgow veteran, S. McNeil, carried off the title for what must be the third time after a very exciting contest with **Philp** of Loughborough.

Trinity were unfortunate in that a combination of injuries and the demands of cup rugby forced them to field a depleted team. Had boxers like **J. Coker**, **D. Buchanan**, **J. Hodgson**, **R. Condon** and **S. McBratney** been able to compete they could well have carried off titles at two or three weights. But honour was maintained when **John Taylor** became the first Trinity boxer to win a British Isles Universities' Championship for six years when he won the middleweight title. This was a fine performance in view of the fact that he had to box three times. He outpointed **Imrie** of Glasgow in the first contest, then went on to knock out **Sweeney** of Galway in the semi-final. In the final he started slowly but came back with great determination to stop **Thomas** of Newcastle, who fell under an accumulation of left hooks in the second round. His success had a most intoxicating effect upon a small but enthusiastic band of Trinity supporters who had travelled to Glasgow. It will be equally popular among the boxing fraternity in College, crowning as it does two years of dedicated captaincy of the Club in one of its leanest periods. As an instance of how application can turn boxing talent into championship material, it should be an example to the younger members of the Club.

Sport in Brief

Easter-time is festival-time for sportsmen. In addition to the Hockey Buccaneers from Trinity, **Bob Read** completed a ubiquitous season playing for London Harlequins on their Welsh tour. **Ian Stainton-James** meanwhile was also performing on the Rugby field—for Old Dunstonians.

The Sailing Club, who had such a successful tour during the vacation, have a full programme this term. The most important events are the Irish Universities' Championships and the Colours match. Apart from this team racing, there will be the regular sailing in Mermaids throughout the week, and division racing in the Fireflies. The annual regatta will take place in Trinity Week.

The Easter break has given the Tennis captain time to contemplate his resources for the coming season. With **Ledbetter**, **Graham**, **Mackeown** and **Ashe** as old Colours, things ought to be encouraging, but as usual Trinity weakness appears to lie in the lower positions and it will need a great effort from these players in order to wrest the Colours trophy from U.C.D. on May 8th. Likely candidates are **Bowles** and

Whittaker, the former already being in form following his creditable showing in an otherwise inept performance against Edinburgh University.

This year Trinity are hosts for the Inter-Varsity Championships and on their own courts they have a unique opportunity to bring back the cup, as Trinity's strength has always been in doubles, and **John Horn**, the coach, is confident that with astute pairing this can be done.

The tournament, as we go to press, is progressing very slowly, so PLEASE enter quickly. Finally, congratulations to **Ledbetter** and **Horsley** for their selection on to the Leinster panel for 1965.

Trinity's Basketball team had a good win last week when they beat Blackburn College of Technology 81-48. **K. Tryfon** (42) and **P. Alscher** (15) were Trinity's main scorers.

The Cricket season opens for the 1st XI on Saturday, when they meet I. G. Thwaites' XI in College Park. **Thwaites**, himself a recent Cambridge Blue, is bringing a pretty powerful side over, including **Richard Hutton**, who

won his Yorkshire cap last summer as a fast bowler and batsman. Spin will be provided by another Cambridge player, **Roy Kerslake**, who appeared regularly for Somerset last year. Trinity's captain, **Bev. Labbett**, has been hampered by the weather in his search for the best side, but it looks as if the batting should be fairly strong. The bowling, however, remains a rather uncertain quantity.

Four Trinity Hockey players were invited to play for the Buccaneers, the élite Irish touring side, in the festival which took place at Folkestone at the Easter week-end. The four, **Tim King**, **Stuart McNulty**, **Declan Budd** and **Peter Stiven**, all distinguished themselves in what, for the Buccaneers, seems to have been a most successful trip. A 2-1 win over Cambridge University Scorpions was followed by 0-1 defeat at the hands of the Belgian national team, the goal coming from a penalty in the dying seconds. Tramps, reputed to be the finest side at the festival, were well beaten 2-1, and in the last match the Buccaneers routed the Royal Artillery 7-2.

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**Rosemary
Gibson**

Though she was born in Ireland, Rosemary Gibson only returned to the native sod in 1960. The period in between was spent in various parts of Africa, where, though she may have acquired the wisdom of the world, its more academic manifestations were pretty remote from her life. So, when she decided to get into Trinity five years ago, she was confronted by an uphill task of Herculean proportions.

She made it; which adds support to her claim: "Once I put my mind to something, I get it." This may not seem too modest, but she adds: "I'm as innocent as hell, actually."

In her first two years in Trinity she became one of the best-known figures in Front Square. The haystack hair, matelot shirt, jeans and boots all exploded with enthusiasm. Once, the national dailies rated her picture-worthy when she sprang from a bus and dived into the Liffey to save a drowning dog—or was it the other way round? No matter.

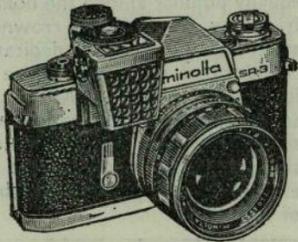
She is, however, one of those rare animal-lovers who have enough humanism left for humans. There is no doubt that fellow members of our specie are her chief interest. Such platitudes as, "One shouldn't judge people . . ." or "The necessity of understanding . . ." achieve new fresh-

ness when she says them, which takes some doing.

In the University she occupies herself some of the time with the kindred disciplines of English, Philosophy and Fine Arts. The rest of the day is divided between being ladies' swimming captain, serving on the Voluntary Social Workers' Committee and putting a fast grab on the carbohydrates down in the Buttery.

During her first two years there was a girl and there was an image. Since then the girl has outgrown the image. A tribute to the Trinity educational system? The University has had a rare chance to put its stamp on a person uncomplicated by any previous formal education. Viewed from this angle one might be disappointed in Rosemary. The values, though firmly and genuinely held, are all too conformingly radical, advocacy of birth control, abortion and so on. What lifts these views out of the rut is that, unlike normal radicals, Rosemary does not seem to be inspired in her views by a rather tired and disappointed cynicism. Rather there is an absolute sense of rightness.

In fact, one feels that the only way in which Rosemary Gibson is a real rebel is in her refusal to gloss the simplicity of her feeling with any needless sophistication.



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COMMENT

The Gaelic Athletic Association has voted to continue its ban on members watching or playing "foreign games." It is suggested by some that the ban is purely a matter for the G.A.A. and ought not to be a topic for general discussion. To an outsider this might appear to be fair enough, but the fact is that the Association after the Catholic Church is probably the most powerful and influential organisation in the Republic. Therefore, its activities are very much the concern of us all. This Ireland of ours has changed greatly in recent years. Credit must be given to the young men of Fianna Fail for drawing the curtain on the years of the Celtic Twilight. The ban is of that era. The idea then was to encourage the people to become more nationally minded. As the greater part of Ireland is now secure in its nationhood, the ban should be dropped. This would damage neither the Association nor the "national games." But it would show that the G.A.A. has grown up long with the nation.

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Mail moved

The crowded letter racks for non-resident students have now been moved to the foyer of Regent House where incoming letters will arrive. As well as increased room in each section, College mail boxes have been installed and it is there that the "Trinity News" box will be found.

Amanda's opera

Amanda Douglas, who appeared on television with the Dubliners in a programme based on the ballad, "The Night Larry was Stretched," is now to take part in the film version which will be entitled "O'Donoghue's Opera," and filmed partly at O'Donoghue's pub in Merrion Row.

Trinity News

NEWS

BRIEF

John Bull's Six

"Spectator" readers will have been following a four-month correspondence on an article concerning Northern Ireland by Alexander Walker, which tried to show that a new sense of tolerance was permeating the North. There were many who objected. Dr. Gregory Simms felt that the Employment Act reduced Catholic employment; a Mr. L. T. Peabody spoke of gerrymandering, and so did Patricia McCloskey when provoked by the thunderous Sir Knox Cunningham.

All this for four months . . . There can be few skeletons left to show before Editor Macloed locks up the cupboard.

From The Board

The Board has confirmed the Residents' Committee's decision to refuse a terms credit to Angela Gibbon and Julia Bevan for not complying with regulations concerning flats. Other cases which come before the Board to-day are almost certainly to be treated in the same way.

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G.S.O. & S.C.I.

Peter Hulton and Susan Garner are Trinity's first two volunteers for the Graduate Service Overseas programme. Hulton, Secretary of the International Affairs Association, is to go to South America, and Modern Languages student Garner to there or Africa. They will be part of a graduate team helping in teaching, agricultural and medical work, social development and engineering.

Voluntary work in Dublin will be undertaken this summer by a branch of Service Civil International. Twenty foreign volunteers are to construct a training centre for the mentally handicapped as part of an Irish programme which has already included week-end work at Belfast and the itinerants' camp at Ballyfermot.

Jasmine days

Mod. Lang. are at last fulfilling an age-old promise to re-decorate their room in 35, and already the painters have moved in and are transforming the place with astonishing rapidity. Remember that crass remark in a certain College journal about the only place in College where heterosexual relationships could bloom in comfort? Apart from the reckless optimism betrayed by that writer, the notion of "comfort" among battered armchairs and moth-eaten carpets was open to question. Now, it seems, all this will be changed. For the time being, couples seeking a secluded nook will be disappointed, but even they will probably find the inconvenience was worthwhile when the new Conversation Room opens in a blaze of jasmine and sky-blue shortly.

At the Phil.

Brian Trewaskis continued his one-man crusade for an enlightened attitude to education in Ireland at the Phil. last Thursday. He pointed out that it was still almost impossible for the children of working-class people in Ireland to get a university education. And we all know who's to blame for that!

Women

Yet another campaign to admit women to the Hist. has failed. A motion to permit the admission to the Society's Inaugural meetings was defeated last Wednesday week in private business by 26 votes to 19. It had been widely expected that this motion would be passed and the result came as a surprise to many.

The house divided after two hours of unemotional debating. By far the best of some fine speeches was that of David McConnell, the Auditor, who was the final speaker in the negative.

An amendment to the laws which would admit women to a form of debating membership of the Society was to be discussed last night but, owing to previous week's decision, it was announced that it would not be brought forward until all other business had been dealt with.

PERSONAL

THE D.U. LAURENTIAN SOCIETY will hold its annual general meeting on Monday, 26th April, in Regent House at 7.45 p.m. Election of officers, reports, etc. All members are requested to attend.

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.

SERVICE CIVIL INTERNATIONAL. Meeting at Gaj's Restaurant, 132 Lr. Baggot Street, to-day, at 8.0 p.m.

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