

ALL THINGS OPTICAL

DIXON HEMPENSTALL
111 GRAFTON ST.

Trinity News

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SOLUTION DEADLOCKED!

President-less A.S.A.D.

The Association of Students of African Descent, which has for the past 21 years played a leading role in getting the African students together, seems to be near the edge of being dissolved.

At the last meeting nobody was inclined to stand for election as the President. The reason is, partly because a lot of personalities will be leaving College at the end of this session, and partly because some other personalities, like Ben Udenze, who like having their fingers in almost every pie, wish a respite during the next session.

However, it is being whispered that Mr. Dipo Oladitan may rescue A.S.A.D., but he wishes to work in harmony with his cousin, Miss Akinsete, as the secretary. Another faction intends to put up Miss U. Nwachukwu as an alternative. But who can grudge Mr. Oladitan if he insists on co-ordinating and planning affairs with his cousin. For goodness sake let him have his way, so that A.S.A.D. may continue to exist.

New Development

The Prime Minister of Western Nigeria, Chief Awolowo, is due to arrive in Dublin at the invitation of the D.U. African Students' Association. The Prime Minister attended a Commonwealth Constitutional Conference in London. While here, he will speak at a Public Meeting in the Shelbourne Hotel on Monday next.

Professor E. A. Crawford, whose close association with the new Education Department which Trinity College is to start in October for Egyptian students has made him a popular figure among the coloured students, has been requested to take the Chair.

FAST OR STEADY

"It is not meet that a royal lady should move in such fast company." Such was the answering cable sent by the captain of "Queen Elizabeth" to the commanding officer of "United States" when being slowly overhauled by the latter.

This was one of the many illustrations used by Alan Redpath to explain his point that in the Christian life one needs to lead a steady, consistent life.

Mr. Redpath was speaking to a large gathering in the G.M.B. on Tuesday. He is an Englishman who emigrated to the U.S.A. and is now minister of the Moody Church, Chicago.

The meeting was arranged by D.U. Christian Union and the chair was taken by Rev. R. K. Maguire.

Meet

at the

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He Refuses to Resign

ONCE again the S.R.C. rears its ugly head. A genuine attempt by responsible elements to seal the rift in the Council earlier on this term has ended in a stalemate because one of the key men in the organisation refuses to co-operate. While Bob Barton will resign, Noel Igoe will not follow suit, and thus blocks the way to holding a new election and a solution to the problem.

The position to date is this:

At the beginning of the year, those who had been complacently carrying out the functions of the S.R.C., regarding it as a major society, were rudely interrupted by the entrance of an organised and opposing bloc, the members of which claimed to have new and revolutionary ideas about what the S.R.C. could do. So far, their ideas do not seem to have been carried out. The Commencements Ball last Christmas was a failure, and for a large part of the year the rival factions were in such a state of conflict that the S.R.C. rooms were unopened and even less was done than usual. Due to the efforts of the "conservative" or "traditional" faction, the Blood Transfusion unit, the B.C.G. unit and the Mass-Radiography unit came to College, the S.R.C.'s rooms were eventually opened, and the outlook seemed more favourable. On the surface at least, newcomers appear to have been purely disruptive and to have enjoyed office without doing any work—a case of missionary zeal without the willingness to perform routine organising functions?

"Trinity News" has tried to find out the facts, as free as possible from the prejudice of the warring factions. Since R. Fletcher left College there has been difficulty about the positions of President and Treasurer. Igoe and Barton both claim the Presidency, though it is understood that Barton has agreed to resign. Igoe has persistently refused to recognise the legitimacy of Barton's election. The Treasurer, Brian Harkness, left to take up a job in Belfast, and refused to resign till the position of President had been clarified; this resulted in delays in paying bills and the position was not improved by the intransigence of Miss French, who held the petty cash.

It is high time the quarrels were forgotten and the functions of the S.R.C. efficiently carried out, small though they are. It appears that those at present

interested in controlling the S.R.C. regard the link with the London N.U.S. as all-important; that the whole matter is in the hands of the Junior Dean, who may arrange a Caretaker Committee to take charge of the S.R.C.'s affairs till the whole society is reconstituted, possibly on a different basis.

Zuidplain Project

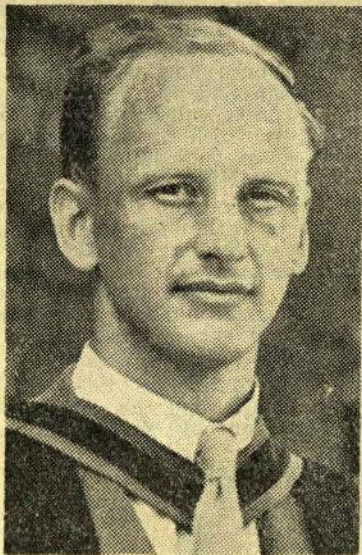
The first public lecture organised by the School of Social Science was held in the Physics Lecture Theatre recently. The Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Simms, took the chair. Mr. A. Lührs from the Department of Health, Rotterdam, spoke on "The Zuidplain Project."

He explained that an emergency village of one-storeyed huts was built in 1941 to house evacuee families. In 1945 it was found that many of these tenants were unsatisfactory and it was decided to adapt the dwellings for their rehabilitation under the Department of Welfare. The aim is to make the families socially sound and fit to return to life in the ordinary community. There is a comprehensive plan for the rehabilitation of the families. The women are taught to cook and house-keep, and if necessary the children are cared for in a crèche. Emphasis is laid on the importance of community life and there are a number of clubs run by the tenants.

There has been much controversy about the question of collective rehabilitation. In the Zuidplain Project, the problem families were already settled in the area and it was decided that the advantages of a comprehensive approach and group work outweighed the disadvantages of segregation.

20 SCHOLARS AND ONE FELLOW

ON the Examination Hall steps last Monday, the Provost announced the election of 20 new Scholars, and the election of Mr. E. C. Riley as Fellow:



—Photo courtesy Irish Times.

MR. EDWARD C. RILEY

Newly elected Fellow of the College.

Edward Calverley Riley was born in Mexico and went to school in England, at Clifton College, from where he won a scholarship to Queen's College, Oxford. During the last three years of the war he served in the Royal Navy. He returned to Oxford in 1945 to read modern languages, and was awarded the Heath Harrison Travelling Scholarship in French in 1947 and, after graduating, the Laming Fellowship in Spanish for 1948-49. He was appointed at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1949, and has been head of the Department of Spanish since 1953. He has published works in various journals on Cervantes, Garcia Lorca and other Spanish writers.

NEW SCHOLARS

- Mathematics:**
R. E. Harte.
- Classics:**
J. T. Killen.
F. A. Elliott.
Clare A. Faulkner (Non-Foundation).
Eamon O Tuathail.
- Mental and Moral Science:**
M. J. Kenny.
- Natural Sciences:**
Margaret C. Harden-Smith (Non-Foundation).
D. O. Cummins.
T. C. Tyner.
- Modern Languages:**
Genevieve J. M. Rollin (Non-Foundation) (English and French).
Hilary A. Pyle (Non-Foundation) (English and Irish).
Jennifer A. Corscadden (Non-Foundation) (French and Spanish).
F. H. A. Richmond (French and German).
Elizabeth L. P. Pepper (Non-Foundation) (French and German).
D. M. Neligan (French and German).
R. A. Skerrett (French and Irish).
- Ancient and Modern Literature:**
Daphne M. S. Turner (Non-Foundation) (Latin and English).
- Modern History:**
Deirdre L. Huddie (Non-Foundation).
- Economics and Political Science:**
G. Knaggs.
G. W. Prior-Wandesforde.

CO-SEC.

Much good work has been done in recent years by the Co-ordinating Secretariat of National Unions of Students (which has its headquarters at Leiden in Holland) to foster understanding between students' unions of the Western bloc countries.

One of its functions is to organise international student conferences, and highlighting plans for the coming months are the first regional seminars ever to be sponsored by the organisation in North Africa, Central America and Central Africa. These seminars were mandated by the Sixth International Student Conference held in Ceylon, in the interest of stimulating greater student interest in these areas and in bringing students from similar regional backgrounds together for the discussion of common problems.

Sometimes the organisation has to overcome setbacks. At the time of going to press, prospects that an International Student Conference Research and Information Commission team will make an on the spot study this year of the higher education situation in Hungary have become gloomy. Niels Thygesen, team member from Denmark reports that his visa application for Hungary has been refused on the grounds that the education system in the country is not normal this year. Visas for other members of the Hungarian team are still pending.

Other Commission studies requested for this year—Algeria, Cuba, Cyprus, Goa and Nicaragua—are already under way. The Cuban study was requested by the National Union of Students in Cuba following the fatal shooting of two successive presidents of the Union in uprisings against the State President, Batista.

Election Results

D.U. International Affairs Association.
—Chairman, J. Kaminski; Record Sec., N. McGillicuddy; Treasurer, N. Natu; Correspondence Sec., N. Howes; Committee: J. Pietalkiewicz, D. Downing, O. Ahmad, P. H. Dunne, N. Tolstoy, H. Khonsali, V. Noel.

D.U. Commerce & Economics Society
—1957-58, Auditor: G. W. Prior-Wandesforde; Secretary: Judy Mitchell; Treasurer: G. Knaggs; Librarian: M. R. Mahony; Catering Officer: June Skelly; Committee: Paul Depta, Jarek Pickalkiewicz, P. Perkins, J. R. Hautz (ex-officio).

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EN VOYAGE

SATURDAY will see the end of Arts lecture term, and by the beginning of next week College will be empty of most of its Arts students. But not of our unfortunate friends the Medicals and the Engineers, who have to stay a few weeks longer before being able to forsake the lecture theatre. Their summer will be all that shorter, for they will have to start College before the rest come back in October.

But once having finished, they will not waste much time in getting ready to enjoy the summer. If the weather to date is any indication, then we are likely for a scorcher, and most will be off to the Continent.

Hard-earned money, be it gained by canning in Norfolk, porter-ing at Euston, or by waiter-ing in Lyons', will be blued in one glorious fling in Spain or the Cote d'Azur. Summer Schools will attract many, for cheap accommodation with good food can be found in any amount of places from Stockholm to Madrid, from Amsterdam to Rome, and from Caen to Heidelberg. Lucky indeed are those who can afford the time to go, but for those poor unfortunates taking Mod. in October, the summer will not be all that pleasant.

While the world and his wife are basking in the sun on some exotic beach, Senior Sophisters will be slowly developing eyestrain, riveted to their seats in the Reading Room. By September, when the first sun-tanned Medics come drifting back, our friends will have that pale, wan look which characterises the studios.

But envious as they may be, they can't complain, for they had their fling once, too.

The Editorial Board do not accept any responsibility for views expressed by correspondents. All copy intended for publication must be accompanied by the name of the contributor even if this is not for publication.

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Profile:

Captain D.U.B.C.

M. H. DELAP

While recovering from a serious operation in Dublin at the age of nine, Hugh acquired for himself the name of "the old man," because he insisted upon reading the "Irish Times" from cover to cover every morning.

As a judgment of his character, the name was amusing, but missed being quite accurate. He is, perhaps better, an "older man" in that he has a sense of judgment more mature than his years, an attribute which he displays on occasions in the form of a most aggravating serenity. His insatiable appetite for newspapers and periodicals, behind which he sometimes hides an inherent shyness, frequently mistaken for disinterest, still exists, and there are many who will testify to the difficulty of ex-huming him from a copy of "Punch" or "The Observer," his favourite form of culture.

As a result of his extensive reading, Hugh has a wide knowledge of current political affairs, though he has yet to admit to admiration for any particular party. He is an anti-partitionist for personal as well as political reasons.

Hugh's first school years were spent at Avoca, passing on to Portora at the age of thirteen. He is now in his final year in the Engineering School and justifiably hopes to graduate in September.

His views and prospects after graduation are very definite and are a refreshing change. He is unlikely to be seen in Toronto, Montreal or Vancouver next year. His first thoughts have been of the value of experience to be gained, and although it would be wrong to say that the financial aspect has been totally disregarded, at least it has been kept in its proper proportion.

Hugh is a person with an extremely wide range of interests—he claims to be fond of literature but hasn't enough time to read as much as he would like. He is fond of music with a lasting quality and pays sporadic visits to cinema and theatre. In the sporting field he has performed with competence



at most games, and has distinguished himself in scarcely four years' rowing.

His captaincy of the Boat Club has been quietly efficient and his ideas on enlightened training should be followed by future captains for many years to come.

Hugh leaves for Henley with the D.U. Boat Club on Saturday, and one wishes him and the crew all success in the regatta.

OFF THE CUFF—

I went along on Friday last to hear Dr. Harbeler's lecture on the European Market and Free Trade Area, given in the Anatomy Theatre. I had settled myself very comfortably into the luxurious tip-up seat provided, and had listened to the brief introductory remarks of the chairman, Professor Duncan, when my calm was shattered by the arrival of a seemingly endless stream of what I afterwards learned to be Junior Freshman economists. The unfortunate lecturer was quite unable to begin his speech until the not inconsiderable noise had died away: one would have imagined that it would have been courteous to such a distinguished economist to arrive fairly punctually.

When Dr. Harbeler finally got going, one quickly realised that he was indeed a very capable scholar and that his sense of humour was well developed. Despite his strong accent, his clarity of thought was such that every point was readily understandable even to one, such

as myself, relatively unversed in economic theory.

I gathered, however, that Dr. Harbeler's remarks were notable not so much for their originality as for their providing an accurate and well reasoned synthesis of current reviews upon the question. One could well admire Dr. Harbeler's obvious ability to make a balanced survey of the question, while having very definite views upon it. All too often, one hears lecturers who have made exhaustive studies of a particular subject being unable to come to any definite conclusions, overwhelmed as they seem to be by the multitude of views and opinions held upon that subject.

In all, despite the very pleasant weather prevailing outside, I felt that this hour was by no means wasted: professional economists with whom I spoke endorsed my views, and expressed their appreciation of Dr. Harbeler's scholarship.

TIMBUKTU AHOY!

A fortnight ago, two African students sat in the buffet enjoying a meal of large steak, and one suddenly said to the other: "It looks like being a wonderful summer; let us run a bus trip from London to Kano (in Northern Nigeria)." The other chap blurted out: "Oga (for friend), it will be splendid to be home even for a day; we may even ask the Nigerian Government to co-operate." And so, this idea is now being realised.

Asking the bespectacled Kingsley Udenze, as one of the principal organisers of the trip, he said that the idea is to offer those who are interested not only a holiday, but a sight-seeing tour in some European countries, in some Arab countries, in the Sahara Desert, and of the ancient city walls of Kano. The trip, he indicates, will run from London across the English Channel to France and to Gibraltar. The bus will then be ferried across to Tangier—"The international waterfront," and will continue south through Morocco. "We are keeping out of Algeria because of the war," he quickly added.

The rest of the journey will be through the desert, touching two or

three oases. Reflecting on H. Rider Haggard in "King Solomon's Mines," Kingsley quoted: "... as you journey across the desert, you meet nothing but sand, sand here and there, sand above, sand behind you and sand in front of you, sand, sand, and sand again."

The next important stop will be at Timbuktu. Here one will be privileged to see the remains of the ancient civilisation which once dominated the whole West African Sudan. From there onwards, the party will travel close to the River Niger, which the early European explorers once thought was connected with the Blue Nile.

The final bus stop will be Kano—a city teeming with more than a million inhabitants consisting of Hausas, the Fulanis, the Arabs and a few hundred Europeans. In Kano, one is sure to obtain those small but rare things, which you will only get in this part of the world.

This inter-continental trip will last nearly a month, and the cost is being worked out for only forty pounds ten shillings.

They Got In

D.U. Badminton Club.—At the third annual general meeting of the Badminton Club the following officers were elected for the season 1957-58: Captain, W. McC. Johnson; Hon. Treas., Miss A. Eakin; Hon. Sec., D. J. Thompson; Committee: Miss C. Grubb, Miss B. Duncan, M. Lim, S. T. Koh.

The Werner Chemical Society. Officers for session 1957-58: Chairman, Dr. W. J. Davis; Secretaries, Dr. T. B. H. McMurry, B. W. Fitzsimmons; Treasurers, J. R. Dick, B.Sc.; Miss J. M. R. Murdock; Committee, V. W. Rockley, Miss D. Mooney.

D.U. Experimental Science Association, 1957-58.—Hon. Corresponding Sec., D. A. Kennedy; Hon. Record Sec., Miss

E. J. Roe; Hon. Librarian, R. E. Burton (Sch.); Hon. Treasurer, F. N. Byrne; Council: I. Elliott, W. E. H. Hipwell, I. McCracken, A. Moore, V. W. Rockley, T. D. Spearman (Sch.).

D.U. Maths. Society, 1957-58.—Officers: President, Prof. T. S. Broderick, F.T.C.D.; Auditor, T. D. Spearman, Sch.; Hon. Sec., J. A. Sutton; Hon. Treas., R. E. Harte; Hon. Lib., T. T. West. Council: A. I. Solomon, Sch.; A. G. Lucas, A. Beck.

D.U. Metaphysical Society Elections, 1957-58.—Auditor, F. C. Young, Mod. B.A.; Hon. Sec., A. A. Johns; Hon. Treas., D. J. Kerr; Hon. Librarian, R. D. Baker. Council: W. R. D. Alexander, R. E. S. Dunlop, N. J. A. Scott, E. H. L. Kidd.

COLLEGE OBSERVED

Anchor's Aweigh

What a watery week-end it has been. The D.U. Sailing Club weighed into the Royal St. George on Friday night for their annual "all pals together night." The dinner was good and the speeches few. Dr. McDowell spoke by popular demand and his fans were not disappointed. The air of sobriety that has prevailed all week was in evidence just as much at this function as any other. Boat tillers were removed by the Sailing master just in case anyone had any bright ideas. The big splash of the evening was the second baptism of Felicity Bawtree by the "Rev" Jack Kirwan. The Royal St. George are to be commended for their wonderful hospitality. This club receives no remuneration whatsoever from the D.U. Sailing Club but never fails to express its inborn generosity whenever it can.

T.C.D. Association Dinner

Saturday saw another equally dignified celebration taking place. The Trinity Week Dinner of the T.C.D. Association. Sherry in the Common Room followed by dinner followed by no speeches was the order of the evening. This year saw a completely new innovation and one which we gather was extremely successful. The Presidents of the Graduates' Associations of National University of Ireland, Royal College of Surgeons, Magee University College and Queen's University were invited to the dinner. All, with the exception of Queen's, graced the occasion with their presence. This innovation, acceptable to all, will, one gathers, become a permanent feature of the Association dinner. It is only at such a dinner that one realises the strength of the Association and the loyalty of graduates to their Alma Mater. Telegrams were read that had been sent by associations from such diverse places as New York and Bulawayo. Graduates were meeting on Saturday in Nairobi, Salisbury (S. Rhodesia) and New York and on Monday in Trinidad, Singapore, Kuala Lumpur, Nassau and Christchurch.

That Man

Talking about graduates brings one eventually to that Film Unit. One gathers that Mr. Charles Sweeting would not be elected as the most popular and best liked man in Trinity. This may or may not be an injustice but we must not lose sight of the fact that the idea and all the pre-organisation came from Mr. Sweeting and his fellow graduates in London. Whilst that Radio Taxi has a habit of causing people to go into puce rages and make nasty remarks, the idea and motives behind this documentary are to be commended. The only person receiving financial remuneration for his services is the professional camera man. The others are donating their time and experience as a free gift. The import of an outside glamour girl would appear to be unfortunate but after all, the Library Extension Committee have to sell a product and they must make the sale of that article easier and abundant.

The "rushes" shown so far have been good and leave one with the impression that the film stands a very good chance of being successful. Many feel that the film will lack "positive action," people walking to and fro and actually doing something; there may perhaps be too much of a building tour about the film.

Whatever may or may not be thought, we have not seen the last of our baseball hatted friend and his crew. Some time during the Michaelmas term they are returning to take indoor shots and then the film will be ready for processing and distribution. Perhaps when the unit returns and has had time to assimilate the work of the past ten days we shall hear from the Director as to how the controversial documentary is coming along.

5 Pannekoeken

Strolling along the backwaters of Dublin's fair city can be more than just interesting—it can often be instructive. A corridor through the Commercial Buildings in Dame Street leads right up to the Ha'penny Bridge across the Liffey, and that gives direct access on to the old Capel Street area on the north side of the river. Even over on the south side, however, there are many interesting places, like the "Clog" restaurant in Clarendon Row, off Chatham Street.

In what was originally a fruit and grocery shop many years ago, an enterprising young College student with Dutch connections has set himself up in business as a restaurateur. The old-world charm of the original shop has been retained and there are no spindly-thin chairs and tables to trip you up in this coffee house. And believe it or not, Espresso coffee is NOT served. Instead, Dutch food with strange names like Uitsmijters and Hutspot are the specialities of the house, and the five-flavoured Pannekoeken are legendary.

To top the lot, a permanent exhibition of Dublin's younger artists is on show, providing a harmonious setting in which to sip your coffee whilst reading the morning paper supplied free by the management—the papers not the coffee. Truly the ideal spot to kill that hour between lectures!

personally social—

What a Wednesday it was! As the current revue hit says: "There were hordes of dreary crashers, and little bobby-soxers, The Boat Club's finest oarsmen and the Boxing Club's best b— boxers."

In the first category, David Nowlan and Suzanne Cheridan managed very well. At the Lady Liz. party, William Beamish Porter constituted a one-man chain gang to the bar, and Maeve and Rosemary made fast to the blazer buoys as usual. Caroline Johnson bewitched at least one person in her snappy blue beret, and even Louis Lentin left the intellectuals to join the roughnecks.

Danny Tulalamba sparred with Johnnie Orr at the Boxing Club do, and Paddy Malone just smiled and got in. Poor Rosemary Cooper, one of Christopher's nicest girl-friends, was abandoned by Moriarty, who had gone to the select R.B.D. gathering.

Hilary Fitzgerald had a wonderful time out at Dermot Beatty's thrash. John Jessop spent most of the time keeping people out of his bedroom. "Dermot's is much less crowded," he explained. Betsy Dillon, in a rakish sailor hat, forgot the local curate when she met Geoff. Walsh, the man of the moment, who has done much to discredit the rumour that all Lancashiremen are like Kevin Johnson. He, poor chap, had to spend most of the time at the Phil.

When Winnie Brooks eventually made George Green's party, she just sat on the floor and giggled and giggled and giggled. How she managed to reach the Cricket Club party in Mickey Dawson's flat nobody knows, but handsome David Wynn-Jones was no doubt an incentive. Ian Foster maintained his reputation as the unfunniest funny man, and Andy David as the most morose.

Philip Brooks, suspicious fellow, refused to let Nick Westby and partner collect their coats from the bedroom, and Ken Rawlins just kept on filling up the glasses.

On Sunday, Geoff. Walsh threw a housewarming in Dalkey for the younger members of the staff, such as Pam McCabe, and the older members of the staff of "Trinity News," such as Derek Horwood. In the mellow twilight, everything seemed rosy.

Trinity Wednesday is a haze. Dermot Beatty welcomed us with open bottles. Pat Bourke, ever hospitable, provided further refreshment. Deirdre Mooney availed of both offers. Dr. McDowell still seemed to be everywhere, as did Bambos David and Ioanna. No one at the races sprinted so hard as Billy Porter making a bee-line for the bar. The Phil. reception was a pleasant oasis with cool ice-cream to put on aching heads. And Sweet Anne Douglas was at home to Mod. Lang., who had by now recovered from the dinner. What a day!!

What Every Girl Should Know

Almost all devotees of the subject from Casanova to Kinsey agree that women in their middle span make the best lovers. For just as wine acquires a fullness of bouquet and a smoothness bewitching to the palate, so some women in time add to their basic qualities. Others add only to their avoirdupois.

Adolescence may collect innumerable sonnets with which to sing its praises—consummate love never. Was not the passion of Romeo for Juliet destined to frustration? One should remember that the initial dazzle of a deb. is not without its charm nor is it to be neglected; but "amour" consists of more than dazzle—beguiling coyness perhaps—subtleties, the lifting of an eye, the parry and thrust with rapier-like effect of whispered words and innuendos—qualities sadly lacking in a Philistine.

Take heed all you ladies, never become like your American counterpart who, through her blissful Victorian ignorance of sex, is convinced that it is a substitute for dancing or a less complicated procedure than holding an intelligent conversation. For her, marriage has fulfilled her desires when she can fight for bargains in a store basement. Marriage has bestowed upon her fully fledged membership and the right to get in there and fight.

Caesar arrived in Egypt when Cleopatra was but a mere slip of a queen and had not yet acquired such notoriety for herself as the character of a "pop" song called "Cleo and Meo." Caesar was frustrated by this "bright young thing" and turned his attention to statecraft and Scotch (an absolute must in tropical climes). Anthony, however, judged his arrival more opportunely, for the passing years had mellowed our Egyptian friend into an experienced woman of many parts and wondrous enchantments. Half the world was sacrificed for her, even Anthony's life blood was shed for her, but do we hear, or have we heard, that Anthony complained? "Amour" is not just a word purloined from the French, but a word that if coupled with experience conveys a feeling of ripeness, relaxation and rapport.

Architects no longer build secret passages in houses, and neither do gardeners plant creepers and ivy to aid one's flights into fantasy. Pecuniary assets are not the least of our worries—to woo, to woo successfully one requires wealth, space and leisure. The bank has robbed us of the first, the architects the second, and our superiors the third.

Atmosphere and setting are the two ingredients essential to the business. The more regally luxurious the better, for suburbia offers too few comforts to the eager suitor.

Student Prayer Meeting

Prayer meetings took place in the Gallery Chapel on Saturday mornings at 12.30 p.m. During the Hungarian crisis, Christian students met to pray for those in need and it was felt that a similar meeting to pray for students all over the world, and in Trinity in particular, would be desirable. All students were welcome at these prayers, which had the backing of the Deans of Residence. Prayers were led each Saturday by students.

Choral Society

The concert last Thursday started with a group of four Madrigals. It was an interesting experiment to perform this type of music with a chorus many times larger than that for which it was originally written. A pleasantly gay tempo was maintained throughout, but the crisp diction and pure tone that one associates with the Madrigal inevitably suffered under weight of numbers. Several leads were marred by indecisive entries. But by and large, this was undoubtedly the most polished part of the evening's performance.

A welcome contrast in style was given by this year's winners of the Cherry Cup: Lorna Rust, Avene Shirley, David Fitzgerald and Malcolm Boyden. They performed Dewland's "Sleep, Wayward Thoughts" admirably, but for the fact that the parts were not very evenly balanced.

The main work of the evening was Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas." This work, the first English Opera ever produced, is of considerable historical interest, but its musical qualities are comparatively small. Unfortunately, the whole work was spoiled by lamentably poor orchestral playing. Its intonation was continually faulty, its phrasing weak, and the least sign of good quality tone quite non-existent.

The chorus redeemed the work by giving us a consistently high standard of performance, reaching its peak in "Harm's Our Delight," which was sung with real destructive vigour. My only criticism is that not infrequently the sopranos showed themselves quite incapable of getting comfortably onto their high notes.

Malcolm Boyden proved that he not only possesses a fine rich voice, but also the ability to use it well. His phrasing and expression throughout were more than satisfactory. Brunhild Achilles, and Judith Brooks both sang well, obtaining most of the possibilities afforded by their parts. The latter, though weak in her top register, has a pleasantly sharp tone, well suited to her part. Brunhild Achilles, on the other hand, has a more resonant voice, which she used to good effect in Dido's Death Song. Anne Hobson, as the Sorceress, gave what was perhaps the most moving scene of the evening.

The World of Fashion

It is high tide in the world of fashion. Never have the waters of pleasure succeeded in drenching the beach that is our world so thoroughly and so completely as they do now. Never have our sun bathers and pleasure seekers, though always thinly garmented and invariably relaxing, been so scantily clad and so recklessly abandoned as in this week. For last week was the week, of all the lounging, gossiping, dissipated weeks of the social year, when the world of fashion gaily and gurglingly allows itself to slip from its customary alcoholic fuddle into blissful, dribbling intoxication. We slip in with the world of fashion, for we are of it and in it, and cannot resist its attractive vortex. Cannot? Nay, must not. For the world of fashion will not tolerate a sober stranger, or a practising moraliser within its domain; to be sober or pure in the world of fashion is not only to insult it but to insult yourself. So we slip and we gurgle, and we dribble and quibble and the world of fashion accepts us, and its faithful subjects smile at us, and we have arrived, and are accepted.

By FEATURES EDITOR

It is an original world, this world of fashion. It is such an original world. Everyone is quite crazy about being original, everyone dreams of little else than of being original, you are told by everyone else that he himself has never ceased or indeed ever intends to cease from being original. Originality breathes its fascinating nectar from every hat, from every beard, from every dress, from every hair style in this most original world of fashion. Originality leaps out in every smile, in every drop of perfume, in every calculated phrase, in every thickly tooth-pasted love breath. Originality is everywhere. We are all bathing in original bath-tubs, we are all drinking original cocktails, we are all dancing to original tempos, and, after a degree of alcoholic consumption varying with each individual, we are all enjoying the very essence and sublimity of original conversation.

We are also a world of performers. We have never ceased performing from the very moment we self-consciously began, and we are not expected to cease, for to cease would ruin what false reputation we have already gained. We have our Daily Dum-Dum and our deluded princeling from Ballymahoo-hoo, we have our Honourable Mahoner de Haw-haw, our distinguished cynic James Fitz-James Alleynton; we have these and a hundred more. Each has his themes, to which the world of fashion expects him to compose variations, and each in his own original way serves up endless menus based on his original recipe. For instance, consider our Daily Dum-Dum. His stage is in the debating halls. See him stand there weekly, filled with self-importance and a sense of duty. He is there to entertain. He is expected to entertain (ever since that first speech he made months ago which surpassed everyone else's for sheer irrelevance and incoherence), and indeed he will entertain (for he has repeated and exaggerated these qualities ever since, and shows every sign of continuing to do so as long as his body has breath in it). Indeed, he can now hand you such a verbal pie of irrelevance and incoherency as you are likely never to taste again.

Look now at our princeling from Ballymahoo-hoo. His one obsession is the lost cause of the Rummandhokofs against the Stenlimskekoks over the lordship of his home country, and he can never hear

a discussion, enter a debating hall, indeed talk to anyone for more than two minutes without bringing in and loyally defending the lost Rummandhokofs cause and bemoaning his forfeited Ballymahoo-hoo. He has the happy genius of planting the Rummandhokof flag on every mud heap he comes across. Everyone expects him to stick his flag around, and he has too thorough a sense of theatre not to.

For the Honourable Haw-Haw, who does not enjoy and demand more of those gallant and peculiarly youthful pastimes he so innocently and mischievously indulges in? We all do, and the obliging Mahoner performs dutifully to our great delight. As does also our practiced cynic—"I can resist everything except temptation"—Fitz-James, complete with umbrella, wit and shocking phrases. "Really, did Oscar Wilde also say that? How strange!" We have these, and we have many more like them in this our world of fashion.

This week the fashionable world is intent on parties. Everyone loves parties, everyone must go to parties, everyone can show his splendour to everyone else only at parties. Parties afford us an opportunity of discussing serious things, parties bring out our intelligence, and our wit, and—of course—our originality.

EDWARD DORALL

We talk of religion at parties. We are not certain who God is or if Heaven exists—we suspect, if it does, that it is in reality this very world of fashion—but we all know that Hell is the other people. We have all seen the banned play and were not in the least shocked; we have none of us seen the amateur opera and congratulate ourselves on our taste. We have read everything that everyone we look up to has read, and absolutely nothing which our inferiors delight in. We dance the latest dances, drink the newest drinks, wear the most fashionable clothes, know everything about the current scandals. We are essentially modern. We never look into the future, we dare not look into the past, and we live only for the present.

This is our world of fashion. This gay, gurgling, dribbling, gossiping world with its endless round of wine, women, song and nonsense. And in this week of high tide, in this seven-day session of unflinching colourful debauchery, we give of our best. Our stage is thronged with our celebrities, who act and clown and ape with more intensity than they ever do at any other time of the year. Comes our Daily Dum-Dum, comes our princeling from Ballymahoo-hoo, come Mahoner de Haw-haw and the cynic Alleynton; come the Slinkers and the Drinkers, the Cadgers, the Loungers and the Fraudsters; come these and all the other types who infest the world of fashion on to the scene that is our stage, into this cycle of pleasure for which we have craved and have planned. We rock and we roll and we plunge; we are all rushing to one party; we are all rushing to another party; we are all getting along splendidly; we are none of us getting along miserably. Where are we going? We are going to enjoy ourselves. What are we planning for? We are not planning for anything. What do we hope to gain from these pleasures? Invitations to other pleasures. But come, be serious, are we sincerely facing up to our duty of preparing soberly to face the realities of life?

We are never sincere. We are rarely serious. And what is duty? What is sobriety? What is real?

"Icarus" Reviewed

Because this term's "Icarus" does not try to soar as high as some of its fellows there is little danger of the hot sun of criticism melting its wings and precipitating it into the depths. A conservative member of the avant-gard, perhaps the most noteworthy change in this issue is the new format; although the interior is pleasing, the new cover lacks the eye-catching appeal of its predecessor.

A wordy editorial by Mr. Forson deplores critics and advocates science fiction as the literary expression of the age, and excuses the failings of student writers. Because our age is as chaotic in poetry as everything else, this issue has a wide variety of styles and lacks style. Ranging from a ribald Barton to a sombre McGloin, most are effective, some impressive. In prose, "A Morning" is an evocative vignette; "Train of Thought" a good article; "Blind Eddie" and "A Pair of Sparkling Eyes," neither unusual in theme, are both well written. Vincent Byrne's theme is distinctly unusual, but he misses the terseness of his last story.

Meryl Gourley's excerpt from "Penelope" reads rather like a 19th century translation from the Greek, but in two or three pages she presages a fascinating alternative to the "Odyssey."

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Rowing

DAY OF VICTORY

IN glorious sunshine Trinity won the major events in their annual regatta at Islandbridge last Friday and Saturday. The University thereby justified their form of the term; a form auguring well for Henley.

With slightly fewer entries, the races were run off more punctually than last year. An innovation in this regatta was the placing of a buoy in the middle of the river at the biggest bend—after two minutes of the course. This forced crews on the north station to take the bend very wide, and so evened out the respective advantages for each station, making the course much fairer than it had been in previous years. In consequence of this change, there were several close races on both days which kept interest alive for the spectators.

On Friday, Trinity had an extremely successful day in that not a single D.U.B.C. representative was defeated. In the Universities Grand Challenge Cup semi-final, Trinity Senior VIII qualified to meet Queen's in the final on Saturday by beating the Garda Siochana crew by 1 length. This was a hard fought race with the Garda crew leading from the start, and being caught by the Trinity VIII after about 3 minutes. The highlight of the first day's racing was the victory by the Trinity second boat over Queen's Juniors—a highly fancied crew that has been together for two years. Trinity went straight into the lead but could not shake Queen's off until the 4th minute when Queen's appeared to accept defeat as inevitable and ceased to challenge.

Another good showing was given by the Trinity Maiden IV who, though rowing with a sub. at bow (G. B. R. Fisher kindly stepped in at very short notice), succeeded in beating Queen's by a large margin.

Saturday's racing started off with a thrilling race between Trinity and the Garda in the final of the Junior IV's event. The crews stayed level for the whole course, with the Garda just forcing their bows in front at the finishing post. The final of the Junior VIII's showed a reversal of this result, when after an extremely close race, Trinity beat the Garda by a canvas—definitely the most exciting race of the day.

At 3.30 the major event of the programme took place—the final of the Universities Grand Challenge Cup for Senior VIII's, between Trinity and Queen's. Trinity supporters had cause for alarm when Queen's went straight into the lead and by the big bend were about a length and a quarter to the good. At this stage, Trinity spurred powerfully and proceeded to overhaul Queen's. Two minutes from the finish, Trinity were a quarter of a length in the lead and from there went on to win easily by one and a half lengths. Later in the afternoon the 2nd Senior IV won their event and Gibson and Molyneux won the Senior and Junior Sculls respectively. The outstanding performer of the day was undoubtedly Gibson, who won three events—Senior VIII's, 2nd Senior IV's and Senior Sculls.

The semi-finals of the Club IV's event, rowed off on Saturday afternoon, were between the Engineers I (works) and II and the Medicals and Theological Society crews. The Engineers works crew and the Medicals succeeded in reaching the finals. These two crews were both of unusually high standard for this event, and must be commended for their hard work in learning to row and perseverance in practising. The Engineers won the final by 1½ lengths—they were not really extended by any other crew on either day.

To-day, the Junior VIII is competing at Drogheda regatta, and on Saturday the Senior VIII departs for Henley. This year Trinity are not exercising their privilege to compete in the Ladies' Plate, but are racing for the Thames Cup. We would like to take this opportunity to wish them the best of luck in all their races.

Make a note—

"Send my laundry
to THE COURT
next term"

Athletics

Record Broken

D. Archer achieved a new Irish record when he cleared 12 ft. 2½ in. in the pole vault event in College Park on Tuesday. This height is 4½ in. greater than his A.A.U. record established here earlier in the term.

Archer was representing Trinity in the George Ryan Trophy, which the College won with 66 pts.;

Trinity won both sprint races. Mason, after his triumphs in College races, won the 220 yards, but Oladitan gained the 100 yards dash. There is great rivalry between the two sprinters in this event. Oladitan completed a treble victory, winning both the high jump and the long jump: Archer gained a double by taking the 120 yards hurdles. In the field events, Neligan won the hop, step and jump and Lawson easily gained the javelin throw. With Trinity taking first place in the 4 x 440 yards relay in 44.5 secs., a notable athletics meeting had concluded in record and in victory.



—Photo courtesy Irish Independent.
David Archer competing at College Races.

Tennis

CHAMPIONSHIPS

In the finals of the College lawn tennis championships, R. Sweetnam took the men's singles in straight sets against I. Steepe. He was also in his best form when partnered by W. Flannery in defeating the holders of the men's doubles, V. Keely and J. Lavan, who did not play in their best vein. After the holders had squared at set all, Sweetnam and Flannery took the next two sets easily, dropping only three games, for the match. Miss G. Horsley, likewise, was not in top form and was fairly extended by Miss G. Kennedy. The second set went to 7-5 before Miss Horsley retained her title. Miss Kennedy, however, had her revenge in the women's doubles when she and Miss H. Barton beat Miss Horsley and Miss Ritchie after losing the first set.

Men's Singles.—R. Sweetnam bt. I. Steepe, 6-4; 6-4; 6-3.

Men's Doubles.—R. Sweetnam and H. W. Flannery bt. V. Keely and J. Lavan, 6-3; 3-6; 6-1; 6-2.

Women's Singles.—G. Horsley bt. G. Kennedy, 6-3; 7-5.

Women's Doubles.—H. Barton and G. Kennedy bt. G. Horsley and R. Ritchie, 2-6; 6-4; 6-4.

Sailing

REGATTA

Light airs in the morning caused two races to be cancelled, and threatened to upset the day's schedule. However, just before lunch, a pleasant breeze appeared which enabled the regatta to be run off most successfully in brilliant sunshine. The first and major event of the day was the Club Firefly championship, for the Baskin Trophy. This was sailed off in four heats, two semi-finals and a final, and was eventually won by Alan Douglas crewed by Andrew Bonar Law after a very close tussle with the runner-up, David Spearman. The next event was the J. B. Stephens Trophy, sailed in Water-Wags, which was won by Billy Millar, crewed by his brother Bob. The ladies' race followed and here a very close fight resulted in Jill Kirwan being the winner, with Caroline McFetridge a close second. The winner of the novices' race was Dermot Beatty, crewed by Jack Kirwan. The regatta ended with visitors' races for Mermaids, Water-Wags, Fourteens and Fireflies in which any boats were eligible to compete and for which there was an excellent turnout of at least fifty boats.

Spectator

Burke and Goldsmith flank the Gate. The Corinthian pillars stand firm in their boldness. The Library has cast its mighty shadow once more. The trees groan 'neath the swelling of the years to view the day of elegance.

We creep forth. Democracy, spurred in life, we might proudly claim, by our own member for Bristol, enables us to mingle with the gathering of distinction for the smallest sum. So we take our place by the morning coat, the rolled umbrella, the flowing robe, the sweeping hat. The hat: it has a vastness and a colouring rivalling the broadest and most vivid Delacroix canvas; the robe, a complexity of pattern defying description to a degree where Klee's reality seems closer to the photographic image. And the sports jacket, and the worn grey trousers stand like a caricature of Daumier. But, we tell ourselves, this is only the crowd. The people of importance are out there in the arena, performing feats of strength and speed, and free from the cumber of fashion. Yet apart from an intermittent applause

no one takes enthusiastic interest. We, too, are in conflict between sport and la mode.

During the intervals the music wings itself through the park. There is the recalling of the past; of imaginings of Strauss and gay Vienna: and, as the shadows lengthen, of Mozart and the age of aristocracy. The ceremony, the parade stir the fancy of the Master-singers. This very nobleness would transport us back to Rome before a thronging Patrician host and a fanfare of imperial pomp; to Greece, and the deeds of force achieved by the youth of Sparta and of Athens. In one day we feel we have swept through history, until the starter's gun brings a half thought, lost in the excitement of the finish, of our own fearful times.

Then we knew it was right to steal away on this one day, to leave the starkness of life, to live in the unreal, for it was so. But even there lies harshness. And we prayed for a Zuleika to come and melt so many Sir Willoughby Patternes.

Cricket

LEAGUE DEFEAT

Dublin University were humbled in their 23 run defeat by Merrion on Saturday. Having dismissed the visitors for 112, they lost nine wickets before reaching 40 and were finally out for 87; a forcing innings by Sutton giving some respectability to the score.

Trinity showed two changes from the sides of Trinity Week. Mostert returned from the examiners, and Reid-Smith came in for Drewery, away in the Leinster XI. The home side had the better of the play on Friday, capturing nine wickets for 110. Only two runs were added on the resumption. Harkness bowled well in taking 4-47, and Sutton, causing havoc among the tail, hit the stumps twice in his 3-5. Dawson again bowled at his usual best; and this attack looked in no way weakened for the absence of Drewery and Gillen. Indeed, it had accomplished so fine a job that the batsmen had nearly four hours in which to score the runs. The pattern of play that was to come could not be envisaged. Yet on reflection it seemed all too typical. The tragedy was that the slump started straight away; and the debt owed to Pratt and Wilson this season was quite apparent. Meade was the villain of the piece with 6-23. He was ably backed by some good close catching. After Wilson, Pratt and Sang had gone, Foster ran himself out going for an almost impossible second run. Dawson got a good one, and that was that. But neither Mostert nor Anderson looked quite the part on the day. Then came the final "tour de force" from Sutton, most ably backed up by Harkness. Harkness has been among the runs this past week, and he played pretty well this time until he swung across the line of flight. But that is becoming fashionable in College Park at least. Sutton showed really what could have been achieved. He swung the bat at anything pitched right up, or inclined to leg, and his 40 not out contained two sixes and five fours. But what took the critic's eye for all his swashbuckling was a head right over the ball in defence, and the bat in line with the pad. Should the lesson really have to come from No. 10?

Golf

Cup Presented

In the annual Trinity Week match, the club was successful against the Golfing Society, a team composed of graduates. In the top match, Weir and Clarke won by the comfortable margin of 5 and 4; and Bielenberg and Taylor—a formidable pair indeed—chalked up a fine 2 and 1 win playing No. 4. The other two pairs lost, Stormont and Vint by 3 and 1 and Figgis and O'Hanlon by the narrow margin of 1 hole. A very handsome cup was presented for this match by Mr. T. K. Weir and it was decided that the Golf Club should keep possession of the cup next year as the Golf Club were 7 holes up at the end of the matches whereas the Society were only 4 holes up!

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