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Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

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TRINITY BLUNDERS?

Call of the Wild

The call of the wild has hit Trinity. Ronnie Wathen as a member of the Cambridge Andean Expedition left yesterday on the first leg of a journey to the Cordillera Vilcabamba, a mountain range in Peru.

Ronnie is one of the moving forces in this venture, for it is he who had the idea to organise the expedition. After contacting various friends at Cambridge, he enlisted the support of the Cambridge Mountaineering Club and it is under their aegis that plans were finalised. With Sir John Hunt as their patron and with substantial backing from the trustees of the Mount Everest Expedition, this, the youngest ever expedition to set out for the major ranges of the world, arrives in Lima early next month.

The main objective of the expedition is to explore the Pumasillo Massif which embraces at least three peaks approaching 20,000 ft., one of them being the highest unclimbed peak in the world, and lying in Inca country completely uninfluenced by Spanish civilisation.

Ronnie Wathen is in charge of the food supplies. He has five years' experience of mountain climbing and is a committee member of the Irish Mountaineering Club, and member of the Climbers' Club and Club Alpin Français. Apart from having large experience of British and Irish mountains of which he is at present preparing a guide book, he has also climbed on the Alps, the Arctic Norway and was a member of an expedition to study glacier recession and survey in Iceland.

He expects to be back in October, in time to resume his studies in Mod. Lang. When asked to name the difficulties they expect to encounter, Mr. Wathen mentioned frost bite, glaciers, gorges, long nights and many other characteristics of Polar conditions, but also reminded us of the fact that the Incas do not care for the 8th Commandment.

MISS M. KELLY

College will surely miss Miss Kelly who passed away during the Easter vacation. A good friend to all students, an obituary appears on page two.

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College Under Criticism

TWO recent decisions taken by the Board seem to have left Trinity open to not very favourable discussion. The new farm bought for research purposes and welcomed as one day providing a solution for the country's agricultural problems, is in a very sorry state. At this afternoon's conferring ceremony, an honorary degree will be given to Sir Eric Hallinan, Ex-Chief Justice of Cyprus, and this step has brought forward an outburst of criticism from many quarters.

Townley Hall

"Trinity News" sent a reporter down to the farm, Townley Hall, in Co. Meath. He found the workers standing about with nothing to do, the time being 4 o'clock in the afternoon. When one considers that this is the busiest time of the year for farmers when preparations are being made for the summer, one is immediately confronted by the seriousness of the situation.

The Steward on the farm died about six weeks ago, and at the time of going to press a new man has yet to be appointed in his stead. Trinity's contact with the farm is made through a solicitor in Drogheda who pays the men every Saturday. Apart from his visits, it is doubtful whether anyone else bothers to go down to the farm.

At this rate of planning it seems very unlikely that a profit will be shown for the first year, and there are many things about the farm which must be attended to before it can be in full production. Thoughts should be for the harvest, and fodder for the animals in winter.

And as for getting it ready for research purposes, the time is long hence until such a position will be reached. The sooner the farm gets going, the better for the country.

Sir Eric

When it became known that Sir Eric Hallinan, ex-Chief Justice for Cyprus, was to be honoured in Trinity, many voices were raised in protest. Sir Eric was the judge who sentenced the first Cypriot to be hanged for Eoka killings and it is this, along with the fact that he is, naturally, connected with the maintenance of British control of the island, which has started the criticism.

A spokesman for the National Students' Council is reported as having said: "We have nothing personal against

Sir Eric Hallinan, who, we are sure, carried out his unsavoury duties conscientiously, but we think it absolutely disgraceful that an Irish University should honour him. In the eyes of the Irish people he is symbolic of the activities of the British in Cyprus for the past few years."

Dublin County Councillor Martin Prescott, a Trinity graduate himself, said: "Trinity has always had the knack of leaving itself open to justifiable criticism by the democratic loving people of the Irish Republic and the free world. By the conferring of a degree on a man who must in the minds of our people be associated with past persecutions in this country, they have once again deepened a rift which after 30 years should have closed."

To the minds of all decent people in Ireland there is nothing shameful in the idea of a majority of people endeavouring to obtain their liberty, but there is very much to deprecate in the methods and attempts which have been made to crush unsuccessfully the democratic spirit of the people of Cyprus."

Trinity's comment to all this is an emphatic denial of any political reasons for their decision. The College states categorically that Sir Eric is being given a degree de jure and not de facto because he is a graduate of this University and "we have a right to pay him honour if we so wish." They have also added that they are proud Sir Eric is to be the First Chief Justice of the Federal Supreme Court of the British Caribbean Federation.

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The above article is offered as a report of the situation. By the printing of the opinions herein quoted, it is not to be inferred that they are the opinions of the Company in general nor the editors in particular.

FRENCH STUDENTS REVOLT

After a three-day debate in which tempers were almost at breaking point, a large majority of the Association of French University Students recently recorded disapproval of the French Government's handling of the deteriorating situation in Algeria.

Seventeen of the Association's 54 branches dissolve their connections with the parent organisation when they failed to convince their fellow students to keep out of politics.

The Association, representing 100,000 students, is subsidised by the State. The resolution condemning "all excesses and tortures" was approved by 253 votes to 15, with 34 abstentions.

Our Political Correspondent writes: It is doubtful whether this will have any effect on French Governmental policy. Although many voices have been raised in recent weeks over the Algerian question and the weekly "L'Express" is in a very delicate position owing to alleged reports on French Army tactics in repressing the terrorists, the present Government is not likely to alter its policy. It is to be borne in mind that these university students will form the backbone of the Army, and if the results of the vote is in any way a true reflection of student opinion, then things may be in for drastic revision.

Dogs' Teeth

Trinity has given a grant to Mr. Liversage, a graduate of T.C.D. and a research student, to augment the Government's grant for excavation at Dalkey Island.

A bank, upon which many have enjoyed a picnic on a sunny afternoon, has proved to be the remains of fortifications dating from Viking or Iron Age times, built on an old (1200 B.C.) Bronze Age site. Underneath lie fragments from neolithic times. Work has been going on for a fortnight and already interesting discoveries have been made. Bones, shells are the most usual finds; pottery from the New Stone Age, and cooking pots with decorated surfaces from the Bronze Age. A bronze pin with a dog's tooth beside it have come to light. The tooth is apparently a particularly interesting and important discovery because dogs were rarely kept as pets in the Bronze Age. Two human bones were also found, but the dog's tooth is the main showpiece.

With Mr. Liversage are working a representative from the National University and Miss Fionnuala Pyle of T.C.D. The Government provides workmen from the Labour Exchange under the employment relief scheme.

Prof. goes to Queen's

Professor Frances Moran, the Regius Professor of Laws, will receive the honorary degree of LL.D. at the summer graduation ceremony on July 8th at Queen's University, Belfast. Other recipients of honorary degrees at the same ceremony will be Lord Wakehurst (LL.D.) and Mr. Louis MacNeice (D.Litt.).

Professor Moran was the first woman in the British Isles to take silk. Her appointment as Reid Professor in 1925 was the first appointment of a woman to Dublin University Chair. She held the chair until 1930. From 1930 to 1934 she was Honor Lecturer in Law. Becoming a Senior Counsel in 1941, Professor Moran was appointed Regius Professor of Laws in 1944. She is President of the International Federation of University Women.

On Friday next, Professor Moran will be Chairman at a meeting in the G.M.B. at which the distinguished English lawyer, Sir Norman Birkett, will give a lecture entitled "Oratory and Advocacy." Sir Norman, whose biography has been recently serialised in the "Sunday Express," was appointed a judge of the Higher Court of Justice (King's Bench Division) in 1941 and a Lord Justice of Appeal in 1950. He is a former president of the Cambridge University Union, and was M.P. for E. Nottingham in 1923-24 and 1929-31. He was knighted in 1941 and made a Privy Councillor in 1947.

WARDEN ENGAGED

It is with sincere pleasure that we announce in this paper the engagement of Miss Clara Crawford, M.A., and Mr. R. Pilkington. Miss Crawford has for some years very ably filled the post as Warden of Trinity Hall. Her name has also had widespread fame in the sports world. While we regret her leaving, we nevertheless wish her every happiness in her forthcoming marriage.

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THURSDAY, 16TH MAY, 1957

Old Father Trinity . . .

ERAS come and eras go, but like Old Father Thames (or Anna Liffey if you prefer) Trinity goes on forever. While the universe shakes to the blast of yet another H-bomb, bigger and better than the one before, and diplomats scurry from one side of the world to the other in a hurried frenzy of jet planes and helicopters, here in Dublin one feels immune from the forces which plunge our neighbours into the maelstrom of political intrigue. However, such immunity is only shortlived, and peace of mind only transitory. Soon, too soon for some, we shall have to take our place in this world of ours, and it is up to us as the intellectual youth of the country to produce order out of chaos.

This last sentence may seem loud. It may seem pretentious. But for too long now have our fellow university men been under-rating themselves and selling themselves too cheaply. For too long they have been blinded by the advertising blurb issued by firms out to get the best men into their concern, and yet who offer to graduates a mere pittance as a salary. Sir Tom O'Brien, M.P., former chairman of the T.U.C., correctly observed recently "that many a man who goes to work with his smartly pressed suit, clean collar, and bowler hat and umbrella, goes home to a far more frugal meal than those who carry the grime and grease of their occupation on their working apparel." And there is a very real lesson in this observation.

Reality is inescapable in the world of to-day, and more graduates are becoming aware of the reality of a large salary, and all it brings with it. It is no small wonder that thousands of university men emigrate each year to countries where salaries are in some way commensurate with four years of hard study. The incentive of a fat pay cheque is proving far more strong than ties of family, loyalty and what-have-you. Industry will only keep the best men at home when it wakes up to the fact that graduates are worthy of higher rewards for their labours than those offered at present. Fewer twenty-four-year-olds are willing to sign away their youth to slave for some impersonal organisation which will give them security at sixty.

And quite rightly so. We are young; the world can be ours for the taking!

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Profile :

ANDREAS DAVID

Ex-Asst. Chairman

A Cypriot playing on the left wing for the Irish Universities' soccer team in Scotland—such is one of the many anomalous situations in which Andreas Alcibiades David finds himself, and yet, paradoxically enough, whether asleep in Davy Byrne's or playing football for an Irish Universities' team, he fits into the surroundings so aptly that hardly anyone would find cause for comment. This we could suggest is due not to his adaptability, but to the predominance of a social instinct which for the most part expresses itself in his affable and accommodating manner, but because of which it might also be truly said that he is a person who would rather be made to look ridiculous to the extent of having lunch in No. 6 than not be noticed at all.

A. A. David was born of business stock in a small off-the-map Cypriot village called Petra. The Pan-Cypriot Lyceum was the first institution presumptuous enough to try to exert its influence on our growing boy. Subsequently he was sent to Lindsifarne College in North Wales and here we would like to record that the small population of Llangollen fell in love with Andreas' "big brown eyes." More than moderate success greeted him at school, his Greek heritage displaying itself to advantage in his aptitude for sport. He won colours at rugby, cricket and athletics, winning the county championship for the long jump and having the proud distinction of being his school's head-boy. Eventually he came to Trinity and, considering his commercial background, hardly surprising is it that the subject he chose to study was Commerce, apart from developing a neurotic fetish for twiddling his hair.

Those who have come in contact with Andreas have done so in one or more of his three different roles, that of a sportsman, he being the Trinity A.F.C. captain, only member of Trinity's soccer club to be chosen for the Irish Universities' team during the past two seasons; that of a Fitzwilliam St. resident, the implications of which are widely known, and more latterly that of a "newshound" and Vice-Chairman of "Trinity News." He first received prominence on the staff of "T.N." as its sports editor, revelling

in reporting eye-witness' accounts of Saturday night scrums in Fitzwilliam St., as well as the more orthodox displays in College Park. He has thus led a varied and active life.

Though of a carefree nature, his two feet are planted solidly in the earthiness of a businessman's world, a world in which what some may call the finer things in life are pushed aside in the race for increased production. This is Mr. David's world and though untrue in matters of the soul to say of him that he is like a duck out of water, he might



aptly be described as a Drake on a putting-green. Nevertheless at times, remembering the glory that was once Greece, he feels the desire of the inquiring mind and the discriminating, critical and creative faculties. Thus we find in his bedroom not a Cinzano but a Cezanne, as an act of defiance to the Powers that placed him in this the most anomalous of all situations.

In July, A. A. David leaves to take up a business appointment in West Africa. Born not for mediocrity but destined for an essential position in society, we feel sure he has the background and temperament to succeed in his chosen field.

WHITHER SKIFFLE ?

"Skiffle" has arrived. With a fanfare of guitar and double bass, the younger generation seems to have latched on the Hillbilly bandwagon. Tommy Steeles are being discovered at every amateur talent show, and even the austere B.B.C. Telly has come around to the realisation that "Skiffle" is what the modern 20-year-old really digs.

This music originates not in the downtown haunts of the great metropolis, but in the cotton belt of the Deep South of the United States. It is steadily drawing the jazz addicts from the Dixieland dives and luring them into certain coffee bars where pseudo Lonnie Donnigans are trying their damnest to entertain the audience. And the trouble is they're succeeding. But oh, what fools the public are, and how gullible. That which is served up as authentic music is but a mere imitation of the original. Gone are magical rhythms and virile emotional feeling, and in their place we have nothing but loud guitars and off-tune singers.

One who knows the music of the American southland and is familiar with the southern Negro will be more than a little surprised to hear the noble sentiments and religious fervour which these

people sincerely feel debased and turned into a badly served hotch-potch. It must be always borne in mind that the original music had a definite function to perform. It was a way of letting off steam, a safety valve if you like, and something very necessary for the southern Negro working in the cotton fields of the south. The most dominant themes were scorn, sorrow, love, and jealousy, and the genuine blues describes the unwanted wanderer, the lover deceived and the friend who betrays. They do not invent or consciously adopt this music, for it is part of their very existence, and fused into their way of life. When a Negro plays the blues he does not first think of what chord sequence he will follow, but plays with sincere feeling to express his emotional anguish.

But so very different from our boys, the "skiffles," Donnegan's "Cumberland Gap" is still way up the hit parade, but contains none of the emotional qualities of real blues. "The Rock Island Line" is still travelling, but its passengers have caught the wrong train.

As for me, give me the real article anytime.

OBITUARY:

MISS MABEL KELLY

All those of us who lunch on Buffet and many others whose names are no longer on the College books will grieve at the passing of Miss Kelly, "the familiar figure at the end of the queue," who was laid to rest a few days ago after serving the College as Secretary to the D.U. Co-operative Society for 37 years. Few people can remember when she came; the writer of these lines, in fact, had difficulties in ascertaining when and by whom she was appointed; she seemed an old friend who had always been there and had hardly changed with the years, except that her hair, which used to be grey, had gradually become white. "She belonged," she was part of our environment. "One could scarcely imagine the College without her." There cannot be many who did not know her at least by sight, although not everyone could have told you what exactly were her duties and how much she did for us.

Day in and day out, as long as Buffet meals were served, we saw her sitting at her cash-desk, quiet, patient, pleasant-spoken but business-like and efficient withal, taking our money for the victuals we had selected, keeping a sharp eye on everything that happened in the hall and retiring to her subterranean office when the last luncher had departed. There she would write up her accounts and also perform a good deal of other work, of

the nature and extent of which only the members of the "Co-op." General Committee were aware, such as composing minutes, preparing agendas, summoning meetings and corresponding with banking officials and accountants, for she was Treasurer as well as Secretary. An indefatigable and conscientious worker: that is the first thing to be said about Mabel Kelly. But it is by no means all.

For, entering the College when and as she did, in 1919, as the secretary, co-adjutor and house-mate of her friend, the late Miss Jean Montgomery, who reorganised the College kitchen and must be regarded as the real creator of the luncheon buffet, she, too, deserves an honourable place in its history. Those of us at least who knew the mighty "Jean" will always find it difficult to think of one of these two ladies without the other. They worked together, they celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their arrival in College together when a large number of present and past members of the University clubbed together to provide a gift for each of them in honour of the day, and their partnership was only dissolved by death. Certainly Miss Montgomery was the leading spirit in that partnership, but she would have been the first to urge that in praising her work, that of her assistant should not be forgotten. It will not be.

M. F. L.

COLLEGE OBSERVED

High Jinks

The usual high spirits of College term life do not die a miserable death with the last lecture of term, much as Arts students would think. There are still enough bright sparks about the place to keep things alive and kicking. And a good job it is too—the monotony of the vac. has to be relieved somehow!

Sometime about the end of March, people coming in to College were surprised to see what looked like a pair of lady's panties flying from the lightning conductor on the Union Insurance Company's buildings opposite Front Gate. However, further investigation showed that it was a male under garment, strategically placed there by a couple of well-knowns Medics., one a fugitive from the Rugby Club, and the other a left-over from Zürich.

Just one thought in passing—is there a shortage of the under-bed receptacle, once so popular in student pranks?

Even Higher Jinks

Rumour had it at the beginning of last term that Graham Taylor was about to re-muster his forces. The "Knights of the Campanile" were to re-organise their activities, and the "breakfasts"—once a regular feature of College sports life—were to be celebrated. However, the only time the "Knights" ever got themselves really moving was when the Oxford team came over to play the 1st XV and then they did go to town.

The high spot of the celebrations was a dramatic obstacle race performed by the Admiral of the Boat Club and the same left-over from Zürich who featured earlier in this column. The prize, given to the one who first reached the top of the bookcase standing against the far wall, was a bottle of stout. The two "Knights" made their marks, and after a rattling of bottle tops, the contest was on. Our men were away like flashes, and the first to reach the bookcase was the Admiral. However, the ex-Zürs man was coming up fast, and was just about to overtake him on the third shelf when the whole lot came away from the wall and crashed to the floor.

The Oxford captain presented the contestants with a metal bottle top each as a small memento of a gallant effort. As he said, "A great try, chaps, but you were defeated by the elements!"

But More Decorum

Oh no, College is never dull. Nor quiet either. For one day in April just when the Reading Room began to fill up with undergraduates hoping to be graduates, a little piece of paper appeared mysteriously on the desks, drawing to the attention of readers that:

"Talking and whispering (except in necessary dealings with staff at the issue desk) are strictly forbidden on account of the disturbance these practices cause to others."

And further, readers were advised that:

"Strict disciplinary action will be taken against any reader who is negligent in observing this regulation."

But although things were pretty quiet for the first day, by the following morning the Mod. Langers were still having their little get-togethers at the desk, and the Law students were back at their favourite game of seeing who can make the most noise with the portable steps.

Ah, well, when will people learn that there's a time and a place for everything?

Quin-Quin.

We would like to place on record our sincere and heartfelt thanks to Mr. Johnson for his guidance and instruction as last term's Chairman. He not only fulfilled his duties, but far surpassed them, instilling into all who worked under him a deep appreciation of his talents. It was both a pleasure and a privilege to have him as Chairman. Our only motive for not choosing Kevan as the subject of the Profile in this week's issue is that his Profile was published in November of last year.

The Editors.

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Voted "the girl most likely" by her fellow scientists, happy Miss Boo Baskin could not wait for term to begin to prove it. However, enthusiasm ran ahead of reason—as it so often tends to do with beautiful youth—and Boo unwisely staged her party on the same night as the Boat Club's Trial Eight's supper. The result can be easily foreseen. Mr. Baskin's only defence was to grease the fence surrounding his house, but the intrepid oarsmen did not allow that to impede them. Having penetrated the garden and tired of Boo's carefully planned barbecue, they charged into the house. Janet Humphrey buried herself in some snow, David McCarter exhibited gallantry, if not nobility, to Helen, and our prize bear from the wilds of Derry, Bruno Brown, grappled with Louie Mackie, formerly of Trinity Hall. Poor Peter Ross Todd clashed with an angry neighbour, but was saved by a bearded friend.

George Wheeler provided three girls and a party for his forty bachelor friends during the vacation. His unsatisfied horde soon rushed over to Tony Wilson's party in Fitzwilliam Square, where Tony was showing Brian Fisher how to walk the Barrett way; the only road closed was that leading towards

Janet Byard. Monica Cronin and Gerry Shepherd discussed case histories in a corner, while brother Thomas merely sniffed for a moment at the entertainment and went straight up to bed.

Also feeling the need to celebrate (exactly what no one knew or cared), Ian Scott-Fleming, the Scotsman from Essex, exhibited a few Dublin models and Air Hostesses at his party. Johnny Power poured out whiskey—with a name like that can you expect stout? Deirdre Stirling-Martin, with a Scots name and a job in Aer Lingus, tried to persuade Derek Horwood that she was English and deserved his incredulity. Philippe Chauveau practised for his romantic début in the French play on blonde Cynthia Brown, and tired Martin Prescott borrowed two matches from Brian Gallagher to keep his eyelids open so that he could drive home.

Derek Bell's party ended unfortunately for socialites Janet Humphrey and Helga Atkinson, who, arriving late at Hall and finding the doors shut, will now unhappily be at home in Hall every night of this week at the unusually early hour of 11 p.m.—there to await the visits of malignant sympathisers. What's to be done? Pleasure must be paid for.

Woman's Column

SPRING FASHION

Fashion this spring, like art, has added and/or subtracted lines, which, however, have failed to revolutionise previous styles. This makes it easier for the woman undergraduate with her limited means to be still "à la mode." The art of choosing one's wardrobe is to do so with sufficient discretion so as to give it the longest life possible. For indeed the smartest girls in College are not necessarily the ones who are wearing the latest fashions.

Before a kinder weather permits one to wear summer dresses, it is the time of the year when suits are most useful. You will find in the windows that spring suits have fuller skirts and shorter jackets. Pastel coloured, soft jumper suits made in floppy fabrics with a supple cut are very popular. For practical purposes, a three piece, sleek suit in darker shades comes in very handy; you can look well dressed in your tailored skirt with a gay blouse, fitted bolero, and by removing the blouse you will be equally smart for the cocktail party you are going to after lectures.

Chiffon, georgette or crepe de chine are the last words for the evening. (Trinity Week is approaching.) Long floating skirts, with the top wrapped on top, is charmingly original but not quite adaptable to all sizes. Big cummerbunds in different shades to the dress resting on the waistline are used to decorate the uncomplicated style. Chiffon is not recommended for College dances, it loses its freshness and shape easily.

To match evening clothes, this year big jewels such as crystal and pearl necklaces and ear-rings are in fashion. Dance dresses are supplied with no boning, no stiffening, no starched petticoats. You will find your partners quite relieved at the disappearance of extremely starched petticoats; somehow the opposite sex disapprove of them.

For hot summer days—or if you are going to the Continent—cottons are an absolute must for your wardrobe. A very wide variety of styles to suit most tastes are available. Skirts are still full and the cotton prints very gay, with Italian flavouring. Shoes in different pastel colours are also accessible. Although Italian shoes might be prohibitive in price, good imitation models could be obtained at very reasonable prices. The new orange tinge is most becoming; "Gala" have even made a new lipstick shade to match it.

Raincoats have been popularised to such an extent that in selecting carefully among the wide variations of shades and styles one can use the raincoat for summer wear. At last haute couture has paid more attention to raincoats. In Dublin, Irene Gilbert has produced coats

GOING DOWN?

For the guidance of our readers we publish a list of those firms which will be sending representatives to Trinity this term to interview prospective graduates.

May 17th.—I.C.I. (Dyestuffs): Chemists.

May 22nd.—J. Walter Thompson Ltd.: One of the largest advertising agencies in London. A variety of openings for Arts men and women.

May 28th.—Owen Owen Ltd.: A leading retail store group in England. Opportunities for women students interested in making a career in commerce or buying, selling and personnel work.

May 31st.—Royal Air Force: A Services' representative will visit College to discuss National Service problems with men who still have this liability.

June (date to be announced later).—Stewarts & Lloyds: The largest steel tube manufacturers in Europe. Opportunities for engineers and scientists in research, production, quality control; openings for Arts men in sales and administrative offices.

OFF THE CUFF

I dropped into the G.M.B. on Wednesday evening to hear the Hist. debate on the motion "That Ireland should rejoin the Commonwealth." After sitting through a solid hour of painfully hollow rhetoric delivered in attractive monotonies by Mr. Haley-Dunne and his merry men, I felt that I had discovered the reason for apathy towards the major societies. Mr. Haley-Dunne himself, bent ungracefully over the dispatch box, so infuriated me by his creaking attempts at wit and his sheer oratorical incompetence that I had already resolved to depart into the shadows of the night when came the reassuring thought that the speakers yet to come would find it virtually impossible to emulate the tediousness. I decided to stay.

A youthful but self-confident Sinn Féin supporter from the National University, a Mr. Mulloy, entered the lists, and, hands in pocket, described his motives in an easy conversational manner. Here at least, if not logic, was a refreshing breath of sincerity.

But the highlight of the evening was the spluttering, hysterical oratory of Dr. McDowell. What a brilliant effort this was! Speaking without notes, he regaled the now sadly depleted audience with a feast of scintillating, effervescent wit and cynicism, shattering the rickety structure of Mr. Mulloy's arguments, and providing an illuminating insight into the development of Irish social history in this century.

One had to sympathise with Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, the Chairman. For the greater part of the evening he had bravely, if ineffectually, attempted to appear bright and interested. It came as no surprise, then, that his closing remarks occupied barely five minutes.

I was back again in the G.M.B. on Thursday to hear Mr. Bluett's paper on the Anglo-Irish. The discourse itself was fairly entertaining, but perhaps too superficial—not surprising, I felt, with a subject of such wide implications. Mr. Bluett spiced his narrative with digressions of a nonsensical nature; I found these relatively entertaining, but I would not be surprised to hear that others considered them irritatingly fatuous. The latter part of Mr. Bluett's offering was enlivened by a spirited rendering of "I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen" from a gentleman in the back row.

Mr. O'Mahony, the distinguished visitor, left me in no doubt that

genealogy was one of his major interests; he displayed an intimate knowledge of the details, sordid and otherwise, of many Anglo-Irish family histories. I thoroughly enjoyed his delightful irreverence.

The speakers that followed Mr. O'Mahony, however, were, almost without exception, alike in their unexciting presentation and failure to make use of their limited knowledge of the subject. The exception to a generalisation must be Mr. Stevens, who wisely realised his limitations as far as the subject was concerned, and told highly improbable, but highly diverting stories. Mr. Stevens is a natural comedian and his casual informality and his impish grin immediately win over his audience.

The only other bright spot in the evening's entertainment was, surprisingly enough, the President's summing-up. Mr. Johnson gave us a glimpse of his undoubted oratorical skill, in continuing to be at once original and sincere at this stage of the proceedings.

The guest speaker at Friday's Classical Society Auditorial meeting was Dr. Cowell, a British Civil Servant with a bent for amateur classical studies. Unfortunately, his delivery is not by any means first rate, and this fact curtailed somewhat my enjoyment of what was obviously a novel treatment to the subject, "Julius Caesar and the modern concept of a united Europe." His treatment, in fact, was so original that it was obvious that none of the succeeding speakers had anticipated Dr. Cowell's line of approach.

Dr. Stanford neatly dodged the issue by discussing Greek contributions to the concept of unity. Dr. Stanford's delivery is superb, and he rarely fails to create at least an impression of infallibility.

Dr. Reynolds, who followed, made a courageous attempt to deal with a subject which plainly was not one of his specialities. I found his attack on Caesar's abilities as a soldier and administrator interesting if not completely convincing.

Another creditable performance was turned in by the Auditor, Mr. Wilkinson, who contrived to make one or two original points. Dr. Parke, in the chair, made no attempt at detailed criticism of the evening's discussion—principally, I suspect, because he found it difficult to know where to begin—but threw out one or two of his own ideas before adjourning a meeting which had proved satisfactory if not mildly exciting.

Sweden comes to Trinity

People hardly ever read theatre programmes. Really read them, that is. But if the casual theatre-goer was to have a look at that thing he paid 6d. for he might find some interesting information. Besides the usual drivel about the theatre being disinfected throughout with Jeyes' fluid and the like, there is often a line on the play itself or its author. And so, if our fine friends in the audience were to take a look at the programme of Players' Festival production, "The Shadow of Mart," written by the Swedish dramatist, Stig Dagerman, they would find some revealing data on the life of the author.

Stig Dagerman was at the height of his career when he committed suicide in 1954. His first 11 years were spent in the country with his grandparents; he saw his father rarely; his mother never. When he was 16 his grandfather was stabbed to death by a madman, and some weeks later his grandmother died of shock. All this cannot have failed to produce in a boy of 16 doubts as to the meaningless human existence and he became obsessed with the idea of death and defeat. Little wonder that the play deals with a neurotic obsessed with his own weaknesses and with a fixation for his dead brother.

"The Shadow of Mart" portrays the helplessness of a weakling unable to break away from his mother's apron strings, and who up till the murdering of his mother had never committed an act on his own volition. Robert Somerset's performance as Gabriel, the weakling, was very sure-footed. Although he perhaps played the part with too much of a "far away look" in his eyes and thus made Gabriel into too much of a dreamer, he was the driving force of the play. The last scene, consisting of a 15-minute monologue by the drunken Gabriel in front of his dead mother, was a touch of the great in itself. Mary Moynihan as Teresa, the dead Mart's girl friend, was beautifully callous in the opening scenes, but in the second part of the play did not come over quite as well. Anne Cluysenaar's Mother Angelica was frighteningly cold. She was rooted to a chair almost all the time she was on stage, and it is a fault in the directing that she was not taken from the side of the stage and placed a little more centrally. Alex. Smith showed once again his worth, but could do with a little more schooling on where to place himself on stage.

Travelmanship

Travelling can be so much fun. Leastways it can be if you go about it the right way, because with travelling there is both a right way and a wrong way. Of course, no-one's interested in hearing about the wrong way, so we'll skip that bit.

Abroad is where everyone goes when they travel. Abroad is so vast that the people living there have to divide it up into countries so that they don't get lost. To complicate matters for English speaking people (but obviously to help themselves), the inhabitants, called "foreigners," speak different dialects of Latin, a language which has become strangely twisted with the passage of time like my Aunt Aggie. However, a few choice phrases like "Ou est le cabinet" and "Cuanto vale" will work wonders. The tourist should remember which words are international. The most common of these are "W.C.," "Travellers' Cheques" and "Coca Cola." Girls should bear in mind that "No" is the same in most languages, while "Yes" is inclined to differ. For instance, yes is "si" in Spanish and Italian, but only means yes in French in reply to a negative question in the affirmative. (Third Form, French Standard Text Book.)

Beaches are where everybody rushes once they set foot on the other side of the Great Divide—commonly called the Channel. This may be prefixed by the words English or Irish, depending on the reader's personal background. Abroad on the Beach is the eventual destination of many a worthy traveller, and there you will be sure to meet all your old picnic friends: ants, bed bugs, boll weevils (whatever they might be) and others. You will always be able to pick out your fellow countrymen by their distinguished lobster-red—not pink, but real deep red—of their sunburn. Only foreigners get sun tanned, the rest get burnt.

When you go to a hotel abroad the price the hotelier will quote will be for the room, and not per person. This means that if you are in a large party, you can send the leader of the group who will reserve one room with a large bed, and then when the owner's back is turned you can all sneak upstairs. This will cut the cost of your trip by halves, at least. People who do this are called by "foreigners," "les Anglais," which means simply "chancers." Food is extra. This is unfortunate, but that's how things are done abroad.

I do hope that these hints will help you in having a good time in the vac. As for me, I'll be at Brittas Bay.

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Athletics

A CLOSE FINISH

Edinburgh Win

EDINBURGH won the inter-varsity match in College Park on Saturday by 74 points to 67. The result depended on the last race of the day, the 4x110 yards relay. Nevertheless, Trinity provided the outstanding performance of the day; Taylor winning the shot with a new College record of 47 ft. 10½ ins.

Edinburgh had already beaten both Glasgow and St. Andrew's. With a view to the U.A.U. Championships at Reading next week, they had left behind four Scottish champions, including Jackson, their miler, who has beaten Mackay on this track. Rain throughout the morning had left the track slow, but no sooner had Taylor beaten his own shot record, and the first two places been secured in the 100 yards dash, getting Trinity off to a fine start, than the clouds rolled away and sunshine glowed benignly on the scene. It did not shine long for Trinity. Edinburgh took the three miles, and Murray, the Scottish champion, gained a clear two feet over Neligan in the hop, step and jump. Victories in the high jump and in the half mile put them just ahead. There they remained.

Trinity had the better of the field events. Lawson won the javelin. Taylor landed a double with victory in the discus. Here he was below his best form. Oladatin took the long jump, having already breasted the tape to win the 100 yards. But our track runners could not follow his precept. We had to be content with second place. De Wet, leading from the start, was edged out of the 120 yards hurdles. Mason made a brave

effort in the 220 sprint, but Robertson, the U.A.U. champion, just got home. Similarly, Marsh kept Hannon out of first place in the half mile. Hannon clung on all the way, but could not nose ahead. This overall track superiority again counted in the mile. Edinburgh took the lead from the start, and Connolly had to come home gamely behind the victor.

Yet the excitement was left till the end. To those who had remained at a respectful distance it was apparent that stirring events were taking place at the pole vault. Archer won the applause of the afternoon from among a fine quartet of vaulters. So all depended on the relay. Mason was away to a great start. There was a fine change over. But Edinburgh took the lead in the middle. Try as he would, De Wet could not carry the day. It was second place again, and Edinburgh had won.

Inter-Club Relays

On Monday evening a large crowd saw Trinity gain a four-point victory over the holders, Donore Harriers, in the inter-club relays. Trinity's total was 36 points, mostly obtained from the field events. Taylor, Lawson and Archer were again outstanding.

Rowing

Towards Henley

After improving performances at Lough Erne, Reading and Putney, D.U.B.C. return to College with brighter prospects.

It is hoped Trinity will be represented by three crews at the Liffey Head of the River race on Saturday. Trinity seniors will be starting a second behind Portora Royal School, who won this event last year. Lady Elizabeth B.C. will be racing in a shell boat, after an absence of several years.

In the sprint races which have been started recently at Islandbridge, the first and second Trinity boats have so far given a very good showing. The Trinity senior crews have always made the fastest time of the day. The junior crew has distinguished itself by beating the U.C.D. first boat in a scratch race by two-thirds of a length.

Taking these results as an indication of future potential, it would seem that Trinity may achieve some greater measure of distinction at Henley than has been their wont in recent years.

The Senior VIII announced by the Captain is: Ross-Todd (bow), Molyneux, Cowan, Martin, Kidd, Gibson, Delap (Captain), MacGillycuddy (stroke), Colegate (cox).

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Golf

Colours Victory

Dublin University beat U.C.D. in the Murphy Cup Colours match at Royal Dublin on Monday by 7 matches to 5. Losing the foursomes by 3-1, a spirited return to form gave them a clear 6-2 margin in the singles.

Results (Trinity names first):—

Singles

Fox (4 and 3), 1; O'Grady, 0. Clarke (2 and 1), 1; Shaw, 0. Stormont, 0; McAleese (3 and 2), 1. Vint, 0; McMurragh (5 and 3), 1. Murphy (1 up), 1; Cery, 0. Weir (2 and 1), 1; McCarton, 0. Figgis (4 and 3), 1; Donnelly, 0. O'Hanlon (3 and 2), 1; McCarthy, 0.

Chess

Inter-Varsity Contest

The big surprise of the Irish Universities' Chess Congress held at Queen's University, Belfast, from April 9th-12th, was the good performance put up by the Trinity team. Against all expectations they came runners-up, half a point behind Q.U.B., the winners, who were the only team to beat them. The best match was against a strong U.C.D. team which included four Armstrong Cup players. Trinity won 3½-2½.

PASTORAL

When Beethoven spoke of his Pastoral Symphony, itself a vision of early summer, he insisted that he was portraying, not the sights of the countryside, but the feelings nature inspired in him. Such inward feelings are really the essence of the joys of the summer games. Something very close to that which draws the poet to the field in April warms the blood of the old man lifting once more his skittles. Their sound tumbling in the alley, the woods breaking softly on the emerald sward, the willow echoing across the green, are the sportsman's own quail, nightingale, and cuckoo.

The winter belongs to the athlete. He will not begrudge his lesser brother the summer, as he retires to relax at third man. He is worried. He has his fitness, and his averages. We enjoy ourselves.

track available to them. Further, inter- varsity competition is a closed contest which can be run under any rules, if competitors are from a fixed group. Thus Irish Army athletes of both associations compete side by side. So it should be in the Universities. Only the amalgamation of University athletes from all over Ireland can restore our athletics to its former glories.

Extra Match

The Boxing Club are seeking another feather for their cap. They hope to arrange a match against R.M.A., Sandhurst, one of the toughest amateur teams in England. This could prove a star sporting attraction in Trinity Week.

Elections

We congratulate P. Sang on his election to rugby captain; and D. Wheeler and R. Prole, Captain and Vice-Captain, on their appointments in the Soccer Club.

Rearranged

As Trinity Week will open on Whit Monday this year, the traditional two-day match against North of Ireland is omitted. The annual Whit fixture against Leinster remains.

Too Calm

The tempests of the preceding week might have blown Clontarf and Trinity within reach of Mayflower II, when D.U.S.C. opened their programme at Dun Laoghaire on Monday. As it was, Zephyrus was tired, and the crews were becalmed. This fixture has now been held over to May 20th.

Cricket

Defeat in the Rain

"Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain I never
Remember to have heard."

AFTER the temporal conditions of the week the cricket club must have felt this, if they did not express it so exactly. They went to play Pembroke on Friday with rainclouds overhead, and on Saturday they were unable to resume until after tea. Perhaps the weather has got its mischief off its chest, and we can look forward now to better days. So, we hope, will the 1st XI, for they registered their second defeat.

GOSSIP

Can we Unite?

The present division in Irish athletics has split the Universities as well. This has resulted in University men leaving the administrative position in both associations governing athletics here.

The A.A.U. takes little interest in track meetings and their programme for this season is negligible. The case for an inter-varsity contest is strong. But U.C.D. are members of N.A.C.A., though with little preference for it. They have joined because most of their athletes come from the provinces where the A.A.U. does not operate. They are prepared to resign from N.A.C.A. for a week to compete against Trinity. It is unlikely, in the event of a match, A.A.U. would suspend us. We possess the only

With the Groundstaff

Batting first on an easy paced pitch, Trinity made 95-5, and then, after misfortune had hit them in the way of two run outs, they appealed against the light and waited for the morrow.

Wilson and Foster, a freshman with 80 to his name in the trials, added 56 for the second wicket. Byrne, who was turning the ball away from the right-handcr, then dismissed both batsmen when a big score seemed imminent. Mostert, the left-hander, countered this threat with the hook. One of these shots led indirectly to his downfall. Anticipating a boundary, he was casually left in mid-pitch, beaten by the fielder's return. The umpire is the man to watch when there is doubt about a boundary. Smyth, who had batted comfortably, then waited for Saturday.

On the resumption he added 24 and the innings closed for 138. With the wicket easy and against a strong batting side, Trinity needed early success to force victory. Neither Reid-Smith nor Harkness used the new ball intelligently. You cannot afford to bowl full tosses to openers like Burgin, and 50 runs came for the first wicket. Although Sutton kept one end closed, Drewery was not in good form at the other. Burgin continued to score very fast against good fielding, and Haughton, starting 4, 6, looked to be trying to rival D. V. Smith's whirlwind batting for Sussex on the previous day. Then both were out at 110, and there was a slight chance. Harkness came back in a much better spell, but the leeway was too great to make up. Pembroke were home by five wickets.

SAILING CLUB

At the Summer General Meeting last Friday, the Captain, D. Spearman, welcomed new members, and outlined the Club activities. There will be team racing every week. The programme includes contests against the Royal St. George Yacht Club, the National Yacht Club, and U.C.D. There will also be division racing, starting to-morrow.

A Club boat was brought into Front Square last week to attract the interest of prospective members. There are nearly always vacancies for a crew, and it is hoped the boats will be full this season.

The Club officials are: D. Spearman (Captain), J. Cussen (Secretary), J. O'hausen (Treasurer), and the Sailing Master is M. Lewis.



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