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Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

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THURSDAY, 29th May, 1958

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Snow White and the Dirty Dwarfs

WATCH THE BAY

THE twentieth century seems at last to have caught up with College's fascinating old curiosity bay, Botany. For years the Board has been assailed by protests from students at the deplorable conditions in College rooms, where a powerful triumvirate of dirt, damp and drabness have long held sway. Now, at last, the Board has decided to list and to rectify; the past few days have seen the beginning of an experiment which is designed to alter completely the present character and reputation of College rooms.

No drastic changes in the immediate future, however, are to be expected, said Dr. Chubb. Ultimately the alterations will be far-reaching, though for the time being only pilot attempt are to be made. The Board intends to tread as delicately as possible on traditional toes, and to note all reaction to its measures. The work going on at present in No. 19, described by the authorities as "a modest experiment in living," involves merely the building of two sculleries with running hot and cold water. The success of this venture will lead immediately to students doing their own washing up, and eventually to the abolishing of skips and the advent of charwomen, who will make the beds.

Another innovation is that plans have just been drawn up with a view to designing "completely equipped" bed-sitters in No. 30, on the model of those recently completed in Cambridge. Before introducing these bed-sitters elsewhere in College, the Board intend to see what results their initial efforts will produce. An affirmative answer to such questions as: Will there be a demand for these rooms? Will it be possible in vacation to lodge delegates from other universities in these bed-sitters so that higher costs can be avoided? And will foreigners now living in digs and hostels welcome this opportunity to live in well-furnished apartments? will largely determine the Board's future course of action. It hopes to have 60 bed-sitters ready within six years.

These measures — and we must not forget the painting that has been done in No. 27 — are greatly to be commended, especially since Trinity has not got a bulging wallet. This lack of funds is affecting the bath house which badly needs a separate boiler; Guinness are unlikely to arrange another grant, since their previous one, donated for the pur-

pose of building a swimming pool, was used instead to build the bath house. Nevertheless, the Board has not been thorough enough. Two sculleries are not going to raise the standard of living; nothing short of hot and cold water in every room will do this. And while we are on the question of College rooms, something could be done to alter that ridiculous 6 o'clock time limit for visitors in rooms, a restriction which more than anything else emphasises to other universities our discomfiture.

And lastly, if Snow White could put the dirty dwarfs in order with only one broom, surely the Board, in its 20th century environment, can at least vanquish for ever that terrifying triumvirate of dirt, damp and drabness in Botany Bay?

Mr. L. H. C. Thomas

Professor Liddell, head of Trinity German department, is soon to retire. It may be of interest to Modern Languages students in particular, and to College in general, to learn a few facts about his successor who has just been elected.

Mr. L. H. C. Thomas is a first-class graduate in German and Russian from St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford. He is in his early thirties, and for the last ten years has lectured in German at Leeds University. He has edited several German texts and made various literary publications. In this academic sphere his interest is literary, rather than philological. Some modification in the German school's programme may thus be effected, as hitherto Professor Liddell's philological tendency has dictated its structure. Mr. Thomas will be Reader in charge of the Department. Mr. Thomas's father is Welsh, his mother is English; his home has been mainly in Southern England, with periods of residence at Winchester and Southampton. He is married, with two children, and during the war was a captain in the British Army.

And so we have a picture of "the new man." With the retirement of Professor Liddell something ends which we may call an epoch, and it is our privilege to be present at the beginning of another. We await with interest its representative.

TRINITY NEWS

Regrets that two items, the Travel Supplement and the results of the Student Opinion Poll, had to be postponed until the next issue, due to unforeseen circumstances.

Changes on the Board

The Board of the College have decided to increase the representation of Junior Fellows on the Board, in view of the increasingly large part being played in the administration of the College by Fellows who have not as yet been co-opted as Senior Fellows. At the moment the Board consists of the Provost, seven Senior Fellows, the Senior Lecturer, the Registrar and the Bursar (at the moment all Junior Fellows, but not necessarily so), two representatives of the Junior Fellows (at the moment Dr. Stanford and Dr. Welsh), and two representatives of the professors (Dr. Poole and Dr. Cocker). The new decision entails giving the Junior Fellows two extra representatives, making their number up to four. One major difficulty, however, has presented itself. The present constitution of the Board has been fixed by an Act of Parliament of 1911, and this Act will have to be amended before the new decision can be implemented. Already there is a suggestion that this change in the Board's constituency is not the only innovation likely to take place in the near future, and that several amendments to the Act will be proposed simultaneously.

DREAM REALISED

Library Improvements

MR. F. J. E. HURST, the new deputy librarian, took up his appointment early in the month, in succession to Mr. R. O. Dougan, who has been appointed librarian to the Huntington Library at Santa Monica in California.

Mr. Hurst, who was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, was formerly in charge of the reference section of Manchester Public Library.

He comes as no stranger to Ireland, having visited the North on several occasions. Although he first visited Dublin only last summer, he was so impressed with Trinity that he enquired whether there were any vacancies on the Library staff. The reply he got was that vacancies were few and far between. Little did he think then that within a year he would be back again, in charge of the world famous library.

The Friends of the Library have made good use of the money granted last year by the Carnegie Trust towards

improving the exhibition facilities in the Long Room. In addition to the elegant new show cases made by the Clerk of Works for the Book of Darrow, the Book of Armagh and the Book of Kells, two volumes of which are now on view at the same time. There are also 16 new show cases for the display of special exhibitions, sponsored by the Friends of the Library or by the University itself.

The subject of this year's Annual Exhibition of the Friends of the Library is "Anglo-Irish Fiction from Swift to Beckett." This Exhibition has been arranged by Mr. Ian MacPhair, a senior member of the Library staff. Practically all the exhibits of printed books, manuscripts and photographs come from the College Library. The highlights of the Exhibition are two display cases devoted to the works of Edith Somerville, whose centenary falls this year.

The Exhibition was officially opened on last Tuesday afternoon by Mr. Jack White, Features Editor of "The Irish Times," and it will remain open throughout the summer.

Another project which the Friends of the Library hope to have ready later this summer is the erection of a counter across the Long Room, at which visitors will be able to purchase a certificate stating that they have seen the Book of Kells. This counter will be staffed by a special attendant who will also sell other publications and postcards, etc., which have been authorised by the Friends of the Library.



Mr. Jack White addressing the annual meeting of the Friends of the Library in the Long Room. —Photo courtesy of the Irish Times

Drowning Child Rescued

On Tuesday evening, Robin Anderson and Nick Jones were enjoying themselves in their little boat on the Liffey. As they drew level with the U.C.D. boat-house some children on the opposite bank started screaming. Pointing upstream they shouted: "She's fallen in." Nick, who was fully dressed, promptly pulled off his jacket, dived overboard and swam to the bank, followed closely by Robin. They ran up the bank to the child's position and, jumping into the river again, soon had her on the edge. She was suffering from extreme shock, being quite stiff when she was hauled out. When our friends had rescued their boat they brought the victim across the river to the U.C.D. boat-house, from which she was removed by ambulance to hospital.

When interviewed by our reporter yesterday, both Nick and Robin seemed to have survived the experience without any after effects, except that Robin was, perhaps a little more absent-minded than usual.

CAFE

Both our Cafe and Restaurant have been freshly decorated in gay contemporary colour schemes. The Cafe in grey and yellow, the Restaurant in pink and grey. Just the places to relax over a cup of coffee, a tasty lunch or a substantial tea after the exertions of study.

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TRINITY NEWS

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GO ABROAD!

TRAVEL has become a fascinating topic of discussion. Everybody who is anybody has at one time or other nipped across the Channel. It is now so easy. Distances have shrunk, difficulties in language, currency and red-tape have diminished. Foreign travel is perhaps the only commodity in the world that actually gets cheaper as the years go by. Travel organisations are competing to offer better bargains. The tourist agent's lists include amazingly low prices. But a student travelling on his own can get along even cheaper than that. All he has to do is to use his ingenuity and be determined not to be overcome by seeming impossibilities.

A student may plan his holiday abroad in several different ways. First, there are the individual or group exchange systems which must involve a careful choice of family for otherwise you may find yourself in a nasty plight for weeks on end. Where the exchange schemes are promoted by societies or the University itself, candidates are normally expected to have had a "deserving" career.

Secondly, there are the international voluntary camps, which are made up of small teams from different countries and engaged on projects involving unskilled labour. Financial conditions vary. In most camps, volunteers receive free board and lodging and others include pocket money. The work is normally not so strenuous and hours regulated.

Thirdly, there are the summer courses, camps and Seminars—all for educational purposes.

Most of them are extremely good value and are strongly recommended for students studying foreign languages. The D.U.A.I.A. can help here as they have standing exchange arrangements with Strasbourg and Lund Universities and collect details related to other universities, too.

Finally, there is the exploratory holiday which includes work for a few weeks and lodging on the Continent for the rest of the time. Starting out penniless, you can get a job as a waiter, bus conductor or in a pea canning factory in Britain and earn about £60 a month, which is enough to make a round tour of Europe. To achieve such a feat, you would have to hitch, eat by the roadside, with an occasional visit to the public orchard, and sleep in the barn, if you can find one. Before starting out it is wise to arm yourself with a list of addresses of friends and organisations and then arrange your itinerary accordingly.

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Profile:

GAY TURTLE — Gay

The Chairman was introducing historical characters in a balloon debate. He said: "... and now I call upon Miss Gay Turtle as Queen Elizabeth I." The latter would have found it difficult to admit the truths which Gay deliberately and unashamedly put forward. That is Gay Turtle. Decisive, open, historical and certainly a character. She lives as if she were concerned only with history, both academically, albeit a minimum in this respect, and also living it. To do this latter you will understand it is necessary to be unusual. This must be your purpose, your day long aim; you must start in Players and learn to act. Then you must forget Players or you will become stereotyped. You must never remain in one place (or society) too long for that reason. At all costs you must have a point of view, a distinction of dress and, if possible, of accent, so completely different to the majority that you create history.

Gay does exactly this. A less person may have creative hysteria. But not Gay. Her Quaker school in York taught how to listen and to act (in all senses of the verb). She knows that an ambition which "hopes that to-morrow will be as nice as to-day" allows here a most liberal education. The pursuit of Modern Literature and Drama, and in particular Samuel Beckett, takes a prime place as a result. Gay is able, at once, to have many friends, and yet to be alone for days on end. Cambridge undergraduates and London Town frequently take her across the water, still following, she will claim, a liberal education.

Since her advent in January, 1956, Gay has certainly made an impression

on society life in College. Her pronouncements, blunt and convincing, have appeared in the minutes of D.U.I.A., the Law Society and the History Society, of which she is Secretary. The Phil., too, has listened to her with interest. "Women," she says, "are responsible for all the apathy in College." And Gay



tries to do something about this. The Coffee Bar, T.C.D., women's fashions ("I always try to keep up with them"), and Dr. McDowell—she "adores" them all. Her theatre vocabulary and accent, her intelligence and forthrightness; her cheerful and friendly disposition are winning her a place in the history of College.

PHIL ANTICS

The Phil. last week turned its attention to a very topical subject, Democracy. Mr. Anthony M. Cann in the course of his paper traced its progress in theoretical and practical politics since the times of Aristotle and Plato. He discussed the problems raised by professionalism and specialisation in politics and stressed the importance of having an educated populace. Apart from the somewhat naive belief that political parties are as a rule run by their leaders, the essayist displayed a basic soundness of thought, and developed his arguments in a logical and convincing manner.

Mr. Noel Hartnett was also (as usual) very convincing. Whilst he refrained from indulging in discussion of present-day events, we were left in no doubt that military-men are a danger to any country, or that the activities of even 50 men could keep democracy alive. He mentioned the place of the civil service in a democratic state.

Mr. I. Roche complained of complacency and suggested that the Anglo-Irish (Liberal?) tradition had something to offer. He believed that the National Progressive Democratic Party was the (almost) last hope for this country.

Mr. Lucas concentrated on possible improvements to the electoral systems which would make them truly democratic.

Mr. H. Johnson stressed the dangers facing democracy to-day, and Mr. Baigel in sincere yet undramatic tones drew attention to Social Democracy. Mr. Edwards (of the U.C.D. "L. and H.") flayed all and sundry, and after a brilliant oratorical exercise left one still with hopeful optimism.

Mh. Chapman lead the anti-socialist reaction, confining his remarks to an attack of those of Mr. Roche's. Mr. Hill made some funny remarks. Mr. Rowe, handicapped by being at the end of the order paper, made a promising maiden speech—marred only by the fact that he discussed some of a previous speaker's remarks in too much detail.

As the meeting ended at 11.20 p.m., it is interesting to note that more than half of the speakers ignored the recognised 10-minute time limit.

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Dunlop on Berkeley

"Thou shalt have none other gods but Me" was the title of the paper on Bishop Berkeley as a natural theologian, read by Mr. R. E. S. Dunlop at the Metaphysical Society last Tuesday. It discussed the philosophical and religious environment into which Berkeley was born.

The essayist gave a lucid outline of Berkeley's doctrine of Immaterialism and examined his three main proofs of it. He discussed the main arguments as outlined in Berkeley's writings supporting God's existence and the consequences of placing God as pre-eminent. Concluding, he examined the doctrine in relation to Holy Scripture and its consequences as applied to the Gnostic heresy and to the Holy Communion.

In proposing a vote of thanks, Mr. W. J. Marshall, Sch., B.A., suggested that Berkeley's refutation of dogmatic atheism did not prove God's existence as such, but formed a belief in spirit.

Mr. M. J. Kenny, B.Sc., Sch., seconding the vote of thanks, pointed to the fact that Berkeley had argued that the existence of God had securely established Immaterialism. This, he concluded, was illegitimate. It merely posited God in place of rational substance.

Dr. A. A. Luce, Berkeley Professor of Metaphysics, summing up, thanked the essayist and expressed pleasure at the interest shown in Berkeley some two hundred years after his time.

C.H.S.

The usual mixture of confusion and quality occurred on Wednesday night. Some of the most confusing remarks were made by Mr. J. P. Francis on his "higher plane," clouding what was otherwise a sound speech. The best was provided by a maiden, Mr. A. Bainbridge, who had wit and intelligence and cut Knight down to size. Mr. Knight, who was in the affirmative, advocated logic and cool reason and ended with the most emotional performance of the evening in his ad libbing from Brendan Behan. His theatricals were sincerely excellent, but his logic top-sided. A certain W. A. Dillon whooped it up on the side-lines most of the evening, and then was munificently eloquent (his munificence consisting in his undeniable willingness to pay Rines, which was at least individual). Mr. Telfor wandered, Mr. Gibbon had something to say, but didn't quite say it, while the Treasurer, Mr. Burke, was interesting, and Mr. Hunter commonplace.

The most stimulating occurrence was the Chairman, Mr. Kingsmill Moore's death-blow to the point-of-fact myth, when he pointed out that Mr. Harte's interruption of the speaker on a point of fact was fallacious, in so far as what the speaker was putting forward was not a point of fact, but an argument. It is gratifying to see that now and then the Chairman does actually take an active part in the proceedings, also interruptions ought to be based on facts of wit, and not merely on the desire to interrupt.

The proposer exercised his right of reply, and the motion, "That capital punishment should be ended," was carried by 18 votes to 15.

College Observed

Erratum: For "should" read "will not" in "the possibility of saving a life should appeal to some of us." See last week's "College Observed." Apologies to anyone deceived by this remark. Perhaps it was the weather.

However, deception features high currently. For example, the Hodges Figgis' front page advertisement last week (they haven't got the girl and b.): they won't let you take your own. This is a low trick to play on any student. Perhaps they're trying to "advertise in depth."

Accidental deception was perpetrated by the film unit. We were told to go to the Astor last Tuesday to see some of the College film. However, when we got there the manager felt unwelcoming—he hadn't expected so many. Eventually, in spite of an apology, the more resolute of us were allowed in. The less persistent missed some black and white "rushes" and samples of the colour shots, which gained deserved applause. If the new Library buildings are going to be anything like the model shown, i.e., three overgrown packing cases, College would be well advised to keep this activity underground.

C.I.E. have been active underground. Set romantically under the buffet at Harcourt St. Station is Dublin's International Liquor Museum. Anyone who remembers Luke, the "bouncer" at the Bailey, will find him, complete with Spanish sampling stick, ready to guide you. There are bottles from about 20 countries on display and it's interesting to learn the name of that seemingly innocuous drink you had in Istanbul. Or was it Ankara? The Museum is, however, still young—it opened just before Easter—and has rather too many gift packs and glossy displays, but C.I.E. are acquiring antiques and interesting pieces as fast as they can. Engineers should be interested in the excellent example of rivetting shown in the small still exhibited.

Incidentally, the Engineers seem to be suffering from Trinity's major complaint. Even they have ceased to keep abreast of the times. What has happened to the long awaited report on the trajectory of paper milk cartons as pioneered by Express Dairies?

Talking of dangerous occupations—I was thinking of the lectures—the College workman who was balanced on top of a ladder painting the sign on No. 27 during opening hours deserves high commendation. His brush, loaded with red paint, must have been a constant source of temptation. As far as I know he was able to resist.

By the way, the word "bar" has ugly connections and we must now call it the "Coffee Room"—so much more refined.

Refinement is very much in vogue in this part of College. There is a venture afoot which will enhance Trinity's prestige in the sporting world. Anyone who is interested in promoting College sportsmanship and has the necessary subscription is advised to join "The Knights of the Campanile." How refined can we get?

It's a pity when rooms are in such short supply that the top floor of 27 could not have gone either as living quarters or as rooms for one of the better supported societies. We shouldn't need to emulate Oxford or Cambridge.

As well as the "Knights," another society has emerged from hibernation, the Scholars have decided that they don't want the new Scholars to get better salaries than they. No comment.

Further financial topic: If you're annoyed by the increase in the price of tickets for the Balls on Trinity Wednesday and the Regatta, try running one yourself. I think Players probably lost slightly on theirs, which was one of the most successful of the year.

Success can also be attributed to the "University Gazette." The second copy of this came out last week. It is one of the best University magazines on sale. It has a wider selection of writers to choose from, comes out less frequently than most, and has a bigger potential circulation. It's also more expensive than "Trinity News." The editorial fearlessly demands criticism and it is difficult to find any major faults. Perhaps it's a pity that the story by Walter Macken and the article by Dorothy Macardie were included. Both of them are very good, but it seems that the magazine should be limited to students. It's also unfortunate that there are no Trinity contributions, but that seems to be the same old, old story.

Finally, if you're tired of all the bickering, pettiness and gossip of College, why not try a holiday in France?

**THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY HISTORY
AND METAPHYSICAL SOCIETIES**

**3.30 p.m. 3rd June in the
Classics Library No. 7**

"WAR"

Tea. A paper by Miss Gay Turtle

FOUR & SIX

Enid's Knock-Out

Last Wednesday I saw a girl give a sherry party and I'll be darned if that girl did not show an extraordinary amount of joie de whatever-you-want on orange juice—neat.

Robert Young, a casual acquaintance of hers, in whose rooms the party was held, kept retrieving an unlimited amount of bottles from unexpected places. At last one met Michael Shrigley, who said he made a living as a journalist, at which information hopeful eyes were turned in his direction, not including my own.

Mike Topping and Jennifer Corscadden found they both knew how to make cocktail conversation. Vernon Young, that socialite of socialites, dazzled the uninitiated with his variety of said specimen type conversation. Johnny Hautz and Philippe Chauveau got nostalgic on Dr. Thornton's statistical precepts.

Social Significance

There was no doubt about it, we were the élite—I mean all you had to do was to look around. John Black, Guy Eglinton, Maurice Fitzmaurice, Raymond Kennedy, Jill Robbins (yes, she's still persisting). The sack contingent, Hepburn and Baidon, were there in, guess what, trapezes. Barry Brewster

once more got out of hand. Rosie Brown looked philosophic. Grovanna Tomacelli was wearing a hat which nearly but not quite took one's attention from the girl under it—what do you say, Dan? They even say that Bob Barton was seen picking his way to the brandy bottle. Oh yes, who gave the cocktail party? Timothy Boyd-Maunsell, David Bobbyshaw and James Graham—a man is to be judged by his friends, they say.

A Players' and Others' Ball

As Shot-Gun Shanagher, the Scourge of the States—or Curse of the Counties—entered the arena you knew the story. Deidre Mooney came as two baby dolls in somebody's pyjamas—a very pretty picture. Tom Molyneux came incog. with Jean Delap, having found himself two free tickets. The arty crowd were all there and got the crowd prize—the judges did not realise they came as themselves, or perhaps they did. Edwin Draper kept happily muttering that he was going to Wicklow, but last I saw of him, he was being shanghaied off by Johnnie Cusson and Heather Laskey, who insisted she was an Eskimo going on a journey. Tony Clements, with a selection of accident attendants, said he was an accident. Who wasn't at 2.0 a.m.?

TOPAZE

"Topaze" by Marcel Pagnol was the choice of the French Group for this year's presentation of Mod. Lang. plays—and a good choice it proved to be. Unlike last year, the play was infinitely more adaptable to student interpretation. In the capable hands of Miss Carol Challen, we saw a most pleasing and amusing performance.

Briefly, the story is that of a young man, Topaze by name (excellently portrayed by Richard Stack) who starts his career as a down-trodden and honest teacher in a boys' school—who, because of his honesty, is dismissed from his post. He is "adopted" as a "cover" by the fast-talking Castel Bénac and his scheming mistress, Suzy, and eventually undergoes a complete metamorphosis and succeeds in outdoing the latter pair in their own plots. Topaze at the conclusion of the play is a financial success and no longer a believer in the adage "Honesty is the best policy."

The play, as we said, was a good choice and the casting was also extremely well done. In Mr. Richard Stack we saw an excellent and highly polished performance. He looked like Topaze—he talked and walked as Topaze should—and what is more he gave the impression of thinking as Topaze. We should very much like to see this actor in future performances of Mod. Lang. plays.

Mr. Stack was ably supported by Mr. Malcolm Yaffe in the part of Regis Castel Bénac, and Miss Patricia Gordon as Suzy Courtois (the latter's mistress). At times though we had the impression that Mr. Yaffe was perhaps overdoing the part. He underestimated the intelligence of his audience in that he immediately assumed a villainous expression

following any reference to his underhand schemes—and to such an extent that sometimes we had the impression of witnessing a silent film and confidently expected to hear the dramatic striking of piano chords as he entered the stage, followed by the opening bars of the "Overture to Wilhelm Tell." Miss Gordon as Suzy gave an extremely good and often amusing performance. She became even better as the play went on and succeeded in captivating her audience with an effortless ease. In Mr. Edward Dorrall (Tamise), Mr. Dick Skerrett (Muche) and Miss Danaë Standford (la Baronne) we saw three extremely creditable performances. Mr. Dorrall had the responsibility of bringing the play to its conclusion, and this he did most excellently and convincingly.

Smaller parts were fairly competently acted, though we might well wonder how Mr. Ron Ewart (Roger de Berville) managed to find a blazer with 1948-49 embroidered upon its crest, when the action of the play was obviously set in the late 1920's—looking just a little too much into the future, Mr. Ewart!

Finally, we think there were very few in the audience who were not captivated by the little boys' performance, and if we heard "the Dublin" coming through their French accents and saw one little boy mouth "shut up!" to another, we still enjoyed them immensely!

The costumes, so expertly and painstakingly made by Miss Sheelah Butler, were very much admired, and it was obvious that the audience eagerly awaited each new arrival of Haute Couture as the play proceeded from scene to scene. Altogether a high class performance, and our congratulations go to Miss Challen for her excellent production.

Thy Name is Woman

To all outward appearances the position of women in College is one of equality. The mere fact that women are now able to enter a university on equal terms with men, sit for exams, and be awarded degrees is, of course, a great advance from the time within living memory when women were, for instance, allowed into the medical school and followed the course through successfully only to be refused degrees when they had sat for their finals. Perhaps it is too much to hope that two generations is long enough for men to realise that women are as equally endowed with mental faculties as they are? But no, still one hears the old arguments: women can only talk and think about frivolities; women who get good degrees do so because they work much harder than men; women are incapable of producing major works in any of the creative fields of art, and so on and on.

As a raging militant feminist, I sometimes want to exercise my supposedly feminine vice of subjective emotionalism and scream. These arguments, so popular with men—thought up carefully to preserve their precious little egos—are so startlingly unjust and ill-founded that I feel some little illumination should be put on their failings.

First, this matter of women's frivolous blurb. I won't fall for the trap and hit back below the belt by saying that a man's social vocabulary seems to consist of talk divided between sport and sex—that is not totally true. But I know, personally, as an average female with an average intelligent mind, that when in the company of my own sex I tend to get opportunities for more discussion on an abstract level than when with men. For this argument there is obviously no statistical evidence. However, for my next one there is. Anybody

running his eyes over the list of Commencements should be struck by the fact that a greater percentage of women get higher class degrees than men. That is no view, it is a fact. However, men then have the cheek to assert that these women have spent their lives in college as swots, never stirring from the Reading Room and never going to parties and dances. I will mention no names, but one notices that the chit-chat writers in "T.C.D." and "Trinity News" certainly seem to dwell on the names of the girls with an intellectual twist.

Prefaced by the remark, "Look at the names of the great writers, painters, composers, etc., in the past," one usually hears their last irritating comment that women are incapable of producing original, creative, intellectual or artistic achievements.

This is difficult to refute because adequate research has not been done on the subject to be able to quote unanswerable facts. But I would suggest these two points be taken into consideration. For a quarter of every year, women are physically and, therefore, mentally in a depressed state and their intellectual efficiency is cut down to a fraction. When married, the bearing and rearing of children and running a house is again a job demanding total physical and mental exertion. Finally, when the children are old enough to look after themselves, it is too late to pick up the threads of her intellectual work again. Of course, she could remain unmarried, but intellectual women tend to be cursed with strong emotions which make it impracticable for them to remain single.

My other point is that the environmental factor is not taken into consideration enough. A girl is still brought up with a subconscious admission that

A BUM ABROAD

Every July I manage to persuade myself that I am in a rut and that it is high time to "get away from it all." The process of "getting away from it all" must be a major operation. The journey to Laragh or Achill, alas, cannot be regarded as sufficient, for invariably such places are full of all the people one encounters every day. No! One must resign oneself to a longer journey.

The only possible way in which I, personally, can "get away from it all" is to make a trip by means of "hitching." I am sure that you must realise that "hitching" is the means whereby one attempts to travel without paying. I can make no claim to being a "hearty," nor do I choose that healthy and exhilarating mode of transport through preference. I do admit that I find myself a "wanderman" through hard economic reasons. I have had quite a few thousand miles of hitching experience, and there are a number of suggestions which may prove useful to the uninitiated hitcher. Firstly, when

forested lake districts of central Finland found myself in Lapland. It took me a further few days' journey to realise just how vast and lonely the Tundra land of Lapland was. I rarely met a human, but relied on herds of reindeers to remind me that animal life exists, and all the time I was conscious of an extraordinary stillness. It is said that after three visits to this strange land one loses all desire to return home.

The roads were no more than cart tracks, and to make any progress I was dependent on the goodwill of the patrol waggons of the Finnish Army and on timber lorries. It was while working with a timber lorry near Ivalo, which is a very short distance from the Soviet frontier, that I had a meal in the forest out of the communal cauldron of a family of Inari Lapps. I went with a timber lorry though Kanagameurt, over the frontier to Kanasjok and on to a sawmill on the Arctic Coast. In this area the Norwegians and Finnish inhabitants wear a costume worthy of Davy Crockett, whereas the fisher and



Denzil Stewart's 1929 "Vintage" off for a week-end spree in Wicklow last Saturday.

stuck on a country road with both hours and cars flying past, do not lose patience, or you will likely go insane. Remind yourself that you have joined the ranks of the most disreputable of all travellers, and take comfort that eventually you are bound to arrive somewhere. Secondly, do not dress in a manner that will make drivers nervous of stopping. Remember rough or slightly unconventional appearance is advantageous. For instance, in Northern Europe it pays to give the impression that one is Latinic, and presumably interesting. A wide-brimmed sun hat is usually a necessary "prop" to convey this illusion.

The problem of sleeping accommodation is one which each hitcher works out to taste. The International Youth Hostels' Association, of which An Oige is the Irish branch, provides hostels in most of Western Europe and North Africa. If you dislike the regimentation of these hostels as much as I do, you will probably prefer to roll up in a hedge at night, or, better, persuade a farmer to allow you to sleep in an outhouse. To be stuck for accommodation in a city is most unpleasant, as police everywhere seem to discourage the utilisation of park benches. However, in London at least I know of a very good shelter for hobos which is open until midnight throughout the year. Perhaps the most uplifting sleeping accommodation I have experienced was the cabin of a crane in the docks of a Norwegian port. My embarrassment on being awoken in the morning by the honest crane-driver, who was stupefied by what I fear was a novel situation, was completely offset by my pleasure at being lowered to the earth in the bucket of a neighbouring crane.

Once I slept in a cave far north of the Polar Circle. The accommodation was comfortable enough, but throughout the night my sleep was troubled by uneasy speculation as to what might emerge from the depths of my bedroom.

Last summer I crossed the Baltic from Stockholm to Tunku, and after three days' travel through the densely

nomadic Lapps appear every day in what must be one of the gayest of all national costumes. Hammerfest boasts itself the most northerly city in the world, so it was here I persuaded myself "to go south young man." Near Narvik by coincidence I met a friend who was on vacation from playing professional hockey (Lapland struck me as an odd place for one with such a job to go to for a holiday) and we decided to try to work our passage down the west coast to Bergen. The local shipping agent warned us that such an enterprise would not be sanctioned by any of the regular sea captains. Nevertheless, undaunted, we boarded the s.s. Haakon Jarl at Bodø, the result of this action being that after two days at sea we found ourselves frog-marched before the officer of the watch in the unenviable position of stowaways. This incident entailed an enforced payment, which when added to the price of my fare from Bergen to Newcastle meant that some days later I staggered into a certain flat in Waterloo road in a state of near starvation. However, I survived to embroider the tale, and in the not too distant future hope to make a similar expedition. To where? Well I have heard it's most interesting in Armenia...

Bill Meek.

The Carnival of Nations

When the curtain went up on the first night of the "Carnival of Nations," I was distinctly reminded of a school's concert I once attended. Unannounced, nice little boys and girls performed a few national dances and sang some country songs. Enlightenment in the form of compère, Kevan Johnson appeared after a few minutes and informed us what it was all about: this was the "Carnival of Nations"; we would be presented with samples from the cultural heritage of many countries.

The cultural heritage of certain countries proved to be somewhat poor. Rough on the whole, performances were excellent. The dance, "Prayer of the Hands," was an interesting example of Indian entertainment, and one of the Spanish dances was first class. Was he professional? The Malayan operetta was enjoyable—if you enjoy butterflies. "Tinbo" from the West Indies was very good, too. The suppleness of some of the performers was staggering. More attractive, perhaps, to many present were the Polish dances. The costumes were particularly pleasing.

On the second night, Mr. Lentin and Mr. Kaminski had an unpleasant quarrel behind the curtain and each, it is suggested, enjoyed the moment of parting as nothing else during their short partnership. Happily, the show survived the departure of Mr. Lentin, and only a few noticed the event.

Voting for the best acts gave the following results: 1st, West Indies; 2nd, Poland; 3rd, Malaya. The D.U.A.I.A. has awarded a free trip to the Continent to one from the winning group.

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Athletics

Londonderry Cup Victory Team Work Pays

ON May 16th and 17th, D. Archer, T. Lunde, J. Oladitan, C. Shillington and P. Thomas represented the club in the U.A.U. Championships at Cardiff.

Oladitan came second in the long jump with a leap of 23 ft. 1 in. This was an outstanding performance, especially on a wet and cold day and this length, when ratified, will be a new College record. T. Lunde was runner-up in the high jump and pole vault at 6 ft. and 11 ft. 6 ins., respectively, and he also did 22 ft. 6 ins. to place fourth in the long jump. Lunde is certainly a valuable asset to the Club. C. Shillington was second in the 880 yards in a good time of 1 min. 57.6 secs. D. Archer jumped 11 ft. to place third in the pole vault, and P. Thomas came sixth in the 220 yards.

Last Saturday the Club went up to Belfast for the annual relay fixture against Queen's and for the first time in 16 years they brought back the Londonderry Trophy which was last won by the Club in 1942. The sprinters were not at their best on this occasion, partly because the track was heavy and water-logged in places, but the team's superior strength in the field events made the victory possible and D.U.H.A.C. won by 53 points to Queen's 48.

We congratulate all the members of the Club and in particular the captain, J. Oladitan, who has done much to bring life into the Club this year.

Londonderry Trophy

4 x 880 Yards Relay — Queen's (C. Magee, K. McKenna, M. Cumming, J. Kochling), 8 mins. 19 secs.

One Mile Relay—Queen's University (A. Campbell, J. Koching, R. McMaster), 4 mins. 34.2 secs.

High Jump — Dublin University (T. Lunde, J. Oladitan, J. Leeson); aggregate, 16 ft. 6 ins.; best individual, Lunde, 5 ft. 8 ins.

Long Jump—1, Dublin University (J. Oladitan, P. Goddard, T. Lunde); aggregate, 74 ft. 1½ ins.; best individual, Oladitan, 23 ft. 1 in.

Hop, Step and Jump — Queen's (R. Herdon, H. McRoberts, J. McKenna); aggregate, 122 ft. 9 ins.; best individual, R. Herdon, 42 ft. 2 ins.

120 Yards Hurdles — 1, Queen's (D. Price, G. Tiddah, J. Barton); aggregate, 50.8 secs.; best individual, D. Price, 16.5 secs.

Pole Vault—1, Dublin University (D. Archer, T. Lunde, J. Leeson). Four qualified. Aggregate, 22 ft. 6 ins.; best individual, 11 ft. 6 ins.

Javelin — 1, Dublin University (J. Lawson, T. Lunde, R. Millar), 53 ft. 10 ins.; best individual, Lunde, 188 ft. 8 ins.

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Discus — 1, Dublin University (R. Taylor, N. de Wet, T. Kyle); aggregate, 362 ft. 4 ins.; best individual, Taylor, 138 ft. 9 ins.

Shot—1, Dublin University (R. Taylor, J. Lawson, T. Lunde); aggregate, 117 ft. 10 ins.; best individual, Taylor, 44 ft. 5 ins.

Invitation Events

Men's 440 Hurdles — G. Tiddah (Queen's), 1; J. Colman (Donore), 2; T. Coleman (Donore), 3. 59.6 secs.

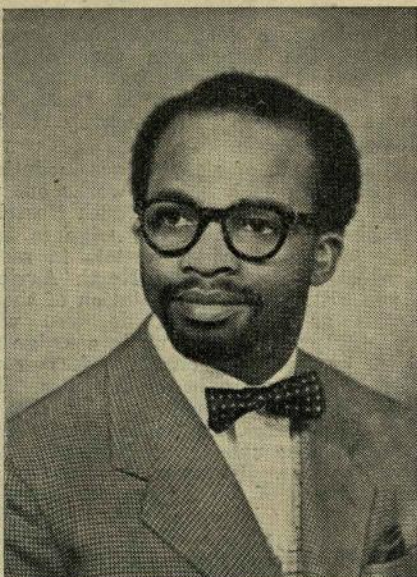
Women's 220 Yards—J. Atkinson (Collegians), 1; M. Kyle (Ballymena), 2; D. Leather (London Olympiads), 3. 27 secs.

Women's 880 Yards—D. Leather, 1; H. Vincent (London Olympiads), 2; S. Bradley (London Olympiads), 3. 6 yds., 50 yds. 2 mins. 25.4 secs.

Women's Discus—J. Cooke, 118 ft. 6½ ins., 1; M. Hopkins (Queen's), 92 ft. 7 ins., 2; M. Peters, 91 ft. 1 in., 3.

Women's High Jump—T. Hopkins, 5 ft. 4 ins., 1; A. Narramore (London Olympiads), 5 ft. 3 ins., 2; M. Peters, 4 ft. 8 ins., 3.

Women's 8 lb. Shot—J. Cooke, 45 ft. 9½ ins., 1; M. Hopkins, 36 ft. 5 ins., 2.



John Oladitan, Captain

Cricket

R.A.F. Defeat

D.U.—203 for 8 dec. (Pratt 69, Foster 63 not out.
Martin 7 for 31). R.A.F.—91.

Four county trialists and a supposed West Indies Test player in Scott appeared to promise a tough opposition in Trinity's match with R.A.F.

P. Dawson, in his first match of the season, won the toss and Trinity soon found themselves in trouble against the swing bowling of Atkinson. Macken and Mostert were both bowled, Mostert by a particularly good ball, but Pratt was still there and found a determined partner in Reid-Smith.

Reid-Smith was out just before lunch, but Pratt and Foster came in safely to enjoy a fine lunch. Score, 83 for 3.

After lunch, Pratt continued his good form, driving and cutting strongly before he was out for 69. Meanwhile Foster and Dawson settled down to a valuable stand—a wicket at this stage would have put the R.A.F. on top—before Dawson ran himself out for a well played 16. Singh, Gregg and Martin all stayed for some time with

Boats

Garda Defeated In Head-of-the-River

THE Senior VIII regained the Headship of the Liffey last Saturday after a lapse of some 2 years, since which Portora have held the title. In their absence this year, D.U.B.C.'s main rivals were the Garda, starting No. 2.

Weather conditions were fair, with a stream running and a slight tail, a contrast to the adverse conditions of the previous two days.

Trinity went off No. 1 to a fast start at 36, settling down with good stride to 29. With plenty of time forward in their rowing, they had gained 4 seconds from the Garda at Kingsbridge, and had increased this to 12 seconds at the Half-penny Bridge. A finishing spurt at 36 increased their lead still further to 15 seconds, in a total time of 12 minutes, only 2 seconds slower than the record established by the Trinity crew of 1950 and equalled by the winning Portora crew of last year.

The battle for the Clinker Pennant was very close, the first three crews finishing with only 4 seconds between them. The Junior crew were beaten by only 5 secs. by Cappoquin, a senior crew, and had

they had a full crew over the previous week they would have taken the pennant. However, it was a good performance, with all credit going to their gallant but unfit coach who stepped in at four for the race. They went off striking 35 in the first minute, 33 in the second, then lengthening out to 29 over the bulk of the course. Sprinting in at 36, they returned a total time of 12 minutes 34 seconds and fourth position.

The Maiden VIII did not produce any shock result, nevertheless there were signs that their coach has not been wasting his time. Technical trouble with stroke's slide lost them a few seconds from O'Connell Bridge to the finish, but they had showed promise over the main length of the course. The competition in Maiden events at Irish regattas will be extremely keen this year, and they will have to maintain their improvement to bring Trinity her first Maiden "pots" for many years.

Water Polo

Good Showing in League Match

Trinity met North Dublin A in a vital league match last week. Defending the shallow end in the first half, the team fought hard and skilfully, never for one second letting North Dublin get the upper hand. However, before half-time, North Dublin's international player shot a goal which W. Williamson failed to hold.

The second half saw Trinity playing with so much vigour that a beautiful goal was shot by J. Sharpe, who had an excellent game. Following this, E. Skelly brought Trinity into the lead with a clever shot. The game was now keenly contested and P. Burgess-Watson, the captain, and J. Lee were constantly under heavy pressure. In spite of some valiant play on the part of Trinity, the experience of the other side turned the scales in their favour and they went on to win the game by 3-2 and for yet another year became league winners.

The novice team lost 4-2 against Half Moon.

Boats:

1, Dublin University B.C. (P. Ross-Todd, bow; T. F. Blair, G. Blanchard, W. Keatinge, J. Corran, P. Martin, J. O'Brien, P. Wall-Morris, stroke; J. A. Coleate, cox), 12 mins. 10 secs.; 2, Garda Siochana B.C. (M. Moylan, bow; J. Callinan, J. Cuffe, J. Murphy, N. O'Dea, J. Maguire, T. Casey, T. Brennan, stroke; P. Hoare, cox), 12 mins. 25 secs.; 3, Cappoquin B.C., 12 mins. 29 secs.; 4, Dublin University II, 12 mins. 34 secs.; 5, U.C.D., 12 mins. 37 secs.; 6, Neptune, 12 mins. 42 secs.; 7, Drogheda, 13 mins. 11 secs.; 8, U.C.D. II, 13 mins. 14 secs.; 9, Lady Victoria (Belfast), 13 mins. 38 secs.; 10, College of Surgeons, 13 mins. 49 secs.; 11, Dublin University III, 13 mins. 56 secs.; 12, College of Technology, 14 mins. 15 secs.

Pennant Winners

Fine—Dublin University.
Clinker—Cappoquin.
Twelve crews competed.

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