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SUPPLIES

from

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Trinity News

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STUDENT OPINION POLL

Trinity Wants H-Bomb

Survey Results

THE most comprehensive public opinion poll ever carried out in an Irish University was completed yesterday when full results were computed of the "Trinity News" nuclear disarmament survey. Some surprising results were got but by far the most remarkable result was the brave attitude shown by large numbers towards disarmament and the very few "Don't Knows" given in most answers.

Most students questioned showed a lively interest though occasionally a scrappy knowledge of the disarmament problem. This contrasts strangely with other Universities where students are inclined to give more weight and attention to politics.

Another contrast with the results in Britain was the reasonableness of many of the answers. There was little or no emotionalism displayed and the majority of students questioned exuded scant passion while deciding on an answer. So far there has been no campaign for or against the H-bomb in this country and people are in a position to study the matter in a dispassionate manner which seemed to have been the case, unless their calm be interpreted as indifference.

Some remarkable inconsistencies were found in a number of answers. The most glaring example of this was when 64 per cent. of the students said that they thought it possible for the West to reach a peaceful solution with the Communist Powers, but at the same time voted by a large majority (71 per cent.) in favour of a Western policy aimed at the liberation of the Satellite States. How these two alternative policies were reconciled to the minds of those interviewed is difficult to see.

At the moment, inspection is the chief obstacle in the way of nuclear disarmament agreement. In spite of that, 82 per cent. insisted that disarmament must be a "bundle affair," involving control and conventional weapons. Only 13 per cent. would have disarmament at

any price and with no conditions attached.

The most significant of all the answers, however, was the majority of 61 per cent. in favour of continuing H-bomb tests. Of making up this figure, 64 per cent. were females and 65 per cent. British. These results are obviously different from those obtained in Oxford and Cambridge where vast majorities were claimed to have demanded unilateral cessation of all tests. It would be interesting to find out whether the difference represents faulty and biased polling in those two institutions or else students in Ireland differ substantially from their colleagues in Britain.

On the whole it must be admitted that women voters appeared to be somewhat more honest, if far more bloodthirsty, than their male brethren. They were more consistent in their attitude all the way through and when they were unsure of a point they were more inclined to admit their ignorance than men. For example, 62 per cent. of the women openly admitted to never having heard of the Rapacki plan for disengagement.

It is interesting to note that foreigners were heavily in favour of foreign aid "without strings attached," but were not otherwise worked up on the various attitudes.

1. Do you think that it is possible for Britain and the Western Powers to reach a peaceful settlement of differences with Russia?

Yes, possible, 63 per cent. No, impossible, 29 per cent. Don't know, 8 per cent.

2. Russia has announced that she will stop her H-bomb tests. Do you believe her or not?

Yes, believe, 28 per cent. No, don't believe, 55 per cent. Don't know, 17 per cent.

3. (a) Do you think that Britain and the U.S.A. should now stop their H-bomb tests, or should continue with them?

Should stop, 36 per cent. Should continue, 61 per cent. Don't know, 3 per cent.

3. (b) If "should stop": If stopping tests now meant that Britain and the U.S.A. could not catch up on Russian development on nuclear weapons, would you still like to see the tests called off or should Britain and U.S.A. continue?

Call off tests, 69 per cent. Continue tests, 31 per cent.

4. Do you think that the distinction between "clean" and "dirty" H-bombs is important?

Yes, important, 55 per cent. Unimportant, 35 per cent. Don't know, 10 per cent.

5. If Russia follows up her ban on H-bomb tests by promising not to make any more weapons, what do you think the Western countries should do?

Agree to stop manufacture without any other conditions, 13 per cent. Agree only if Russia accepts inspection, 45 per cent. Agree only if Russia accepts inspection and agrees to cut down her conventional forces at well, 37 per cent. Don't know, 5 per cent.

6. (a) Would you approve, or disapprove, if Britain were to give up making nuclear weapons without waiting for the U.S.A. or Russia to do likewise?

Approve, 29 per cent. Disapprove, 68 per cent. Don't know, 3 per cent.

6 (b) Do you think that this step would help Britain and Russia to reach a solution to the problems dividing them?

Would help, 33 per cent. Would not help, 55 per cent.; Don't know, 12 per cent.

7. What is your attitude towards arming Germany and other Western countries with nuclear weapons?

Refuse to let them have nuclear weapons, 38 per cent. Let them have British and U.S.A. nuclear weapons, but not make them, 29 per cent. Let them make nuclear weapons themselves if they want to, 28 per cent. Don't know, 5 per cent.

8. Do you think that nuclear disarmament should be linked to conventional disarmament?

Yes, linked, 55 per cent. Not linked, 38 per cent. Don't know, 7 per cent.

9. Do you favour, for the Western Powers, defence based on nuclear weapons alone, on conventional armaments alone, on a combination of both, or would you advocate disarmament?

Nuclear weapons, 7 per cent. Conventional armaments, 9 per cent. Both, 59 per cent. Disarmament, 25 per cent.

10. Do you approve, or disapprove, of the Rapacki plan for disengagement in Central Europe?

Yes, approve, 24 per cent. Disapprove, 33 per cent. Don't know, 41 per cent.

11. Should the Western Powers, in order to win the allegiance of non-committed countries, present them with financial aid; with, or without, strings attached?

Yes, strings, 36 per cent. Yes, no strings, 45 per cent. No, 14 per cent.; Don't know, 8 per cent.

12. Would you approve, or disapprove, of a policy aimed at the liberation of the Russian satellite states?

Approve, 71 per cent. Disapprove, 19 per cent. Don't know, 10 per cent.

13. Do you believe a policy of passive resistance to be practicable and effective?

Practicable and effective, 23 per cent. Practicable but ineffective, 36 per cent. Impracticable, 41 per cent.

14. Do you consider student opinion polls useful?

Yes, 41 per cent. No, 59 per cent.

Win a Prize!

Have you never been cut out with your best boy-friend by one of those elegant creatures from the Whelan/Mills Model Agencies?

If not, you need read no further. But if you feel that you just need that extra something to carry off your sack or trapeze line, "Trinity News" is offering you the chance of becoming a trained model—FOR NOTHING.

It has been the custom on Trinity Wednesday for the paper to present a bottle of champagne to the best dressed girl at the races. This year, Charles Ward Mills is offering a three-month mannequin course (worth 20 gns.) to the girl who can best combine looks and a flair for clothes. The judges will include Mr. Charles Ward Mills, director of the Salon of Fashion; a member of "Trinity News," and Valentine Joyce, fashion expert on Radio Eireann. So look your best at the races on Trinity Wednesday!

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KNIGHT FIGHTS MAHARAJAH

FORESTRY man Larry Roche, a dedicated disciple of Dr. Noel Browne, is a contender in a three-cornered fight for the Presidency of the Phil. Opposing him will be teak-hard Classics man, Tony Gann, and that effective "Quiet" man, John Gollam.

Two old stagers, Michael Knight and Brian (India) Jadeja, will decide the Auditorship of the Hist.

Talkative, self-opinionated Knight rose to stardom from almost complete obscurity when he and Holland won the Irish Debating Final. Long-standing Committee man and ex-officer Jadeja,

with every letter of the Hist. archive and sometimes irrelevant laws at his finger-tips, will provide formidable opposition. He acted as guinea pig to Chris. Sides last year, but this year it is much more serious.

Following his remarkable statement—"I can have the Auditorship anytime I wish"—earlier in the session, it is surprising to see Robin Harte contesting merely the office of Correspondence Secretary. John Hunter, striving hard, makes it a contest.

Rock and Roller Russi Wadia will contest the Librarianship with Tony Francis, while Raymond Kennedy is unopposed as Record Secretary.

All the other regular members of the Society will stand for Committee. Molony and Telfer, in the Phil. for experience, see that their chances of seats are a little brighter and less risky in the Hist.

This Phil. have three unopposed candidates and the regulars, too, are all in for Council. There are 13 men for six places.

Richard Bird will be Secretary. He is quiet and assuming, rising above Council to Senior Office. So is Malcolm Boyde, discarded from Council two years ago, in claiming the Librarian's chair. Popular Alan Lucas will look after the Society's finance. A new scholar, Tim West, will fight R. H. Johnstone, a promising Freshman, for Registrar.

The major societies will shortly know their new committees. The potential poll in each is larger than that for many years.



M. T. Knight

REACTOR IN COLLEGE?

The Irish Government's 12-member Atomic Energy Committee, which was set up two years ago, reported last week. The members recommended the establishment of an Atomic Energy Board by the Government, to be responsible for operating an atomic reactor. This station is to have an advisory centre to further the application of radio-active isotopes in Irish industry; it is to be situated in Dublin and it is recommended that it should be under the control of a university college, under lease from the Atomic Energy Board.

In a minority report, General M. J. Costello, of the Irish Sugar Co., and Professor E. T. S. Walton, Professor of Experimental Physics, state that they prefer the proposed Atomic Energy Board to be responsible directly for the project—apparently they think that running such a centre is a more suitable task for an outside organisation than for a university. Mention was also made in the minority report of the cost of the project. Prof. Walton and General Costello considered the plan too expensive and thought that the £500,000 involved could be better spent on other scientific research.

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TRINITY NEWS

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59 Per Cent

ONE of the amazing results of the opinion poll is the appreciable number of people who doubt in the utility of such polls. Having gone through the laborious process of answering 13 questions, 59 per cent. of those interviewed said they had no faith in what they had just done.

No doubt to some this implied a kind of capricious humour. Nevertheless, even allowing for the wits there still remains a batch of those who may genuinely doubt whether anything good could come from a few columns of figures.

That is odd and suggests some misunderstanding. Perhaps the pessimists were thinking in terms of practical politics. Indeed, Governments could hardly be expected to take their policies from a Trinity opinion poll. The survey, however, had other purposes. First, it aimed at discovering to what extent did opinion in this College, on certain outstanding issues, square with the state of opinion claimed for students in Britain. This objective was achieved. Secondly, an enquiry is an ideal method to spark off lively discussion. When students graduate they become civil servants, diplomats, school teachers—all of whom are naturally expected to be able to judge political events. Consequently, for the undergraduate one of the most important things to do at College is to evolve some sort of outlook which will stand him in good stead later on. This he can do largely by arguing and, surprisingly, by participating in opinion polls.

Revive the S.R.C.

Poor Noel Igoe: "T.C.D." is nibbling at him again. Last week he was assailed for giving insufficient publicity to the visits of the Blood Donation and Mass X-ray teams and generally mismanaging the affairs of the S.R.C.

Igoe has never been a particularly popular figure with "T.C.D." But this time the magazine has been patently unjust to him. Strictly speaking, Igoe has nothing to do with the S.R.C. Since last September, this unlucky organisation has had the misfortune of being the charge first of the Junior Dean and then of the two major Societies. At present, Chris Sides is President of the S.R.C. and Cummins, it would seem, his A.D.C. Igoe is merely a hanger-on and if anything at all is being done it is by his exertions alone. The "official" officers themselves carry the mantle of office with happy indifference. They are neither disposed to nor capable of doing their duties.

Such a situation is intolerable and can no longer be ignored. The S.R.C. is potentially the most useful of all College Societies. It is true that Igoe charges too much for the international student cards but it is a shame that he is obliged to do so as a means of financing the activities of the S.R.C. If well run, the Council could secure for Trinity students inestimable services, and in addition safeguard student autonomy. The "Major Societies" depending, as they do,

Profile : Senator Owen Sheehy Skeffington Humanitarian

I have always objected strongly to the prominence of biographical material in character studies, since it tends to bury the present personality of the subject beneath a burdening past. However, no assessment of Dr. Skeffington's worth can ever be attempted without discussing his family history. His mother worked and suffered for the Suffragette



—Photo courtesy Irish Times

movement; his father was active in the 1916 troubles and was executed for his political beliefs. Both parents were acquainted with leading personalities of the period. It is then from this varied background of a nation's birth, with its painful pangs of prison sentences, house raids, gun shots, disappearances, and property confiscations that the young Skeffington emerged.

When, after his father's death, his mother made a lecture tour of America, he received some preliminary education at Santa Barbara, California. On their return to Dublin he passed through Sandford Park, emerging from there and into Trinity with an exhibition. In College he played on the 1st cricket XI for four years, he was junior welter-weight champion, featured in the rugby 3rd XV, he went through the ordeal of

being Chairman of the Mod. Lang. Society, and of the Neophyte Debating Society. He became a scholar, helped to bring women on Buffet in 1930, graduated with a first class degree and passed on into the Ecole Normale Supérieure in Paris for four years. There, apart from meeting his future wife (a graduate of the Sorbonne), he met James Joyce (a man of great melancholy and unexpected sincerity), and mingled inconspicuously in the exciting political situation of the period. He returned to Trinity as Junior Lecturer in French, has since been the Chairman of the old Fabian Society, joined the Irish Labour Party and was for some time on its administration board, and finally was admitted into the Senate in 1954.

To those who have been fortunate enough to pass through his French classes, Dr. Skeffington emerges as an outstanding humanitarian. His carefully prepared lectures are a valuable entertainment, not only for their humour and literary information, but also for their gracious philosophy—a philosophy of socialism which frees the individual by bringing wider possibilities within his grasp. Dr. Skeffington feels strongly about the unemployment situation in this country, and would like to see a community planned around co-operative agriculture. Also, he blames the Catholic Church's system of education for the inadequacies of modern Irish society.

His active political interests have involved him in disputes where he has been unfavourably labelled, but through it all he has emerged unperturbed. He is not a fanatic, for he has always made a habit of weighing both sides of an argument. He does not find perfection anywhere in modern society and would be among the first to recognise and admit faults in his own beliefs. In fact, in his toleration of stupidity and prejudice founded on sincerity, in his encouragement and kindness to students, and especially in that ever-present shadow of a smile which seems ready to beam forth at any moment into a merry Irish laugh, he is the embodiment of a philosophy which finds the world imperfect, seeks to improve it, but can always see in life enough comedy to make it extremely worth while.

Preview — Players Anniversary Review

The high standard of previous Players' Reviews has made the appearance of every new one an event of great importance, not only to College but also to the Dublin theatre world. This year's Review, which is called "Five and Twenty," is of special interest because this is the 25th year of the theatre's history; consequently, a greater effort has been made all round to insure that this review will be worthy of the important anniversary.

Juliet Tatlow and David Nowlan are the directors. Both have had wide experience, not only of straight acting but also of revue techniques. We have seen them many times in previous College reviews and they are, at present, the two people in College most capable of managing this difficult venture.

When I interviewed her, Miss Tatlow seemed very cheerful at the way things are going. Everyone was most co-operative and keen, she said, and under such conditions the production had every chance of being a great success. Mr. R. B. D. French has contributed his usual large quota of sketches, including the first one he ever wrote for a review, while other sketches are by Mr. Alec. Reed, Terrence Brady and Noel Sheridan. George Hodnett—stalwart, ever reliable Huddy of so many previous reviews—has again written the music.

The cast is larger than usual and includes many Junior Freshmen who have already shown talent—among them, the above-mentioned Brady, Marion Lurring, Marjorie Douglas and Michael Leahy. Drama student Gloria Miers will be prominent, with the always bubbling Heather Laskey and Jill Robbins. Lucy is also appearing, with ever faithful guitar and usual brand of entertainment. Impresario Jay, fresh from his triumph with "Ghosts," has designed the décor, and Maestro Lentin will illuminate the production as only he knows how.

"Five and Twenty" will run for at least a fortnight, from Monday, June 9th. Bookings for the second week are already heavy, so those who have not already done so are advised to book now for the earlier performances. The entertainment promises to be worthy of full houses.

on the capitation purse whose strings are, in practice, manipulated by the Board, cannot be relied upon to do the job. Somebody else must undertake to revive what arbitrary interference has destroyed. It is high time the S.R.C. became its former self!

A Mere Woman

At its last meeting the Phil. turned its attention from important world problems to the question of equality for women. Mr. Alan Lucas led the way to discussion in his highly controversial paper, "A Mere Woman." After tracing the history of women from Greece and Rome, Mr. Lucas reached the conclusion that women had gained equality with men, but this was, he believed, undeserved. He deplored the triviality of the female mind and the hideous misuse of dress and cosmetics. He decried marriage and those who marry, and advocated a return to feudalistic practices.

Mr. Mick O'Connor, the distinguished visitor, spoke with disapproval of the rise of women in the last hundred years. Those women, he said, who had sought renown through the political struggle for emancipation had disgraced themselves. He attributed the failure of women in many fields to their highly developed emotions, and although allowing them their freedom, disapproved of its frequent abuse.

Among the speakers from the floor, Mr. R. D. H. Bluett expressed his unswerving belief that the woman's place was in the home, not the university. Mr. R. A. Q. Skerrett chivalrously defended the female cause and eulogised over the beauty and simplicity of women's magazines which he believed to contain great literature.

Of the two ex-Presidents of the Society who spoke, Mr. Hodgins said he appreciated the company of women in the home, while Mr. K. R. Johnson asserted that women inspired men.

Of the large contingent of women present for this meeting, only one had the courage to express the views of her sex. Miss Gay Turtle proved a staunch opponent to those who sought to trespass upon the liberty of women; she deplored "feminism" and called upon her female supporters to stand beside her in the fight against it.

Of the other speakers from the floor, Mr. J. A. McBride was interesting, Mr. J. Riggs was very witty, the Hon. Librarian academic, and Mr. Telfer commonplace. Several other speakers spoke with considerable humour and occasional sincerity.

The whole meeting was amply summed up in the words of the President that whatever status women had now achieved, their future position would depend on their own efforts and attitude.

College Observed

Trinity Monday is one of the oddest days of the year; a mixture of Sunday and week-day—work like Sunday and everything else like Monday, or didn't you notice, it's most upsetting. The first inkling of anything odd dawned on me when I was rebuffed from Buffet. However, I soon began to think there was mass conspiracy afoot, having tried Davy's and only found Brian Osman with a solitary pint, and Jammet's, but no one ever goes there at lunch time, except Paddy. In the words of the old song, I next tried the coffee bar, with no better luck. Firm determination to break the conspiracy set in. College Park was examined, I just avoided Gay Turtle, Helga Atkinson and Heather Laskey en masse—phew. Never has "Irish Times" been more useful. I wasn't really interested in College Park, but it's the quickest way to the Lincoln. I still drew blank. In desperation I tried Switzer's, and drew blanks on the shining faces that turned to view me. I finally joined a group of tourists and went to see the Library.

The exhibition of Anglo-Irish books continues in the Long Room, the Irish part being, mostly, an incidental attachment. In spite of this, it's an interesting exhibition.

Which brings me, naturally, to shorter skirts. Much of the joy is being taken from Trinity Wednesday by girls who are cheating us. It's not really playing the game to try out "the fantastic attire" beforehand. All this week certain persons from No. 6 have been making sure that their "new length" is not too risqué. Watch out, girls, or the "Knights" will be after you for such unsporting behaviour. Anyhow, the old "new look" was much more attractive.

Thinking of new looks, the Printing House is being renovated. No doubt we'll see it resplendent in white stucco before long. Why not? They did it to the Rubrics.

Incidentally, why don't they just knock down the Bay? I know this is a vandal's statement, but let's not carry sentimentality to insanity and insanitation. We could send a film to South America and raise the money.

However, such vast changes must remain pipe dreams. We can also "pipe" dream about the stupid 6 o'clock rule, which was mentioned last week. This rule is both insulting and inefficient. It's insulting to people who are supposed to be adult and insulting to their parents who usually teach their children how to behave. If the parents hadn't taught the children how to behave, the rule is inefficient. True, it keeps girls out of College, but...

And why are the regulations about flats and lodgings more stringent for women than for men? Presumably the authorities think that women are more likely to sin; or "go astray" as the more prudish might prefer. Perhaps the authorities have some other reason.

It's not much good getting excited about day dreams and Utopias, but perhaps "pipe" dreaming does offer a solution.

Of course, I shouldn't be cynical. Cynics are always unpleasant.

Which reminds me that one not very well known student thinks his lecturers should be more punctual for him; obviously an Anglo-Irishman. It's disgraceful that he should be inconvenienced in this way. He feels the same about the clocks. Everyone else knows the facts, but it doesn't worry them very much. However, I suppose the oldest rag needs the oldest news. He might try listening to the hours being struck next time he's short of copy.

Incidentally, he seems to be advocating Chris. Brasher to set the clocks, assuming Brasher is an expert climber as well as his other qualifications.

Thinking of qualifications, with "Icarus" in production and the Revue in rehearsal, Kate Lucy and David Nowlan are indispensable.

Finally, some readers find this column either "unsporting" or "unplayful." These people would be slightly more worthy if they didn't run sneaking to the authorities. There's nothing wrong with free speech. I believe in it. I'm free with mine.

Note.—Hope those advocating a more personal touch are satisfied in having their names mentioned. I presume that's what they meant.

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HOLIDAY SUPPLEMENT

Essentials for a Holiday

TAKE your wits, they should restrain you, at least, from the grossest extravagancies of the tourist trade. As I have nothing else to contribute myself and as nobody would read that "one essential book" which contributors to the Home Programme often favour, I have conducted a small unrepresentative survey of those articles favoured by my friends.

The total list of 132 items is rather mundane, many are of the "toothbrush and shaving" kit variety, but the following is a list of those considered most important.

A passport and money;
A handbag and black linen-cotton dress;
Toilet paper;
Cheque book and blonde;
Spare parts (for car);
Union Jack and shoes;
Bagpipes.

These are items that are appropriate to a variety of styles of holiday; there seems no reason why you should take them all, but, if you start with some of them, your journey will be, in all probability, without "let or hindrance."

Token of Respectability

Once abroad, your passport is your main token of respectability. If you are going to live at the rate of five shillings a day on bread, cheese and tomatoes or some other inadequate diet, and, in addition, travel in other people's cars, then the value of your passport is in inverse proportion to your Bohemian, bedraggled appearance. An impecunious air may attract passing motorists, although there is a clean-bright-as-the-morning-face school of thought, but once you have tucked yourself into the rear seat of a luxurious limousine, the most important task is to establish your respectability. The casual display of a much-stamped passport hints that someone, somewhere is responsible for your protection, and once this is established, conversational grace should ensure that you are provided with lunch or dinner.

Ready for Anything

The "it might" complex is, I suppose, most unjustly attributed to all women. When next you see a blonde waif tripping on high heels behind a heavily laden porter or, even more pathetic sitting on a vast trunk, surrounded by other pieces of luggage, as likely as not she suffers from this common disease. "It might rain, so I'll take a mackintosh, it might be cold so I'll take a woolly, it might be hot so I'll take lotion," etc.; the consequences of this method of packing need not be described. In fact, a good towel will protect you from and repair most of the damage caused by the weather, and if you seriously need anything else, you will be able to buy or borrow it. However, as an example to us all, we have the story of the handbag and black dress. It concerns at least one attractive young woman who spent a month in Italy and whose wardrobe consisted of the dress she was wearing and what she could put in a handbag. Women can, of course, pack an enormous amount in a handbag, and to be dressed in black is to be always appropriately dressed on the Continent, yet I cannot help admiring this disciplined feat of economy. Moreover, although she was not frequently seen in squalid, plutocratic bars, she enjoyed considerable civilised social intercourse.

Take Your Own Paper

Toilet paper is, of course, essential wherever you are. The British variety is not the most suitable, either for carrying or any other function; as in so many other matters, American "know-how" leads the world. Outside Scandinavia and Holland, however, the European attitude to this very necessary article is appalling. There is no available space to speculate on the causes and consequences of this deficiency, but the fact that you must pay for toilet paper in the streets of Paris and it is seldom available elsewhere, should be a sufficient reminder of the relativity of habits and customs.

Temptation Commercialised

The cheque book and blonde are mentioned because although nobody really believes in "gai Paris," the illusion or mirage flourishes with particular strength each spring. It is the supreme creation of the French tourist industry and clearly has become a universal symbol of temptation. It still lures the unsuspecting, but the harsh truth is that, in Paris, as in most of the Continent, unless one has unlimited time and honourable intentions the opportunities to meet the female sex are strictly limited. It follows that if your holiday is short and your intentions dishonourable, and you want female companionship—then take it with you.

Spare Parts

Finally, a word about how you travel. If you go in a car that might need spare parts which Messrs. Ford have not distributed already, then take them with you. Continental mechanics are excellent fellows, hard-working, imaginative and usually very willing to help at most hours of the day or night but, although ingenious, they cannot be expected to produce complete parts out of their hats. What can be made or adapted they will manage; for the rest, take it.

Keep the Flag Flying

If, on the other hand, you are to hitch hike, your essentials are gimmicks to ingratiate yourself with slick, plump car drivers and their wives. The most obvious, and not the least successful, for everyone believes in United Europe today, is to appeal through your nationality. If you do not trust the British summer uniform, shorts to mid-calf, to establish your nationality, then the obvious alternative is to fix a Union Jack on your rucksack. The bagpipes are a more elaborate form of the nationality gimmick which is increasingly used in face of the strong Scandinavian, German and Belgian competition on the pilgrimage along Route Nationale Cinq, so that the sight of a beklited Scot filling the air of Northern France with homely bagpipe tunes is not uncommon. He is frequently, and not unnaturally, followed by urchins but if they weary of the game, he is left, one hopes, an attractive sentinel on the road to the Cote d'Azur and considering his efforts, fully deserves lifts in only the biggest and shiniest of Citroens.

Harry Land.

(By permission of N.U.S., London)



YUGOSLAVIA

For a different, rather unusual holiday try Yugoslavia, for here you can find a unique mixture of East and West. Travel is not easy, the roads are bad and the trains slow. But if you are prepared to accept this, you can tour this country cheaply.

The most interesting area is the Dalmatian Coast, especially Dubrovnik. Hotels are clean and comfortable and cost from 25/- to 30/- a day. It is wise to carry your own food about with you as restaurants and railway dining cars cannot always be relied upon.

If you want to avoid discomfort you could always take a coach tour, but

Yugoslavia, with a climate similar to that of Italy, is a country to be taken at ease—like everyone else you will have a siesta between 2 and 4 in the afternoon.

Most Yugoslavs speak either French, German or English, but if you don't understand any of these try the Travel Agency (Putnik) can help you out.

How to get there: direct by air, or by sea from Venice.

N.B. — The Association for International Affairs is organising a trip to Yugoslavia at the end of June which will cost approximately £30 for a fortnight. Details will appear subsequently.

ANDORRA

To those who are looking for a country to visit which is still comparatively free from trippers and commercial exploitation, Andorra is this haven. This tiny country, which is so small that few people have even heard of it, is situated high in the Pyrenees between France and Spain. The best way to get there is to take the bus from Perpignan. The mountain road is very picturesque; all round are fortresses built by Vauban in the reign of Louis XIV. After a few hours the bus reaches the Andorran customs (the country's principal industry is smuggling). Passing through the road descends into the first of the three valleys of which Andorra is composed. The countryside is extremely mountainous, and there are only scattered farms until the bus reaches the town of Andorra.

This is divided into the old and new towns. The new part is unpleasant and somewhat garish in comparison with the

beautiful mediaeval section. There one can see the Andorran parliament. The deputies wear three-cornered hats, and keep their horses in a stable specially provided. There is a prison in the same building, but it is occupied by a tribe of tame lizards. The gaoler is very fond of them, it is said. Andorra is a co-principality, having two joint rulers, neither of whom is allowed to set foot in the country. One is the Spanish Bishop of Seo de Urgel, and the other is the French President. The national language is Catalan and the religion Catholic.

The entire police force consists of two stalwarts, whom I saw drinking in a café, surrounded by their cronies. A few years ago there was a vague sort of revolution, but it is not clear what was the result. The blessings of Socialism seemed to have passed by the reactionary Andorrans, who prefer to sit in the sun smoking their three-foot cigars.

Nick Tolstoy.

I.S.A.'s Travel Facilities

This year, dissatisfied with the relatively expensive and unsatisfactory way in which the London N.U.S. had conducted the arrangements for providing students with vacation work and cheap travel facilities, the leaders of the Irish Students' Association, confident in the popularity of Irish students as vacation labour and taking the initiative into its own hands, decided to organise its own work and travel sections. So far, this experiment has proved very successful. At the moment the vacation section is in minor difficulties because of an excess of demand over supply in the case of male posts, especially in canning, and because of an excess of supply over demand in the case of female canning posts. However, these difficulties will be cleared up in time. Meanwhile, the travel organisation is working very efficiently and smoothly, and it is the aim of this article to show what I.S.A. can offer in the matter of travel facilities for students.

There are two main sections: Air travel, and land and sea travel. Those who wish to make use of I.S.A.'s facilities must be individual members, or members through an S.R.C., or members of academic staff accompanying groups, or graduates of not more than two years' standing; part-time and evening students cannot be accepted.

For these flights, the International Student Card is necessary; 33 lbs. of luggage are allowed free, and transport to and from terminals is also free.

The following selective list of single fares from London (return fares are double) show the values which I.S.A. can offer: Paris, £4 7s. 6d.; Nice, £9 15s.; Milan, £11 10s.; Rome, £14; Düsseldorf, £4 7s. 6d.; Oslo, £11 5s.; Rotterdam, £4; Munich, £8 5s.; Frankfurt, £6 5s.; Barcelona, £11 10s.; Palma, £14; Basle, £8; Copenhagen, £10 6s.; Hamburg, £6 15s. A flight from Paris to Rome and vice-versa is also offered at £11 5s. single fare. Dates of flights are regular generally, twice a week in both

directions during July, August and September, with additional services on busy routes, though London-Düsseldorf has flights in June and October as well.

The rail-sea facilities offered are equally attractive and very cheap. The snag is that you must go and return on set dates, but such offers as London to Barcelona, Rome or Nice for approx. £14 return, with a month's stay allowed, are very good indeed. London-Brussels return at £4 10s. is terrific, and there are similar offers from £6 15s. to £10 5s. return to the main cities of Germany, with connections from Munich to Naples and Ankara.

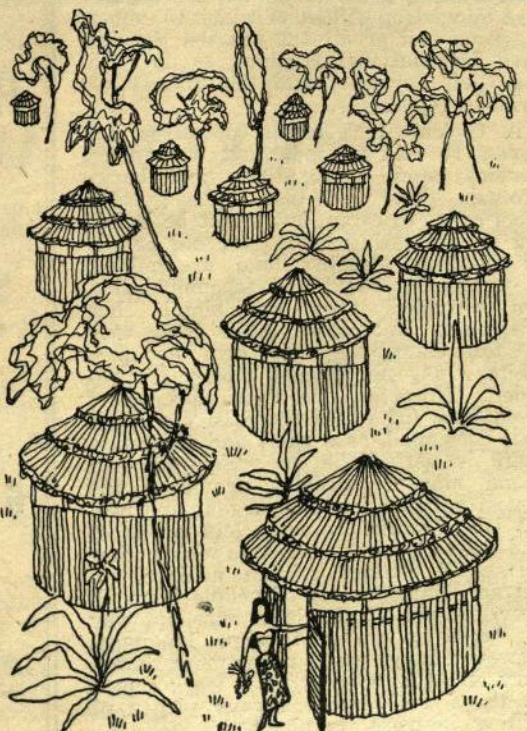
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GERMANY: The Rhineland Summer Schools

The character of a river as long as the Rhine varies enormously; from its mouth up to Bonn it is bordered by flat country, slow-moving and tedious; from there on, with exceptions, it becomes increasingly interesting. Bad Godesburg, about 10 miles from the Federal capital, is an old spa town overlooked by a castle, and across the river from the Drachenfels, a group of hills surmounted by castles, and covered in woods and vineyards. It is best visited in spring or during the grape harvest in September; and at those times the prices are more reasonable. A quite comfortable Pension in Königswinter or Bad Godesburg costs six marks (about 10/-) inclusive of a light breakfast. It is possible, even in August, to travel for a week up river on the Rhine paddle-steamers without making any premature bookings, and be assured of reasonable, if haphazard, accommodation. Between Bonn and Worms I advise the economy conscious student to see big towns and cities during the day and spend the nights in villages, preferably a few miles back from the river, where prices are normally 20 per cent more, due to tourist trade. The paddle steamers provide the best way of seeing the river, and particularly the innumerable castles that overlook it; they are not too expensive, comfortable, reasonably frequent, and stop at suitable towns every five or ten miles up the river. These towns, in particular, hold numerous festivals during the summer, culminating in the wine festivals in September.

Travel services throughout Germany are good, and normally the red-capped superintendents at the stations speak English. No Continental country is better for hitch-hiking, but on the Autobahn cars are not allowed to stop except in lay-bys, so it is only there that the would-be passenger can waylay the

drivers. Road traffic is heavy and, apart from the main routes, the condition of roads in Germany, though improving, is not good, and the accident rate high.

One feeds well all over the country; most cheaply in the Gasthaus, and expensively, if at all, in night clubs. A good meal, including a veal or beef steak, can cost less than 10/-. The beer is cheap and light, but its strength is deceptive to the newcomer. Wine is reasonably priced and cheap if drunk by the glass in the wine country of Southern Germany and the Rhineland; spirits should be avoided except by the well-informed. There is no effective control of alcohol content, and careless consumption can result in serious disability. Most towns with a population of 50,000 or more have at least one place at which one can wine, dine and dance until three in the morning. A bottle of wine costs about 25/- and can be made to last! One is not obliged to eat any food as in the U.K. and because of expenses this is best avoided. A 10 per cent. service charge is always made, so tipping is not necessary.

Music is of a high standard throughout the country, and quite small orchestras, choirs and opera companies put on excellent performances. Art galleries are well kept, and have a fairly good stock of paintings. The most interesting museums are those like the houses of Goethe and Beethoven, which have been restored to period condition and are kept most carefully; the general museum is sometimes a little boring to the tourist.

The people are probably more likeable in Southern Germany, but are helpful everywhere, and usually most methodical in their help. The Northern half still contains British troops, and the Southern half Americans. The Russians took over what is the Democratic Republic, and the French left theirs to the Americans.

This summer, Mod. Lang. students from many universities will flock to Summer Schools all over the Continent. Some of the most popular of these are in France, where different universities offer courses of lectures on varied and interesting subjects. The object of this is to offer courses to non-French students which enable them to have a direct contact with the teaching in French universities. Different aspects of contemporary literature and of actual French life are studied under the direction of professors and also of doctors from l'Académie. Lectures this year vary in most universities from "Etudes du Moyen Age" to "Le Théâtre Français Contemporain," with additional courses on phonetics, philosophy, history and art.

The Nice summer course offers something which other courses do not often offer—that is, a series of highly interesting and entertaining lectures on the historic culture of Provence and the South-East of France—for she is very proud of her heritage. These lectures are further enlivened by musical recordings of Provençal folk songs. Classes for oral translation are usually held in the evening, which enables students to partake of the pleasures offered by the beach in the afternoon and still return punctually for these evening conversation lectures.

As a rule, separate hostels are set aside for male and for female students. Students may reside with French families or have rooms in a "pension" if they so wish, but while this is perhaps better for their French it has proved in the past to be a rather lonely existence. The authorities do usually organise dances for their students and these help to encourage friendship between their students.

Students of many varied nationalities attend these summer courses—German, Italian, Spanish, Scandinavian and, alas, far too many English; I say "alas" because no matter how many good resolutions one may make before leaving the native soil to keep away from English speaking people, it is extremely difficult to stick by them! Imagine walking alone into breakfast on your first morning and hearing many foreign tongues spoken (and not always French either);

suddenly the most beautiful sound in the world is to hear the English language spoken by a group of fellow natives in the corner. You may find yourself irresistibly drawn like a magnet towards that spot. "English? Do sit old chap. I say, old man, pass the jolly old rolls..." and suddenly you find yourself a member of this club and remain so for your ensuing four to six weeks. Oh, you may fight against it at first and make the effort to move to other tables where the only way you can converse with the blonde Scandinavian on your right is in French. But eventually you give it up as a bad job and decide to enjoy yourself—in English! However, do not worry, you will have opportunities to speak French in the shops and buses, in the little bistros where you stop to have a "citron pressé" to quench the thirst which assails you during your first week in France—and (if you go to the South of France) in the Casinos which you should by no means miss, whether you merely want to watch, or waste your francs. Do not forget to bring your passport if you want to go into a casino, you must be 21 to enter, and you have to prove it!

If you go to Nice it is ideally situated as you can easily visit such famous resorts as Cannes, Monaco, and Monte Carlo, to mention but a very few. Italy, too, is not far away if you feel ambitious and wish to make the trip. However, university authorities in all summer schools organise special tours along with a guide to these places, and the prices are quite reasonable. Notices are generally pinned up to this effect and all you have to do is to add your name to the list. You may even see a bullfight if you so wish, though again this is more likely if you go to the South.

Do not worry that students of other (and, it seems, more exotic) nationalities than you appear ultra-glamorous and sophisticated and seemingly unapproachable. Underneath all the obvious attractiveness they are usually most friendly and helpful if you only give them the chance. So do not sit silently at the table or between lectures while the others are gaily chattering—join in! It is worth the effort to overcome your shyness, it could be the holiday of your life!

SANS-LE-SOU IN FRANCE

Of course you are going to France this summer—everyone is. And, of course, you have no money. Nobody ever has. France is, admittedly, noted for the expense of holidays there, but it is at the same time one of the countries that give the most advantages to its students, so now, while you are still an undergraduate and can gain all the privileges of an "étudiant" is the time to travel. Be sure to get a student card before you leave. You will find that it has practically a magical power, and that prices drop drastically on production of it. In museums, art galleries and similar educational establishments you will be admitted for half-price. And if you apply to the student centre in Paris you can get special tickets that provide you with a meal in some restaurants at cut-price rates.

Are you hitch-hiking? Then be sure to join An Oige. The youth hostels in France vary in size, comfort and cleanliness, but all share one great merit—cheapness.

Holidays with pay have a definite appeal, but are not easy to find in France, unless you are prepared to spend your summer holidays looking after children. And French children must be the most exhausting in the world. Still, the job of gouvernante can sometimes be fairly lucrative, and almost always brings you on a tour of France, Paris in July, some seaside resort for August and, if you are still alive and don't hate the brats too much, September in the country. Another way to work harder in France than you ever have before is to become a farm labourer (men only). Danger money is not paid, although perils include loss of limb in various fierce machines, loss of patience with the children of your boss, leading to friction in the house; sunstroke, and the development of a strong craving for Calvados. If you are lucky you may be accepted in one of the grape picking camps in Bordeaux, or earn a summer school scholarship, or find a millionaire who wants a companion—but it is not very likely.

Let's take it that you have arrived in France with enough money to cover a

hitch-hiking tour, and, naturally, a week in Paris. If you are coming from Ireland you will obviously make for the sun, but don't just visit the fashionable resorts. Drop into Marseilles, if only for a day, and wander round the old harbour.

For those with plenty of time and some strings to pull, a visit to the Camargue is a must. This is the marshy delta of the Rhône, where wild horses roam in herds, where exotically dressed cowboys rear wild bulls for the bull fights in Arles and Nîmes, and where pink flamingos add colour to the scene—you need a special permit to get there, though. Then go along the coast towards Spain, visit Collioure, the little fishing village under the Apennines that becomes an artists' colony in the summer; have a look at the walled town of Carcassonne. After that, a change of scene to the Loire Valley to see the famous castles, and, if you are so inclined, sample the wines of the area free in the big wine houses.

And so to Paris. You need no advice here, for everybody knows exactly what he wants from this part of his tour. But some things are worth mentioning especially: the Flea Market where you can buy anything and everything for next to nothing and eat roasted chestnuts out of newspaper cornets; the Bateaux Mouches that take you up and down the Seine and show you the city from a new angle; the quais and the bridges over the river, which come up to everything you ever read or sang about; the gardens of the Palais Royal, a peaceful, quiet square full of playing children, although only five minutes' walk from the Opéra.

But, of course, you will pay no attention to the places pointed out by your friends. It is the Paris you discover for yourself, the short cut through the back streets, the bistro where a sad old exile sings melancholy songs of home, or the cave with the undiscovered jazz king that will draw you back year after year and make France your second home.

BELGIUM

What will attract you to Belgium this year will probably be the International Fair at Brussels, but to visit this you will need a considerable sum of money, for Brussels is an expensive city at the best of times. But you should try not to miss it, as such a spectacle may never again be repeated.

However, other towns are worth a visit, especially Bruges, Ghent and Antwerp. Bruges, for example, is a very peaceful medieval town, with many beautiful buildings.

Generally speaking, you will pay £1 for bed and breakfast outside Brussels—the good is good and the influence of French cooking is apparent; but so is the influence of French prices!

WORK CAMPS

Last year a disaster hit a small village in France. Ceillac is situated beside a normally small river. The river had swollen and over-run its banks, carrying with it tons of mud. The mud invaded the stables and cellars of the inhabitants. The task of removing the mud seemed unsurmountable and they were becoming completely discouraged and beginning to leave their homes to try to start a new life somewhere else. At this point, about 150 volunteers, much to the astonishment of the villagers, moved into the village and set about removing the mud from their cellars. They stayed there about two months, in all about 300 volunteers took part, and at the end of that time they had put more than 80,000 cubic feet of mud back into the river, working with shovels and wheelbarrows. This was perhaps one of the more spectacular work camps because of the urgency of the job to be done. People came from all over Europe, Eastern and Western, to join in the camp.

Most work camps are not as large or as headline-catching as the one at Ceillac. Most of the work undertaken is of a simple manual nature and is to help some group of deserving but hard-up people. The camps usually take place during the summer, in almost every country in Europe and are always of an international nature. Camps are organised by various bodies, of which the most vigorous and prominent are the Service Civil International (nothing to do with the Civil Service!) and the Society of Friends (Quakers).

A typical work camp comprises between 10 and 20 men and women of varying ages, nationalities and backgrounds. The work also varies greatly from camp to camp, but might be building or decorating homes for old people or children, clearing land or making playgrounds. Food and accommodation are provided, they are simple but adequate. Volunteers make their way to the camp at their own expense. Neither pay nor pocket money is provided. However, one finds that, apart from beer (of which there isn't a great deal consumed, as a rule) and cigarettes there is very little on which one can spend money. Besides providing the opportunity of doing an urgent and useful job of work, the camp lets you meet and get to know, to a degree which other forms of contact seldom achieve, an extraordinary variety of people from all over Europe. It also is an excellent way of brushing up a foreign language. However, language is never more than a very slight barrier in most work camps as there are almost always plenty of willing interpreters about.

Here is a selection of camp schedules

for this summer by S.C.I.; the Quakers' programme is not yet available. This list is not complete, but it gives some idea of the very wide scope of the organisation.

France.—Queyras (Hte. Alpes), June 1-September 15; repairing irrigation system damaged in last year's floods. Rocroi (near Belgian frontier), July or September; road repairs and re-decoration of old people's houses.

Germany.—Hamburg, July 6-August 17; building centre for the handicapped. Neuenkirchen (near Bremen), October 1-31; potato harvest for a hospital.

Norway.—Gibstad (Northern Norway), July 1-August 6; repair to children's home.

Switzerland.—Isenfluh (Bernese Oberland), July 1-September 15; road construction.

Finland.—Two camps in Lapland during July and most of August; engaged on land clearance.

Sweden.—Pastavaara (Lapland), August 1-20; road construction.

If you would like to have more information about the above camps or just to find out more about the work camp movement, please come and see me, Richard Stack, in No. 13 College, and I shall be pleased to tell you what I can.

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FOUR & SIX

How to Win Friends

The second floor of No. 18 had its boards trodden by those whom Michael Stubbs and "Ray" Kennedy thought could most promote the art of polite conversation. Not only has "Ray's" name become theatrical, but poor Michael (once of the Junior Eight) saw a stream of the new stagey pals come in. Brian Osman and Kate Lucy had, as usual, forgotten to bring their cigarettes, but cocktails can be so revue shattering, darlings. David (Ducky) Nowlan and Juliet (Sweetie) Tatlow said they had lost their revue somewhere. Pat Burke must have lost something (an abstract something) as he insisted it was the first party he had crashed. Even Andrew Bonar-Law admitted he felt spare. Joe Xuerip ought to have done.

Anticlimax

In fact, the question was, why all the commotion? The only mystery about the long-awaited Mystery Party was what poor Brian Hamilton had not done with the front door key. The gent's name was cleared. Ann Stokes—who was giving the party with Sue Bailey and someone called Delphine—evidently mistook its whereabouts for Noel Carroll. Janet Gillingham and Henry Smith found that they had culture in common—what on earth did George Patrikios and Heide Kells have

in common? Judging by a deep Dublin and a certain Ballymena voice I would say that Deirdre Mooney and Alan Bermingham were around or about or somewhere or something. The spaghetti bolognese was a magnificent effort on the part of the hostess—hope it pays off.

Six Suckers

To the six giving the party, chez Gibbon, on Sunday night, it might seem logical that they are going to each get invitations to parties given in the future by their guests. Seems illogical to me—it's a false premise. For instance, take Peter Williams, the amount of invitations ever lavished on him must be negligible, yet can you boys imagine him: (1) giving a party; (2) inviting a civilised being if he did. Your party was certainly civilised—although the White Lady was very white. Ronnie Taylor, Danny Tallulamba and Rory Fisher huddled with their coach at arm's length from the bar. A phrenetic Philcox was found trying to hide himself from an unknown vamp. Helga and Herb explored the realm of the spirit, departed or otherwise—make that one out; I can, just about. A nice comfortable sight was Graham Reynolds and his returned Anna Gabathula. I do not intend this to sound as though she were a goody in transit, returned marked destination unknown. Reynolds is much too crafty for that, besides he can read.

Your School—History

First of a series of critical reviews of drawbacks in the various Schools aimed at assisting the lecturers and inspiring the students.

It is perhaps presumptuous to criticise a system that has had at least the tacit approval of many distinguished historians, but one cannot help being struck by certain anomalies in the History School. Two main objections appear to be the syllabus covered by lectures, and the examination system.

At present, lectures in the History School consist of a drawn-out summary of the period, starting in 400, and working up through three years to 1914. We will not quarrel with the actual period covered, although it clearly allows an undergraduate to obtain a First in History, and still be entirely ignorant of, say, the Russian Revolution and the Spanish Civil War. Some historian! What does appear to be somewhat superfluous, however, is this year-by-year summary of events. Surely lecturers should explain knotty problems, give forward views and theories on subjects of which he has made a particular study, and encourage discussion. As it is, lecturers are almost united in severely frowning upon people who ask questions. The existing summaries of events are exactly paralleled by the notorious seven-and-sixpenny "Edwards' Notes," sold at Hodges and Figgis. Surely the student must be capable of reading up a list of dates, events, etc., for himself? The whole idea of lectures is that students should benefit from the research of acknowledged authorities in certain fields, as at Oxford and Cam-

bridge. Whereas, at Trinity, we are dictated a series of notes which the student, having learned them off by heart in the week preceding the examination, then puts back on paper. This leads us to the question of examinations.

For an examination we are expected to learn as many facts and dates as we can over a certain period. Then comes the fatal day; the whole year troops into the Examination Hall, writes furiously for three hours all that they can remember, and then come out, happily wiping the knowledge gained from their minds. But this learning by heart is not history! The whole idea that he who remembers most is the cleverest historian is utterly ludicrous. History is not written by people with tenacious memories, but is a combination of research, reference, learning, imagination, and accomplished style in writing. Yet a tenacious memory is pretty well the only requisite for passing Trinity examinations! I do not know whether Herodotus, Plutarch, Josephus or Gibbon had outstanding memories; but if they did, it was surely merely an aid to their writings; not the final criterion of the Trinity examination. The most important aspects of historical research, such as the examining of sources and weighing up of evidence, clearly are not catered for in an examination, partly because the questions do not call for it, and mainly because three hours does not allow sufficient time.

In order not to be merely destructive, an alternative method of examination should be suggested. There is quite a simple answer: the writing of these. During a vac. and a term the student would be given a certain subject, and would be obliged to write a respectable work showing the results of his research. Only in this way would students learn, as at present they do not, how to make research into original authorities, and examine conflicting theories.

The existing system to a very large extent misses the essence of historical study. Only in the second part of Mod., and that only in certain limited cases, is any evidence of genuine research demanded. A revised system would not make life any easier for undergraduates, but it would make them something nearer becoming historians.



Group of the new Fellows and Scholars with some Scholars from previous years. Photograph by courtesy of The Irish Independent

Fellowships for Professors

Scholarship for Peer's Son

College history was made last Monday, when the Provost announced the election of seven Professors to Fellowships. This is the first step in the plan to increase the representation of Professors on the Board. Although the number of Professors on the Board is limited by statute, the number of Junior Fellows on the Board is not—but the total number of Senior and Junior Fellows, excluding those who are elected due to their Professorships, and Honorary Fellows must not fall below twenty-seven, there is no upward limit. Hence, in order to increase the representation of the Professors, it has been necessary to elect a number of them Junior Fellows.

Fellow Professors

J. H. J. Poole (Geophysics).
J. Weingreen (Professor of Hebrew).
E. J. F. Arnould (French).
Wesley Cocker (General Chemistry).
W. J. E. Jessop (Social Medicine).
W. D. Gill (Geology and Mineralogy).
D. W. Greene (Irish).
Roy Malcolm Acheson (Lecturer in Social Medicine) was also elected a Fellow by the normal method.

The number of scholars elected this year was much lower than in recent years and would have been even lower but for the intervention of the Board, who directed the Modern Languages School to award three scholarships,

although the marks were considerably lower than the customary level in that faculty.

The following is the list of the 1958 scholars:—

Mathematics

Timothy Trevor West—educated at the High School, Dublin.

Natural Science

David Joseph Grant Irwin—educated at the High School, Dublin; Adrienne Patricia Jessop (Non-Foundation)—educated at Newtown School, Waterford; Richard Martin Gibbons—educated at Prior Park College, Bath; Peter Howard Boyle—educated at King's Hospital, Dublin; John Marcus Allan Swan—educated at the Grammar School, Dundalk.

Modern Languages

Helga Maria Atkinson (Non-Foundation), French and Italian—educated at Richmond Lodge, Belfast; Samuel Frederick Mawhinney, English and German—educated at Ballymena Academy; Barbara Ann Fox (Non-Foundation), English and French—educated at Alexander College.

Economics and Political Science

Hon. Andrew Bonar Law—educated at Rugby School.

HOW SHE RAN OFF WITH HIS BEARSKIN

"It is a tale full of sound and fury signifying nothing"

Mr. G. Bottomley must certainly be one of the most curious characters of this century. Electrified—though not, alas, electrocuted—by the dynamic character of Lady Macbeth, he has written a brief drama, "Gruach," about the circumstances leading to her marriage. Its story is very similar to that of the Spanish play; Gruach (her original spitfire name) meets and elopes with Macbeth on the very eve of her marriage to a loutish thane called Conan. This simple tale of domestic discord begins attractively enough in a spurt of lyrical poetry, half promising to lull us to sleep with its monotonous flow. Then suddenly Mr. Bottomley—with more energy than half-a-dozen Hollywood directors of English classics—flings into our faces multitudinous echoes of favourite phrases extracted from nineteen centuries of other people's writing, ranging from the primitive "I recognise, I remember, I possess," through the magnificent "Some distillation lately touched my lips," into the philosophic truth, "Conan can only think one thought at once," and from here, surging, ever onwards, via such acute business and nursery observations as "I would not marry her if she had no land" and "Naughty child" to the enchanting lyric, "Beautiful dreamer, why are you here?" Mr. Bottomley must not allow himself to be perturbed because audiences howled, locked in an iron coloured prison of irresistible mirth, for the Irish are noted for their lack of seriousness. Mr. Bottomley is a remarkable writer; true, he has given us only one weird sister, but he has remedied this deficiency with two chaotically drunk porters; true, he has no battles or murders, but at least he has female wrestling and teeth-ripping exhibitions; and can we pretend that Shakespeare ever equals such magic Bottomley moments as "Snow! Snow! Snow!" We cannot; we will not even try.

Where Mr. Bottomley especially scores over Shakespeare is in his deeper insight into Lady Macbeth's character—I refer specifically to that penetrating psychological observation that she hated all things yellow. In Anne Leonard, Gruach came frighteningly to life—a poetic, steel fisted, iron toothed savage, not only an accomplished nagger and a shrewd appreciator of bear skins, but also a fine wrestler, and an outstanding exponent of shorthand, the Broken Twig system. Miss Leonard, ripping relentlessly through Mr. Bottomley's inspired script, ignoring completely the irreverent mirth of the ignorant, is one of the

finest examples of self-control that I have ever seen.

Mr. Christopher Daybell's Macbeth was a much weaker character; you could almost say he was human. Mr. Daybell has a fine voice and his speaking of the poetry was admirable, but he failed utterly to produce that splendid savagery in Macbeth which attracted Gruach. This is, I feel, not because Mr. Daybell is not a fine actor, but because he is too thoroughly a gentleman to be convincing as a barbarian.

Amongst the other performers, Gillian Howes' craggy interpretation of Morag (mother of the unsuspecting bridegroom) is to be highly commended. Bernard Adams' Conan (he bears a remarkable facial and vocal resemblance to the recently departed Christopher Fitzsimons) was as perfect a lout as we are ever likely to meet out of the countryside. Judith Cowley as Tern, his sister, was overflowing tender and pure, while Tony Hickey (as Dohnal, a steward) doddered around very efficiently, always reserving, however, the right to mentally leap out of himself to listen critically to what he was saying, and to laugh. The other performers fitted in co-operatively with Mr. Bottomley's directions.

In fact the production, apart from ineffectual "drawing-room" background music, was tastefully presented, well rehearsed and impressively costumed.

Historians on War

Miss Gay Turtle in her excellent paper read before a joint meeting of the D.U.M.S. and D.U. History Societies examined the origin and instance of war in civilised society. This phenomenon existed because of a desire for it. In the East, where desire was less, war occurred less often. The only real obstacle to peace is human prejudice. War is not a natural thing inherent in the nature of man.

Miss Mary Franklin questioned the view that war occurs because it is wanted. Miss Franklin held war to be due to a deliberate brainwashing on the part of governments.

Mr. Brian Osman held that wars are fought for food. War is a form of population control and is an inevitable consequence of economic forces.

Mr. F. C. Young, Mod., B.A., the Auditor of the D.U.M.S., held that we should love rather than hate, but that we were justified in fighting for our rights.

The Chairman, Mr. W. V. Denard, M.A., B.Litt., implied that the disadvantages of war are greater than its advantages.

SPANISH FANTASY

After a two year's silence it was good to welcome back, to active participation in the Mod. Lang. Festival, the little Spanish group. Under the direction of Serena Crammond, it produced a one-act play by Pedro Salinas, "La Isla del Tesoro." The theme is slight, but charmingly stated—a young girl engaged to be married, finds in a hotel drawer a diary left there by the room's last occupant: a young man who has mysteriously disappeared. Reading through the diary she discovers in its author her ideal man. She promptly breaks off her engagement and proceeds to trace his whereabouts through the newspapers.

The performers, for the most part, were completely at home in their rôles. There was style and well-concealed art in Miss Gloria Miers' every moment; an interesting characterisation by Miss Crammond herself, and two voluble express trains in the conversation of the hotel maids—Elizabeth Kitchen and

Brigid Pike. Keith Cameron made of the husband an appealing, soft-voiced, graceful gentleman, though he has an abominable sense of stage movement.

The ultimate effect of the play, however, rests with the young girl, Maru, and Nicola Howes' performance, though understanding and unstrained, left much to be desired. Miss Howes slipped into the part effortlessly; she has beauty and grace; but why she should insist on tearing so lightning-like across the script is inexplicable. I have never believed it possible for anyone to discover and get through a page of somebody else's diary so quickly. But remove this one blot from Miss Howes' performance and we still have left enough enchantment to make her every moment worth watching.

Finally, it was refreshing, in a Mod. Lang. play, to find the actors all possessing such a fluency in the Spanish idiom. We hope this success will encourage the group in future to more ambitious efforts.

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Cricket

OLD BELVEDERE BEATEN First Round of the Cup Victory by Seven Wickets

OLD BELVEDERE won the toss and chose to bat on Friday night. Gregg had been brought on the side for Kealy and he and Blake began the attack with a pretty accurate and hostile spell.

Belvedere were soon in trouble, with wickets falling at regular intervals and Trinity could feel well satisfied with 7 wickets down for 83 at the close of play on Friday night. A feature of the play had been the first class fielding of the whole side and MacKeown's 1 wicket for 1 run. MacKeown's strange variety of balls were greeted with laughter by spectators, fieldsmen and batsmen alike, but it was an unsmiling Belvedere batsman who walked back to the pavilion bowled by a good one just before the close of play.

Saturday saw Trinity carry on their good work and dismiss the remaining batsmen for 27 runs, Reid-Smith holding on to a leg glance low down and to his right from O'Riordan, the most successful Belvedere batsman.

Pratt and Wilson opened confidently, until suddenly the game was tense and wide open; Wilson was caught beautifully; Pratt and Mostert bowled and the score only 38 for 3. Foster came in before tea and stayed with MacKeown until the interval. After tea, four maidens were bowled in succession, but then the batsmen began to get on top and finally MacKeown hit the winning run. MacKeown and Foster by sensible batting, refusing to take risks, had added 63 runs for the fourth wicket and Trinity were able to leave the field satisfied with a good win.

Next opponents are Leinster who defeated the team earlier in the season, but provided the batsmen can show reasonable form there is no reason why they should not advance another round. The bowling this season has proved itself very difficult to master, the fielding on most occasions well up to the univer-

sity standard, and the batting has shown it can be sound, as witnessed in performances against the R.A.F., Clontarf, Pembroke and Old Belvedere.

Bowling—Blake, 1 wicket for 10 runs; Gregg, 3 for 22; D. Martin, 2 for 25; P. MacKeown, 1 for 1; Singh, 3 for 30.

Dublin University	
B. K. Wilson c. O'Riordan b. Jackson	5
D. Pratt b. Lynch	10
P. MacKeown not out	37
C. Mostert b. Jackson	12
I. Foster not out	30

Did not bat—A. Reid-Smith, H. Singh, B. Gregg, D. Martin, W. Blake, R. Verbyla.

National Championships

The opposition was stiff at the National Fencing Championships, which were held in the Archbishop Byrne Hall last Saturday. The D.U.F.C. had three of its members entered in the competitions. Peter Livingston (Men's Capt.), fenced well, coming 4th in the Men's Senior Foil, and gaining 5th place in the Sabre Championship, while Brian Hamilton managed to get as far as the semi-final pool. Ann Jones (Ladies' Capt.), though not in the best of fencing form, got as far as the Ladies' Senior semi-final pool.

Letter

to the Editor

Sir,—The year 1957-58 has been the most successful one since the inauguration of the Society in 1948, and for the first time has shown a credit balance. This means that next year we shall be having a bigger and better programme than ever before.

Our membership this year has increased from 100 in 1956-57 to 280 members.

It is to be hoped that next year, if we have as large a membership as we have had this year, there will be a sufficient amount of people who have had experience in making films, and with some financial co-operation from the College authorities we should be making a film. If any of our members, or potential members, would like to write acting scripts for this film, they should leave them in the Film Society's box in No. 3. The film will last for about 20 minutes and will probably be filmed in College.

We would like to point out to anyone who read the "report" on our A.G.M. in "T.C.D." that most of the facts contained therein were untrue. This same paper has received a report which, had it been published, would have put the printed "report" to shame. Do not be misled by that "report," for have we not proved to be one of the largest, if not the largest, minor societies in College? Let the facts speak for themselves.

Q. Crivon, Hon. Sec.

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Boats

Five Victories at Cappoquin First Senior Fours Win Chearnley Cup

AT Cappoquin Regatta, held last Sunday, D.U.B.C. captured 5 of the 8 events. Rowing conditions were good, with a slight tail wind and an incoming tide to counteract any current. The first event of the day was the Chearnley Challenge Cup for 1st Senior Fours in which Trinity, rowing as Lady Elizabeth B.C., were opposed by Cappoquin and Waterford.

Trinity led from the start—by a mis-carriage of justice—and, due to the weakness of the opposition, won by 2 lengths, giving the new fine four, "Alison," a baptismal present in her first race.

The next event was the first heat of the Maiden VIII's, in which Trinity were beaten by 14 lengths by St. Michael's, Limerick, after a fine attempt to reduce this lead over the last furlong.

In the Villiers Stuart Cup for Junior Fours, Trinity were led by St. Michael's and Cork Boat Club for nearly the full distance, but rowed away from their opponents over the last 200 yards to win by half a length. This is a good IV and should do well in the later regattas.

Despite prayers from illicit book-makers, the Senior VIII Cup was retained by D.U.B.C., alias Lady Elizabeth Boat Club. Trinity and Cappoquin, in clinker boats, were, naturally, led off the start by Waterford in a fine boat, but Trinity soon took a ½ length lead, striking 30, from Cappoquin who were flailing along at 36. Whenever Cappoquin pressed, a spurt by Trinity kept them in the lead and they went on to win by half a length.

Then came the event most heartening for the Boat Club. Their Maiden IV, after winning a heat from St. Michael's by a distance (polite term for "easily"),

went on to win the Preston Trophy from Shandon Rowing Club in the final, despite being temporarily awarded a row-over. This is a neat IV, but what happens when they meet stronger competition, especially that of the other universities, remains to be seen.

In the event for second Senior IV's, Trinity rowed very easily over the course—too easily, for they finished 3rd behind Athlunkard and Waterford B.C.

The final race of the day was the Challenge Cup for Junior VIII's, in which Trinity were opposed by Athlunkard, Carlow, Fermoy and last year's Maiden champions, Cork, to whom a win in this event meant a trip to the Junior Championship at Portadown later in the season. The plan of campaign was simple. Cork escaped rapidly on the far side of the river, while the other competitors converged gamesmanwise in a pincer movement on Trinity. Strangely enough, Trinity emerged from each encounter in the lead, and held off a finishing spurt by Cork to win ½ length (given by the umpire as a canvas). In the first clash of blades, F. Blair had a chip knocked off his oar, but Trinity's steady, hard rowing enabled them to win with comparative ease, gaining then their fifth out of the total eight competed for at the regatta.

LADIES' TENNIS TOUR

On the whole, this can be regarded as a successful tour, especially as two of the Club's best players were unable to participate, namely, G. Horsley and J. Lavin. With their inclusion it is felt that the team would have recorded victories in every match—as it was, Trinity won two matches and lost one.

The first match against Cambridge was a most disappointing affair, though the weather conditions were ideal. Trinity put up no fight whatever against a mediocre Cambridge side. The final result was a 6-2 defeat, with one match unplayed. The team was, undoubtedly, tired after travelling, but this was no excuse for their lamentable lack of concentration and match temperament.

Later the tables were turned when Trinity beat Reading University by 6 matches to 3. Both weather and courts were not really as pleasant as in Cambridge. In this match, Joan Mullan and Jennifer Cronin played extremely well,

winning their three matches as a result of strong tennis.

Friday proved a successful day for Trinity, too. In record time they managed to beat Oxford by 5 matches to 3, with one match unplayed. It must be admitted that Oxford were not playing its strongest team, but neither was Trinity. Oxford's first couple were particularly good and should have taught the club much about doubles play.

The team was as follows:
1st Couple—G. Kennedy, H. Barton.
2nd Couple—A. Dowley, R. Ritchie.
3rd Couple—J. Mullan, J. Cronin.

The team's next fixture will be the Gill Cup, played annually against U.C.D. The strongest team will have to be played if this cup is to be retained for the third successive year.

Swimming

Draw in League Match

The final matches in the Spring League Water-Polo were held last weekend. Trinity drew 1-1 with Pembroke in the senior match in what was an uninspiring game.

Once again Trinity are runners-up and it remains to be seen whether they will win the league next year with a team which will be almost identical to the present one.

In the junior match, Trinity drew 1-1 with Clontarf, with G. O'Kelly scoring for Trinity. The novice match was lost 3-1.

At the Trinity Week gala, U.C.D. will be turning out a strong team which should tax Trinity's abilities.

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