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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Weekly

THURSDAY, 16th NOVEMBER, 1961

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Difficulty of entrance standards

UNFAIR TO IRISH CANDIDATES?

A Headmaster's cri de coeur

MR. WILLIAM TATE, headmaster of Mountjoy School, Dublin, commenting recently on the raising of Trinity's matriculation standards, said that he feared the new system constituted limitation to entries of "average candidates" from Irish schools, and tended to increase the proportion of students from outside this country.

Mr. Tate, giving his headmaster's report at Mountjoy's annual prize day, said that schools had been notified by College authorities that in and after October, 1962, a candidate would be required not only to pass in the prescribed subjects, but would also be required to "show strength" in at least two of them, "strength" being interpreted as two distinctions in the case of the Leaving Certificate. At the moment, candidates who submit General Certificate of Education qualifications are required to produce two passes at Advanced Level. The same is asked of candidates producing the Northern Ireland Senior Certificate.

Mr. Tate said that to his mind this provision was basically the same in principle as the requirements of the British Eleven-plus examination, and was dictated not so much by educational considerations as by the imperative need to restrict the number of entries.

In this country we lagged in the numbers partaking of university education (a full grant is £200), and in doing so, he said, we left a large field of talent untapped. This untapped field would yield valuable results if university education had a wider application, and if entrance requirements were not on so restrictive a basis.

Commenting on the speech, Mr. R. B. D. French, Trinity's Public Relations Officer, said that it is important to remember that if an Irish (which includes those from

the North of Ireland) student fulfils Trinity's academic standards, he is automatically given preference over any student from another country. It can be assumed that any raising of Trinity's standards could result in nothing but good to the Irish educational system, and to Trinity itself. Any raising of a university's standards could only result in the raising of the academic standards of the institutions which aim to meet the requirements of that university.



—Courtesy "Irish Times"

The Changing Face of Dublin: The demolition of Carlisle Buildings. A modern block of offices will be erected on the site.

Dramatic reductions in student air fares

Mr. Noel Igoe, President of the Union of Students in Ireland, has just announced details of the U.S.I.'s new air travel scheme. Starting shortly, the return student fare from Dublin to New York by Boeing jet will be £55.

This includes a meal, which will be served on the flight. The new student surface return fare from Dublin to London via Liverpool will be £4-10-9. All arrangements for these fares should be made through the U.S.I., Number Four, College.

New horizons of S.R.C.

GENUINE REPRESENTATION

THE Students Representative Council is undergoing a dramatic overhaul this year, and, in spite of many vicissitudes, it is beginning to present a new and more progressive face to its somewhat wearied and narrowed public.

A new system of representation has given the Council a faint and shadowy appearance of democracy — which it most emphatically did not have before — and a few fertile minds on the Executive have come out, for the first time in many years, with some strange abstracts that might at last be recognised as reasonably good ideas.

The "Scarf Scheme" will soon be in full swing — scarves for a guinea a go — a new Guide Book for tourists and students alike is envisaged — the Diary will soon be out with many improvements (for example, let us hint, your medical adviser will be all mixed up with

your lecture timetable). Agitation on many fronts, as demanded at the last Council meeting, is at last being carried on seriously. An embittered campaign has been opened against the re-furnishing scheme (as in East Bay), with Memoranda, letters, and interview

requests being poured in by an electric Executive upon a bewildered body of officials; and new dispensations from their High Mightinesses the Houses of Residence Committee are receiving piercingly critical attention. Something Is Being Done About Exams. — though this rather tentative aspect of the Council's policy remains shrouded in mysteries too deep even for your correspondent to penetrate.

All in all, the S.R.C. has a critical time ahead — if it goes too fast now it will come a crash that will be heard — with regret — by students for years to come. A little prudence, a little energy, and we may yet see great things from an institution hitherto noticeable only for its otiosity.

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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Weekly

Vol. IX THURSDAY, 16th NOVEMBER, 1961 No. 3

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In This Issue

THE TRUTH ABOUT TRINITY: A POSTSCRIPT (Dr. Owen Sheehy Skeffington and Bishop Philbin of Clonfert)	Page 2
AN EDUCATIONAL BETRAYAL	Page 2
PROFILE: CHRISTOPHER WOOD AND PATRICK BRANIGAN	Page 3
REVIEWS	Page 4
"ARGUS"	Page 3
BERLIN TO-DAY: THE SOVIET SECTOR (William Oddie)	Page 5

AN EDUCATIONAL BETRAYAL

The annual prize-day speech of Mr. William Tate, headmaster of Mountjoy School, which is reported on the front page of this issue, raised a basic question of Educational ethics of vital concern to this college. Two broad questions emerge from his remarks. The first one is that by raising the academic standards of Trinity's entrance requirements, Irish candidates will find it more difficult to gain entrance. This, surely, is a piece of basically dishonest thinking. A University is, by definition, Universal. Its concern is with learning, no matter what the race, colour or creed of the person seeking it.

The second point, arising from this, can only be seen as a piece of self-criticism on Mr. Tate's part, and as a slur on the Irish Educational system. The only inference from Mr. Tate's remarks is that the schools of this country are inferior to those of other countries. If this is true (and we do not accept that it is) then it is in Mr. Tate's hands to effect a small part of the remedy. Certainly, nothing will be gained by lowering Trinity's standards.

STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

The President will in future be in the UPPER S.R.C. office (on the third floor of No. 4) between 2 p.m. and 3 p.m. on every Wednesday and Friday during term; and any student who would like to see him for any reason will be very welcome at those times. Those to whom this is inconvenient should, as before, leave him a note in the main office (1st floor).

The Truth About Trinity

A POST-SCRIPT

The correspondence between Senator O. Sheehy Skeffington and Most Rev. Dr. W. Philbin of Clonfert, arising from a reference to an alleged deliberate change in Trinity College policy towards Catholics in recent years.

To
Most Rev. Dr. William Philbin, Bishop of Clonfert,
St. Brendan's, Loughrea, Co. Roscommon.
Common Room,
Trinity College, Dublin.
30th October, 1961.

Dear Dr. Philbin,

I note that in the November issue of "The Word" (published at St. Patrick's, Donamon, Roscommon) you are quoted by a Mr. Denis Martin, in an article entitled "The Truth About Trinity," as stating that the aim of Trinity College now is to disintegrate Catholic loyalty "no matter whether secularism or religious indifference or Communism should be the gainer."

As I hesitate to accept this as a true rendering of any statement which you may have made, I should be grateful if you would let me know whether and how far it is inaccurate, and what precisely was your statement, the full text of which I should be very glad to see.

Yours sincerely,
Owen Sheehy Skeffington.

To
Mr. O. S. Skeffington,
The Common Room, Trinity College, Dublin.
St. Brendan's, Loughrea.
1st November, 1961.

Dear Sir,

I have your letter of 30th October. Although this expresses what you describe as a hesitation on your part I feel that, since it comes from one who has been representing Trinity College in the Senate until the dissolution and since it is sent by registered post from the Common Room address, it may have more than personal significance.

A policy such as your letter refers to has not been attributed to Trinity College in any statement of mine.

I am, Yours sincerely,
William J. Philbin.

Trinity College, Dublin.
2nd November, 1961.

Dear Dr. Philbin,

Thank you for your letter of yesterday's date. I am pleased to note that I was apparently right in hesitating to accept as a true rendering of any statement you might have made, the passage in the November "Word" which, whether from ignorance or lack of scruple, purported to quote you in support of its uncharitable thesis about current Trinity College policy.

In making this statement about the present aim of Trinity College, and basing it upon a supposed quotation from you, the writer, Mr. Denis Martin, clearly desired to convince his readers that his statement had your authority. May I now assume, in the light of your unequivocal denial, that you will take or have already taken, steps publicly to correct the false impression thus given?

In the event of your being reluctant to make this correction in public yourself, do you see any objection to my quoting your letter of denial to me?

Yours sincerely,
Owen Sheehy Skeffington.

St. Brendan's, Loughrea.
6th November, 1961.

Dear Sir,

To the enquiry in your further letter as to the assumption you might make about what I should do I feel entitled to reply that you might have assumed I would have been able to judge what was appropriate.

I take the occasion to add that I am glad that the style of interrogation of your earlier letter in which you asked, not merely if I had made a certain statement but whether I had come near to making it and how near and what exactly I did say—a style of interrogation outside the range of my experience—has been dropped in your second letter.

As to quoting what I have written you, I hope that if this is done both my brief letters will be reproduced in full.

I remain, Yours sincerely,
William J. Philbin.

Trinity College, Dublin.
8th November, 1961.

Dear Dr. Philbin,

Thank you for your letter of 6th November. My purpose in writing to you in the first place was to ascertain whether, as it seemed reasonable

to me to assume, you had been gravely misquoted in "The Word's" recent uncharitable attack on Trinity College, before I myself took any steps publicly to brand the statement in question as the lie it is. In other words, I wanted to know if its attribution to you was as false as the statement itself; and I was apparently correct in assuming that it was.

In my second letter, consequently, I asked you among other things whether, in the event of your being reluctant publicly to right the wrong done publicly in your name, you saw any objection to my quoting your letter of disavowal to me? Unhappily, your second letter still leaves me in some doubt as to what your answer to this question is. Since you appear to resent my making any "assumptions" about your possible actions in the matter, and lest I should make any false ones, may I ask you to be so good as to clarify your answer for me? Am I now entitled legitimately to assume that your reply, "As to quoting what I have written to you, I hope that if this is done both my brief letters will be reproduced in full," means, in the context of the question it purports to answer, that you do not yourself intend to make any public disavowal of the use to which "The Word" has seen fit to put your name, but that, provided that I quote your letters in full, you do not see any objection to my publishing them?

Yours sincerely,
Owen Sheehy Skeffington.

St. Brendan's, Loughrea.
9th November, 1961.

Dear Sir,

In reply to your letter of 8th November I would suggest that my last letter made it clear (1) that I had no objection to your publishing what I had written you provided you reproduced my letters in full, and (2) that I would do what I thought appropriate in regard to a correction.

In connection with my not being more explicit on the latter point, you will recall that the uncertainty referred to in my first letter—as to whether you were writing in more than a personal capacity—has not been removed by you.

In these circumstances I propose to end this discussion by having the matter—correspondence included—brought to the notice of the College Administration. This I shall do unless you should write to object.

I remain, Yours sincerely,
William J. Philbin.

Trinity College, Dublin.
12th November, 1961.

Dear Dr. Philbin,

Thank you for your more explicit letter of 9th November.

On the point as to whether I was writing personally, I feel that if you were really perturbed on that score, you ought to have asked me a straightforward question, in which case I should have assured you that I was writing purely on my own initiative. I am afraid, however, that as you did not in fact ask any question on the matter, I took your earlier oblique reference to my status and credentials merely as a gratuitous taunt, which, as it was quite irrelevant to the point at issue, I thought it more becoming to ignore.

You would now like to place this correspondence before the College Administration? By all means do, if you so desire. Trinity College is not a monolithic institution based on fear and intimidation. It respects the individual's right to think and act for himself, in a way which, though it may not find favour in the eyes of all, is one of many reasons why I am proud to be able to count myself as a Trinityman.

I may add that in the circles in which I was brought up, it is considered perfectly normal and honourable, before branding a lie, however outrageous, to ascertain whether the person to whom it has been ascribed really uttered it. Nor is the moral obligation to do so lessened in any way by the high status and public position of the person quoted or misquoted.

Finally, I trust that you will feel in conscience bound, when forwarding this correspondence, to send it in full including this present letter, and to send also a copy of "The Word" containing the scandalising article which quoted you as one of its basic authorities, so that the College Administration may be put in possession of the facts in full.

Yours sincerely,
Owen Sheehy Skeffington.

Theatre

Mixed Blessings

"OUR LITTLE LIFE": Olympia Theatre

ADAPTABILITY is not one of Miss Margaret Rutherford's great virtues. Her unique position in the theatre is not the result of any depth of insight, any ability to see the implications of a particular question, a particular human problem. She does not mould herself to a situation to reveal its possibilities; rather does she bend the situation to her own set of characteristics, to her own personality. And within strictly defined limits, it is one of the most magnetic personalities our stage possesses.

But it is a fragile as well as a magnetic personality. It must be nurtured carefully in a sympathetic soil. "Our little life" is a pretty insensitive juxtaposition of the most unlikely bedfellows. Chekhov and Strindberg rub shoulders with Musset; we have Edwardian Neo-Wilde, and we have a post-war refugee drama with all the clichés ("I want to speak to the director," says the cold and efficient refugee-camp Secretary with the regulation heart-of-gold-under-a-rugged-exterior, "I don't care if he is engaged. This is important." She then bullies the director heroically, over the telephone, into giving an education grant, hitherto refused, to a juvenile delinquent, also with a neatly hidden heart of gold. (It is simply awful). During the course of the evening, Miss Rutherford herself plays a dominating American woman from Henry James, an old peasant woman in a refugee camp, and a Musset Marquise. It is the first two roles which reveal her real fragility. In the short Henry James piece, everything seems set for a vintage Rutherford Vignette. A domineering old woman, engineering a presentation at Court, and being rude to all and sundry in the process, just Miss Rutherford's cup of tea, one would have thought. Not a bit of it. The woman happens to be very American, and conveying the American personality is

not on Miss Rutherford's little list. So that one is ruled out. The refugee camp is even less her milieu; this sort of part demands more than rolling eyes and an occasionally cracked voice, especially as the play itself is so very bad. It is only in Musset's little comedy, "Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée," that Miss Rutherford's magic is on home ground. It has all her conditions; the brittle dialogue, the slightly dominating but sympathetic old woman, the gentle humour; everything is there. And in her environment, she is magnificent. One is constantly amazed at her control, at the way in which she uses her personal idiosyncrasies, her peculiar, stylised facial expressions and gestures, to suggest the most minute and delicious innuendos, to wring out of a situation every ounce of its possibilities. But the evening is not a success. The whole pot-pourri has as its only connecting link the tenuous idea that everything in it is about life. The staging is terrible, and the whole thing is connected by a smoothie in a green smoking jacket (which is too big for him anyway) who mouths platitudes while the set is being changed. It is all rather a mess. But, if you have the patience, "Our Little Life" has thin veins of ore worth sifting. It comes off at the end of the week. —W.M.O.



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Films

Staggering Through Georgia

"GONE WITH THE WIND": Ambassador

IFIRST experienced this holocaust about ten years ago and came away with a vague notion of American history as a fantastic sheet of crimson flame stretching from the waters under the earth to the firmament of heaven, with damned souls scurrying like scared mice in and out the rubble and a smooth type with doleskin gloves in a buggy clogging pleasantly in the opposite direction.

I saw it for the second time last Saturday night and came away in similar condition, but the image that stuck this time was of a breeze-wafted girl framed like a Tennysonian heroine against a singularly photogenic sunset. And this, one supposes, is the crux of the matter—the stark oak at Tara is clearly Ozymandian.

And this is the root of the trouble with Vivien Leigh's performance as Scarlett O'Hara. However unique Scarlett's personality in Margaret Mitchell's book, she appears on the screen as the conventional femme fatale, with Helen, Cleopatra and all majas and courtesans in her line of descent—although she is a modernised version.

Miss Leigh handles the part in a way once conventional to the Victorian melodrama and now to the Hollywood romance. But the sins of the mothers must not be visited upon the children, and if Miss Leigh still owes much to the live theatre in her acting (after all, the film was made in 1938), her cinematic gawkiness is in perfect harmony with the whole film.

For those who don't know the story, her foil is Melanie (played by a Jane Austenish Olivia de Havilland), to whom one is tempted to apply the prefix "Good-wife." When she takes down "David Copperfield" to read aloud one half expects it to be the Bible—but the detail is not always banal. "I am born . . ."—a welcome relief from Scarlett's eye-talk and the old trick (used here for what must have been nearly the first time) of the officer, going off to the wars, tossing lightly to his wife: "Oh, some little place called,

er—Gettysburg . . ."

The irony of the relationship between Scarlett and Melanie is that while they both love the drawing-room-aesthete-turned-family-man Ashley Wilkes (played by Leslie Howard) and Ashley prefers Melanie, Melanie will not hear a word against Scarlett and Scarlett hates Melanie's guts (literally, at one stage, when she is actively antagonistic to Melanie's forthcoming baby). Ashley's foil is Rhett Butler, a throaty "stranger" from Charleston (the smoothie referred to above) whose style is to affect good-natured contempt for Scarlett as a basis for seduction. The superb part lies in the oily palm of Clark Gable and he is a pleasure to watch. One goggles in admiration as he saunters hedonistically from Belle's brothel to suburban Atlanta, from Mississippi steamboat to Westminster hotel-room.

This fine team form the human core to America's answer to "War and Peace." The story goes through twenty years of social and family history. In a nutshell it tells of how feudal society gives way to bourgeois, with Rhett Butler as an archetype of modern American big-hearted egotism and its application in economic life. Tags of the Mitchell text punctuate the celluloid, speaking in mandarin epic prose of an Age of Chivalry,

an Extinct Civilisation, the South Wilting Under the Thunder of Sherman's Guns and all that jazz. But despite the period panorama it is in the personal fortunes of the chief characters and of Rhett and Scarlett in particular that time passes most convincingly. When Scarlett grows from frivolity to neurotic frustration we do not need to be told that the Old South has done the same thing—we know it by implication. And we know too that the new generation, like the old, must feel "the ancient hungers cradled in each breast." It is no mere coincidence that the Butlers' little girl dies like her grandfather, falling off a horse. Some things may go with the wind, but they are replaced in replica. So Scarlett's last thought is for Tara.

Somehow the panorama just doesn't come off. The interior of the hospital full of dead and dying is as pastel and unterrifying as the Mediaeval engraving of Plague Hospitals in Rome. The colour (a recent innovation in 1938, admittedly) detracts from the horror of besieged Atlanta, and the scene with Scarlett, Rhett and the buggy against a scarlet night-sky must be one of the most remarkably daring on the screen. The market carpeted with corpses is quite unmoving, simply because there are so many corpses—if we had been shown one really good corpse close-up the effect would have been vastly more engaging.

The film divides into two, as I realised during the Intermission; the first half shows us the settled society and its ruin, the second its arduous and more modest reconstruction as a quieter and busier factor in the community. And here again Scarlett's private life reflects the shifting patterns of life around her. Her expedient marriage to Mr. Kennedy and the rise of her commercial sense go hand in hand with the struggle of the impoverished aristos generally to make ends meet; and her lingering affection for Ashley Wilkes is an allegorical nostalgia for the ancient regime. Perspective is achieved when she realises that she has been in love with something "that never really existed"—a wisp, a puff of smoke, a dandelion seed—anything fine and spectral, gone, like its human context, with the wind. Book your seats, have a good meal, down a stiff whiskey, and go gaze at this Sistine Chapel Ceiling, listen spellbound to this Symphonie Fantastique—then sleep it off.

Profile:

BOTH the President of the Phil. and the Auditor of the Hist. have splendid speaking voices. Chris Wood talks quickly, but with bite and resonance; Branigan more slowly, with an elder statesman swing and emphasis. The creamy gravity of his utterance has elements of Churchill, Macmillan and Lord Boothby. Wood is more in the style of the great generals. Their voices are integral to their impressiveness, indicate not only the velvet, but the power.

Chris Wood is a Senior Sophister Economics Student. His inaugural paper dealt with the new era in the economic affairs of Ireland. He is Irish, and went to St. Columba's College, Rathfarnham. At the R.A.F. training college in Cranwell he learnt to love aeroplanes and to tell a good story briskly. The efficiency and discipline of the R.A.F. are still part of his manner. Two dress-swords, one of the Luftwaffe, decorate his walls. He has been treasurer and secretary of the Fencing Club, and a member of the first team for three years. Once he represented the South of Ireland. Almost his greatest achievement in Trinity was the running of last year's Ball, a triumph of detailed organisation. It meant three months' hard work and the surmounting of a tremendous last-minute hitch, when the District Court insisted on a restriction of numbers and extensive new safety precautions. The morning after the Ball Wood was seen to walk under the flapping awnings with a very haggard face. He is still not quite sure whether everyone enjoyed it.

Branigan was born in Rhodesia and educated at Downside. He is a staunch and well informed Catholic and thinks the more the merrier at Trinity. He is a Senior Sophister Engineer and loves precision, almost too much. He is meticulously tidy and likes to lay the afternoon tea table cosily. His timing is nearly too perfect to be right. He plays golf sometimes and skis whenever possible. He plays squash with ardour, and though not a naturally gifted games player beats those who are by his energy and refusal to lose.



PATRICK BRANIGAN
Auditor of the Hist.

—Photo by Peter Ryan
CHRISTOPHER WOOD
President of the Phil.

THE MANAGERS

Chris Wood reads Faulkner, Maurois and, unexpectedly, Robert Graves. He is a fan of James Bond and probably appreciates his toughness. He drinks with the boys though not entirely one of them. He is at ease, but not relaxed. He has a gift for mimicry and his wit is ready and ruthless. A softer aspect is his taste for Yogi Bear. Branigan goes to Westerns. His main reading is

social and political. His inaugural address discussed the Common Market—he has been an advocate of the European Community for several years. He is eager to meet people without being fulsome or going out of his way. He is entertaining company and easy to live with. He makes an impact on those who meet him. Mr. Boland, Ireland's representative to the U.N., once said of him:

"I thought he was a very sound man. He agreed with many of the things I said."

Chris Wood's father was President of the Phil., his grandfather and two uncles were members. His father said to him before he came here that whatever he did in Trinity he would not achieve one thing—the Presidency of the Phil. The appeal of the Phil. is wider than that of the Hist. and different, and Wood believes that as many people as possible should speak at each meeting. He would like the paper to have a less awesome weight in the proceedings. Perhaps he underestimates the appeal narrower and more cultural subjects should have to university audience, or perhaps he is realistic. Both he and Branigan insist that the Major Societies have never had it so good, anyway from the membership point of view. The relation of membership to attendance rather than to the use of facilities is a more serious matter. Women will be speaking at a debate in the Hist. for the first time when the finals of the "Irish Times" trophy are held there. But this is not even the fine point of a wedge.

Wood loves Trinity but it maddens him. He feels that it is becoming bureaucratic and impersonal in the wrong way. The authorities are aiming rather ineffectually at the wrong kind of efficiency. Wood prefers to stay out of College politics, though somehow he is in them, and do his job. Branigan is interested in the whole style and operation of debating, in keeping the Burke rhetorical side of Trinity tradition alive. He has an intense feeling for Dublin and Trinity in Dublin, a feeling which natives take more easily.

Both Wood and Branigan are ambitious and both talk about careers and management. Branigan is interested, socially as well as practically in the problem of relations between employers and workers. Wood's drive is sure and fierce, his determination complete. Both have attained positions which should embody something of what it means to be in Trinity at this particular time. They do embody it to quite a large extent. And it is not so easy a job to establish the establishment. Leaving College they should both succeed, succeed within and on top of the system.

ARGUS glances at people and things

This week there have been the usual run of parties, but these have given rise to a more ludicrous form of entertainment that only too frequently crops up, the past-time of grate-crashing.

The scene is usually set in the Bailey Bar, spiritual home of the worst offenders; or the Wicklow, or any other often frequented bar when someone mentions the address of a party. Like vultures over the rotting corpse, the young bloods wheel in. The words are quickly past, and the operation begins. There is a certain amount of formulated plotting, the positioning of cars, a discussion on whether to take drink or not, whether to take motts or not, but these are soon settled. Drink no, unless in the hip-flask; women, only if they happen to be along. Closing time, and with a wad of addresses the lads start out.

At the party, the unsuspecting hostesses or hosts are enjoying themselves. There is a ring at the door, a brief knock. The door is opened and a flotilla of inebriated hooligans fall in. The party turns into chaos.

Admittedly it is fun, if dealt with in the right way. Forget the

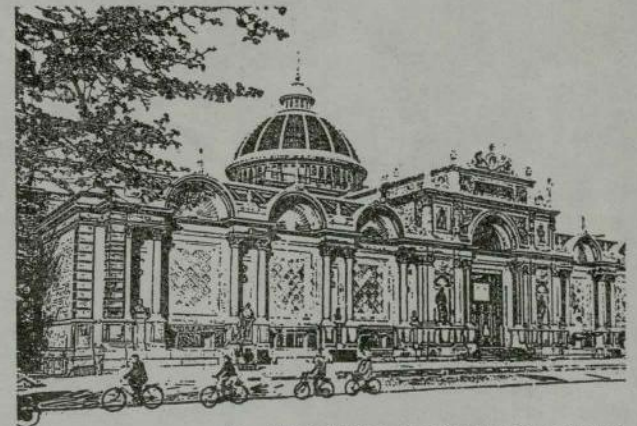
hooliganism, and often one does get in. Gate-crashing should primarily be a battle of intelligence, not of brute force. If one can talk ones way in, there is a certain moral victory which is right and good; but all the drunken brawling merely reduces the marauders to the state of howling animals.

Talking of howling animals have you had a look at the car regulations. On a sober reading of them, I am convinced that they are written for animals. Paragraph six runs like a map for liverish dogs, "As the Lincoln Place Gate is shut at night and at week-ends, cars may be parked in The Front Square, either to the left or the right of the Campanile, or on the East side of the lawns between the following hours." Notice that the leg may be only lifted to the left or the right, a conciliatory sort of canine gesture.

The man behind all this is the brow-beaten Registrar, the man with the cars of the world on his shoulders. Acid and dour, he performs his duties with the enjoyment of a man going to his own funeral. It must be however said

for him that if a student has a problem, or thinks that he has been badly dealt with, the Registrar will always go out of his way to lend an ear, or increase the fine. With modern surgery what it is I suppose he can afford to be so generous.

After places and animals to a party. A good party given by Diana Elkins somewhere out North. Dramatic conversation was to be heard hovering over the heads of critic Bart O'Brien, splendid in organdy, and script-writer Mike Bogdin. The wine-cup flourished by Hebe was well received by Chris Kendall who one must admit is always ready to receive anything. Jennifer Bulmer-Thomas and Jo van Gysegghem frightened even themselves by talking in Italian, something that even they did not think they could do; while Ronnie Pilkington and Mike Ruggins spoke to each other in words of pregnant silence. Pleasant drink, not too weak, not too strong, delightful company, and even pea-nuts; how better could one pass the doleful hours from six to nine before the actual evening begins.



The Ny Carlsberg Glyptothek, Copenhagen

The Carlsberg Breweries and Art

A unique collection of modern and ancient art is housed in the Ny Carlsberg Glyptothek in Copenhagen. Donated by one of the founders of the Carlsberg Breweries, Carl Jacobsen, today it is maintained by the Ny Carlsberg Foundation.

Carlsberg

THE GLORIOUS
LAGER OF COPENHAGEN



Bottled by Bachelors. Distributed by Bannow Bottlers Ltd., Cabra West, Dublin, 7.



Photos—National Press Service.

THE WEST: Relatives of a refugee who fell to his death from a high window bring flowers to the place of his death.

THE only place where it is still possible to cross from West to East in Berlin is the American Army's "checkpoint Charlie," in Friedrich Strasse. Friedrich Strasse has become the focal point of the whole Berlin situation. It is quiet now; but three weeks ago, American and Russian tanks stood there, face to face, a hundred yards away from each other.

It is at such moments that the differences between East and West become most apparent. It is as though everything were thrown into a stark, black and white relief, a sudden and frightening contrast. In the West, three weeks ago, fifteen hundred people stood at the checkpoint in an uneasy, unstable silence. Standing in the crowd, you could feel an atmosphere, not only of grim hostility, but of latent power, an explosive quality which needed very little to set it off. I saw it triggered off once by a Russian car taking Russian officers for talks with the Americans. The Russians rode through the ugly, jeering crowd with icy little smiles; but they

were frightened. The crowd subsided again, as suddenly as it had exploded.

We (a Finn, a Swede, and I) elbowed our way through to the checkpoint, showed our passports to a man in plainclothes on the American side, and walked, rather gingerly, into East Berlin. We showed our passports to a Volkspolizist, who motioned us along the pavement to another, who also examined them carefully. He in his turn led us to a passport control office, where our briefcases were searched, and we were scrutinised thoroughly. Then everyone relaxed. "Nice day," volunteered the Vopo at the desk. "Quite a little United Nations we have here," he added, giving us back our passports. "Berlin always was an international city," replied the Swede. The Vopo smiled grimly. We walked out again, into East Berlin. Almost immediately, you are struck by the contrast between the two halves of the city. We had come from a hard, modern, slightly soulless city, bustling and dynamic. We had come through a huge, tense, frightened crowd. In the East, there were a few curious groups of people on the streets, but no noticeable excitement, or even apparent interest in the situation.

In East Berlin, it is the things you notice first which, in the end, give the real truth about it. There are, even now, vast bomb site areas, which have still not been cleared, let alone built on. Everywhere, on public buildings, across empty spaces, even on public lavatories, there are huge red banners, carrying slogans like "Peace Through Socialism" — "A Peace Treaty This Year" — "West Berlin must be a demilitarised free city"; everywhere, there are photographs

Berlin TO-DAY 2

The second of two articles by William Oddie, who returned recently from Berlin, where, along with student Editors from Belgium, Denmark, Holland, Sweden, Norway, Finland, Ireland and Germany, he has been helping Berlin Radio in the compilation of a documentary radio programme on the Berlin crisis.



THE EAST: An old couple look out into West Berlin from a high window in the Soviet sector.

The SOVIET SECTOR

of Walter Ulbricht, first secretary of the East German Communist party, matily shaking hands with Kruschchev.

There has been no attempt to make East Berlin into a showplace for the Communist world, as West Berlin is a showplace for the Western world. The nearest East Berlin has come to this idea is in the Stalinallee (now renamed the Karl Marx Allee), a monumentally wide, Russian-style boulevard, flanked by vast, monolithic buildings. At first sight, it is impressive. But if you look closely, you notice that the white tiles which cover the buildings are peeling off, leaving ugly, brown scars of exposed brickwork. The overwhelming impression one gets from East Berlin is one of decay. It is like a dying city. There seem to be fewer people on the streets than in the West; there are fewer cars, and they are all antiquated. The buses are pre-war.

Prices vary. In a smart-looking

shop near the border, I saw a perfectly unpretentious necklace of wooden heads, priced at about 25s. A small, white vase cost 35s. On the other hand, what seemed to me to be a very fine black evening dress, bourgeois plunging back and all, cost about fourteen pounds. But there was no-one in the dress shop, and I was unable to check on how readily available these clothes were. Food costs about the same. But here again, you can never forget where you are. Foreigners must show their passports in a restaurant, before they can be served. In the Berliner Haus, one of the State-controlled eating houses, I ate a vast meal, for what seemed to me a very reasonable price. But here, as in every restaurant I ate at in the East the food was cold. Afterwards, we drank coffee, and smoked. Immediately, the waiter's eyes lit up. "You wish to sell Western cigarettes?" I gave him a packet of twelve Styvesant. Transports of

joy. In the East, it has been impossible to get Western cigarettes since the thirteenth of August. Eastern cigarettes are expensive and very bad. A few days later, I was approached in the street near the border (not the safest thing in the world to do) and asked again if I had Western cigarettes. It is small things like this that are the symbols of the despair which has gripped the East since the thirteenth of August. Before the wall was erected, the possibility of contact was always there. Now there is nothing to hope for. Walking back to the Friedrich Strasse checkpoint that night, I saw a girl of, I suppose, sixteen or seventeen, walking away from the wall. She was weeping, openly and terribly, in the street. And no-one really noticed anything out of the ordinary. This is the measure of what has happened in Berlin.

(Concluded).

BROWN THOMAS

is all things
to all
Dubliners



GRAFTON STREET
and
DUKE STREET, DUBLIN

Rugby—CORK CONVINCINGLY BEATEN

THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!

Soccer

NO COHESION

Trinity—1; College of Tech.—2

The first eleven continue to be a disappointing side; there is plenty of potential but as yet little teamwork. In a game that depends so much on teamwork, brilliant individual performances are often of little use if not supported by the rest. On Saturday Trinity gave a scrappy, immature display of football and can scarcely say that they deserved to win.

The College of Technology went into the lead about mid-way through the first half when, in a goalmouth scramble, they lobbed the ball over the head of the Trinity goalkeeper. They increased their lead early in the second half with a well-placed shot from a free kick. Swerling, playing a clever game on the wing, scored Trinity's only goal when he broke through the defence and flicked the ball into the net. Although the result was disappointing, it can partly be put down to the smallness of the pitch which cramped both defence and attack. Good individual performances were given by Horsley and by Anderson, who played a sound game in goal.

Sailing Club

The outgoing captain, M. Hare reported a very successful season at the winter A.G.M. last Monday. The club now ranks as one of the largest in College, and judging by the large numbers of freshmen who attended the meeting, the membership is expected to increase still further. Mr. Hare gave an impressive list of trophies won by the club last season, amongst them the coveted Association of Northern Universities Cup. All the boats were in constant use during the season, and the local races and regattas were well supported by Trinity entrants. The new boat store opposite the Dixon Hall is nearing completion and will ensure more comfortable conditions for those working on the boats. The following officers were elected:—Captain, D. McSweeney; Hon. Sec., Miss H. Roche; Hon. Treas., P. Branigan.

D.U. Fencing Club

The increasing popularity of fencing in College is indicated by the number of new members who cheerfully undergo the rigours of training associated with the initial stages of fencing, while the older hands endeavour to instil the rudiments of the art into those who have not succumbed to combat fatigue.

A fine performance against the British Legion Fencing Club on Monday, 6th, augurs well for the future. A new men's team, consisting of Rupert Macheson, Chris Robinson, and John Robinson, won its match outright by nine victories to nothing. The ladies' team, consisting of Sue Brooks, Ann Rogers and Francis Alexander was not so successful, losing narrowly by four victories to five against strong opposition.

It is hoped that this success will be continued throughout the year.

WINE and DINE at...

Ray's Restaurant
15 WICKLOW STREET

Two Tries For Coker

Trinity—18; U.C.C.—11.

THE first fifteen gave a really splendid display of Rugby on Saturday in convincingly beating the powerful U.C.C. side. Trinity were without Read, L'Estrange and Rees but to say this greatly weakened the side would be an injustice to the substitutes who did all that was expected of them. Mulraine, indeed, was one of the outstanding performers on the field.

U.C.C. attacked strongly from the start and should have gained an early lead when Kiernan missed an easy penalty. During this early pressure Mulraine constantly drove Cork back with kicks from all angles and positions. Trinity were soon into their stride however and began to receive much more of the ball, especially from the line-outs where Bielenberg, Caldicott and Powell had little difficulty in out-jumping their opposite numbers. It was from a line-out that the first score resulted; a quick pass from Mulraine, and the ball swept along the line to Coker. In characteristic fashion he rounded his man and crashed through Kiernan's tackle to score in the corner. Lea converted with a fine kick.

Only desperate covering by the Cork defence stopped further tries being scored by the persistent Trinity threequarters. Coker was forced into touch inches short, but from the resulting line-out Caldicott gathered the ball and passed to Bielenberg who flung his mighty frame over the line. Again Lea converted.

Cork stormed back after these two reversals only to meet with the most resolute of tackling from the Trinity backs. Siggins was particularly noteworthy in this respect and gave international Walsh little scope. It was after one such crushing tackle that Scott picked the loose ball, passed to Siggins, and once Coker was in possession nothing could stop him. Lea's attempted conversion just failed.

Kiernan alone could inspire Cork and very much against the run of play he scored a brilliant solo try. Fielding the ball inside his own twenty-five he sped round the Trinity defence, kicked over Lea's head and won the race for the touch-down. He completed his effort by kicking the conversion. In other respects Lea was by no means overshadowed by his international counterpart. He played with much greater confidence than of late and using lengthy kicks to touch was caught in possession on far fewer occasions.

The Trinity pack immediately came back with attack and put the side further into the lead with a push-over try which Lea converted. It seemed at this stage that Cork might be swamped but instead of pressing home their advantage Trinity slackened off. Within five minutes Cork had scored two tries, both unconverted. First Walsh intercepted a pass and sent his wing over and immediately after the kick-off a splendid passing movement, aided by slack Trinity tackling gave Cork another score.

With only five minutes to go, Cork had no chance of catching up. They did their best with a high and

dangerous kick ahead but Lea caught the ball running at full speed, raced down the touch-line and all but scored himself.

On the whole this was a most pleasing performance by Trinity, and teamwork was certainly more in evidence than in last week's match. The threequarters showed much greater rhythm and incision and with the return of Read and L'Estrange this will be a formidable back division.

The Rugby Club now has well over two hundred players on its books and is running no fewer than eleven sides each Saturday. This is many more teams than ever before in the history of the Club and presents certain difficulties of administration. The Secretary has asked us to point out the following:

Because of a shortage of pitches, two matches frequently have to be played on the same pitch, one after another. In order to avoid chaos, it is essential that players arrive in ample time so that all games can start punctually. Times of buses to Santry are posted on the Rugby Club notice board. Those players not ticked off by Thursday evening will be assumed to be unavailable. There is also a shortage of referees and the Club has to produce four of its own each Saturday. Would anyone interested in refereeing please contact J. Wilkins, 34 T.C.D.

Colonel May

(Trinity's Leading Tipster)

The Colonel got a real "flyer" to the season with a first and a second; he also mentioned Scottish Memories (9/2) as a danger in the Mackeson and one of his half dozen for the season made a winning debut at 11/2. Fresh Winds should continue the good work at Uttoxeter to-day. The floods at Lingfield prevented the 1960 Champion Hurdler—Another Flash—from getting some exercise but the seven-year-old has an engagement at Sandown on Saturday.

On Saturday, any Irish racegoers who have not seen him before should be at Leopardstown to watch the incomparable Lester Piggott partner Prairie Penny. The Colonel is a little doubtful whether even his superlative skill can defeat Rupununi; perhaps an each way bet on both would pay dividends.

Keen racegoers must have read some of the many Press tributes to the young trainer, D. Thom, currently on the crest of an absolute flood-wave of success. Consistent readers will probably have noticed that such successes as the column has had, have been based upon absolute faith in his charges; the Colonel adds his small tribute to a trainer of great technical skill and a man of absolute integrity.

Sports COMMENT

I feel sure that the honours for initiative and enterprise in sport this term will go to certain members of the Climbing Club. We know, or rather we have heard, that this recently-formed club is very active and enjoys considerable support. We never actually see them "at play" except perhaps when they foregather for a quiet drink in the hotel at Glendalough, each looking as though they had come straight off the set of "Scott of the Antarctic."

To the uninitiated, such as myself, the occasional scramble over the rocks in Dalkey Quarry may sound harmless enough, but when one hears that three members of the Club will shortly be setting out on a full-scale expedition to the Andes, one is bound to sit up and take some notice. I believe that the plans for this trip were first formed several years ago, and have now been brought to fruition under the leadership of the ubiquitous Frank Cochrane. He has gaily talked his way through all the complicated negotiations and arrangements even to the extent of shipping something like 700 cans of Guinness across the Atlantic. I gather that in making this gift Guinnesses are hoping as a result of the expedition to open up vast markets amongst the wandering Inca tribes.

The party hopes to spend about ten weeks in the mountain ranges of Patagonia and will be climbing in largely unexplored country. Such an expedition does, of course, require a great deal of money, and despite the generous backing of several firms, will cost each individual about two hundred pounds. This seems to me to be a truly magnificent venture, and yet the climbers are curiously unmoved and unruffled by the whole affair. I suggest that most of us would be somewhat uneasy at the thought of spending ten lonely weeks in the unknown, not to mention the idea of being suspended by a piece of rope thousands of feet in the air. This does not seem to worry them in the least—just like being in the Welsh mountains, only better, they say.

Frank Cochrane, Clive Burland and Francis Beloe are all climbers of some experience, and without for one moment suggesting that this trip is beyond their capabilities they will certainly find it tough going. The party of six is made up by three "outsiders," one of whom has been described by Sir John Hunt as "perhaps the finest climber alive to-day," and is obviously an excellent man to include in the party. We wish the expedition the best of good fortune and every success, for I am sure that they deserve it.

Harriers

The Harriers entered over twenty runners in the Clonliffe Harriers' 2 miles Road Race. There was a field of 81 runners and several Trinity men were well to the fore. S. Whittome, who finished 9th recorded an excellent time of 9 mins. 37 secs. He was closely followed by F. H. Quinlan, A. R. Sparshott and A. Shillington. The results augers well for the Novices' Championships later on this term.

On Monday a match was held against Aberdeen University Harriers over 6 miles. Although the Scots took the first two places, good packing by the D.U.H. men ensured our victory by 3 points.

Results — 1, Ewing, Aberdeen U.H.; 2, Gleney, A.U.H.; 3, S. Whittome, D.U.H.; 4, A. R. Sparshott, D.U.H.; 5, F. H. Quinlan, D.U.H.; 6, Aberdeen; 7, Aberdeen; 8, P. Twomey, P. Davey, A. Shillington, C. Bryan, all of D.U.H. Next Saturday the Club will run against Donore and Clonliffe Harriers and the following week will be spent on tour in Scotland.

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