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Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

Vol. 1—No. 8

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1954

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WOMEN VOTE FOR "MAN"

(From Our Woman Correspondent).

TO debate the difficult motion, "That man is more important than men," delegates came from several British universities to the "Phil" centenary inter-debate.

Realising the difficulty, the charmingly garrulous delegate from Oxford flirted with innumerable illusions and left the motion virgin soil for the next speaker, who came from Glasgow and had a bright red gown. Mr. Andrew Kennedy spoke well, and with sincerity, indicating the family as the care of all social contact and stressing the need for human dignity realised by the Power of God. The London delegate, entertaining and witty, clutched his hair and introduced listeners to a new party game, "Find the Motion," in which he piled anecdote upon limerick.

Mr. Chinn from Liverpool, swaying like a metronome, swearing like a trooper, spoke of both men and movements. While he did not sparkle, the Auditor of the Literary and Historical Society, U.C.D., like a breath of the country, kept to the point. He argued

for the individual, who had the courage to think for himself, and was not controlled, robot-like, by the society. He joined most of the other speakers in the close for a brave new world.

The best speech of the evening came from the Aberdeen delegate. He reasoned maturely against the tyranny of abstract ideas, saying: "No man is more merciful than the idealist." He displayed Socialistic tendencies—a trend not incongruous in Welshmen from Aberdeen. Mr. Brydon from Edinburgh declared himself a Darwinist and an atheist.

The "Phil" President was the last speaker. He may claim lack of time as an excuse for inadequacy, if not for incomprehensibility.

The Chairman, Mr. Erskine Childers, T.D., Minister for Posts and Telegraphs, summed up. He dealt with the practical application of social and agricultural conditions in Ireland.

The motion was carried by 35 votes to 26. Ladies, who were admitted, thought the delegates from Liverpool and Glasgow sweet, but were otherwise unmoved.

card (available from S.R.C. office for 2/6, renewable for 1/-).

The inclusive charge for Thursday to Sunday is 30/-. The only functions for which extra nominal charges will be made are the dress dance and 'bus tour.

We recommend the Congress to all undergraduates and especially to those whose homes are in or near Belfast. The importance of the subject and the hospitality of the North promise to make it a most enjoyable week-end.

BREK-EK-EK-EX KOAX KOAX

The Classical Society varied the staid routine of its meetings last Friday evening. Instead of the customary essay and discussion, the meeting consisted of the "Frogs of Aristophanes," read in Rogers' robust English rendering.

P. D. H. Riddell read the part of "Dionysus" with grace and aplomb and a mild insinuation of femininity which is necessary in the presentation of that soft-centred deity. "Xanthias" was read by Y. Johnston in an acute Wellerian manner, entirely suitable to the character.

H. D. Rankin represented Aeschylus as hirsute and vociferous; J. C. Lytle well portrayed the sensitive and fluent intellect of Euripides. A variety of smaller parts were loyally sustained by other members of the Society.

In the chair Mr. J. V. Luce, F.T.C.D., contributed a vivacious and amusing preface to the proceedings.

ON MEETING:

Robert Speaight, Faith Brook
Michael Gough

The Olympia, continuing its policy of presenting pre-West End runs, is presenting this week "The Burning Glass," written by Charles Morgan. The play is of greater interest to College as Players are producing as their big offering this term, another play of Charles Morgan's—"The Flashing Stream."

Robert Speaight is one of those university graduates who, having decided that teaching is not for them, left Lincoln College, Oxford, where he had played a prominent part in the Oxford University Dramatic Society, and joined one of the North's better repertory companies—the Liverpool Repertory Company.

A sensitive actor, Speaight joined the Old Vic for the season 1931-32. He first made an impression on the public in "Journey's End." While he feels that he understands T. S. Eliot, MISS FAITH BROOK carefully told us that neither she nor even the Great Man himself (T. S. Eliot) really understood what he was getting at. She has been playing in "The Cocktail Party" in the U.S.A. for a considerable period of time. American television had been maintaining her, if not artistically at least financially. Television was a great deal more developed technically than in England, and sponsoring need not interfere at all with the enjoyment of a programme.

Turning, albeit with difficulty, from Miss Brook, we encountered Michael Gough, who discoursed to us with charming nonchalance on his career as an actor, painting as a recreation, and Hatch Street, a nursing home to which all expectant mothers should go. He is a very experienced actor. He was a pupil of the Old Vic School and has been on the stage ever since.

THE BIRTH OF "THE BLUE BLONDE"

SECONDING the motion "that there should be a Women's Magazine in Trinity" at the D.U. Elizabethan Society last Friday, Miss Eve Ross rejected the implication that all women fell into one of two categories—the dumb blonde or the blue stocking. Plenty of girls, she said, could raise the status of a female magazine above that of a mere fashion parade, which was all Miss Jean Richards, opposing the motion, expected.

In contrast to these reserved female comments, the two hardened male journalists were interesting and frank. Mr. Anthony Bolchover, proposing the motion, believed that women were making a mistake in trying to enter into the same activities as men. In keeping aloof on their pedestal they would be infinitely more alluring to the male sex. Then with heavy Bolchoverian subtlety, he twisted the idea of aloofness. They should not rely on hospitality in the male-controlled magazines, but start an independent publication. Mr. Bolchover had armed himself with a copy of "Woman" for which he professed great admiration. No man, he confessed, could have committed such intricacies as the story "Conquest" or the passionate letter from "Disillusioned."

Mr. Denis MacDonnell, editor of "T.C.D.", thanked the Society for the opportunity he had been given to look upon some women's faces. Immured as he is in Botany Bay, he had remained cut off from feminine society. (Big laugh!) His strong belief, however, was

that women should keep to the occupations they were best suited for. Hoping the audience would excuse him, he gave as example childbirth, where women were acknowledged to be more competent than men. He decided they should limit themselves to such activities and not attempt to take over something which was more efficiently carried out by men.

From the floor, Mr. Allen Synge gave evidence that he had come across many efficient female writers in the world of journalism and regarded them as quite able to run their own magazine.

Mr. Vass Underwood, Bible in hand, said he was all against women in college anyway. They are a disruptive element and their proper place at the spinet.

Miss Margaret Beamish announced that not all women in college had come on a marriage hunt and those who hadn't should have a magazine for sublimation purposes.

Smiling Catriona O'Neill was in the chair and announced formally that the motion was lost narrowly.

CO-OPERATION

Although until some years ago many of the most distinguished S.R.C. delegates were "Hist" men, in recent times the S.R.C. has been completely boycotted by the major College societies.

Now a measure of recognition, indeed co-operation, is beginning to be afforded by the College Historical Society General Committee. A Committee representative has been elected to the Council.

This gesture from our oldest College Society to an organisation founded in 1942 will increase the representation of the latter.

FOUR-DAY FIESTA

Yours for 30/-

As we mentioned in last week's issue, the Irish Students' Association Congress is being held this year in Queen's University, Belfast, from March 18th to 21st. The central theme is, "The Absorption of Graduates into Industrial and Professional Life in Ireland." The

"Trinity News" Literary Competition

Write a short, preferably humorous, article of not more than 600 words on any topic. Signed contributions should be submitted to our box in No. 3 College or by post before the 25th of February, and if desired they may bear a non-deplume. All contributions will be judged by the Editorial Board, whose decision is final, and who will give a prize of one guinea to the author of the winning article, which will be published in our last issue of term.

The Editorial Board will publish the names of the authors and the titles of other entries considered to be of a high standard. They also reserve the right not to make any award in the event of there not being an entry of sufficiently high standard. Those entries which are accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope will be returned.

preliminary programme has just been issued and here are some of the major events from it:—

Thursday, 18th—7.30 p.m.: Reception for guests by Q.U.B. S.R.C.

Friday, 19th—9.30 a.m.: Opening meeting of Congress. Speakers: Dr. Eric Ashby, Vice-Chancellor Q.U.B.; President Q.U.B. S.R.C.; President I.S.A. 3.30-5.0 p.m.: An eminent industrialist will speak on the main theme of the Congress followed by questions and discussions. 7.0-8.30 p.m.: "Brains Trust." 10.0 p.m.-3.0 a.m.—Dress dance.

Saturday, 20th—10.0 a.m.: Two professional men will speak on the theme. 1.30: Bus tour. 7.30-11.0 p.m.—Hop.

The Congress is open to all University students. Those wishing to attend should apply for registration forms to I. D. Thomas (Hon. Sec., I.S.A.), c/o. 4 College, before March 1st. Applicants should produce an up-to-date student

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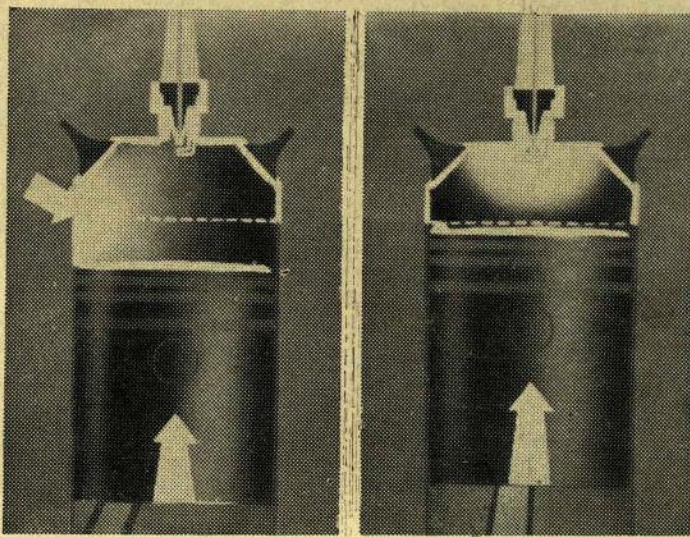
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All copy intended for publication must be accompanied by the name of the contributor even if this is not for publication.

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Vol. I

TRINITY NEWS

No. 8

THURSDAY, 11TH FEBRUARY, 1954

ON looking up February 14th in our new Trinity diary we found Septuagesima. Well really! In disgust we threw it down and borrowed our Wife's which said: "St. Valentine Bp. and Martyr circa 270." This "Bp. and Martyr" must have been no insignificant "Bp. and Martyr" to be still remembered in these modern days, but in our indolence we leave the matter there and not without certain qualms write about love. For we know not who may read these lines that will, by the printer's art, be bequeathed to posterity and we begin to regret our temerity in discussing this subject, which is so dear to everyone's heart.

For the young Junior Freshman love is like a vintage wine, to be tasted and savoured; but for the sophisticated Senior Sophister it is but an apéritif which has to be changed often to avoid boredom. We cannot help wondering in our smug way if any College "affaires de coeur" flourish into marriage. While realising that "hope springs eternal in the female breast," we can only presume that this is the reason, apart from their fees, for women in College!

Enough of this cynicism; we do not really disapprove of women, even in College. We do, however, abhor any outward visible signs of love, especially in Front Square, and we suspect this is because of our Puritan upbringing. While on the subject of women in College, perhaps we might be permitted to add our plea to the Board for the alteration of the 7.30 p.m. rule. We do not support any break with tradition, but cannot see the harm in bending it, say, till 10 p.m. Is the Board's decision because of the behaviour inside College? After seeing the child-like exhibition last Guy Fawke's Night coupled with the intermittent pyrotechnics we begin to wonder. The answer is in your hands.

The fashion in Ireland nowadays appears to be marriage as late in life as possible. Even taking into consideration the difficulty of providing for a family, it seems to us a very one-sided contract to marry when you're too old to share any youthful pleasures with your wife. The trouble lies with the womenfolk who thoroughly spoil their male offspring by waiting on them and not insisting on their help with the domestic chores.

We have become much more serious than intended, not perhaps without reason. However, may we wish all our readers (if they are still with us) a Very Happy Valentine's Day.



COLLEGE QUIZ

- 1.—What is Dr. Bryan Robinson famous for?
- 2.—After which Scottish physician is a Dublin hospital named?
- 3.—When did the first meeting of the "Hist" take place?
- 4.—To whose memory is the end window in College Chapel dedicated?
- 5.—Where was this window made?
- 6.—What do the sculptures on either side of the doors of the Dixon Hall represent?

(Answers on Page Four)

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Profile:

THE CAPTAIN OF THE
D.U. BOAT CLUB

John C. Pearson



John Crawte Pearson was elected to his present position of Captain of the Boat Club not on the strength of any aura of rakishness which his Regency background might suggest, but solely because of his outstanding prowess in the field of athletics. Indeed, any suggestion of a Georgian heritage of dissipation is distasteful to him, especially in connection with the Boat Club.

Born at Rottingdean, he went to King's School, Canterbury, where he was a prominent member of the rugby XV for several years. His interests have not changed with the years, and it is as an athlete that he has made his reputation at Trinity, though not in any way at the expense of his scholastic career, in which he combines an interest in history with his course of Legal Science.

"Mens Sana in corpore sano" would seem to be his motto, and it has served him well, judging from his rapid ascent to stardom in rowing circles (he rose directly from the maiden to the senior boat), where his qualities of leadership and stamina were instrumental in stroking the Trinity crews to record-breaking success in the Dublin Head of the River and the Gannon Cup last year.

He considers it unfortunate that the more boisterous social activities of the Boat Club receive so much public attention, as this creates a false impression for prospective members who are interested in the athletic rather than the liquorous amenities of the Club.

He is definitely anti-romantic in temperament, and thinks that Women, Work and Rowing are an impossible combination, but we suspect that this is due to timidity rather than to any quality of innate misogyny. He is almost totally abstemious, so much so that he has on more than one occasion been embarrassed with requests that he should take part in a temperance crusade. He has also suffered embarrassment on account of his absentmindedness, which once caused him to leave certain essential articles of his clothing in a well-known Dublin hostelry.

THE UNQUIET GRAVE

If the stage manager, prompt-book in hand, had "Deus ex machina" appeared personally on the boards and supplied the many missing links, Thursday's performance of the Studio Scenes from "The Doctor's Dilemma" might have been less of a torture. As it was—hats off to him—he was the only person (with the honourable exception of Mr. C. Raphael) who took his cues promptly. Harsh words, perhaps, but a performance of a Shaw play succeeds or fails on the verbal delivery of the dialogue, and if the smooth flow of this is interrupted by an endless series of pauses and "non sequiturs," the play is utterly ruined.

Louis Dudebat, the hero, or villain, as the case may be (one is never quite sure!) was meant to be a ruthless, uncompromising idealist. His lines have a latent venom, but Mr. C. Fitzsimmons O'Connor invested them with the unctuous self-righteousness, though without the self-assurance of Uriah Heep.

There was a moment of relieving vigour in Mr. Brian Shiels' (Bloomfield Bonington) apologia for medical ethics, and Mr. Hugh Milner (Sir Patrick Cullen) also served who only stood and waited—for his cues; like Godot he waited in vain—they had already passed him by. Mr. Raphael (Colenso Ridgeon) was a lone tower of strength.

THEY ALSO SERVE

IF your reaction to Civil Servant is "cup of tea" or "passed to you, please", read "Portrait of a Profession" by Sir Edward Bridges (Library press-mark 72 h 61). In particular, the undergraduate with a syntactical bent cannot fail to see what an absorbing job it must be. In the main, the book is concerned with the Administrative Class and itself well illustrates the qualities needed in a good administrative officer. The senior civil servant rarely fails to impress with his specialist knowledge, frequently in a subject remote from the work of his present department. His skill in administration may be more appreciated by his colleagues, but in my own experience the fractious businessman drawn into conference with a Government department is often surprised into praising the deft and pungent summing-up. The intellectual integrity of the civil servant nearly always has an especial appeal to the young graduate. Perhaps not least because there are often sad lapses in the academic world.

Although the greater part of recruiting to the Civil Service in Ireland concerns the technical and professional man, this year there are to be two vacancies in the Administrative class south of the Border and two in the same class to the north. Details about the former are expected soon. The latter have already been publicised along with the regulations for the British Civil Service competitions. The closing date for these competitions is February 27th.

Graduates who are interested in opportunities at Stormont should see the recent regulations of the Civil Service Commission (N.I.), whereby candidates up to the age of 25 may apply for the Clerical grade. These vacancies are a good deal more promising than might at first appear, because selection for administrative posts will be made from them and, because of the age of the present staff in most departments, there must be some rapid promotions. For similar historical reasons, many vacancies in Dublin could be viewed in the same light by a man who was determined to help build a tradition here.

If your reaction to Civil Service in Dublin is a not so gentle invocation, read the article entitled "The Economist and Public Policy" by Patrick Lynch in STUDIES, Autumn, 1953. (Periodical room.) Only the first-rate need apply to help to solve a half of the problems he mentions. It may seem worth while to learn Irish even to attempt them, but it will also need vision.

Those who want a halfway house between Civil Service and "the hurly-burly of business" may find it in a Government-sponsored organisation, a Coal, Turf, Electricity, or Gas Board. In this sphere, too there is need for a new tradition in public relations and public enterprise. It would be a tragedy if all the adventurous graduates were to go to foreign parts and miss the opportunities at home.

A. H. B. McCLATCHY.
Appointments Officer.

A WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW



HAVE these years in Trinity been worth while? Yes, I think so. We have undergone social adjustment and development, to say nothing of the odd bits of knowledge we have picked up from time to time. But we have been living in a very congenial little world, and it is just possible there is going to be a bump somewhere. Are we, with all our varied interests, our initiative and our social graces, going to find it easy to accept and be accepted by the world outside? So many University women appear ill-adjusted outside their particular milieu. They are discontented if they do not automatically step into an easy, well-paid job, involving the minimum of actual physical effort. (There is in this the snob's value of the black-coated worker.)

They are often incapable of getting on with anyone possessing simple tastes and manners, regardless of individual value. Witness here the sometimes intolerable affectation displayed by the educated young woman when confronted with someone who never got beyond the

secondary modern level. Sympathetic projection does not seem much to ask, but it is surprising how often it is lacking. In this matter of human relationships, the University woman should show a finer understanding; but frequently education means a step away from humanity instead of towards it.

It is for this reason that she is so often regarded by the world outside as stuck up and out of touch with the more mundane matters of life. Then, graduates are, on the whole, regarded as an asset; but the women are still looked upon with mixed amusement and misgiving. "Wouldn't it have been much better, dear, if you had taken a domestic science course?" or "What a pity she's so changed since she went to University."

We believe that we will have gained a great deal from our University years and will be able to contribute more to our society whether as married or professional women. But do not let us lose the ability to laugh at ourselves if we get too serious, and let us see our own value in a true perspective.

There is such a thing as over-efficiency. They like to think they are protecting us even if it's only to make them feel twice the men they are.

NOBODY KNOWS

HAVE you ever been abroad Yes? Good, then we hope that you have benefited from your travels. But you are not all so fortunate, some of you have never been outside Ireland. What a pity! Travel will broaden your mind, undoubtedly. It will also teach you how to behave socially towards people of a different race, creed or nationality from your own. You might shed some of your more irritating "gaucheries," such as staring at Africans, especially when they are in mixed company, or asking them whether they feel cold in Ireland. After all, you feel cold here, don't you? Sometimes? We know that you don't mean to be deliberately tactless, but naivety in repeated doses grates on the nerves after a while. And nobody likes being thought of merely as a curiosity value, like something you pay 6d. to see at a side-show.

I do not belong to Ireland. My stay here is but a transient one. I like it here. Some of the people are very friendly, some ignore my presence, others make it clear that they resent it. The first group I like, the second I ignore reciprocally, the third I leave to heaven.

Socially, I do not force myself on other people. This probably has its disadvantages, as I don't meet all the people from whose acquaintance I would

most benefit. We are not all princes, you know. And I would like to know how you would fare in a totally foreign country, living on a very limited income.

But to return to my point about travel I have found that English people are more friendly on the whole, just because they are more experienced in dealing with foreigners than you are. I am sure that fundamentally it is the lack of this experience on your part which makes you seem semi-hostile and on your guard. Oh yes, and another thing you would not like it if I said that the Irish kept their pigs in the bedroom? I find similar generalisations about Africa equally infuriating.

I am most grateful to all the people who help to make my stay here an enjoyable one, and hope that some day I will have an opportunity of showing them my appreciation. "NIGERIUS."

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FOUR & SIX

U.P.S. and Downs

WE enjoyed the "Phil" ball immensely. For the first half-hour Botros, looking resplendent in a borrowed dinner jacket, conducted the orchestra and then departed. Partnerless squire Dick Tottenham and Dermot Daly consoled each other with county anecdotes. Pat Melia was seen to be drinking milk, and Uncle Hugh Milner (from New Zealand) danced, youthfully abandoned with new niece Jill Booth. The evening was interrupted by two intruders who quickly annexed someone else's gin—we understand they had been given tickets by Tony Garrett-Anderson. The Beauty Queen of the evening was Gillian Aykroyd—could it be because she was at the guests' table? Vital drugs for a sick patient were rushed in by a disguised Chris. Raphael.

Watson Goes East?

The information we gave last week appears to require amendment as Paddy Burges Watson is again to be seen with Stephanie de Renzy. Fickle fellow!

Otter goes West

In the Burges Watson-Westby car, Nick Westby took Otter for a ride last Monday. Scarcely were they outside Trinity when Otter's chatter so unnerved Nick that he crashed and John Francis Laurens sailed through heaven to Sir Patrick Dun's.

"HIST" REPORT

Last week, the College Historical Society debated the motion "That the Revival of the Irish Language is a Praiseworthy Objective". The meeting naturally attracted speakers with extreme views, and a good audience was further ensured by the presence of Mr. Eoin O'Mahony, K.M., in the chair.

Those opposing the motion had little new to say, except Mr. Owen Flood, who declared that there were no Irish left in Ireland and that, whether they liked it or not, all present inhabitants were Anglo-Irish! Mr. Studdert, Mr. S. C. R. Meacock and Mr. R. D. F. Kimmit formed an unhappy trio of exiled Englishmen whose arguments were hardly plausible, but we were impressed by Mr. Kimmit's brilliant denunciation of "this barbarian language", which undoubtedly secured a majority for his side at the division.

The case for the revival of Irish was led by Mr. Irwin, supported by the Treasurer in one of the most interesting and well delivered speeches we have heard for several years. Mr. R. W. W. Johnston suggested a form of political devolution and economic development for the West of Ireland; given such a centre, Irish culture could equal that of France or Britain. We were surprised to hear from Mr. Pyle that he had taken time off from his studies (to see the Irish pantomime), and his argument that Irish was alive was illustrated by Mr. Exshaw in a prolonged rendering of Irish poetry.

The Chairman did not sum up, but gave his own views on the subject. He regretted the result of the conquests over Celtic peoples—a precious linguistic heritage had nearly been lost to civilisation. The policy of the Government, said Mr. O'Mahony, is not so much to enforce the learning of Irish as to require that every member of the Civil Service and of certain professions should know the language. He considered it a misconception to think that the fate of language was bound up with nationality; it depended rather on its recognition by foreigners, and, more important, by the people themselves.

"KENYA ENSLAVED"

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Newcomer

A few days ago we came across a young contemporary of ours, "The Dubliner." It is a very pleasant six-pager with a literary slant. Amongst its several interesting articles was one by Mrs. Brewster of the Dublin Marriage Bureau, and there was also a profile by Deirdre McSharry of Nuala Cassidy, recently engaged to Mike Fitzgerald. We think this paper is an excellent two penny-worth, especially as it includes a complete radio programme for the week.

Oldcomer

The return of Mo Jaffer has not gone unnoticed. Indeed, his vigorous efforts to keep the "Hist" lighting and heating in perfect order have made us consider him as a possible successor to Jack as G.M.B. Attendant.

Autobogganning

Two Saturdays ago we happened to be near Drumgoff, luckily missing Commons, when we came across a convoy of cars, wheels slipping on the snowy surface and headlamps blazing. It seems we had bumped into the Car Club's second winter rally — Trinity's own Monte Carlo. In spite of the roaring engines we overheard one competitor say to another that he had seen his car earlier that day with a list to port. "Sorry to see you had a puncture," consoled his friend. "That was no puncture—that was my wife!"

POETRY GROUP

At last Thursday's meeting Dr. Davie discussed and read several poems of William Empson. He drew a contrast between Empson's poetry, conceived in the 18th century tradition of a fixed intellectual standpoint-wit employed in the juxtaposition of opposing meanings, and the poetry of T. S. Eliot conceived to a great extent under the influence of the 19th century Symbolists, and presenting a non-humanistic approach in which apprehension comes before understanding.

Dr. Davie then read and analysed several of Empson's poems, including "Camping Out," "The Last Pain," and "Just a Smack at Auden"; his rendering of the latter was the highlight of the evening.

The ensuing discussion was stimulating, and it was finally decided that though much of Empson's work took the form of intellectual manoeuvres, his value lay in his encouragement of careful textual study:

*Imagine then by miracle with me,
(Ambiguous gifts, as what gods give must be)
What could not possibly be there
And learn a style from a despair.*

"PERMANENTLY SUBMERGED"

"Of all the devices made by man for his own destruction, few exceed the ingenuity, deadliness and complexity of the modern submarine."

Mr. Peter Gildea-Evans, speaking to the Engineering Society last week, opened his discourse with those words. He traced the history of the submarine from back in the 17th century, when a Dutchman named Drebbel successfully navigated his boat under the Thames until the time, two weeks ago, when Mrs. Eisenhower launched the 2,000-ton U.S.S. "Nautilus", the first atomic submarine.

Cargo-carrying subs., those equipped with a seaplane, and others with torpedoes which, guided by the sound of their target's engines, can hardly fail to miss their mark, were all mentioned with enthralling illustrations.

Even the "Nautilus" has room for improvement. Her engines are noisy, and her "snort"—or air supply—is detectable on radar. Scientists are now researching on chemicals to absorb waste gases and then release oxygen, and they are even trying to imitate the lowly fish by extracting air from the sea! Fish also have unwittingly caused investigation into the idea of a fin-driven submarine.

One of these days, as a U.S. Admiral recently said, submarines will need to surface only once in four years, and then merely to re-enlist the men.

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BLOODHOUNDS ON BROADWAY



A man once strode into the office of the New York University student newspaper, "Square Bulletin," and tried to strangle me. It seems he objected to a review I had written of a local production of

Gilbert and Sullivan's "H.M.S. Pinafore", in which I had compared his beautiful protegee's singing to that of a dyspeptic screech owl. After being forcibly subdued by bird-loving onlookers, and having extracted a promise from me never to refer to his soprano as dyspeptic, the wild-eyed gentleman departed.

I recite this incident not to give the impression that manual massage of the jugular vein is common sport in American college newspaper offices, but rather to convey an idea of the hectic atmosphere which pervades some of these offices. At least, one could never complain of boredom during an average day at "Square Bulletin".

The newspaper, one of four at New York University, was published twice weekly then (I think it is a daily now), and the three small rooms which comprised the paper's office were usually mobbed with members of our staff of 70 men and women. On deadline days, the editors literally had to shout to be heard over the clamour, laughter, telephone conversations, off-key singing, and clatter of a battery of typewriters.

Out of this noise and excitement was born, twice weekly, "Square Bulletin". It was a five-column, eight-page tabloid, approximately the size of the Dublin "Times Pictorial", and consisted of general college news, sports articles, features, and an editorial page which was our pride and joy.

Often, when the paper hit the news-stands on a particular morning, it contained accounts of events which had taken place the night before. This, of course, often meant working until 3 a.m. at the printer's; but we had the same enlightened attitude toward lectures as has the Trinity student.

Many American college newspapers are published daily, and, since they are often the only papers of any sort available in small college towns, they carry world news as well as university events. This task is implemented by the use of professional news wire services such as the Associated Press. The work load of a daily schedule is eased by dividing the main staff into five sections to alternately handle each day's issue.

New York University, however, is a metropolitan institution, and, consequently, the only interest of the student newspaper was in college happenings. But personal columnists were free to write on any subject, including external politics.

One aspect of the American college newspaper which I have not mentioned in detail is its social life. Most of the people on "Square Bulletin" were either aspiring journalists, care-free bachelors always anxious to adjourn to the nearest pub, or ambitious women studying for the highest degree of their sex—to B.A. Mrs.

These common interests among staff members enhanced the social atmosphere and inspired numerous parties, in the office and out. Occasionally, this led to difficulties in the journalistic end of the paper, and in a number of instances, the job of the editor was to persuade a frantic mother at the other end of a telephone that her daughter's virtue was safe, even if she hadn't been home for a couple of nights.

"Mark Twain."

APOLOGY

We regret that the appreciation of the late Professor Dixon which appeared last week over the initials of Mr. G. W. P. Dawson, Acting Head of the Botany School, was in fact only part of appreciation which Mr. Dawson kindly contributed.

"Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the Party."

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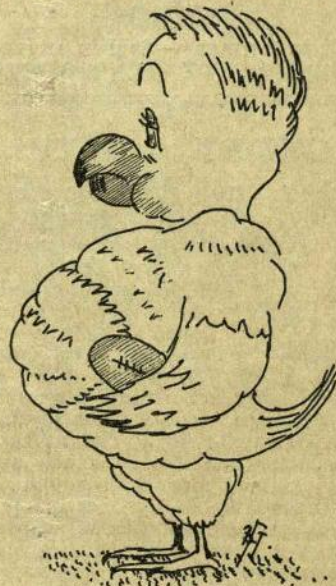
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COMMON TRINITY BIRDS

No 2

GREAT WHITE RUGGER FORWARD (Or Tight Scrum-Nester)



DESCRIPTION. — Thick tweed-like plumage with pink band round the neck. All this is shed on Saturday when the bird assumes a lily-white aspect. (Younger birds assume red and black plumage.) Cauliflower ears with black-ringed eyes and shoulders wider than the distance from beak to tail. No female has yet been found.

SONG.—KNOCKTHEIRHEADSOFF or LETS-HAVETHISBALLBACKTRINITY—often uttered superfluously.

HABITS.—Circular flight round College Park, interspersed with vicious kicks at any oval pebbles it should stumble on. If the bird is genuine, it does this about thrice a week. Often goes to bed early and rises with the lark. Never sees the lark, however, except when on migration or on Saturday nights at the Lincoln, where it imbibes sufficient for a week and becomes tighter than it was in the scrum nest.

"I MUST SAY"

LATE on the eve of the great January sales, flares flickered orangely over the glossy waters of the Liffey as the galleys of Tyre and Sidon crept up the river on the tide. As quietly as the Moors who once surprised Seville, they drew alongside, and only the creaking of sandals and the clink of brass ear-rings were heard as lithe brown mariners bore tight fat bales along the quayside, to pile them high beneath the vault of a vacant warehouse.

In the morning, Dublin's late-night drinkers awoke with fuddled memories of corrugated beards and strong, clean teeth, glimpsed between tall, slim bottles through the smoke-haze of the bar. But the strangers had sailed away. And now, do those old soaks and young toppers of the city pause to wonder why they cannot shamble or saunter from Mooney's in College Street to Mooney's in Harry Street without rubbing shoulders with a hundred purple coats?

It is the seafarers from the Middle East that we must thank for the riot, the barrage of colour which has been our city's answer to the recent waves of wintry weather. For the little ladies of Dublin it is purple, purple all the way, with the old favourites, from brick-red to magenta, scarcely to be seen. At every turn the almost ultra-violet rays flash out their message of gladness through the encircling gloom. Among the Queens of Fashion, too, the influence of Asia Minor has left an indelible impression; for if in these exalted circles the indelible-pencil mauve is confined to spots and dashes among the accessories, the modish paragons have found it increasingly quaint and amusing (one might say *bazaar*) to sport large earrings, massy bangles, and even knitted caps, which all have a tang of the tideless Mare Nostrum.

But if Phoenicia has brought to us this winter a new and luxuriant glow, the traffic has not been all one way. I have before me as I write a letter (written in green ink upon apricot-tinted papyrus) in which a cultivated and observant friend of mine in Beirut assures me that "there is not an orange-girl in all the city but she wears a short, pleated skirt, almost the colour of the fruit, but a thought inclined to mustard, while the Sultanas carry circular brooches of light metal called "taara," and bracelets of a strong, dark wood called "bogoke."

GOOD NEWS

The Co-Op. will be paying a 10 per cent. dividend this year instead of the usual 7½ per cent.

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RUGBY — 1st XV

Trinity's First Win for Months

At the Mardyke, Cork, Trinity defeated University College, Cork, by a penalty and two tries (9 points) to two tries (6 points). There were several changes from the side which played Wesley a fortnight ago and the team began to produce some of the fire of the Colours' game. The backs combined better and the forwards worked harder in the loose, while maintaining their superiority in tight scrummaging. In loose rushes they came off second best to the Cork forwards, who revelled in the heavy mud, but their shoving in the loose mauls was well-sustained and the back row were quick on the ball. Tector kicked a penalty for Trinity soon after the start, but several loose rushes gave Cork a footing near the Trinity line. Trinity heeled from the ruck, but a Cork forward secured the touchdown. Cork went further ahead when a centre punted through for a team-mate to gather and place it for the wing to score. Gaston equalised for Trinity with a magnificent run which was loudly applauded by the crowd. The Trinity team was on top and all the backs ran well. Lyle at out-half was impressive, while Tector ran strongly in thrusts through the centre.

After half-time the game settled down into a forward battle. The Cork rushes were always dangerous, but the Trinity defence, although slow, was safe. The forwards steamrolled the opposition in several break aways. In a loose rush O'Connor dribbled over for a try and a few moments later the whistle went for full time.

National Trounce Trinity

University and Colleges League—
T.C.D. v. U.C.D. at Grangegorman

Heavily depleted by injuries and other causes, Trinity gave a disappointing display at Grangegorman last Wednesday. Wheeler, absent on a hockey engagement, and Brennan were badly missed in the defence, and the forward line, deprived of Armstrong's scheming, seemed purposeless.

On a treacherous surface, U.C.D. accustomed themselves quickly to the conditions and throughout the match held territorial advantage. Both the goals were scored by Trinity — for U.C.D.! Kendall's hasty fly-kick cannoned off Brindley into the net, and in the second half Prendergast repeated his lapse of the previous match by calmly slicing a corner-kick into his own goal.

Best of a weak lot were McAuley, McVicker and Hannigan. Hyland, at outside left, tried hard, but was a lone ranger.

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SOCCER

Collingwood Cup, 1954

The Irish Universities Association Football Championship for the Collingwood Cup commences in Dublin on Thursday, 11th February. This cup was presented in 1914 by Professor Collingwood of University College, Dublin, with a view to fostering and promoting soccer football in the universities, and it is probably fair to say that it is the greatest single factor in keeping the game alive among undergraduates.

This year, Trinity College, Dublin, are the hosts and for the first time in the history of the competition all five Irish universities are represented, and for this, great credit is due to Dr. Barry Hooper, President of U.C.D. Soccer Club. One of the more pleasing features of this year's championship is the welcome presence of Queen's University, who make their first Collingwood appearance for five years. U.C.D., as winners for the last six seasons, must be regarded as favourites, but here a note of warning must be struck, for they have had the worst of the draw. On Thursday, 11th February, they meet University College, Galway, at Bird Avenue, in a preliminary round, and if they surmount this hurdle, they line out in the semi-final against a strong Dublin University eleven on the Friday in College Park. The same afternoon, the other semi-final brings together Queen's and University College, Cork, at Grangegorman, in what might well prove to be the match of the competition. College Park is the venue for Saturday's final and this match undoubtedly has all the ingredients for a sterling and exciting struggle. Certainly, a match worth seeing.

CROSS-COUNTRY

Hey-Day for Harriers

On Saturday last the Harriers defeated University College of North Wales by 37 points to 41 points. As a team, the Trinity side put up their best display of the season, with the latter scoring members putting up their best individual times for the course.

The day was fine, but it was slippery underfoot owing to surface mud. After half a mile S. Webley and R. Mackay (D.U.H.) were opening up a gap from D. White, the Bangor captain, who was followed by two of his team mates. B. S. Brewster, making his first appearance for the Harriers this season, ran strongly to overtake these two and come fourth. Meanwhile Webley and Mackay, not unduly pressed, came in together, two minutes ahead of White. C. Bamber and D. Williamson came eighth and 10th, respectively, for D.U.H., a good performance, and Robinson completed the scoring team in 12th position.

P. N. Ross, running for Hermes A.C. and South of the Liffey, came second to the All-Ireland Junior Cross-Country Champion in the annual North v. South of the Liffey race. Ross, who is training with Webley and Mackay, is making a bid to retain his place on the Irish team. If he shows this form he will certainly do it.

Answers to College Quiz

- 1.—Calculation of the velocity of the blood circulation.
- 2.—Sir Patrick Dun's Hospital.
- 3.—1770.
- 4.—Archbishop Ussher.
- 5.—Munich, 1867.
- 6.—Wonder and aspiration.

TOWN AND GOWN

Theatres and Cinemas

OLYMPIA.—Nightly, 8 p.m.: Jean Kent in "A Call on the Widow."

GAITY.—Sunday, Feb. 14th, at 8 p.m.: Final Winter Prom. R. Marchionni (Violin), with R.E. Symphony Orchestra. Nightly, 8 p.m., commencing Feb. 15th: "The White Countess" (World Premiere).

ABBEY.—8 p.m. Nightly: "Katie Roche," by Teresa Deevy.

GATE.—Commencing Tues., Feb. 16th, at 8 p.m.: Micheál MacLiammóir in "Tolka Row," by Maura Laverty.

ROYAL.—Stephen McNally, Alexis Smith in "Split Second."

CAPTOL.—"Roman Holiday," with Gregory Peck and Audrey Hepburn.

METROPOLE.—"Julius Caesar" (retained).

ADELPHI.—"The Man Between" (retained).

GRAFTON.—"Tales of Hoffman" (revived).

REGAL.—Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame in "The Big Heat."

GREEN.—"The Turning Point," with William Holden, Edmond O'Brien, Alexis Smith. Also: "The Woman on Pier 13."

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11th

8.0 p.m.—U.P.S.: "Kenya Enslaved." Essay by A. R. F. Razaq.

4.0 p.m.—D.U. Elizabethian Society. Maurice Chevalier on Gramophone Records, in No. 6.

4.0 p.m.—"Luis de Camões and the Epic of the Discoveries." Dr. Luis de S. Rebelo. In the Museum Building.

8.0 p.m.—Poetry Group: "Meredith," by Jonathan Warner. In Regent House.

MONTE CARLO

DUBLINIENSIS Winter Rally



Their representatives having returned from Monte Carlo, the D.U.M.C. and L.C.C. held their second annual rally, starting, as usual, from the Embankment Inn, Tallagh.

Considering the severity of the weather, the saloon car class was fairly well supported, but the sports car entries were most disappointing. Notable this year were the number of small hotted up saloon entries. Among these I noticed Alec Malcolm's Minor, Dr. H. McMahon's 2-carburettor Volkswagen, and Henry Smith's Porche-V.W., which won the saloon class last year.

From the start the 26 competitors proceeded at two-minute intervals to Ballymore Eustace through falling snow. Here the Club's President, Dr. Michael Fry, politely autographed everyone's road book. A quick forward-reverse forward test and competitors were off to the wide open spaces and eventually the cut control high in the Slieve Bloom Mountains. Here Harry Howden in his mountain Eyre, strong and silent as ever, impressed everybody by his well oiled efficiency.

At Keirney the sight of four shirt-sleeved gentlemen ensconced in a tropically conditioned trans-Atlantic product caused eyebrows to be raised and the test which followed caused tyre pressures to be lowered. From here on the field began to thin out, only one competitor getting through to the Drungoff control without loss of time marks. In all tests Paddy Hopkirk in his Volkswagen did well, and the driving of Alec Malcolm in his new Morris Minor was also worthy of mention. The route continued through Glendalough, Blessington, Sally Gap to the Rocky Valley, where Neill Browne and Norman Williams, together with their charming escorts, made everyone welcome and conducted the final test and control with cheerful sympathy.

STUDENT TOSTAL BOARD SET UP

At a meeting arranged by the S.R.C. in conjunction with An Bord Fáilte, it was unanimously decided to set up a Student Tostal Committee. Mr. Curry, representing An Bord Fáilte, said that the aims of his Board were to encourage tourism. He felt that Trinity could do much in helping the Dublin Tostal Committee. It was, he continued, not the policy of An Bord Fáilte to propose any scheme, but for the University to have its own Tostal Board. Questions were asked chiefly concerning financial aid. Mr. Curry replied that An Bord Fáilte would help financially any cause worthy of sponsorship.

Mr. Mitchell, the Registrar, who was in the chair, thanked Mr. Curry for having come to the meeting and announced that, as last year, College would be floodlit for An Tostal; there would be general lectures, and the Library would hold a special exhibition. Mr. Clarke then took over the chair and it was decided that all interested would meet at 8 p.m. on Monday next in Regent House to discuss the formation of a Student Tostal Committee.

MEN'S HOCKEY

Athy Retains Mauritius Cup



For the second year in succession, Trinity won the Mauritius Cup, competed for by the Universities of Dublin and Belfast. They drew one goal each with U.C.D. Athy scored for Trinity just before half-time, and Kreczunowicz equalised for U.C.D. in the second half.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY

Chilean Cup

On the last two Saturdays, Trinity have played Newcomes, winning the first game by 4 goals to 1, and the second by 5 goals to 2. The second was a drab, uninteresting affair, with Rosemary Harris and Liz "Tiger" Carson prominent for Trinity.

On Friday and Saturday, the competition for the Chilean Cup, the inter-Varsity trophy, will be held in Belfast. Trinity meet Royal College of Surgeons in the first round on Friday. We wish them luck.

BOXING

Baxter Wins Title

The Irish Universities' Junior Championships were held at the Stadium on Saturday. Several Trinity boxers took part. M. Liscomb won the light title without a fight, and Ritchie fought well to reach the semi-final of the light - welter division. Baxter, however, was the star and with a series of good right crosses forced his opponent to retire in the first round of the middleweight final.



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