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Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

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PROVOST TO ACT?

New Moves towards the Creation of a Union

AUDITOR of the "Hist.", Desmond Kimmitt, and President of the "Phil.", David Hodgins, were seen by the Provost Mr. McConnell, on Monday afternoon. Miss Eve Ross, Chairman of the "Liz.", and Mr. Furlong, the Provost's representative on the G.M.B. Central Committee, were also present. It is understood that matters relating to the status of the major societies in College were discussed. No statement was issued after the meeting, but when questioned, Mr. Kimmitt expressed himself as "extremely satisfied."

This marks a new move in the campaign to increase co-operation between the "Hist." and the "Phil." with a view to widening their facilities. Already sub-committees have been set up by the two societies for this purpose, and these have affirmed their intention of meeting together before reporting back to their committees.

Mr. Exshaw, a distinguished Hist. lawyer, expressed the view that there can now be no doubt that fundamental changes in the position of the societies in College may be expected.

It appears that the Board would not be opposed to the conversion of the G.M.B. into a "Union Building," as outlined in the Auditor's exclusive statement to "Trinity News" last week. The presence of the "Liz." representative at the meeting with the Provost seems to imply that the question of a composite "society fee" to be payable by all students in College is under consideration.

FEMININE VIEW

Inquiries in No. 6 and at Trinity Hall reveal a general dissatisfaction with recreation facilities in the University. There is unanimous agreement that the setting-up of a coffee lounge on the ground floor of the G.M.B. would be an acceptable solution to the "19th century



Miss Eve Ross.

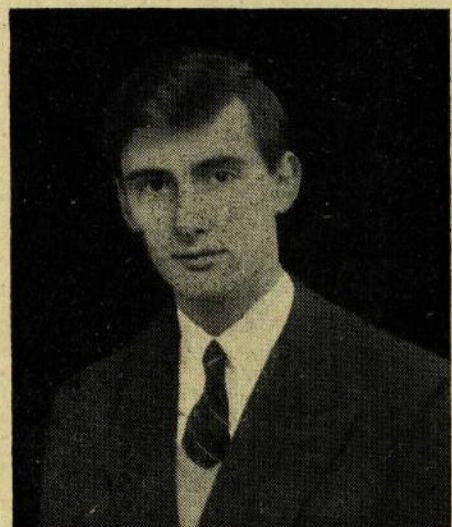
division between the sexes," which is the main feature of the present arrangement.

"An excellent idea," was the opinion of Miss Maureen Whittaker, and this typified the enthusiasm which greeted the suggestion.

Controversy in other sections of

College centres round the question of a compulsory membership levy. In answer to our correspondent's query on this point, a leading figure in College life, who is not a member of either society, said:

"The ever-increasing College fees do not merit further additions, unless something concrete is offered in return. Can we be certain that facilities equivalent to those offered by English



Mr. Ian Thomas.

University Unions will be provided? I agree that the G.M.B. would make such a satisfactory centre of social activities in Trinity. The time has come for the Board to show its magnanimity by entirely converting the G.M.B. into the most modern Union in these islands."

LAURENTIAN LEVITY

At a meeting of the College Classical Society on Friday, February 25th, Mr. J. V. Luce read a paper entitled "Plato and Orphism," in the course of which he put forward the disproved differing theories on the Orphic movement, before considering its relationship with Plato and the ideas produced in Orphic literature before his death. Mr. Luce himself saw Orphism as a "skein with many strands," as a convenient title which covered a "conglomeration of beliefs and practices." This, however, he conceded, was not always the case.

Miss Daphne Boyd referred to the platonic ideas of religion and the "good life," and spoke of the value placed on primitive cults. Miss Boyd considered the essayist's definitions of Orphism and his acceptance of it as a religion.

"HIST." AND "HYPROCRISY"

The meeting of the "Hist." on Wednesday summed up the general situation in the Society this session. There were some very good speeches from Mr. Connolly Cole, Mr. Atilade and the Auditor; there were some speeches which could have been good from Mr. Jadeja, the Record Secretary; Mr. Moore, Mr. Booky and the Messrs. Sides; there were some speeches which merely broke the silence.

The motion, "That hypocrisy is the basis of Western civilisation," was cleverly misinterpreted by the opening speaker, Mr. Jadeja, and this misunderstanding was continued through the sentimentalising of Mr. Underwood, the incomprehensibility of Mr. Ogunkanmi, and the pseudo-passion of Mr. Moore. It was left to Mr. Connolly Cole, whose wit has improved in proportion to his lack of epigrams; Mr. Booky, who only needs confidence to be an excellent speaker; to Mr. Atilade, whose clarity of thought and expression should be an example to other Africans, and the Auditor, at his best in an impromptu speech, really to discuss the motion. While they were speaking, it was possible to believe the Society worthy of its traditions, but though the motion was lost, the real question was whether mediocrity should overwhelm the good speeches. Mediocrity won by a huge majority.

The speech of the Chairman, Mr. T. de Vere White, was made the more moving by a tribute to an ex-Auditor, Mr. Brereton Barry, whose portrait Mr. White presented to the Society. One suddenly realised that the "Hist." had been great, and would be great again, and as Mr. White praised the present Auditor's opening meeting, one realised, too, that the flame is yet being kept alight.

BAY MEASURED

During last week, two men, armed with tape-measures, carefully determined the dimensions and area of the Bay. It is hoped that this indicates that at last grass or a permanent hard surface is to replace the present mud-flats.

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TUM-TOMS

Anthony Cunningham is reported to have been the leader of the Tom-Tom orchestra which, using the tabletop, struck up on Commons on Monday evening. He was apparently trying to invoke the spirit of a waiter.

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B SPECIALS AGAIN

Last Saturday the authorities, taking the initiative from the Special Constabulary, set up miniature road blocks all round Front Gate.

This portal is now closed to cars from 12.45-2 p.m. and from 4.45-6 p.m. during week-days. On Saturdays the restricted hours are from 12.30-2 p.m.

Thus, the congestion in College Green will be eased during the rush hours. It has not as yet been disclosed whether, or not, the Gardai were instrumental in bringing about these alterations.

LORD MAYOR'S DEGREE

Last week all sections of College heard with pleasure the news that our Lord Mayor is to receive the Degree of Doctor of Laws (honoris causa) at the next Commencements. It is felt that the Senate could hardly have chosen a more worthy recipient.

Ten times Lord Mayor of Dublin, Mr. Byrne seems to have grown into the part, personifying as he does this ancient office in the eyes of both Dublin and Ireland.

A Dubliner born and bred, he is essentially a man of the people. His various schemes for the relief of poverty in the slum districts, including as they do such mundane gifts as bread, flour, bed clothes, and his ceaseless efforts during the Tolka disaster, cannot be praised too highly.

Mr. Byrne expressed himself honoured by College. College is also honoured by its new association with a great Lord Mayor.

MAD HATTERS

The History Society again acted in hysterical fashion last Tuesday when a Hat Debate was held. Either such speakers as Vass Underwood and John Ralston had had too much to drink or else they were reacting against the strain of a heavy term. Only Mr. Clarke, religious as ever, seemed to deplore the frivolity, not only of the History Society but the University students generally when he spoke for the motion, "That universities are millstones around the necks of society."

The motion which caused the most hilarity was, "That the house approves of Hollywood's approach to history." Mr. Huddie compared the film cowboy to the historic Pistol Pete, which Mr. Underwood outlined the history of Hollywood morality.

Protestant Mr. Shewell Cooper found himself, by a fluke of fate or by the machinations of the Auditor, proposing the motion "That Henry VIII was a loathsome monster or was it a monstrous beast; he was not quite sure which."

Mr. Noel Browne played a prominent part in the meeting. First, Mr. Kimmitt attacked him when he proposed the motion "That there is no more sordid subject than Irish politics." (Appropriately seconded by Mr. Underwood.) When Mr. Thornley summed up, he ignored the fact that everyone was itching for their tea and delivered a eulogy on the ex-Minister for Health. However, tea won the day.

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TRINITY'S PLACE

DURING the troubles a letter intercepted by the British military authorities referred to College as "the alien University." From time to time this charge has been repeated. In our humble opinion it is absurd. No other institution of higher education can boast of having played such a tremendous part in the development of what will eventually become the new Ireland. All our traditions are sacred, be they Celtic or Anglo-Irish. Each in its turn has added something to Ireland. Thus, men like Tone, Hyde and Carson are all deserving of respect. Though their concepts may have differed, they were struggling towards the same ideal.

Our critics would do well to ponder the wisdom of General O'Gowan's remark that this University contains the only truly national college in Ireland. It alone can boast that its undergraduates are drawn from all classes and creeds. By its cosmopolitanism it is fulfilling the ideal of Nationalism, which allegedly knows no boundaries.

CRITICS ALL

THE most aggravating member of the human species is the person whose outlook is always destructive. Sometimes his phobia takes the form of mere apathy. At other times he descends to fanatical vituperation. As this type may be found in all communities, and an undergraduates one is no exception. He may be identified as a person who takes little constructive interest in any of the College societies or institutions. He will refuse to read "Icarus," or for that matter anything else. Yet at the same time he will have no hesitation in prominently displaying a "Manchester Guardian" or some other such journal that is usually beyond his powers of comprehension. Illiterate, he will denounce bad syntax. Uneducated, he will criticise the taste of the "Hist." and the "Phil." The faculty societies he will probably ignore as mediocre. His time will be spent in the best red-brick tradition and eventually after four years (or more probably six) he will emerge with a second or even a third class degree. His education having been completed, he will disappear into a dreary world of introversion. As Mr. Furlong has pointed out at a Freshers' reception and as the Appointments Officer can confirm, such a person is hardly the best ambassador for the College. His colourlessness is only relieved by bitterness.

Yet strange to say, a small minority of lecturers see fit to encourage these unfortunates in their drab outlook on life. A small minority of lecturers are notorious for the dismal attitude they take to student societies. Despite the fact that they draw their salaries from the undergraduates, their opinion of student activities is purely destructive. They refuse to support them and they refuse to read the College publications. Like Sean O'Casey, they decry what they refuse to understand. Such an attitude is hardly worthy of a university.

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Review

"T.C.D."

by An Fear Cruaidh

LIKE the proverbial Banshee, "T.C.D." keeps returning every Friday with the same old howl. For well over sixty years it has struggled to maintain a reputation for wit and sophistication. After a tiresome perusal of its files, I am in a position to state that it has never been anything other than bitchy and "smart." In spirit it truly belongs to the late nineteen-twenties.

The most recent issue is among the worst that has ever appeared. Six of the twenty pages consist solely of advertisements and barely one-twentieth of its space is devoted to sports reports.

Last week its reporters succeeded in glossing over the main sporting events and gave absolutely no mention to either the Boxing Club or the Boat Club. Despite the fact that it allegedly goes to print almost five days prior to publication, its editors managed to pack in at least fourteen errors of type and more than twenty of syntax. Perhaps its public is such as to render such matters immaterial.

As a rule, "T.C.D.'s" editorials are long-winded apologies for unintelligent writing. This term has been no exception; they have been reminiscent of Wilde at his drowsiest, and Anderson at his best.

The rest of the magazine is a blatant example of the nadir of plagiarism. The special supplement, "Junior Freshwoman's Own," is unashamedly borrowed from "Punch" and could only be of interest to the immature. No doubt, the Northern Ireland schoolboy readers wrap themselves in fits of joy over its American-type humour. The article on "Freshwoman's Problems" reminds me of an Uncle Harry who used to appear in "Trinity News." As to the pseudo-advertisement, "Vomito," it is a mere re-hash founded on an almost incredible misunderstanding of the "Trinity News" "Gummo" series.

The most ambitious project is a review of "The Bishop's Bonfire," and even this is desultory. The reviewer, since he does not sign his name, must be presumed to be the editor. The spelling of "agnosticism" as "aquosticism" clearly reveals the medieval education of its author. If the play is not for burning, the review certainly is. It is nothing but tripe from beginning to end. If the editor does not know the distinction between prejudice and subjective criticism, he should cease the unequal struggle and retire to yet another public house. The writer has clearly no understanding of the Irish theatre or O'Casey, if indeed he has heard of either.

The "Remarks of the Week" are even more absurd than usual. Having given up writing about themselves, the staff of "T.C.D." are apparently reduced to quoting fictitious characters. This is dangerous, as it may lead to paranoia, both among the staff and the readers. The reference to Beelzebub is clearly from "Trinity News" rather than Fred Kenny.

In its hey-day, "Campanila" was the only consoling feature. To-day even this has declined and its authors seem incapable of the most obvious scansion. Perhaps like the editor, they have all failed Little-Go. But after all, if they weren't intellectuals they'd qualify as bores.

"The Adventure of Michael Mouse" clearly portrays the mind, if not the hand, of Dennis McDonnell. It isn't funny, so it must be subtle. While autobiographies are to be encouraged, Mr. McDonnell would be well advised to return to the editorial side of affairs. It is so much simpler.

The feature, "Bells, Books and Candles," is copied from "Isis," a more articulate contemporary. Like his predecessors, its author, Koko, spends his

time writing about himself. Perhaps this is because he is continuously on rounds of Mission parties. His pomposity, together with his humour, is usually transparent. His simple readers can rest assured that Koko gets invited to all the worst parties.

Judging by the number of Hist. and Classical Society reports, Mr. Riddell is a most active news writer. However, the tragedy of his otherwise intelligent reporting is that he rarely, if ever, ceases writing about himself and his caucus in a flattering vein. While it is all very well to have Hist. ambitions, he should not misuse his position as a reporter to advance them. Even in political circles it is not in very good taste for a correspondent to describe himself as adding a touch of greatness to a debate. No doubt the "dictat" of Vass Underwood will shortly sweep away all creative thought from the Hist. and "T.C.D.", but there is no justification for the unethical methods used to further it. Perhaps the reputation of Mr. Riddell and his cronies is being advanced—I doubt it.

With no little revulsion I now come to the most celebrated, or should I say notorious, series in "T.C.D." This is the "Boars" feature. It consists in the bestowing of cheap publicity on people who are usually introverts. It is, like most of the magazine, in the worst possible taste. Wisely throughout this series, with one possible exception, they have had no need to look beyond their own staff for suitable victims. Mr. Anderson's classification of himself in this feature showed a certain courage that was not supported by the rest of his copy. His description of himself was all too kind and not a little flattering. His critical faculties have clearly been blunted by the over-assiduous reading of mediocre proofs. On the other hand, the vilification of Bokey verged towards the libellous.

No review would be complete without a reference to the illustrations. These have been mainly done by Walter Payne. His latest effort was quite unrecognisable, though it is claimed that it represented Lennox Robinson. Perhaps Mr. Payne is changing his style from the Raphaelite to the bizarre.

If "T.C.D." came off its mud fence and gave up its cheap vituperation at the most harmless of College characters it would be doing itself and the University a good turn. Its insulting remarks and flagrant breaches of syntax can only cause reflections to be cast on the College as a whole.

"T.C.D." would serve its readers better if it ceased trying to be "clever" and became a little more down to earth. Experimental writing has to be good, and "T.C.D.", unfortunately, is just not quite up to standard. Perhaps this is the fault of its readers or perhaps it is the fault of the higher standards in Little-go.

It has all the malevolence and none of the literary merit of its Oxford contemporary, "Isis."

In its present form, "T.C.D." does more harm than good to College writing. If nothing better than this term's issues can be produced, it would do well to consider liquidation before its literary assessors finally restrain it.

Review

"ICARUS"

By A.J.L.

There is in the editorial of the current number of "Icarus" a strange note of conservatism that one does not as a rule associate with a University magazine. Is it that the leaves of the examination answer-book, made up with tags, are being used to echo the conventional text-books? At the risk of committing a sin against the persistent ghost of Aristotle, youth, creative youth has always accepted the challenge of tradition trailing its confident coat. The editor is evidently on the defensive and will have none of Mr. Robinson Jeffers' hypothetical ideal poet of the future who will be natural and direct. He sneers at the man who said: "Dans la littérature il faut tuer le père." Was it for this that Synge created the literary loy that was to fell Christy Mahon's stubborn da?

Is the editorial to be taken as an apology for the contents of the magazine? But there are more than hints of rebellion against parental guidance to be found here. There is naturalness combined with directness in Donald Davie's poem, "Industrial Architecture," as also in the post-Henley and present-Alex. Comfort hospital poem, "Factual Report on an Orthopaedic Afternoon," by Michael Juste. The ideal poem of the future will have to be décanté, if I may borrow a painting image from a mature article by R. R. Figgis on Matisse in this number. Irrelevant sediment, muddled remembered, must be sieved in the clear poetic composition of the future. The new fauves of poetry will eschew wildness of metaphor and the disdain to communicate.

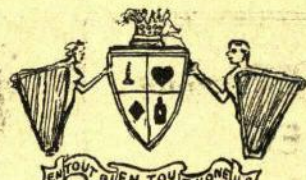
Despite strictures as to the tone of

the editorial, this issue is really a worthy one. If only for A. C. Allen's "Don't do Maths," your shilling will be profitably expended. This article, likewise, helps to tear the venerable toga that drapes the editorial chair. It is a succinct survey of the history of mathematics (maths. for the million without tears) which stresses the brilliant impertinences of the moderns who refused to accept the infallibility of their predecessors.

Anne Cluysenaar's "Geneva" has economy and evocativeness, but only poetic historians will get all the allusions. It's a pity she did not provide a gloss. T. S. Eliot was not averse to this condescension, and Samuel Beckett (our most famous living graduate) was lavish with his notes on his eclectic "Whoroscope."

Michael Srigley has a competent essay on "Petrarchan Love in Four Elizabethan Poets," but only a very young man would dare the cynicism of: "... the ritual of courtship which now is more often the period of love between a man and a woman where the resulting marriage is the period of affection haunted by adultery."

Tommy MacGloin has a natural talent for song in the native regional idiom, but the topical tone of M. B. Srigley's "Extract" seems forced with its "thighs," "snakes" and "ravishments." There is variety in the twenty-five contributions and the whole a definite improvement on earlier numbers. I must, however, except the proof-reading, which is appalling. But let us rejoice, for "Icarus" is still air-borne. May its wax never melt!



SOCIAL CIRCULAR

The following have honoured College with a visit:—

Sir Claude McIlhagga.
Dame Olive Armstrong.
Two Gardai Siochana.
The McIlhagga of the McIlhaggas.
More Gardai.
Poor old McIlhagga.
The Fire Brigade.

Lotus-eater Mr. Ian Bookey wishes it to be known that he is now on the staff of a contemporary.

The Royal Hospice for the Incurables has refused admission to Mr. Hakim Adamjee.

Mr. Alan Douglas wishes to thank the Governors of Grangegorman for his recent election (so does Susan Caseley).

Know ye all men by these presents that I, Michael Juste, do hereby deny responsibility for all the debts, liabilities and social faux pas that may accede or accrue to Rothchild O'Flyng. Dated this tenth day of March, 1955; Hogwash, Hogwash and Washog (Solicitors) for the defendant.

WOMEN'S COLUMN

The extraordinary difference in the types of College women puzzles many a pursuing Freshman. The old explanation of "different upbringing" and "secluded schooling" are really but minor factors which influence a woman's characteristics.

A large number of psychologists are quite definitely convinced that all women have one of two basic tendencies towards the promiscuous or completely reverse. While this theory may in some instances be borne out by facts, it must not be forgotten that the major twists in a girl's make-up are nearly always attributable to the minor incidents in her life. A chance encounter with a film producer or a gangster's moll has often been the turning point in her outlook. Short glimpses of sinful life in certain slums or of a more exotic existence in Chelsea or Shanghai induce varying reactions of envy or horror in the young mind. The female subconscious adjusts itself accordingly and by the time she reaches university a girl is highly complex. Action and reactions, ideas and fixations—all apparently inexplicable—are dictated by a basic instinct which has been sadly battered by experience.

It is a mistake to believe that the average girl has led a very sheltered life. The "shelter" has widely varying effects on different feminine characters. What may send one into hysterics, may easily send another into transports of rapture, even though both have led the same type of life.

So do not worry, girls, if you think you have had an unusual upbringing and are, therefore, a little out of the ordinary. We all are, and possibly the secret of our captivating charm and our more repulsive eccentricities is that we are so much alike in that we are all different.

HONORARY DEGREES

At a meeting of the Senate on March 2nd it was decided to grant degrees Honoris Causa on a number of distinguished men. The list included, among others, two from Harvard University, which was visited by the Provost on his recent tour of America. Nearly all are famous in the academic field.

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FOUR & SIX

Laurentian Levy

Last Saturday evening a neatly packed Dixon got off to a good start, despite the vocalising of willowly Garry Hogan. Alisha O'Carroll wore her off-the-shoulder shoulder and Michael (I've a new system) Reidy gave Mary Daley the cold shoulder. Anne Stokes wore clothes. Wild-eyed omnipresent Daphne Martin, having been plucked away from the mike with a loud sucking noise, returned to her occupation of pulling Len Bernstein's eyes over the wool. Francis (I've got ma clinical) Byrne, plus sophisticated blonde, Barbara Leftwich, won a book in a spot, too bad the boy's only a medic. With anxious croaks, white-robed, distracted Alberta Carney fussed round the arrangements, chain smoking. Fergus Pyle brought Pat Skerrat, and brother Dick brought his trumpet. Fergus' mission seemed to have been the perfecting of his latest type—a complicated Oxford movement.

Doctor in the House

A whining medic whispered to me the other day that eagle-eyed B.M.A. examiners could be heard slithering around the School of Medicine. Students beware! B.M.A. go home!

Plague.—By the bye, if you haven't had the 'flu yet, don't go near College rooms marked with a red cross. Mary Lodge is reported as running a simply huge temperature. Cliff (keep Booky away) Melotte is sweating out his germs in Vincent's, and the great white, powerful, though merciful, chief, H. Brendon Devlin, is laid out in his attic.

Deo Gratias.—Who on earth started the story going that Vass (silly twisted boy) Underwood wept bitterly for twenty minutes after overhearing two Catholics criticising a certain Lenten letter. "Icarus" fans! You, too, can talk to

Mr. Michael Juste. He may be button-holed around front gate any afternoon at two. He's tall, dark and gruesome, and sports a jet black zipper. Not bad to talk to actually.

Hock and Soccer

A goodly crowd milled in the Metropole on Thursday last to see gorgeous George Wheeler handing out too many spot prizes. The event happened to be the Combined Dance, and also the coming of age of Sean Kendall's old-age pension. The boy even danced a little! Bambos David was there with expert can-caner Pat Cochrane. Feeling rather strange away from the Dixon were Eirof Morgan (who had discarded his annual leak), Pete (Bull) Robinson with Adriaan Bakker. Ron Pigott's little brother, Brian, was chaperoned by the tressless version of Cork's one and only Anne Cummins. That man Bernstein was nearly inaudible for a change, thanks to Jock Hyland's influence.

Burning Cole

It is possible that beneath Connolly Cole's cap and tightly furled umbrella, beneath the studied sneer, and caustic quip, there yammers something disgustingly soft and human—a heart? If not, why did Jim cease to prepare his paper to the Gaelic Society, "Trinity and the Irish Tradition," and with far away looks commence to babble of a childhood love who will shortly grace the city? Let us hope that her affection for Jim has remained as true all these years as Jim's (affection for Jim).

Another Nasty Rumour Scotched

It is not, repeat not, true that Ethna Dunn has begun a competition, and is offering a prize to the person who guesses (correct to the nearest fifty) the number of bangles jangled by Joyce Crossland-Boyle.

like the plague—sex. He has nothing to do with it in any form and does not even bring his wife on his tours.

This is the root of his stronghold, as the people of to-day, inundated with sex on all sides even in Ireland, are immediately curious about anything unfreudian. The Irish attitude towards the subject is only too unmentionable. Therein lies the fault of the E.U., which is virtually run by women behind and in front of the scenes.

Now is the time for the E.U. to step in and make itself felt. It must sever all connections with sex or women, and start right now on the poor unfortunates who have been dazed by the glittering success of the mission. Ignoring the perverts, it must commence with the mentally and religiously unstable. The use of the word God is frightening to many people and must be avoided. Love should be practised and preached solidly for the next few months—love for one's fellow-man. The results will be quite unexpected and should prove a lesson to all.

An Editorial

TRIMALCHIO'S FEAST

With some Inevitable Remarks

Dramatis Personae: Tony, an absentee student; Bagwash, his stooge; Judy, a Good Thing; Barflies, Sycophants, etc.

Scene: A public house. Tony is seated, surrounded by barflies. He has had several drinks.

Tony: . . . so then I told him he was positively prehistoric, or was it pre-philosophical? Anyway, he was choking.

First Barfly: What did he do?

Tony: Well, as a matter of fact, he threw a glass of gin in my face, but that's not the point really . . . oh here's Bagwash. What will you have? I was just telling the boys about last night. Don't you think I was brilliant?

Bagwash: You were drunk. I'll have a whiskey.

Tony: Ha! Ha! What a wag you are, Bags. Two bottles of stout, please.

Bags: What happened about the exam, Tony?

Tony: It's a conspiracy. My enemies seem determined to do the dirty on me this time. There's Dr. Boot . . . well I called him an alcoholic enema, as you probably remember . . .

Bags (shuddering): I do.

Tony: . . . and, of course, old Prof. Coot, he's never forgiven me for being sick on his carpet.

Bags: You do seem to have a lot of enemies.

Tony: Ah, well, it's the price of fame, you know; one can't be brilliant without having Enemies.

Bags: I suppose not. What are you going to do about the exam?

Tony: Well, I thought of inviting Sagseet to lunch. I'm sure he can fix it. He has a lot of influence, and he was very nice about my paper on Eminent Bores. Besides, I used to go to his lectures a few years ago.

Bags: You invited him last year.

Tony: That was different. Anyway, if that doesn't work, we'll write some vicious articles about them all in "T.C.P." That will shake them. I can always do the exam. next year.

Bags: But the Judge said about that last article.

Tony: Yes, yes, but that was different. God, I feel awful and I'm supposed to be meeting Judy. Do I look awful?

Bags: You could do with a shave.

Tony: I haven't got time. How's my shirt?

Bags: Dirty.

Tony: I know. I haven't changed it for years. Look, what should I do about Judy? She gave me an awful rocket yesterday.

Bags: Try being nice to her.

Tony: But she's such a bitch.

Bags: Try and stay sober.

Tony: But she's such a bore. Can you lend me a pound?

Bags: But you owe me nine already.

Tony: Never mind, a tanner's easier to remember. There's a good fellow.

Bags: Well, I must push off now. Good-bye.

Tony (pocketing pound): God, that chap's a bore.

First Bar: Never mind, Tony, have a drink.

Tony: Thanks, I'll have a whiskey.

Oh, God, here's Judy.

Judy: Where the hell have you been? I've been waiting hours across the road.

Tony: Oh, I am sorry. Look, have a drink or something.

Judy: You are an awful creature.

Tony: Do you know, I feel rather unwell I think I'll . . . (Vomits into his hat.)

Judy: I think I'll go home.

Tony: I think I'll go and bury myself in the country.

Judy: I'll send you a spade.

She leaves. Tony is carried.

Waiter: But he hasn't paid for the drinks.

First Bar: He'll pay you to-morrow.

Waiter: The boss won't like it.

First Bar: Neither will Tony. He'll be feeling awful.

Waiter: He always is.

Exeunt.

More College Legends

COLLEGE LEGEND OF

A.D. 2055

Deth in the Beigh

The most memorable event of the mid 1950's was the destruction of a living symbol of old Trinity. Early one Sunday morning the centre block in Botany Bay became enveloped in flames and the building was razed to the ground. It is believed that a leak from a medieval gas-pipe was ignited by the glowing opium-pipe of a sleeping poker player. Despite the heroic efforts of the fire-brigade and of a member of the "Trinity News" staff, who lay unconscious in hospital for many weeks afterwards with severe burns, the flames rapidly gained ground. The unfortunate tenant of the rooms beneath was cremated on the spot and his marmalade vaporised. The funds collected for the building of the new library were diverted for the relief of the refugees.

McDowell's Unlucky Escape

In Dr. McDowell's undergraduate days two students played a cruel practical joke. McDowell was woken in the middle of the night. A violent quarrel was in progress. He then heard a shot. Petrified he tore out of his rooms, where he was confronted by the gunman, equipped with his blank cartridges. "Now McDowell, you lousy West Briton, it's your turn," he shouted, and fired his pistol at him. The terrified McDowell ran outside and stayed out the rest of the night.

Lucky Lucifer

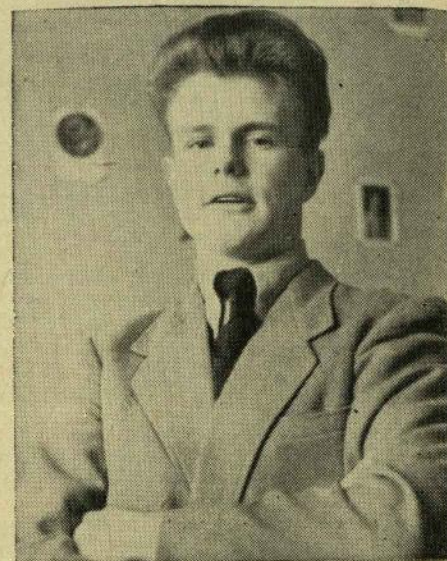
Two students who had done no work decided to invoke the Devil to see if he could help them pass their exams. They went to Angel's hide-out in the Hist. and practised magical rites. All of a sudden a cloud of smoke appeared and a diabolical figure appeared from it. The two students ran in terror. They remained outside the whole night with nothing on, being too scared to return.

Junior Dean Doesn't Escape

Maybe you have wondered why the Junior Dean is protected by a porter when he takes night roll. Some hundred years ago a Junior Dean, renowned for his ruthless discipline, was shot at from the rubrics on his way to night roll and was killed instantaneously.

Profile:

THE CAPTAIN OF THE HOCKEY CLUB



Ronald Wellesley Pigott

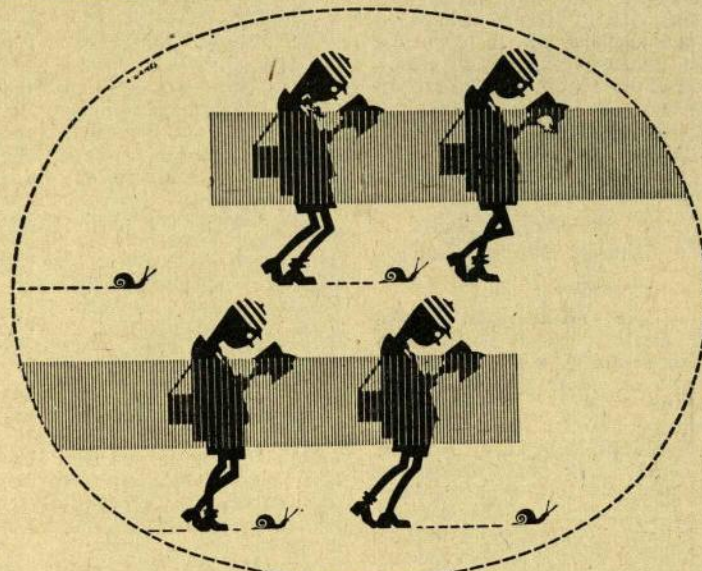
This exotic and personable young man was born in Persia in 1932. He embodies the spirit of the 30's, outwardly open-air and tweedy, and inwardly very artistic. Thus his hobbies are painting, opera, ballet, and serious music. All this, and medicine, too, would be enough for most, but old Ron, as his chums know him, has reached the pinnacle of fame, for he is Captain of Hockey. Last season he was capped for Leinster, and last Saturday he was a final trialist, but was not called to glory.

Other muscular activities include tennis (he was in the first team the season before last), driving (a purple pram), racing (especially with invalids or cats across the Bay). He spends Saturdays variously, but he is practically a non-drinker.

He is, in spite of look and accent, of Irish nationality, though always liable for conscription in Persia. Blushingly, he confesses that a commission in the Royal Harem Guard would be intensely frustrating for him.

He has studied ceramics in Cornwall, and haircuts in Harcourt Street. When bored, he uses his water-pistol with deadly effect or soothes his nerves with tea laced with cascara.

Mr. Pigott represents the fourth generation of his family in College, and he is considering sending his daughter to College—Oh, Ron!



Slow Motion

"CREEP" is NOT A WORD normally associated with jet propulsion. Yet metallic creep—the slow stretching of a metal under stress at high temperature—is a major problem in jet engine design, and it enters increasingly into many branches of engineering. Creep can increase the diameter of hot steam pipes under the constant pressure from inside. The fast-spinning rotor of an electricity generator may, if it becomes hot enough, distort under the creep caused by centrifugal force. Unless this has been taken into account in designing the generator, its rotor may ultimately foul the generator's shell. Even at ordinary temperatures, lead creeps at quite low stresses and unless appropriate steps are taken, lead sheeting can flow slowly down a roof.

To provide much-needed information on creep, I.C.I. have built a special testing station at Witton, near Birmingham. At this I.C.I. station, the latest techniques are being used to record the changes in metals under stress at various temperatures and over very long periods. The tests are carried out on sixty machines. Metal test-pieces clamped between steel jaws are loaded by a force of up to 5 tons to the square inch, while the test temperature, which may be as high as 1000°C, can be maintained for years on end. Special instruments can detect length increases as small as one fifty-thousandth of an inch in the test-pieces. Air conditioning keeps the windowless building at a steady 67°F. night and day. Humidity is controlled. To minimise vibration, the testing machines are mounted in concrete rafts independent of the building foundations. Tests carried out in this I.C.I. research station are providing invaluable information on metallic creep, needed by the designers and engineers who are building I.C.I.'s great new plants and factories, and by the users of the wrought non-ferrous metals marketed by I.C.I.

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NEWS SHORTS

SECRETARY WEDS TREASURER

The news broke on a startled Trinity last week that popular man about town Proinsias MacAonghusa of Rosmuala, Connemara, well-known journalist, broadcaster and sometimes student at the University, was wedded last fall to petite Honours Language student Catherine Ellis of Dunmurray, Co. Antrim.

This revelation surprised the shock-hardened Gaelic Society, and copies of "The Vanishing Irish" were hastily revised. But, as the old saw runs, "History repeats itself." Only a few years back Seán and Bríd O Hegarty found orange blossoms in No. 2. The old Irish traditions die hard. The Gaelic Society seems to have usurped the functions of the old-time match-maker.

BYRNE'S FLYING COLUMN

Those who know and love Vincent Byrne will be glad to hear that he will not be with us for Easter. After more than a year of hostilities, the British Military Authorities have capitulated, and England has opened her doors to him again. Only last summer, with the Military Police hot on his heels, he sent an urgent S-O-S to his friends, Proinsias MacAonghusa and Seán McCraith. They travelled to Liverpool the following night, and, in an incident paralleled only by Mr. de Valera's escape from Lincoln Jail in 1919, they hurried him past the waiting police to the Mail Boat and freedom. Now the Military Police have ceased hostilities with this daredevil Gael, and have gracefully admitted defeat. Said the hero of the episode in

Ireland's national struggle, "Christmas in Dublin was fine, but Easter in Stoke will be heaven."

STOLEN FLAG

The U.C.D. flag which was taken down by Trinity students after the Colours match at Lansdowne Road on December 4th has not yet been returned. The Football Club is, therefore, in a rather embarrassing position. Either the old flag is restored or the Club will have to purchase a new one.

Mr. J. T. Gaston (Capt., D.U.F.C.) has requested "Trinity News" to ask the person who has the flag in his possession to return it, addressed to him, c/o. the porter at Front Gate.

BELLS ON THEIR TOES?

Cambridge's latest aberration is a Philaoricoronal Society (for the encouragement of the wearing of earrings). The Society has secured official recognition and has had a paper on "The Ear-ring Enigma" (which solved nothing!) It still lacks one thing—money.

AFTER DINNER ACTIONS

Half the copy in "Trinity News" and the other magazine is actionable, according to Mr. F. E. Dowrick. He was addressing Mr. A. G. M. Moore, who is the Librarian of the Law Society, on the occasion of the Inaugural Meeting Dinner. The author of this opinion is an accepted jurist and a leading law lecturer.

Correspondence

Dear Sir, — Your description of the Catholic Archbishop's Pastoral letter as merely an item in a "smear campaign" against Trinity goes a bit beyond the audacious limits traditionally and properly allowed to "Trinity News."

The Archbishop has his work to do, and he seems to do it. Political Ireland, in its various manifestations, including "Trinity News," has its various works to do, but, alas, does not always do them. For instance, in its last issue, "Trinity News" failed to point out that all those, no matter what their religious denomination, who believe in things Irish are greatly indebted to Irish Catholicism because it was the latter, more than anything else, which saved Ireland from English domination. Thanks chiefly to Catholicism, an Ireland not only Catholic, but including Trinity and "Trinity News" as well, is apparently in the process of being evolved.—Yours sincerely,

Owen Quinn,
History Society, College.

Dear Sir, — As ex-Chairman of the Mod. Lang. Society, who held office exactly 10 years ago, I was shocked at the revelations in your "Profile" on Miss Jean Good.

The thought that the different embassies should finance the Modern Languages Society or its groups is abhorrent and shows into what a lazy way of thinking and acting the Society must have fallen. They should utilise the interest shown by the embassies so as to make the Society interesting and alive and vital for the students. They should invite members of the D.C. to speak at their general meetings, to show them slides or invite discussion. Often well-known visitors from the Continent are in Dublin who would gladly assist, as would also foremost Irish person-

alities who have returned from the Continent.

We had to make the Society a going concern during the war without all this help. How much more fortunate are the students of to-day? But it seems they are less resourceful. At our plays and dances we showed a profit, not a deficit, and our subscriptions were paid because students enjoyed the life they found in the Society.

Let me end on this: A Chairman who says that her Society is dead will never bring it back to life.—Yours faithfully,
Renate Weil, née Scheyer (Mod.), B.A.
4 College Gardens, Belfast.
March 6th, 1955.

Dear Sir,—We wish to emphasise that the interview given by Mr. Shewell-Cooper in your issue of last week, if it did in fact occur, was not official in that it was not endorsed by the Committee, nor does it represent the facts correctly.

The Committee would appreciate it if "Trinity News" were to give some account of their source for this information, or of their interview with Mr. Shewell-Cooper, so that the Committee may take appropriate action against this apparent irresponsibility. — Yours faithfully,

Kenneth Milne.
(Hon. Sec., D.U. History Society).

It is totally untrue that the facts have been misrepresented. On being shown this letter, Mr. Shewell-Cooper had no further comment to make, except that he hoped no more would be said about the matter. We suggest the History Society Committee take note.

Dear Sir,—Although it is true that the Lecky Library is called after W. H. Lecky, only comparatively few books from his collection are in the operative part of the library; the greater part of the library is in fact composed of books from the former Economics, History and Law Joint Library. It is not a question of "why should Lecky bolster them up" but rather the reverse. For without the nucleus of the former Joint Library, there would have been no Lecky Library—at least in the sense that users of it understand.

Prior to 1951, when the Lecky Library was constituted, one of the main attractions of the three societies was the use of their libraries, which membership of any one of them conferred. Unfortunately, the extent of this attraction was not at the time realised by the Board; nevertheless, as soon as it was brought to their notice, a stipulation was made, whereby membership of the relevant faculty society was a prerequisite for membership of the Lecky Library.

No doubt the three societies could demand the return of their libraries, but I do not think that anyone in the three faculties concerned would wish for a return to the pre-1951 position, for in addition to the groups of books already mentioned, new books are frequently being added to the library out of funds mainly provided for by the Board, the size of the grant being substantially more than was made to the old Joint Library.—Yours, etc.

Frances Jane French
(Sec., Commerce & Economics Society).



Ace Gummo Beauty, No. 3, the reclining figure

MR. A. GARRET-ANDERSON

To write of Mr. Garret-Anderson, Trinity's intellectual cosh-boy, is to enter into a world of fairy-tale . . . Once upon a time, long, long ago, Tony arrived at Trinity on a boat from Liverpool with a shipment of export-reject hams to tell us how backward and boring we were, and how brilliant he was. From the first, intending to waste no time, he avoided the one Dublin gathering where he could not monopolise the conversation—the lecture—but he infests every other in his crusade of self-advertisement. Mentally a eunuch, he lacks the creative faculty and must live, "a snatcher-up of inconsidered trifles," on the leavings of other people's originality. Thus, his verbal artillery was accumulated by five years' industrious plagiarism from the back numbers of "Punch," the lesser-known anthologies of the 1890's, and the omnibus editions of "English Humour," which makes conversation with him about as interesting and profitable as an encounter with a loaded sandbag.

One wonders what would be found if Tony was sawn in half . . . countless anecdotes as heavy as policemen's boots, forlorn boasts of imaginary conquests over the fair sex, the unanswered, and for him unanswerable examination questionnaires of 1950, and the unrevised notes for a speech (broadcast, of course, as Tony will not hesitate to inform you) to the Tralee Poultry Breeders' Literary and Philosophical Society; delivered, as so often before, after that injudicious 15th double gin, which the sponsors had so kindly paid for.

How brilliant he is! And how many sleepless nights he has spent telling us so! But he has so busied himself doing nothing that he has had no time for anything else, which leaves him exactly where he started, except that the boat (and the hams) are going in the opposite direction. And as we speed him hence with a present of Gummo's Vanishing Cream, we might permit ourselves to paraphrase a famous remark: "You are not QUITE clever enough for us"; so he had better go to that Other Institution where they specialise in trimming down to size pompous provincial bores. As far as his effect on us is concerned, we can only say with Gide: "Avec lui, j'avais désappris de penser."

GUMMO IS GOOD FOR YOU

COLLEGE OBSERVED

Fire! Help!—There Is No Help

The occurrence last Sunday of a fire in the Bay brought it to my notice that all College stairways are nothing short of death-traps. That this is commonly the case with Dublin buildings is no excuse. It is a matter of the utmost urgency in my opinion that suitable fire escape routes should be provided. A stairway of dry wood, going straight up with wooden landings and an open window at the top, is both the arrangement of most College staircases and the worst possible as regards the fast spread upwards of a fire. The system is simply one of a furnace, full of wood, wide open at top and bottom.

Such escape appliances as are provided, and they are rarities, consist of the contrivance by which it is possible to lower oneself from the top of a burning building (through the flames) to the ground. It does not say much for those whose feverish activity it is to organise our safety, that these are almost invariably attached to that portion of the structure which is wooden and, therefore, most likely to burn or collapse in a fire.

It amazes me that fires in College are not more frequent than they are. The wiring is incredibly bad, gas can usually be smelt leaking somewhere, logs burn and spit on unattended fires, cheap paraffin stoves dribble oil over wooden floors littered with papers, and undergraduates are not to be expected to bother much anyway. Surely there can

be few places as likely to catch fire as a typical "house" in Trinity.

I cannot think that there is anywhere else in Dublin with so little provision for fire. Even the extinguishers clang with hollow melancholy on being tapped.

Obvious steps which might be taken include the piercing of walls to provide inter-communicatory doors from house to house. Ropes and fire-guards should be universally supplied, and gas and electricity services tested.

This is a matter of immediate need. Must we wait for a fatality before action is taken?

Boors

The type of person who would throw a half sucked orange on buffet at one of the maids is, unfortunately, very commonly to be found here. This sort of behaviour is not virile nor yet clever, merely juvenile and, above all things, ignorant. Those who act like this are not "wild-but-decent," they are boors and ought to be asked to go.

Chor.-Hist. Wednesday

Why did the Choral Society arrange to give their concert on the Wednesday of the "Hist." inter-debate? They always used to have it on a Friday. Attendances at College functions are generally thin, but by making this change the Choral ensured a lowering in numbers of their audience and that of the "Hist."

Incidentally, there was no "blind" after the debate last Wednesday. This was very rightly forbidden the "Hist." after poor behaviour at the last "blind" on the part of strictly non-speaking members.

"Sans Serif."

HONORIS CAUSA

AGITATION has been growing for the abolition of honorary degrees. The issue has more than once been debated in the University Senate. It is argued that academic honours should only be bestowed upon those distinguished by their learning. However, those who put forward such propositions have totally misunderstood the whole point of honorary degrees. By virtue of them the University is able to show its gratitude to friends who have become distinguished in the sphere of public life. It also enables the College to repay those who have been generous in their endowments. Such persons are all benefactors of the College and it is right that they should be honoured. The prestige of the College is enhanced by association with the illustrious names in public life.

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THE LAW IS AN ASS

CENSORSHIP TO STAY

"Tut-Tut," says Hartnett

Wittily expressing himself alternately in favour and against censorship, Mr. Noel Hartnett, S.C., reprimanded the Auditor of the Law Society (Mr. M. A. Medawar) for discussing a subject which should only be discussed by Older People. Mr. Medawar last Thursday delivered his Inaugural address, "Obscenity and the Law" — a comprehensive address analysing and condemning the various censorship acts in the U.S.A., Great Britain, and, most fully, Ireland. Some books, he declared, were banned on reading extracts and discovering undesirable phrases. The Censorship Board should have regard to a book's literary, artistic,

scientific or historic importance and its general tone.

At this, Mr. Justice O'Dalaigh rose, invoked Plato, Socrates and Aristotle in quick succession and, like Socrates, he said he would not hesitate to destroy all creative art for the sake of morality.

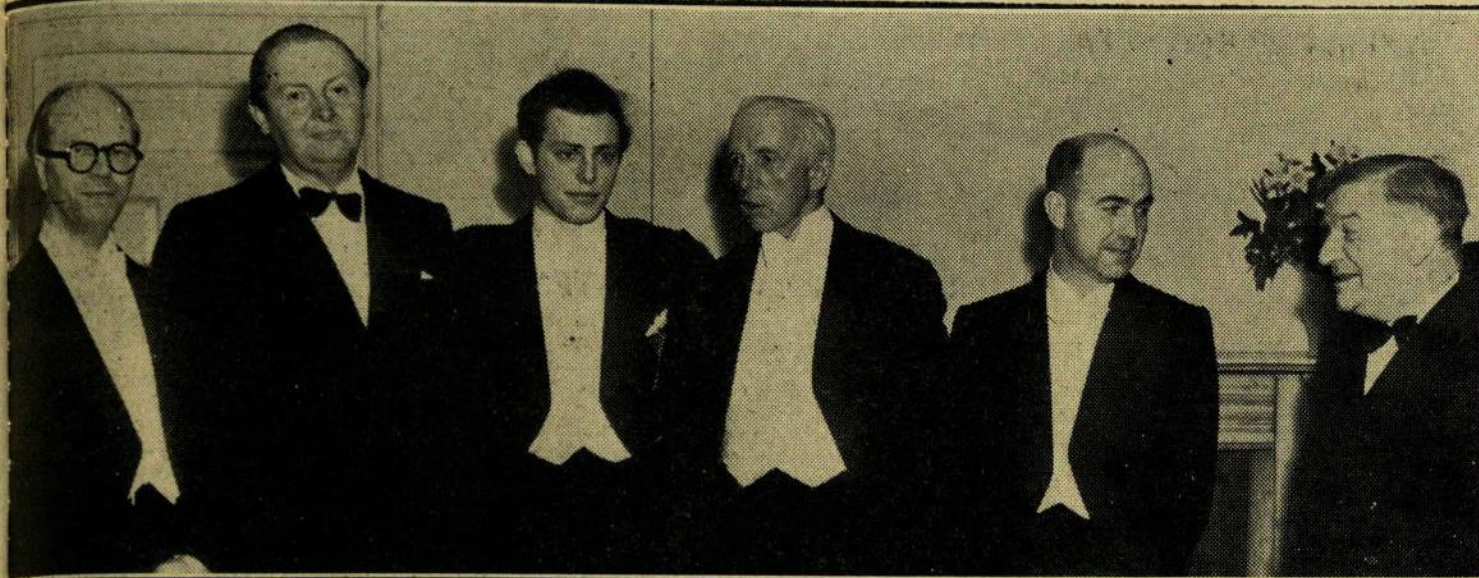
The Editor of the "Irish Times," Mr. W. A. Newman, did not favour censorship, but decided that it had come to stay in Ireland and the reason for such legislation was undoubtedly due to the increased percentage of literates.

"People usually object to books they do not intend to read." This was the opinion of Mr. Noel Peart, S.C., who was speaking at short notice. As

examples, Mr. Peart quoted children's horror comics. He regarded the hearing of cases behind closed doors with suspicion.

After Mr. Noel Hartnett had swayed into the attack, condemning irresponsible lay clerics, approving horror comics and triumphantly declaring that the "Irish Times" was not obscene, the President of the Society, the Hon. Mr. W. A. Black, summed up.

Mr. Black supported the view that only his conscience and self-respect would tell him what was moral. He resented any five, ten or fifty pseudo-clerical laymen or full clerics telling him what books he should or should not look for.



Mr. N. Medawar with his speakers at the Law Society.

—Photo courtesy Evening Mail.

D.U. COMMERCE AND ECONOMICS SOCIETY

Last Monday evening the Society held a three-cornered debate on the motion, "That this house prefers the study of Economics to the study of politics, to the study of statistics."

The Auditor, opening for Economics, showed it to be a purely scientific "cause and effect" study which would effect the man in the street. Mr. Macaulay, for statistics, showed cleverly the uncertainty of the basis of both politics and Economics and ended up with the inevitable plea for exactness which only the study of statistics could produce.

There followed a lively debate in which Mr. Hautz argued for politics on the ground of it being a "temperature raiser." Mr. Noggs wandered with "Alice in Wonderland," Miss May was charming, Mr. Jetha sweeping, and Mr. Webley forecast the weather. The motion was put to the vote and Economics won by a single vote from politics, and statistics a bad third.

The Chairman, Prof. G. Duncan, summing up, showed the interdependence of all three disciplines and their relation to the whole complex body of social sciences.

This debate proved to be another milestone in the rejuvenation of a Society which twelve months ago almost ceased to exist. Let's have more of this!

EXCITEMENT AT THE PHIL.

After last week's shootings by "B" Specials, to-night's meeting at the Phil. should provide plenty of excitement. Mr. M. Bradley will be reading his paper on "Political and Economic Future for Ireland," and the list of speakers includes Mr. M. J. O'Higgins, T.D.; Mr. W. D. Finlay, B.L.; Mr. Ulick O'Connor, B.L., and the Auditor of the Hist., Mr. R. D. F. Kimmitt (Mod.), B.A.

COLLEGE STRUCK BY PLAGUE

An epidemic of influenza has ravaged the College over the past two weeks. More than the usual number of students have been incapacitated and the College has been practically reduced to inactivity. Attendance at lectures has slumped alarmingly, and those who have attended have drowned the lecturers' voices with their sneezes. The geometrical progression continues and more people go down with illness every day.

As a result of numerous interviews and the risk of infection to life and limb, we believe we have discovered the cause of this unprecedented tragedy. During the snow, the authorities made practically no attempt to clear the mountain that was evolving, and students, to get to lectures, had to wade through this mess. Needless to say, their feet were thoroughly soaked as a result. Students with lectures most of the day had to wait till the evening to change their shoes and socks, and then, if they wished to go to the reading room or some College activity in the evening, they had to climb through the ice cap again.

When interviewed, Mr. Harold Harms-

worth, who has been ill for a fortnight, complained bitterly: "I consider it disgraceful that so little was done to make things easier for the students in this terrible weather," he said. "It is bad enough having to live in draughty rooms let alone embarking on an Arctic expedition." On being questioned on his Arctic exploits, Mr. Harmsworth explained about his visit to the mission. "Front square was almost impassable," he said. "My feet were so cold and wet I found it hard to concentrate on what the missionary was saying. The next morning I was in bed." He paused a second, then added wistfully: "Even my faith did not save me."

Mr. J. G. E. Shewell Cooper said that he had never seen anything like it in all his life. He explained that in England such incompetence would never have been allowed to occur. "Front square could have been cleared of snow in a matter of minutes," he said with mounting passion. "As a result of this incapacity by the College, I have had a serious illness and I am still suffering from chilblains." On turning to go he whimpered sadly to our reporter: "Jammet's is my only comfort now."

GIVE GOD A CHANCE

On Tuesday, the Rev. R. K. Maguire said that Prayer, the first sober step of the suddenly regenerate, was like the Mission which has just ended, a meeting with God. Those elements of Prayer which are called Adoration and Intercession could be efficiently pursued by compiling lists of persons and things. Collections of phrases which suitably and vigorously represent the wishes of those who pray would be helpful for Christians and sinners whose vocabularies were not strong.

The Prayerful should be able to address God as a valued comrade. They should not stutter nor dry up, but as easy conversationalists, on occasion they should let God get in a word. Otherwise, and here the speaker looked shrewdly at his auditors, they might provoke the terrible response: "Be still and know that I am God." Daniel's sense of time and place was worthy of emulation.

Mr. Maguire's chastened audience crept away, asking no questions.

VICE-PRESIDENTS

Recently elected to Vice-Presidents of the "Hist." were Lord Moyne and Dr. C. B. McKenna.

While the conferring of one of the Society's highest honours on the latter continues the tradition of recognising by promotion those of its ex-officers who have continued to serve it after their time as ordinary members has elapsed, the election of Lord Moyne makes a new departure. It is understood that the committee decided to propose Lord Moyne, who has no personal connection with the "Hist.", not only because he expressed interest in its history and traditions, but because by so doing it would honour a representative of one of Dublin's leading families and also pay its respects to one who is a constant benefactor of Trinity.

It would seem that the "Hist." has at last decided to abandon its policy of separatism, and identify itself more closely with the general feeling of the University.

HOP IN THE REGENT HOUSE

To-night, the D.U. International Affairs Association is inaugurating its spring activities with a social at the Regent House. Members and non-members will be welcome, with tea at 8 o'clock and dancing to follow.

In Trinity term, towards the end of May, the Association will once more be staging the Carnival of Nations, and a record number of entries is expected.

The International Summer School at Trinity will be held between 6th and 20th July. This year's Chairman is Mr. J. P. Houghton, M.A., M.Sc.

LONDON DINING CLUB

Forty-two gentlemen of the 145-year-old T.C.D. Dining Club of London met at the Griffin Tavern, W.C.2, on March 3rd.

The second Vice-President, Dr. George North ('21), C.B., M.C., LL.D., Register-General of England, attended, together with both secretaries, Mr. T. E. Goode ('20) and Mr. R. E. McCuire ('24), C.M.G., O.B.E., and the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. J. D. Gwynn ('30), B.A.I., reading a copy of "T.N."

Also present were committee men Sir Hugh Molony, Bart. ('21), who is the eldest son of Lord Chief Justice Molony, the late Vice-Chancellor, and Mr. W. J. Young.

Others observed enjoying the Lucullian dinner included: Engineer Mr. A. H. Douglas ('13), M.C.; Capt. L. "Plumber" Hill ('40), son of Professor Brontë Gatenby; Lever Bros. advertising manager, Mr. David Orr ('47), a former captain of the Rugby Club; Mr. R. S. Scholefield ('10), of the "Irish Tatler & Sketch"; film director Mr. David Mycroft ('49); Scripter Mr. Charles Sweeting ('54); and Science Scholar Mr. Colin Gibson ('51).

"FIRE IN BAY"

—Warns Jetha

A dazed Jetha in the early hours of Sunday rushed out of the Bay to give the alarm. Half dressed, he staggered off to warn the Porters' Lodge. Apparently a collapsible ceiling had disturbed wife Adamjee and his breakfast. "I refuse to pay a penny for the repairs," was the only comment of Economist Adamjee.

TO HELL WITH THE ENGLISH

A union between East and West Africa, with the pugilistic object of over-running the British, was advocated by Mr. Omissade in his paper to the Phil. last Thursday. He naïvely described himself as a visionary and lauded Mau Mau with a hymn of praise to Jomo Kenyatta.

Mr. Bambos David, proposing a vote of thanks, rightly described the paper as nonsensical. Seconding, Mr. Atilade criticised the civilisation which gave him hospitality.

Mr. Leslie Hale, the perspiring Bevanite M.P., supported the Conservative view that self-government for the colonies was not possible at present. He concluded his speech with the usual platitudes about human understanding and human rights.

Mr. Clive Nicholls, in the only objective speech of the evening, spoke about international trade and the part that Africa should play in this. Mr. Otter bored the house with his references to the Campanile. The meeting ended with a solitary humorous speech by Mr. D. Bell, whose jocund ribaldry embarrassed John Bull. While the meeting stimulated discussion it failed to rouse the intellect.

FREE PRESS

"Quite the plainest-spoken (sic) journal that reaches my desk nowadays is the weekly 'Trinity News,'" according to Chichester in the "Belfast Telegraph."

This is an interesting comment from a contemporary produced in what Mr. Vincent Byrne has recently described as a "Police State."



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OPPOSITION OUTBOXED

FOR the fifth consecutive year, the Boxing Club have won the University Athletic Union's Boxing championship, which was held at Manchester last Friday.

Thus, once again, the Boxing Club have brought College to the fore. In the last thirty years, Trinity has won the Harry Preston Cup fourteen times, more often than any other university.

Last Friday, the Trinity boxers fully lived up to their reputation, and every single member of the team won a point for the club. Murphy and Kostick both became University champions. Walshe was unlucky to be disqualified for persistent holding when there were only 15 seconds to go in the last round. Murphy was the first winner for Trinity in the finals, becoming the bantam-weight champion by beating R. Davies (Manchester). There was no doubt at all as to who was going to win. Murphy had Davies down for a count of seven in each round.

Gerry Beers put up a very courageous show against D. Paley (Loughborough) in the semi-finals. Paley went on to win the championship.

W. Gregory was beaten in a surprising decision by P. Duffell, who also won the final of the light-weight class.

The unluckiest member of the team was, undoubtedly, the captain, W. Chinn, whose eye was cut in the third round in a clash of heads at a time when he was ahead on points. There seems to be a fate that no Trinity captain wins the championship in his class. Certainly no one has since John Nisco.

A word, too, must be said of B. Blood, who, though a complete novice, insisted on fighting in the heavy-weight division to gain a point for the team. He fought courageously and earned the applause that was so rightfully given to him by the spectators.

So Trinity hold the Harry Preston Trophy again for this year with 18 points. The runners-up, Loughborough, gained 17.

Our Correspondent comments: Once again "Trinity News" raises the appeal, hoping that D.U.C.A.C. and the Board will improve the Club's amenities. The Club has done much to increase Trinity's fame, suffering the disadvantage of a sordid, ill-equipped gymnasium. If nobody else is willing, "Trinity News" will open a subscription list to help the Club that has done so much to spread the reputation of the College.

HARRIERS

In the Irish Universities' Cross-Country Championships, held for the first time at Magee College, the Queen's University team ran well to win the team title. Trinity were the expected second, followed by Queen's II and Magee College. MacCrea of Magee was the individual winner, breaking his own record for the very fast course. Only 18 seconds behind the winner was Webley, finishing fourth, while McKay was fifth.

WATER SPLASH

In the novice league of the indoor water-polo, the leading position of the Dublin University II was challenged when the second team of U.C.D. beat them by 2-1 last week. Previous to this, Trinity was the only team with full points from all their games; while now they are likely to lose the championship to North Dublin.

The game was played in a dense fog. With the disadvantage of the deep end, Trinity were two down in the first half, and this made their play erratic in the second half. Conscious that time was short, they only laboured their efforts, missing many opportunities.

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WYLIE CUP REGATTA

Conditions for "Wylie" were most unpleasant, a strong wind blowing against the stream made the water very rough. Third VIII lost R. Smith the day before the race and A. Colgate took his place. The crew did not find the rough water to their liking, and Galway soon established a lead. When the water calmed half-way up the course, Galway's lead was too great to be won back and after a hard race the Maidens loss by two lengths.

The second VIII, rowing a "fine" boat for the first time, had obviously not regained their best form after losing two of the crew a week beforehand. They lost to a strong Queen's VIII by two lengths.

Brownlow was forced to stand down from the first VIII two days before "Wylie." His place at bow was taken by O. V. Wrigley, who stroked last year's Henley crew. On the Friday there was some doubt as to whether or not the crew would be able to row at all, four of its members were suffering from various stages of influenza. On the Saturday it was decided that they could compete.

In a semi-final, Queen's disposed of what had been considered in Dublin as a very strong U.C.D. crew by four lengths. The ease with which they did this seemed to encourage the "flu" germs and depress the members of Trinity's crew.

In the final, Pearson, at stroke, realised that if the crew was to survive at all over the course, an early lead would have to be established. Trinity went off at 30 strokes in the first minute and were soon a length ahead. At the end of the third minute there was clear water between the crews. Trinity went on to win rather easily by 3½ lengths.

FUTURE RUGBY EVENTS

T.C.D. v. Headingley, 3.15, Saturday, March 12th.

Headingley are one of the strongest Northern rugby sides. This season they have defeated such teams as Northampton, Bedford, Sale and Coventry. Behind the scrum they have two international trial wings; their centres and full-back play regularly for Yorkshire, and their scrum-half is an ex-Cambridge Blue. In the scrum they have an England international and three Yorkshire players.

On Monday at 4 p.m. we play Oxford, which should be an exciting, open exhibition of rugby. This is followed by the first round of the Leinster Cup on Saturday, March 19th, when we play Lansdowne, our victors in the first round last year.

TRINITY GOLFERS BEATEN

Last Friday the Golf Club played the Leinster Ladies' Alliance at the Grange Golf Club. The team found the concession of shots to the ladies too severe and were beaten by 4½ to 2½.

J. L. Bamford, conceding 10 shots, met an unassailable opponent in Mrs. Fletcher and was surprisingly beaten 6 and 5. R. McK. Fleury, however, atoned for this lapse by decidedly beating Mrs. Phipps 6 and 4. The margin of Fleury's win conveys the type of golf he was playing; he only required a 5 and a 4 on the last two holes to register a 69.

The lesser members of the team all acquitted themselves well. J. Vint played steady golf to beat Miss R. Bayly, but M. Stein, although recovering well, was beaten 2 and 1 by Mrs. O'Donoghue. A. Prentice and H. Hickey found their opponents playing too well, but nevertheless put up a fine show. The remaining two matches resulted in halves for D. Martin and D. Shillington, both creditable performances.

WATER POLO

The championship of the winter league water polo is being played to-day at 7.45 in the Iveagh Baths between Trinity and Clontarf. The way to the baths is: to be found by turning left at the Christ Church traffic lights, and then taking the second turning on the left.

TRINITY MAKE EXIT FROM CUP



By courtesy "Irish Independent."

Owing to cancellations of fixtures due to bad weather, Trinity played U.C.D. in a combined cup and league fixture at College Park and lost by 3 goals to nil.

U.C.D. fielded a strong side, which included 10 of their experienced Leinster League team, but Trinity in the first half were more than a match for their opponents and should have scored at least three times, but the forwards held the ball just that second too long, and this allowed the U.C.D. defence to block the final shot. David and Sainsbury played very well, both in defence and attack, and with Wheeler in fine form at left-half it looked as though Trinity

might spring a surprise in the second half, as the home defence were a match for the U.C.D. forwards.

However, on the change over, U.C.D. began to settle down and after 10 minutes, Williams scored for U.C.D. This was followed by two more goals, and though Trinity fought hard, the U.C.D. goalkeeper was in fine form and kept his goal intact.

On the Trinity side, Kendall, in his last game after six years' service to the club, was in fine form. McAuley and Wheeler were sound at half-back. Sainsbury and David tried hard at inside-forwards.

NOTE SUNDEW

Last week our nap selection, Copp, won the Leopardstown Handicap Steeplechase at 2/1. The race provided an interesting pointer to the Grand National. Although Copp was the winner, his performance had not the qualities expected from a potential Grand National fancy. His uncertain jumping made many of his followers wonder about his chances, for he frequently mistimed the obstacles and, furthermore, he has the tendency to hang back in the early stages, which can be a liability in the large field of the Grand National. Sundew, the second, seems likely to be a factor of the Grand National. His running was faultless, while his defeat by Copp can be accounted for—in the final stretch, Sundew had the misfortune to be racing over the churned-up turf on the far side of the course, while Copp was able to make up ground on the firm going on the near side. At 25/1, Sundew represents a sporting chance in the Grand National.

Cheltenham has always attracted both the spectator and the owner, together with the trainer, by its excellently positioned stands and lavish prize money. The Scottish mare, Bramble Tudor, is an outstanding hope for the Gold Cup on Thursday. As I have already mentioned in this column earlier this term, this high-class mare combines confident jumping with a reserve of speed. Even if she is beaten, she looks certain to run into a place.

At Hurst Park on Friday, Fredette should have an easy race. He should master his opponents with his handicap. On Saturday, Altivo is chosen for the 3.0. This French-bred impressed when beating Alphenhorn on this course last time.

"Colonel Tottering."

LADIES' WIN

Last Saturday, the D.U. women's hockey team convincingly beat Old Alexandra by 8 goals to 3. Leading the Trinity attack were Irene Hurst and Elizabeth Benson. They shared the Trinity goals between them.

The forwards were backing up well and their rushes frequently outwitted the opponents' goalkeeper. In attack, Ruth Harris played an able game. The Trinity defence was sound; Ruth Kingston excelled herself. Gretchen Nichols and Elizabeth Carson backed up the forwards and sent fast, quick passes to the wings. It was noticeable, however, that the opposing forwards were not so well marked as those of Trinity; this was perhaps the cause of the three goals of Old Alexandra.

Trinity well merited such a victory. Though the game was scrappy, they were nearly always on the attack. The match was a good trial for their Scottish tour.

STOP PRESS

Badminton: Meeting for everyone interested, Friday, West Chapel, 4.15. U.C.D. started last season and have done very well. If a club is started, a demonstrated match could be arranged, and it would also be possible to join a league in the coming season.

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