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Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

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THURSDAY, 30th OCTOBER, 1958

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POLITICIANS' PARADISE

Patience Rewarded?

A NEARLY thousand-strong audience heard three eminent Socialists, Mr. Michael Foot, Dr. Noel Browne and the Rt. Hon. P. C. Gordon Walker, clash with a lone but distinguished Conservative, Lord Hailsham, following Mr. L. Roche's outspoken Presidential address to the University Philosophical Society in the Dining Hall last Thursday.

The meeting, which was relayed to a large overflow in the G.M.B., began with the presentation of last year's awards by the Provost.

Mr. Roche, who received a big ovation when he rose to read his inaugural address, suggested that, in view of her decaying economy since her independence, Ireland should forget the traditional "barriers to unity" associated with Nationalism and religion, and turn to Socialism for the solution to her pressing problems. He affirmed the necessity for continuing the associations with the English race who he considered were "blood brothers" and whose constitution was part of Ireland's inheritance.

Open Door

The Rt. Hon. P. C. Gordon-Walker, a former Socialist Minister, believed that Ireland would find an open door if she ever wanted to rejoin the Commonwealth. Turning to Socialism, he emphasised the "irreplaceable and indispensable" part it was playing in the survival of the West. He defined freedom as the obligation to make choices, which was a burden in the modern world. He said that Democratic Socialism was not a compromise, but that it believed in a positive State which relied on the aggregate result of State decisions and not those of individuals, as did the Tory theory.

Sex and Socialism

A big reception greeted Dr. Noel Browne, who praised the President for his careful apportioning of the blame for Ireland's "pitiful litany of failure" to where is belonged. He denounced the churches for making sex and Socialism the only two sins in Ireland, and thought Ireland's need, in view of the failure of its leaders, was more men like Mr. Roche, who would examine the questions for themselves.

Right to Leave

Mr. Michael Foot, to the amusement of the audience, began by introducing Lord Hailsham as he saw him and assured them that all Tories were not progressive like Lord Hailsham. He went on to describe the Conservative Conference in terms of the blank map from the Hunting of the Shark. Later he suggested that we might at least have the humility to examine the state



—by courtesy Irish Independent
Viscount Hailsham

of affairs in the U.S.S.R., since some part of the truth, he believed, was to be found on both sides. He warned Ireland that they should be sure of the right to leave before they ever decided to rejoin and said they would have the disadvantage of being protected by the H-bomb. He ended his clever speech by requesting the so-called Christian nations to lead the world instead of trickling behind.

Lord Hailsham Defends

At 10.50 p.m., after patiently listening to over two hours of Socialism, the champion of Conservatism rose to defend his cause. At that time of night, he said, it was difficult to know what one was talking about, especially after hear-

'BUILDING FOR BOOKS'

Prospects For The Future

THE film, commissioned by the committee of the Library Extension Fund last year, was given its first Dublin Showing on Saturday morning in the Adelphi Cinema, which was kindly lent for the occasion by its manager, Mr. H. W. Lush. The audience included a number of distinguished visitors, as well as members of staff and undergraduates.

In a brief introduction speech, the Provost thanked all those who had helped with the making of the film and paid a special tribute to the E.S.B. for their generosity in supplying the current required for making the film, together with a special cable, and also for lending the film unit a number of their technicians for three weeks this summer.

The film, which is entitled "Building for Books," deals primarily with the history and functions of the Library, but includes a number of interesting shots of various aspects of College life, and also compares the buildings of the other "copywrite" libraries with our own. The pleasant background music from Handel's "Concerti Grossi" is provided by the Bambourg Orchestra, and the commentary written by Mr. R. D. B. French is spoken by Tom St. John Barry.

The film has been made in Eastman colour. This is particularly suitable for the exterior scenes, since it brings out admirably the mellow tones of the

College buildings. A few of the interior shots tend to be disappointing as the colours are somewhat untrue, although the close-ups of various portraits of Librarians and College benefactors give one the opportunity to see these fine pictures displayed to their best advantage.

In the final sequence the Provost makes an appeal for funds from his own library, while a series of flashbacks pin points the highlights of the film.

It is intended that the two 35 mm. copies of the film shall be taken to America almost immediately. They will be distributed through an agency, which will arrange for them to be shown in a number of centres, including New York, and also at Harvard and Yale and other seats of learning. Later it is hoped that the film will be shown commercially in both America and England. Finally, it is proposed to have six 16 mm. copies of the film made. These will be suitable for showing in small halls and other places which do not possess adequate facilities for showing films.

Four-Tone New Look

The Provost, in accepting the modernised and re-decorated Debating Hall, thought that the Coffee Bar had become the hub of College activity, with the G.M.B. second. However, as a result of its New Look, the G.M.B., now in four delicate pastel shades, is making a gallant come-back.

Mr. Justice Kingsmill-Moore, Chairman of the Trinity Trust, who had previously "handed over" the transformed oratorium, with its new platform, seats and levelled well, thanked Mr. Lyons, the contractors, and others for the quality and punctuality of the operation.

The Provost hinted that the Examination Hall was high up in preference for a retouch and recalled the good work done by the Trinity Trust in its efforts to modernise the College.

Mr. R. B. D. French told a "Trinity News" reporter that the cost had been around £1,500, which had been met by the Trinity Trust.

COMMENCED

Among those to receive degrees to-day is Sir Alexander Fleck, upon whom an honorary degree was conferred last June.

CAFE

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

Switzer

CAFE AND RESTAURANT

CHEMISTRY WING

The extension to the Chemistry wing is being officially opened by the Minister for Education, Mr. Lynch, at 4 p.m. to-day.

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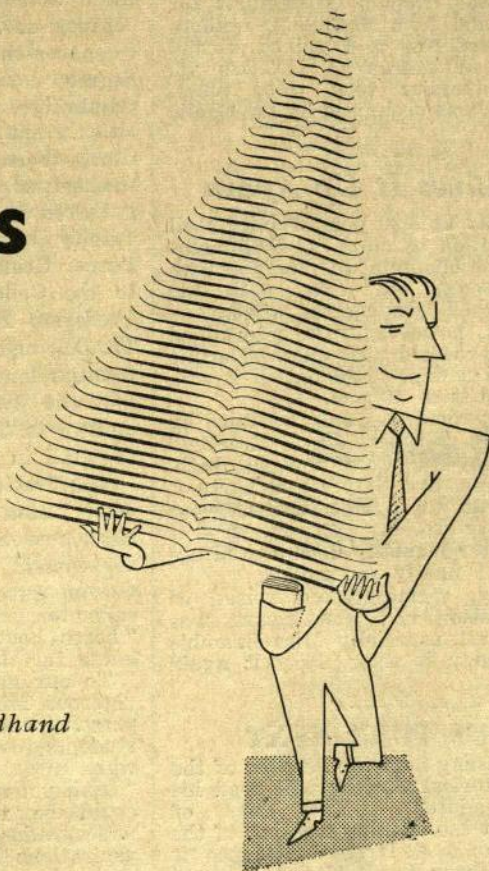
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FANTASY

CONTINENTAL countries are frequently the destination of students during the summer vacation and even if they only bask in the sun they can't help noticing the different atmosphere which is all part of the way of life. And though they appreciate what they see, they rarely bother to bring back anything but souvenirs. No delicious recipes; none of the fine clothes which are superior to ours in cloth, cut and colour; none of the splendid architectural designs (particularly for stations).

But what is it that makes the Continental way of life so different from ours? In a word, Fantasy. Everywhere, manifestations of their creative imagination can be seen. Once home, we are satisfied to don our dark suits with baggy trousers and absurd bowler hats and eat the most monotonous food imaginable, consisting mainly of monstrous potatoes, not to mention the lack of wine. And yet it is our climate that needs something to brighten it; some of those colourful verandahs with flower-boxes and sun shades. Most of all, perhaps, a few Continental Bars with a wide range of inexpensive drinks and tasty dishes served until midnight by well-trained waitresses in pleasant surroundings. Too many people eat to live instead of living to enjoy their meals, but first a good sense of taste must be acquired and a few chefs with the Continental know-how.

AN APPRECIATION

Another red-letter day for the Trinity Trust was October 22 when Mr. Justice Kingsmill-Moore "handed over" the redecorated G.M.B. on behalf of the Trust to the Provost. "Trinity News," on behalf of the students, would like to place on record its appreciation of this and other improvements financed by the efforts of the Trust. Further, we would echo the request of the Provost that, while students should not be expected to donate, they should draw the attention of parents and friends to the work this Trust is doing for the University and persuade them to help in any way, however small. It is not one of those things to be taken for granted.

BOOKS

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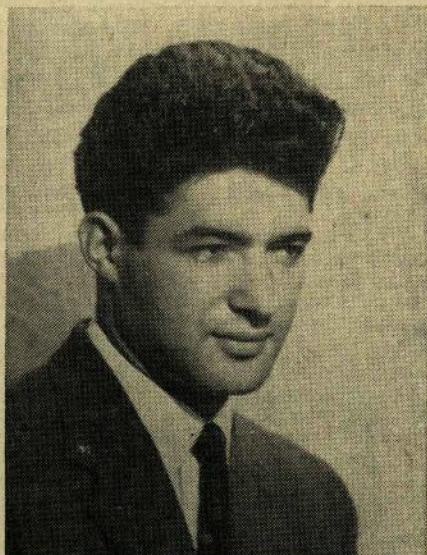
Morning Coffee 10.30 — 12.30
ALL PROCEEDS GO TO THE I.S.P.C.C.

Profile:

JAN KAMINSKI—Ex-Chairman Plus

One day last term a particularly attractive American tourist arrived at Front Gate, announced that she had just dropped in from Florence, Italy, and asked doubtfully if anyone around had heard of a certain Jan Kaminski. To her surprise a dozen different voices started to tell her where they had last seen him — bullying the Committee of International Affairs, rushing a front-page story to the printers, or holding forth on world events in the Coffee Bar.

The episode is typical. It is hard not to know Jan, for he is a person who creates an impression wherever he is, whether it be in Trinity or among the Americans in Florence. Charmer, fighter, dreamer and cynic, his presence is always strongly felt. Yet few people in College know more of Jan than he wants them to know, and his varied activities in the present, his fabulous



plans for the future, draw attention away from equally varied and fabulous adventures in a past of which he rarely speaks.

Jan was born 25 years ago in the town of Zamosc in Poland. His father was a professional soldier in the Polish Army, so when the Germans took over Poland the family was sent to a concentration camp. There Jan was separated from his family and loaded on to a train of children who were being deported to Germany. The practice in Poland at that time was for people at the stations where these trains stopped to trade any valuables they possessed for children, and Jan recounts with glee that he was himself traded for a bottle of vodka—and claims that the vodka trade

has interested him ever since. Here began a series of adventures worthy of the most exciting "thriller." He lived off the land in W. Poland until 1944, when the Russians had taken over, they caught him removing some of their stores from a camp. To avoid punishment he joined the Polish Army—this at the age of 11—and was used, along with other children, as a scout for spying in the enemy lines. Wounded at Warsaw, he was moved from hospital to hospital, and at 13 escaped over the border into Germany. Varied adventures there and in Austria and Italy as liaison officer, barrow-boy and smuggler brought him finally to England, where he was educated at Purley County School, and in the Holy Cross Academy in Edinburgh. There he tried an engineering course, work in a factory ("the proletariat was too much for me"), and, at last, Trinity, where he is studying Economics.

It would not be surprising if, after such a hectic life, Jan decided to take things easy. But this is for him temperamentally impossible. He must try everything, and he cannot rest till he has succeeded at everything he tries. He has been Chairman of the Association for International Affairs (it was under his rule that the Carnival of Nations moved to the Mansion House and became part of An Tostal), Chairman of "Trinity News" ("if I haven't got a story I'll make one"), Vice-President of the Polish Students' Union in Dublin, member of the Economics Society and the Hist. He is inordinately proud of the goal he scored once for the 2nd Trinity soccer team.

As for vacation work, he has organised dances for teddy-boys in Dun Laoghaire ("till the tax collector caught up with me"), broadcast on Radio Free Europe and Voice of America, travelled Europe as companion to a diplomat, fished on a drift trawler off Kerry.

Jan has seen more of life already than most of his fellow students ever will. He shows no bitterness about the past and looks on the present as both a challenge and a joke. Always eager for new fields of interest and success, he is at present trying in vain to persuade his friends that he has no designs on this year's Junior Freshwomen. His plans for the future are, in his own words, "Wine, food and song, and the means to pay for all three," which, interpreted in serious terms, means that he wants to work in international trade.

With his flowing hair, large grin, unbounded energy and fabulous plans, Jan has become one of the "characters" of College. His opinion of Jan Kaminski? "I think he's a jolly good fellow." We all agree.

Trinity Second

On Friday, October 24th, a meeting in connection with Oireachtas Week was held in Regent House. It took the form of an inter-University debate in Irish on the motion, "The question of the Border is more important than saving the Language." The Universities taking part were Trinity, U.C.D., U.C.C., U.C.G., and Queen's. Professor David Greene of Trinity was in the chair.

Trinity has been last in all the previous competitions, but this year our representatives, Eamon O Tuathail for the motion and John McCarthy, against, excelled themselves and gained second place with 61 marks to U.C.D.'s 72. Queen's University took third place. The meeting was organised by the Gaelic Society.

Hall Lives It Up Again

On Tuesday at 8.30 p.m., Trinity Hall held a reception to mark its 50th anniversary. The clientele was studded with dour professors, old girls, with the Provost himself gracing the affair.

Hall girls, however, were determined to usher out the old girls quam celerinie as they had a dance laid on till 2 a.m. They cleared it at 10 p.m.

The dining-room was only occupied by 10 couples at a time. David Cranfield and Anno Hay-Edi, Clive and Elizabeth, and, of course, Sue Smyth and partner. The others, as far as I could hear, were getting pretty stotious upstairs. And it was only after I quietly disappeared upstairs that I finally succumbed.

The party, seemingly comprised of Brian Nicholson and Ron Ewart, was enjoyed by all, especially Miss Bramble whose birthday it was. Play it again Hall.

HIST'S TURN NEXT

On Wednesday next the Auditor of the College Historical Society will read his inaugural address, "The Sons of Gloriana," at the opening meeting of the 189th session. A large attendance is expected to hear Lord Altringham and other distinguished guests, including Mr. P. Montgomery Hyde, M.P.; Mr. Tyrone Guthrie and Mr. Donal Barrington, all of whom are good speakers.

50th ANNIVERSARY

The Provost has held a reception at Trinity Hall to mark the occasion of the 50th anniversary of the opening of the Hall.

Women were admitted to Trinity in 1904, in January of that year the King's Letter having provided for the necessary change in the statutes. Over the next four years it was possible for those women who wished to take their degrees at Dublin University to do so whenever they had completed equivalent degree courses at either Oxford or Cambridge. As neither of these Universities granted degrees to women at this time, there were many who availed themselves of the privilege, and the fees gathered in this way were used to pay Trinity Hall in 1908. Mr. and Mrs. Purser Griffith gave the adjoining house to the College in 1910 in memory of Frederick Purser, sometime Fellow of T.C.D., and the following year the familiar long corridor was built connecting the two houses. Greenane, the annexe in Temple Road, was added to the Hall in 1953.

The first account books tell of a time when "man for garden" cost all of 7/-, but charwoman only 2/-, whilst "escort for invalid" was more than £1; Mrs. Gwynn gave a mirror, the Lord Chancellor ten guineas, and 18/6 was spent on "horse boots"—boots for horses or a horse for the boots?

To our generation that knows of the vigorous Miss Cunningham only as the person who apocryphally chaperoned students to dances in a donkey cart, or who more certainly believed that "Irish young women from Irish schools could be metamorphosed into Girton undergraduates with Kensington social aspirations"—to our generation those early days seem as remote in time as Miss Beale and Miss Buss.

But not like us? Those corridors are still just as long, just as draughty and the baths just as tepid.

College Observed

Ave freshers—so much to do—so much to choose from and all the excitement of new and different things—like the opening of a strange parcel; wondering what's inside—tools, toys or a tarantula? And which is which? Which useful, which amusing and which lead to mad dancing? The week is filled with excitement and anxiety—is brimming with assurance and fear; fear of doing something that seems silly.

Which lectures are funny, but shouldn't be laughed at, and which of them ought to be laughed at, although they aren't funny but think they are?

Which societies should not be joined? Which College newspaper should be read? (although the answer to this is obvious even to the Freshest.)

How do you find decent digs—why ever did I get landed in Hall?

How much should you pay for a gown and where's the Coffee Bar?

And how good will the others be in the trial rugger game? What's your tutor supposed to do?

All these questions and a multitude of more subtle, more personal ones have to be answered, and in the meantime there are receptions, which are supposed to help you decide which societies interest you most—actually they only increase the confusion. Each of them is so eager to prove itself best—each seems as glamorous as the Library on the film.

Is the Hist. really better than the Phil.? Should I join the Liz. or is it really so pretentious as it sounds? All these questions don't, however, hide the nastiest of them all: When do I start working?

Atque aliis—so much noise. Why do they have to talk at the tops of their voices? "Oh I think I'll take Little Go some time after Christmas." Ugh... I suppose when November comes they'll stand in front of the fire and toast their backsides while we freeze in our armchairs—of course if Henderson is still around it won't be too bad—he's good at looking after that fire... I suppose we need the subscriptions, but it's—oh shut that door!—that's better.

How the heck can I get my meat pie? I'll have to go to Davy's, I suppose. Don't know what the place is coming to—still the film turned out better than we might have expected... Look at that ridiculous sweater, I thought Wathen's had enough, but that thing... "Red Brick" that's the trouble with this place... Have you seen the crop of summer beards? And the new rooms—brand new and you have to sit your guests on the floor... the place is going to the dogs; one of them asked me where the canteen was... Wonder when the Coffee Bar will be open?

I suppose I'd better do some work this term... bet she's doing Mod. Lang....

Vale graduates—commencements today, you lucky blighters—perhaps not, now you've really got to think about work.

Father Huddleston in Trinity

Father Trevor Huddleston proved a very popular "gate" attraction for last Sunday's special Evensong. Many of the congregation listened intently to his clear and comprehensive answers to questions concerned mainly with the race relations of South Africa in the Phil. Conversation Room afterwards. Subjects ranged from the extent to which the new Prime Minister might enforce the policy of apartheid to treason trials, and the difference between Little Rock and the general relationships in the Deep South. Perhaps the most interesting of all problems he dealt with was the question of mixed marriages; while he believed they were perfectly all right and there was absolutely nothing in the Scriptures against them, he thought intending couples should be warned that this, on top of the big step they were already taking, should be considered very carefully before going ahead.

Father Huddleston also emphasised the pressing need for an absolute leadership in the Anglican Church at a time when religion was discussed, even if only round a T.V. set, by a large percentage of the population of the British Isles.

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FOUR & SIX

Rumour has it that our respected rival, "The College Mystery—T.C.D.", is ceasing the publication of the boring delinquencies and chit-chat of those lost characters who are to be seen displaying their said delinquencies and chit-chat at cocktail, stag and other less sordid forms of the Party. One way or another, it would appear that something is on their editorial mind. Might one suggest that the Venus/Adonis relationship of Baby Babs Fox (every misogynist's conception of the ideal Scholar) and Jimmykins (nee James) Poynton has shocked their objective approach to the mysteries of sex in its socio-economic aspect, the Party.

Sometimes I wish that a rumour would circulate that this phenomenon was disappearing from the scene. Matters have now reached the stage when some people, unsatisfied with phrases of septeminal orgiizing, have been attempting to carry this activity into the vacation period. Before the beginning of term, Philip Wall-Morris, Susan Pringle in hand, gave the first of two parties within a week of each other, which sported Blondie Ross-Todd as their main attraction in lieu of Bacchus. With variations on the partnership theme, the same oarsmen and . . . ladies circulated at both parties. Bill Keating and Sue Smith still seemed to look like Young Love and Innocence by Candlelight. Brian Fisher and Bruno Brown (of "How I See Littlego" fame) shared Jane Gwyn. Jerry Blanchard brought along the Junior Fresh girl to hit the headlines this year. Civilisation and Margaret Keating were there, with

Margaret listening to an interesting talk on practical and applied engineering by Frank Truffelli who afterwards proved his point by repeatedly removing himself from a car as it gathered speed; we were not too sure of the exact point under discussion.

Of Saturday night, the least said the better. In Hume street and Waterloo Road, the battles for party entrance wavered to and fro, sometimes the crashers getting the better of it and sometimes the bouncers. The night was to be heard blueing its way out around 4.0 a.m. on Sunday in the Leeson Street area as a stray jazz band serenaded the autumn tree-tops.

Something worthy of relating appears to have occurred on Tuesday evening. It seems that a party was given in the Lansdowne Road area, featuring Miss Jill Robbins. As the party was not given by her, we assumed that it was for her . . . two Robbins parents were, as usual, regarding their little girl with slightly perplexed and uncomprehending eyes. The problem remained of who precisely was giving the party. Maybe it was her man. We are told she has a Man . . . but it could be one of so many . . . was it a Philcox or a Downing or a MacAulay or perhaps there was a Lentin hidden somewhere around, though not on view? However, after earnest consideration it was borne in upon us that perhaps she was being bought off by her nice female friends, such as Deirdre Mooney and Stella O'Connor, terrified that she might be considering sending scurrilous Odes, Letters and the usual Fabricated Remarks from her London hide-out to the other paper for publication.

Historical Massacre

The real Great Trek was well under way by 1835 under the leadership of Hendrik Potgieter, and many exciting things had happened prior to the main events leading to the treachery of Dingaan, the Zulu chief.

It must be remembered at this point that the Boers of that era could be almost regarded as Greeks in corduroy. They had broken out of the modern world, with its machinery and organisation, back to a time when individual prowess and the encounters of a few people achieved an extraordinary human value, as if Thermopylae were being fought again. Now in the late spring of '37, Piet Retief with a few followers rode into Natal to make a reconnaissance. Behind him straggled for miles the wagons of his people, waiting for the messenger to return with news of the Promised Land.

The explorers climbed into the mighty Drakensberg and all around them saw a land of rich vegetation, bright birds and strange flowers.

Round about Durban Bay in those days, living in shacks and huts, were a few English ivory traders, whose adventures would make Robinson Crusoe a tame story. These welcomed the Boers and were delighted to think they might establish a republic in the district. It was agreed that Retief would have to see Dingaan, the chief of the Zulu nation, whose word was life or death, one of his chief amusements being the burning of holes by means of a sun glass in the bodies of his attendants. They set off for Dingaan's palace where lived the chief, surrounded by his hundred wives and a mighty and magnificent corps of Zulus, each regiment with its own quarters and its own distinctive war dress. When they finally were admitted into his presence he accused them of having stolen some of his cattle, which Retief denied, suggesting the thief was a minor native chieftain. However, the Boers agreed to go off in search of the cattle on condition that they would be granted land. Indeed so enthusiastic and trusting was Retief that he had written hopeful letters to the waiting trekkers, with the result that the wagons came pouring down the pass of the Drakensberg into Natal, until eventually a thousand had spread themselves on the western side of the Tugela river.

Once the cattle had been found they returned again to Dingaan, and the next day was given over to festivities, the Boers finishing off the entertainment by treating the Zulus to an exhibition of skilful shooting from the saddle. All seemed to be going well, especially when they were asked to defer their departure until the next morning, when after more dances and a drink of Kaffir beer they might go in peace.

Leaving their horses and guns in their camps, as they had been requested to do, they walked on foot to the great kraal where Dingaan was waiting. A group of warriors began to dance, and drinks were served. As the dance neared its climax Dingaan stood up and in a voice of thunder ordered the immediate execution of the white men. Some were killed on the spot, others dragged away to the Hill of Execution; Retief himself, seeing his young son clubbed to death before his eyes, was then murdered without pity; his heart and liver cut out and presented to the chief. The moment the Boers had been slain, Dingaan selected three of his crack regiments, numbering about 10,000, to exterminate those in the wagons. The plumed warriors, armed with throwing and stabbing assegais and knobberies, were ordered to move swiftly and silently, seeking the cover of ravines, and to surprise the Boers as they slept. In the morning, those able to awaken counted over 100 adults, almost the same number of children and 250 coloured servants dead. That was the Blannkrand Massacre.

Now the Boers knew there could be no future until Dingaan was dead. Months later a commando of 450 men set out to face an enemy numbering tens of thousands. On the way they begged God to help them and vowed that if they were granted victory they would build a church and for ever keep the day of their triumph as a Holy Sabbath.

They made contact with the enemy near the Zulu capital and formed laager (the wagons forming a square), with a river at their back. The Zulus attacked in the morning and the Boers held their fire until the enemy was ten yards off, then a hail of elephant ball and buckshot poured from the wagons and soon their guns were smoking hot.

Then came the coup d'état, the true moment of revenge. A small body of horsemen galloped out from the collected wagons, the men levelling their hot gunbarrels and firing from the saddle.

In the last of three charges they managed to split the black army, and 300 other cavalry rode into the gap between the Zulus, one section wheeling right, the other left. Pressing back, they drove the now demoralised enemy in front of them and the rout had become a headlong flight.

When the Boers rallied and re-assembled they saw the river was red with Zulu blood (the estimated Zulu dead being well over 3,000). Thus the river to-day is known on the map as Blood River. The Boers fulfilled their vow and built a church at Pietermaritzburg, and to this day, December 16, "Dingaan's Day," is a solemn tribute throughout the Union to those who died by Dingaan's treachery and those who avenged them.

More Modern Arabian Nights

Ain Zalah is a small town situated on the western bank of the upper reaches of the Tigris, about 50 miles from the north-west frontier of Iraq and Turkey; it is famous for its production of liquid gold. The oil flowing from Iraq to-day makes this small country one of the richest of the Middle East. It is now a Republic—a little while back it was a Kingdom governed by King Feisal II and his Prime Minister, Nuri-es-Said.

At 6 o'clock on the morning of July 13th, exactly 22 hours before the Army coup in Iraq, a small party, including an Iraq petroleum geologist and three students from Oxford, the University of Wales and T.C.D., started a 200-mile journey by car from the parched desert of Ain Zalah to the snow-capped mountains of the Kurdistan on the Persian border.

To cross the Tigris one must travel southwards from Ain Zalah to Mosul—one of the largest cities in Northern Iraq, and built on the opposite side of the river to that of Nineveh which in 650 B.C. was capital of the Assyrian Empire. The bazaars at 8 o'clock in the morning take on their usual appearance of busy trade—the smell of spice is pleasant. Later on in the day the intense heat causes a mixed odour of spice and rotten fruit which is not so pleasing. Thirty miles east of Mosul and on the direct route to Persia lies Erbil, a town which has seen humanity for more than 7,000 years and has had continuous occupation for the past 3,000 years.

Once past Erbil the car left civilisation behind and, only stopping for meals and Chikkana tea—a local Kurdish drink which is sweet and strong and extremely thirst quenching—the party headed for the Persian border and the Kurdistan mountains. The scenery is magnificent here: the road runs through gorges of a similar splendour to the Grand Canyon and over passes of Alpine beauty.

After a well-deserved night's rest on the border we decided to make a short climb of one of the nearby peaks before driving back to our base. The exhilarating air and a good meal prepared us for the return trip, but we were not to

get far before the first police outpost stopped us. Since neither our driver nor the police could speak English it was difficult to understand what the matter was. However, after much gestulation we realised that serious events had thrown Baghdad, Mosul and Erbil into turmoil. The police insisted that we should take two armed guards with us in the car, while we insisted that we should be allowed to speak to someone who could explain the new political situation to us in English. Finally our two guards understood this and we were driven to a village where there was an English-speaking Chief of Police. Before any serious topic could be discussed, tea was provided for us all; the news of the overthrow of the Feisal regime came to us as a shock, since prior to this Iraq had been considered as one of the most stable of the Middle Eastern countries.

After this we were asked to lie on the car floor through every village in case any demonstrating villagers should see us. Our journey back was punctuated every hour or so with a change of guards and as we approached Erbil we noticed that their rifles were becoming more modern. At Erbil we were placed in protective custody in the police station while a crowd of the local youth moved along the main street shouting slogans. Finally out of Erbil after this episode we decided that rather than risk travelling through Mosul, which is a very much larger city than Erbil, we should make our way in the car across country and eventually swim across the Tigris and so get back to Ain Zalah without touching the trouble spot of Mosul. Just before we were going to turn off the police added to our retinue: a car full of Kurdish guards drove in front of us and a vehicle equipped with a rotating Lewis gun drove behind. Consequently, with our new companions we decided to carry on through Mosul. However, it was now 10 o'clock at night and our fears of rioting at this time were groundless. Mosul had been under curfew for many hours and all was quiet. We were stopped every 500 yards or so in the city by police checks, but eventually got on to the road back to Ain Zalah; it was not only our driver who gave a sigh of relief.

B. D. Evamy.

Ain Zalah, Iraq.
July 17th, 1958.

Your School—NATURAL SCIENCES

The modern universities of the British Isles may be more frequently associated with the ever-increasing demand for scientific training in the Age of Space and Nuclear Fission, but the Natural Sciences faculty, as it is now called at Trinity, compares very favourably with the best of these. The increase in Junior Freshmen reading Natural Sciences from around 60 a few years ago to a record of 126 this year speaks for itself. The efficiency with which Trinity has been miraculously absorbing this new legion is evidence of the work going on behind the scenes, and has, through foresight, resulted in the new Science extensions and the publishing of a new Science Handbook.

This multitude of would-be scientists, equalled only in Pre-Med. and J.F. French lectures, arrives with a varying degree of knowledge of the subjects they pursue and receives a very good outline of the fundamentals of Science in the first year. Some of the better equipped find the first year relatively easy, but the majority find themselves plunged into a mass of facts in an almost new language and have to work hard and consistently to avoid an accumulation of unintelligible notes. The succeeding years provide no relaxation of efforts, but the reward at the end is well worthwhile.

But what is the destination of these budding scientists? Who knows; there are so many attractive opportunities open to a Science graduate only equalled in scope to those offered to the Economist. However, Research, Industry and Education are the main fields to which they will eventually disperse.

The facilities available at Trinity on the practical side, which must be regarded as adequate, if not excellent, are keeping pace with other science establishments fairly well, as is the Laboratory Fee, now at £20. Trinity's Moyné Institute is, as well as being part of the Medical School, one of the few departments in the British Isles that teaches Bacteriology to Science students.

To what extent do the Science students play their part in University life? This is the old question of Science v. Arts. Although some have become officers in the major societies, they are not as outstanding in this respect as they might be and D.U.E.S.A. itself, as a society, leaves much to be desired. The Natural Sciences department must never be reduced to a glorified Technical School, as some think the Medical School is becoming, perhaps of necessity, as this would take away the real meaning from University education, which is not to churn out fact saturated technicians. As it is, Natural Sciences is one of the most satisfying and worthwhile faculties in Trinity.

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Rugby—1st XV

HANGOVER?

Trinity, 0; Old Belvedere, 9

IN College Park last Saturday, Trinity ended Old Belvedere's losing run by themselves going under to the rather unhappy tune of a 9 points defeat.

It is difficult to say wherein the main fault lay, but neither the forwards nor the backs showed their usual form. This may be blamed partly on the unusually strenuous match on Wednesday, a Combined Universities XV v. The Rest of Leinster, in which eight of the team participated.

In the early stages Belvedere took the lead with two well-engineered tries, both scored beyond the range of their place-kicker. Having thus gained moral ascendancy, they settled down to play an efficient though perhaps rather negative brand of football.

As the first half progressed the Trinity forwards began to respond to the encouragement and example of Dowse, and the heeling became more regular. However, in the latter part of the game the pack allowed themselves to be drawn into a series of scuffles, and energy which might have been constructively used in feeding the backs was wasted in fighting. The props, Doyle and Meates, equalled the Belvedere pair, while Patrikios tackled well at wing-forward. The back line suffered from a shortage of opportunities, and Hall, despite the opposition, strove to get the threequarters moving. Of the line, the wings, de Wet and Reid-Smith, made the most of the limited opportunities, the latter again showing thrust in the inside break. The newly-acquired full-back, McMullen, once again proved himself to be a sound defender.

Our opponents' final try followed a defensive lapse in the centre towards the

end of the match. This type of break through should be eliminated once the centres become adjusted to each other's method of playing.

The game, though providing meagre entertainment for the spectators, showed the team their weaknesses and it is expected that when the players settle down, better results and better rugby will be produced.

Second XV.

Lansdowne II XV	16
Dublin University II XV	11

In a hard-fought and exciting game at Lansdowne Road, Trinity were just beaten by the home side.

Trinity gained an early lead, D. Fitzpatrick scoring a try which was converted by D. Drewery.

Defensive lapses allowed Lansdowne to add eight easy points before M. McCord, picking up a cross-kick, levelled the scores again.

In the second half Lansdowne continued to be the more dangerous and brought their total to 16 points. Trinity could only reply with a dropped goal by D. Dornan.

Teething-term troubles are obviously affecting the Rugby Club. Last Saturday every XV was beaten. We naturally and indeed confidently hope for and expect an improvement. One notice appearing currently and prominently on the rugby notice board states, in essence: "No training, no matches." This we applaud, nor is there any reason why the 3rd A should not be as fit as the 1st XV. An improvement in physical fitness for every member of the Club cannot surely produce any worse results, and may result in more victories. This is, presumably, the Committee's reason for displaying such a notice and they deserve and need the Club's support.

FIXTURE

Rugby—1st XV v. Monkstown, College Park, 3.0 p.m.

Soccer

VICTORY BUT . . .

Trinity, 5; Vets., 2.

Although winning comfortably enough against the Vets. last Wednesday, Trinity's performance was rather disappointing, and not very encouraging.

Trinity's main fault was their inability to shoot when in the goal-area, and many clever and promising moves petered out in this fashion.

Otina opened the score for Trinity with a header, and inside right H. Brett made it 2-0 by the interval. Despite two quick goals — one a penalty — by the opposition, Trinity went further ahead through goals by Mumford, Brett and Mumford again.

But the team's performance was not satisfactory, as the forward line was sadly lacking in unity; this should improve in time, however.

In defence, R. Prole, T. Widdis and R. McCabe all played a great part in Trinity's victory, but the attack will have to be more direct and achieve some sort of unity.

Hockey

TRINITY IMPROVE

Trinity 2; Y.M.C.A., 2

PHYSICAL fitness is a "must" in sport. Naturally, we realise this and equally naturally we neglect it. The rugby club has put its boot down and the hockey club realises that although fit, it could be fitter. With this year's defensive riches and a forward line which improves, Trinity can hope for another satisfying season, but success is always the result of hard work. The success will be dated in Saturdays. The hard work, gentlemen, takes place each Tuesday and Thursday.

With the return of A. Findlater at inside-left and the introduction of R. Byrne at inside-right, the Trinity forward line showed much improvement on their previous display, but not until McCarthy and Keely changed places did goals materialise.

The defence was again sound, with full-backs Judge and Steepe rocks upon which many Y.M.C.A. attacks foundered. Webb at centre-half continues to please, his stickwork and positional play being most effective.

The superior fitness of the Trinity team is no ground for complacency. There is still much room for improvement.

Trinity were unlucky to be a goal down at half-time. A through pass found the unmarked Hennessy, who pushed the ball past the advancing Stewart. After 20 minutes of the second half McCarthy, now at centre-forward, scored following good work by Lavan on the right wing. Y.M.C.A. promptly replied from a short corner, but McCarthy restored the balance again after a fierce goalmouth scramble.

The 2nd XI had an easy 4-0 win over a poor St. James's Gate side. Moffett and Hughes (3) scored for Trinity, and Blackburn shone in defence.

Badminton

Over 70 Members

Thanks to the enterprise of Mr. Wathen, the Badminton Club is no longer the youngest sports club in the University. It is, however, still in its infancy, and continues to experience teething troubles: There is yet no badminton court in College, playing and changing facilities at the present hall are far from ideal, and not enough members can play in matches. Despite such obvious drawbacks, in two years the Club has grown from an enthusiastic few to a membership of over 70.

Once again for the first and second teams a full season of league and cup matches lies ahead, whilst for the third — and possibly a fourth — team there will be as many friendly matches as the crowded timetable permits.

Many members never represent the Club on a team, yet are still drawn to play badminton in a friendly and sociable atmosphere where men and women can meet on equal terms — an advantage afforded by few College associations.

To newcomers, therefore, both to Trinity and to the game, the Club extends a cordial welcome, for it is upon them that the future of badminton in College depends.

GOLF CLUB

This term the Golf Club has only two matches ahead — one first's match against the Leinster Ladies' Alliance and one wedges' match against U.C.D. However, the medal competitions which were introduced last year will again be held throughout the term.

J. Jackson has been appointed Captain; B. Smith, Secretary, and B. Nicholson, Treasurer.

Saturday Special

For those who like a good tip, "Small Talk" seems a good bet in the 2.30 at Kempton Park, but I suggest an each way bet for safety.

"Col. Tottering."

Ladies' Hockey

Severe Defeat

D.U., 0; Loreto 1st XI, 5

Trinity ladies' hockey team started their league programme with a severe defeat by Loreto, the All-Ireland Senior Cupholders. Loreto held an undoubted supremacy in teamwork and in precision of passing, but Trinity acquitted themselves much better than expected. Four changes had been made in last season's team and an over-all improvement was noticeable, though the old weakness in goal scoring and the defence's occasional overcrowding of one danger zone are not completely cured.

For a quarter of an hour the match was evenly balanced, but poor shooting by Trinity obviously heartened Loreto and one of their inners broke through to score. Confusion in the Trinity defence led to a second Loreto goal, and from this stage on the Trinity forwards came into the reckoning only sporadically. After half-time Loreto added two more goals for onslaughts on the circle and a third from a crisp penalty-corner shot. For Trinity, the wings, Adrienne Jessop and Hilary Barton; the new right-half, Marion Walton, and Eileen Roche, the left back, were outstanding.

On this showing Trinity seem certain to stay in the top half of the league. Given a little more inspiration among the forwards and a better co-operation between defence and attack, the team might even challenge Muckross, Loreto and Pembroke, the traditional contenders for league honours.

Sports Clubs

For the benefit of newcomers to Trinity there are a number of clubs not mentioned elsewhere in this issue. Of these, the Squash Club, Fencing Club and Table Tennis Club are to be found in the Gymnasium. As usual, the Harriers with their high reputation have a full fixture list. The meeting place of the Swimming Club is the Tara Street Baths. The newly-formed Climbing Club seems to have made a good start and "Trinity News" wishes them well in their first season.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

California Calling

Dear Sir,—We, as university students, are interested in the exchange of ideas between peoples of different countries for the purpose of gaining a more comprehensive picture of the world situation and also to facilitate individual understanding and the exchange of ideas.

With this view in mind, we are promoting correspondence between University of California students and university students all over the world. In the hope that some students from your university would like to correspond with students at the University of California, we are writing your paper.

If you would help us by printing this letter in your Letters to the Editor column, we would be very grateful. We will pass the letters we receive along to University students who want to exchange correspondence.

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