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Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

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Boycott South African Goods?

STUDENTS passing Front Gate on Tuesday last week probably received leaflets, headed "Boycott South African Goods," which enumerated those goods exported by South Africa to this country. The Dublin campaign to boycott these goods was initiated by the Irish branch of the Afro-Asian Society.

The secretary is a well-known College figure, Mr. N. Wachuku. He told "Trinity News" that the society's members are Africans and Asians living in Ireland, and that its chairman, Mr. Bobbles Mier from South Africa, is a student at the Royal College of Surgeons. All the campaign expenses, that is, the printing of leaflets, travelling expenses for a visiting speaker and the hire of a hall, were covered by subscriptions from members of the society. Mr. Wachuku said that he was very pleased with the result of the campaign.

The day after the distribution of the leaflets, a group of people set off to walk through the centre of Dublin, carrying placards advising a boycott of South African goods. On its return down Grafton Street, the procession had grown much larger, and marchers were singing "John Brown's Body." The Dublin press published photographs, and since Dublin, unlike many other university cities, is not used to student marches, considerable interest was aroused. This became more evident as a hall in the Mansion House filled up at 8 p.m. on Friday night, after another procession, this time by torchlight, through thickly-falling snow. Miss Helen Chinevix presided over a platform that included Senator O. Sheehy Skeffington and Mr. Tennyson Makiwane, one of the 156 South Africans who were accused of treason in 1956.

Senator Skeffington described apartheid as a "monstrous and anti-human act," and pointed out that segregation was current in this country, where Jews, Protestants and Roman Catholics attend separate schools, and entry to Trinity College must be approved by a Hierarchical superior. Mr. Dan Breen, in a speech which showed an unfortunate lack of comprehensive understanding of the situation in Africa, said that the white man had no right to be in Africa, and every means to get rid of him was legal. Mr. Makiwane, the visiting speaker, gave many instances of injustice in South Africa, and said that apartheid would go down in history as the most sinister form of oppression. Other speakers were Miss Hilda Larkin, Dr. Noel Browne, T.D.; Mr. Donal Nevin, and Mr. Noel Hartnett.

It seems clear that the African Liberals are willing to undergo any hardship caused by slackening in trade after the boycott. The South African Government up to now has shown an inflexible attitude on the subject of rights for coloured people in South Africa. A widespread demonstration of strength could bring the Government to relent, but it could conceivably bring it to resent out-

side pressure. The result will be awaited anxiously by all those who have the interests of freedom at heart.

*Eastwards...
to the Andes*



—Photo courtesy of Irish Times
Advanced rock-climbing by member of D.U.C.C.

Initial plans are being made for the Dublin University Climbing Club to lead an Irish Universities' expedition to the Peruvian Andes in the summer of 1961.

Already a group of interested people is forming around a number of experienced climbers, including Glyn Cochrane and Alan Russell, Presidents of the D.U.C.C. and the Queen's University Mountain Clubs, respectively. It is hoped to take about eight people on the expedition, of which at least three should be scientists; a qualified doctor is also essential.

The last President of the D.U.C.C., R. J. Wathen, was a member of the highly successful "Puna's Clan" expedition that went to the Andes in 1957, and he

supports the venture, believing it to be within the capability of Irish student mountaineers.

The cost of the expedition will be considerable, much money being needed for equipment, portage costs, and passages to and from South America. There are several funds which do assist expeditions of this nature, and already a number of tentative enquiries for financial aid and equipment have received favourable replies.

Any person who is interested in this expedition, either as a mountaineer or in helping to organise the expedition before it sets off, is asked to go along to an informal meeting of the D.U.C.C. in the West Chapel at 8 p.m. on Friday, February 19th (to-morrow).

QUESTION MARK

During the week-end the D.U. Christian Union held a series of missionary meetings in No. 4, at which the speakers were the Rev. N. White, from Bishop Gwyn Theological College in the Sudan, and Dr. Muriel Bannister, who has been working in Nigeria. Both are Trinity graduates, and so were especially welcome.

At the opening session, Mr. White showed slides depicting the growth of the Church in the Sudan. He laid stress on the fact that the missionary rôle has undergone a vast change in recent years. The missionary is no longer the leader and administrator, but now must take his place alongside or beneath the nationals, humbly working with them, and accepting their leadership. In the talk that followed, Dr. Bannister showed how the need in the mission field to-day is for the expert.

In the second session, Dr. Bannister showed slides of hospital work in Nigeria. She spoke of the great possibilities that exist for the missionary in

medical work, and explained how missionary doctors and nurses can demonstrate in a practical way the love of Christ for the African. In his talk, Mr. White emphasised the importance of using College days as a training ground for missionary service, whether that service would be as a "professional" missionary or as a "secular" missionary in some department of government service.

In the concluding talk, Mr. White drew attention to Our Lord's commission to His disciples: "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptising them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost" (Matt. 28: 19). If we claim to be disciples of Christ, we must face up to the fact that this commission applies to us also. Our response must be that we are willing to go wherever God will send us. God has no doubts about where He wants us to be. The only doubt is with ourselves. We are the question mark. Are we willing to rub out the question mark, and to obey Christ's command: "Go ye"?

DRAMA FESTIVAL

From March 7th to March 12th (the last week of term), the 13th Annual Festival of the Universities' Dramatic Association will be held in Dublin. For the first time in its history a large commercial theatre has been hired for the presentation of the full-length plays. This theatre is the Olympia, and each night of the week a different university will present a major play there.

Since the Olympia is a commercial theatre and running costs very high, the seat prices must be higher than nominal university charges, but seats will be available to students at greatly reduced prices before the public booking opens, thus giving the student not only a cheap seat but choice of the best seats in the theatre. Student booking will be open in Players' Theatre for 2½ hours daily, at 12 noon from Friday, February 19th, to Wednesday, February 24th.

As well as the major plays in the Olympia, the universities will present one-act plays daily at 4.30 in Players' Theatre in No. 4 T.C.D. These, and the full-length plays, are being presented in competition and awards will be made for: The best full-length presentation, the best one-act presentation, the best actress in the festival, and the best actor in the festival. The adjudicator will be Mr. Stanley Illsley, well-known as an actor and director, and joint managing-director of the Olympia Theatre.

Apart from the dramatic offerings, other festival functions will include a symposium of well-known critics, actors and producers; several lectures, discussions and a Festival Ball. The Ball will be held on Thursday, March 10th, in the Shelbourne Ballroom and dress may be either fancy or formal.

This will be the biggest festival of university drama ever to be held in Ireland, and visitors from U.C.D., U.C.G., Queen's, Stranmillis and Cardiff University will be in town for the week. Any profits that may be made on the festival will be donated to the Trinity Library Fund.

Chess

ENNIS DECIDER

To-night, Dublin University "A" play their final match in the Ennis Shield. Their opponents are Eoghan Ruadh "B," who are half a point behind, in second place.

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ACCEDIA?

WHAT is the response of vast numbers of College people to a new Players production, a new issue of "Icarus," a Debate at Hist. or Phil? It is generally that the persons involved in organising them act solely for their own self-glorification. The student in Front Square declares: "I can act just as well as any in Players, 'Icarus' is full of pretentious nonsense or I can debate just as well as so-and-so only I'm not always keen to push myself." As a cover-up for his own mental laziness he takes refuge in the easy way of criticism. It may well be that occasionally his strictures are justified, he might be incapable of understanding or wanting to understand "Icarus" poetry, Players offerings or the purpose behind gifts for Refugees. Few people, in any event, give of their talent and time for entirely selfless reasons. That is no excuse, however, for the vast wave of apathy that converts almost two-thirds of the members of this College into mere spectators of the efforts of their fellows.

Quite obviously, the metier of many is not debating, charity, acting or writing. Many people might be prevented from participating in any one organisation by the exigencies of their course or from a natural shyness. They should not, however, forget that university life is far more than passing four years in lecture or Reading Room — with a light recreation continual cinema-going. Apart from wishing to obtain a reasonable degree, we come to College to discover a new modus vivendi. New horizons open, new interests wait to absorb those who are willing and prepared to take the plunge. The truth that it is far better to attempt something oneself, however ineptly, than to watch — and volubly criticize — others seems to be totally disregarded by many. The list of students running any College society or organisation is not a large one. Their efforts help to brighten the lives and widen the horizons of their fellow students. Yet the opportunity is given to all to participate. How many can honestly say that they have given of their energies to any extra-curricular activity?

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PROFILE

BASIL HOLLAND — Law Auditor

Unlike many student officials of varying degrees of importance, Basil Holland does not give the impression of wearing the badges of rank and office on his shoulders; the present Auditor of the Law Society, despite the shining example of some of his predecessors, is unaccustomed to going around with an air of having solved a particularly fear-



some tort with the greatest of ease and dexterity. The adjectives "quiet" and "unassuming" are often misused by the writers of Profiles in connection with their victims, but in the case of Basil Holland, they are the "Mots justes."

First impressions of Basil can be very misleading, and you could be in danger of mistaking him for a naive young man, braving the dangers of the big city for the first time, apparently ill-equipped to slide down Tom Lehrer's "Razor Blade of Life." If this is, or was, your impression, do not act accordingly, or you will be rapidly disillusioned.

He is in his fourth actual, and academic year in College—a worthy survivor of a once large legal science set. He would be the first to admit that his survival to date has been mostly the reward of a considerable amount of very hard

work, but the writer is assured by men in "the know" that something more than hard work is required before a budding lawyer is in a position to bud. A more than academic interest in his subject has lead him to participate in his faculty society, at the head of which he now is, and this has given him ample scope to develop his talent for public speaking.

In earlier days when he thought that he had more leisure, Basil was a keen member of the Hist., holding office for a year as Librarian, and for two successive sessions representing the Society (together with that unforgettable Michael Knight) in the then I.S.A. debating tournament—a tournament which they won once, and were third on the other occasion. The pressure of affairs has prevented Basil from taking as much a part in the Hist. as he would have liked in the last couple of years.

His main recreation is golf—both here and at home (Athlone), and this year he is the captain of the "Wedges" golf team—a job which goes with the secretaryship of the University Golf Club. It must be admitted that the "Wedges" are, as a rule, selected for their socialability and not for their golfing capabilities, but Basil is, besides his social qualities, a competent and sometimes spectacular golfer.

When he was at school in Armagh, where, incidentally he was a Senior Prefect, his main sport was rugby, and he ended up his school career as captain of the 1st XV. However, at Trinity he has not found the time to keep up an active interest in this sport.

Although his time within the sheltered walls of College is by now very limited, Basil's ideas concerning a career are rather vague. However, he is very firm on the point that it would give him the greatest amount of pleasure and interest to work in this country — an unusual point of view for the average Trinity graduate.

In conclusion, it is true to say that Basil Holland has managed to extract more than usual out of his University career—study takes up the bulk of his time, but he still manages to fit in numerous other activities as well. The best testimony to his pleasantness and popularity are the large conglomeration of cards which totally conceal the dust on his mantelpiece.

DEATH of a Tutor

PART 3—REVEILLE

Thursday morning brought together a French lecture, McDougall E., and "Trinity News." College has two publications; one is like carboic soap, effective but unattractive. The other is like a detergent, insisting from time to time that it is more shining white than ever, while really it is the same old dry powder in the fancy packet. But someone on the carboic had done a brisk ferret, so that under the novelettish headline, "Death of a Tutor," appeared all the known facts, and a few of those vital irrelevancies with which all the best mysteries are solved. Gardai wishing to see the person who rode a squeaky bicycle through the Bay... murder weapon not yet found... the lecturer caught me with his vacant eyes which concealed a vacant mind, so I concentrated. But working for Mod. is like being in love: it's the remoteness of things which is an attraction...

I went straight into the Reading Room, Trinity's substitute for marijuana, where Tom Lehrer's razorblade of life becomes a Phillishave, run of electric undercurrents of artificiality. From where I was sitting I could see Richard Mather, his character even more hermetically sealed by his study. I tried to work at French but my mind kept trotting off... surely he couldn't have been blackmailed by O'Byrne... Racine... fools racine... could he have done it... Montaigne... maybe he had seen the murderer and was now a blackmailer himself... Making montaignes out of molehills... he had a Police Gazette sort of face... I should have done a B.Crim... Sheila Maynard asked me if I was feeling sick so I concentrated for an hour, then went

for lunch. Crossing to No. 6, I trod on a booby-trapped cobble. A passing Freshman asked me if I was all right but I skilfully ignored him. Sophisters do not talk to Freshmen; it is the Eleventh Commandment.

By Front Gate stood Dr. Gerrard, still with all the qualities of a poker, as Junior Dean he was respected for his Calendrical knowledge and a facility for twisting undergraduate half-truths to his own ends, or so Roomers had it. In No. 6 it was, as always, more vivre than joie, the volume of speech per person inversely proportionate to the number of years in College... girls of few words—but often—giving vent to their inner felines... all the faces you might well have seen knitting while the guillotine came down clunk! And they say that girls at college are of two strata, those with dates and those with data! Not in Trinity, where every other girl is an advertisement for Quink or poster paints.

I emerged from No. 6 into the frosted, sunlit air of the afternoon. Jane was not coming in for her recital till after my two-o'clock lecture, so I thought I would go and settle down to a little more of Langour Français. En route for the Reading Room that Freshman nodded to me again, so I ground him into obscurity with the decimal point of a smile... one must be careful feeding the animals... Just as I was about to go up the steps I caught a glimpse of something by the Rubrics, something very very interesting: Superintendent Murphy, with two Gardai with blue serge faces walking fixedly in the direction of Pearse Street. And with them, gesticulating wildly and angrily, was the brisk, bouncing figure of my two-o'clock lecturer, Mr. Smythe.

"Traveller Without Luggage"

by Jean Anouilh, at the Gate

Although this play was written over 20 years ago, its theme is still of compelling interest. Gaston, the living unknown soldier, is trying to find his family—or rather they are trying to find him. At the start of the play we see him attempting to fit into one more pair of shoes—in this case those of Jacques Renaud, who as a boy of 18 had gone to the war, 16 years before. Conclusive evidence appears that he is indeed this Jacques Renaud, although Gaston can remember nothing of his former existence. Equally conclusive evidence shows that this Jacques was a vicious young delinquent. As each unsavoury incident of his childhood is brought to light, Gaston's horror increases. How can he bear the terrible responsibility for his former existence? Anouilh solves this problem in a wholly unexpected and rather evasive way.

As in common with Anouilh, comedy and drama are very closely inter-

mingled; here they are often only separated by a change of speaker. Unfortunately, the comic side of the piece suffers through inferior acting by the servants, who in brief scenes provide a comment on the main action. Also, Ruth Durlay fails to extract full comic value from the part of the silly, snobbish duchess, Dupont-Dupont. She lacks comic weight. Aiden Grennell gives a sincere and restrained performance as Georges Renaud. As Gaston, Norman Rodway increases his stature as an actor; he captures very movingly the sense of bewilderment of a man who is suddenly confronted with responsibility for actions of which he has no knowledge.

Production, by Gerald Healy, was excellent; background music is used effectively; the sets are imaginative. With reservations about the ending and the small-part acting, I can thoroughly recommend this play.



We extend our congratulations to Richard Stack and Joanna Bulova on their recent engagement.

Cecil Kerr on his engagement to Myrtle Jessop.

Returning a Blind Eye

At dawn on the Monday morning, gangs of workmen erected their huts around the obelisk in the main street of the city and began to sort out the various lengths of scaffolding. Their task was to demolish the fluted column which for too long had held aloft the mighty hero of another age and another nation. The level-headed had triumphed and the stones were to be used in the building of a new hospital on the southbound road, much to the disgust of some extremists. These were already organising a boycott of the unfinished wards, since they considered it a national affront that good, honest, dying citizens should lie under a roof supported by the very stones that had once propped up a one-eyed adulterer.

Some of the less level-headed had advocated a stay of execution, proposing that the column be held in trust for a more fitting Nationalist, and that the country should be asked to signify its choice by means of a plebiscite—to be held in 20 years' time. This was over-ruled as impractical, since the cost of lowering the present statue, plus the cost of commissioning a likeness of the female symbol of the nation (there were none in stock) would run into many thousands. This proposal wisely did not even reach the Upper House of the Government for debate.

Ideas provoked by many mundane considerations suggested that the cost of demolishing the column, apart from the danger involved in raising wooden scaffolding to such a height, would be prohibitive. The reply of one Minister of Unemployment won the day when he informed the House that, though the total cost for razing the column to the ground would be in the region of one and a half million pounds, the task would give full-time employment to 30 men during the day-time and one (two on Saturdays) at night. The House voted and an overwhelming majority were in favour of demolition.

The citizens up early on that Monday morning were, therefore, not surprised to see the encampment on the base of their column. Only one dissenting voice could be heard and he was the man who had been thrown out of a good job collecting tanners from those who wished to test the strength of their hearts by climbing to the top. His services were recognised by the State, however, and a new job was found for him—booking the rents of snooker tables in a nearby university.

A blow for freedom had been struck and the level-headed had triumphed. The hospital rose slowly and here and there one could discern a blackish stone with a strange surface like corrugated iron. No one minded. The Government, as a combined gesture of goodwill and attempt to smooth over any international fracas, decided to return the original statue to its home-country, but a minority decreed otherwise and the mail-boat carrying the statue was blown up at sea with the loss of seven hundred and thirty-two lives. The gap left in the main thoroughfare was converted into a round-about, graced in the middle by a superb two-hundred foot high model of a beer-bottle, which, at the time of writing, is the biggest advertisement for any brewery anywhere in the world. The model is fully illuminated, of exact scale, even to the maker's label, and plays a pleasing country air as the hour strikes. Moreover, so authentic is its construction that for a mere two guineas, visitors are conducted to the top in a small submarine. The view is stupendous, not to mention the aroma and, of course, the traffic moves much faster.

A. C. G.

U.S.I. NEWS

The Secretary of U.S.I. writes:—
The U.S.I. Travel Department is now accepting bookings for its transports to Europe at Easter. Among the many reductions, the most remarkable are flights to Paris for £4 single; trains to Cologne for £3 11s., and further trains to Basle, Munich, Rome and Hamburg, all at extremely beneficial rates. Readers are advised to book soon as only a limited number of seats are available.

There will also be a flight in the summer to the U.S.A., with jobs arranged for three months for participants. The fare for this will be £85 return.

The Vacation Work Dept. has obtained a large number of jobs for the summer, and students wishing to apply for them should see the S.R.C. Vac. Work Sec. soon.

FOUR & SIX

Bridget Colbalt lays bare at last the social (sic) life in Trinity. Or: Where the party was. Read on:

The Boat Club was there in force when three of its members, Joe Boulton, Hugh Rolfe and Gordon Rebbeck, threw a party last week. Maddie Langford stuck close to Charles Jordan, while Pru Furney circulated gaily. Marion Lurring and Robin Anderson didn't seem to realise that there was anyone else in the room. Altogether a good party, though David Johnston didn't quite seem to get the spirit of it as he gazed moodily at his bottle of stout.

Thursday. — Freshmen Messrs. Orr-Ewing, Marland, Thompson, Jordan and Russell gathered together Trinity's bulge of bright young things in their flat in Merrion Square. We talked Polo . . . St. Moritz . . . the Season and there was enough of the old school tie to have made Mike Moffett shiver in his shoes; but Mr. Tait, Trinity's greatest social success since the J.D., was quite unperturbed by it all. I could hardly find room to move, but old hands Rachel Phillips and Maureen Brush circulated round and round with the greatest of ease. Julian Avery was staggered to meet a real, live Senior Sophister in the person of charming Liz Kitchen. Caroline Studdart looked worried about something. Was it her hat? Tiny Freshman David Wissott grew amorous, Angela Farrington kept her eye on Morgan . . . Hamish Riley-Smith talked on . . . and the sherry flowed on. And on . . .

Excelsior

Friday. — Party which seemed designed for prospective Monte Carlo entrants was given by Tony Hickey, Rudi Holzapfel and Peter Bell. I saw all sorts of people stagger or skid from the many snowy approaches to be welcomed by music, socialites, 12 gallons of wine and me. The Players' clique was there, and behaved exactly as it always does. Jay Alexander was disguised as Alice in Wonderland and manoeuvred her Knave of Hearts into a series of graceful and carefully posed attitudes. Russell Telfer, fresh from Lawrence-don, signalled frantically in semaphore, but seemed to get what he was seeking later in the evening. The atmosphere was even warm enough for Mike Cunningham to take off his jacket and make a few passes — was he demonstrating his bull-fighting technique, or did Judith Cowley have something to do with it? The last time I saw Rudi he was

making off on foot into the snow and ice, bearing, not a banner with a strange device, but a guitar which he was playing with no enthusiasm . . .

Final Fling!

Sunday. — 12 noon in London, 1 o'clock in Cologne, and cocktail time in Dublin (as always?). Anyway, Catherine Jones and Eleanor Percy left bed at an earlier hour than usual one would imagine, to welcome guests in from the icy blasts. The cold-blooded clique headed for the fire, and saw on the mantelpiece an ultimatum from the landlord, who, obviously, disliked the late night visits of friends. Mr. Saville Row Upton discussed the finer points of sartorial elegance with Mike Bogdin (a truly remarkable suit). The women preferred to take their material, if not their style, from Donegal, and the Lizzes Mayo and Roberts looked as charming as we have grown to expect. Daylight parties (and this was a good one) have the advantage that one is rarely obliged to shout determinedly at faces that grow mistier and mistier.

Ad Astra

Monday. — Sheathed in black, Jane Johnston presided over a civilised crowd ranging from Congress delegates to ad-mass socialites at her cocktail party. Bearded Keating talked politics with Topping, doyen of the Law School, while in a corner Stirling Lacy told assembled Historians about World War I. Patrick Perkins had weightier problems on his mind and so was able to resist the continued hospitality press on him by Chris. Smith, "the sick man of Europe." A small crowd of pleasant people made this party not only a personal success for Jane, but one of the most enjoyable this term.

Caroline Jobling-Purser was hostess at a very pleasant party last Monday. The Ski Club made sure that the snow outside was not lost as an opening to a conversation full of "christies" and "stem-turns," but Johnny Collins was able to set up opposition with tales of his more recent exploits on foot. Richard Thompson seemed most disappointed when Caroline Fitzherbert had to go home, but Jenny D'Arcy and Carl Nater found the time passed very quickly. Tara McCarthy expounded some theory as to how one should revolve anti-clockwise in order to be social, but Mike ("No whiskers on me") Duncan didn't think it mattered where one revolved so long as the drinks were nearby.

IRISH HISTORY STUDENTS' CONGRESS

Seventeen members of the D.U. History Society, travelling appropriately in an antiquated charabanc, headed northward for the 10th Annual Congress of the Irish History Students' Association. Their rendezvous was Queen's University where the Congress opened with a stimulating paper on James Craig. Harvey Cox, T.C.D., initiated discussion that ensued afterwards bringing both Unionists and Republicans to their feet. The meeting over, the Congress adjourned to the delightful surroundings of the Slieve Donard Hotel, Newcastle, Co. Down, for the rest of its duration. Here business continued the following morning, when Eoin O'Mahony chaired a paper by U.C.D. on the exiled Stuarts, P. J. Thomas speaking to the paper on behalf of Trinity. In the afternoon, while the more patient scholars present were treated to a long and verbose dis-

course on Bismark by Bruce Blake of U.C.G., the T.C.D. delegation, with the exception of M. Downings who was left to express Trinity's opinions on the subject, conquered the heights of Slieve Donard.

A down to earth paper on Irish education in the 19th century by Magee U.C. and a symposium on the American Revolution brought proceedings to a close. Ian Bayley spoke to the Magee paper for Trinity, while W. P. Morris gave the College's contribution to the symposium, making a passing comment on the British Government of that time which proved a great distraction for later discussion.

In both the academic and the social aspects of the Congress, the Trinity delegation played a lively part and one of its number, P. J. Thomas, was elected Secretary for the 1961 Congress.

Stynkyng Vapours at Bi.

At a recent meeting of the Bi., M. B. Wray spoke first on "Three 16th Century Medicos." Thomas Phaer (1510-60) is remembered principally for the impetus he gave to English medicine through his translation from the French of "The Boke of Children" — the first English work on Paediatrics. He was characterised by an intense humanity and a breadth of vision rare in these days of increasing specialisation. His anticipation of the modern psychosomatic approach is amusingly naive: The cause of "terrible dreames and feare in the slepe," he writes, "is the arysyng of stynkyng vapours out of the stomake into the fantasie and sences of the brayne."

Thomas Vicary (1495-1561) wrote the first English anatomy text-book while chief surgeon to Henry VIII — "A Treasure for Englishmen, containing the Anatomie of Man's Body." He secured the Royal Act of 1540, which ruled, among others, that the bodies of two executed criminals were to go each year to anatomical research.

Andrew Boorde (b. 1490), sometime Carthusian monk, philosopher and eccentric (he called himself Andreas Perforatus) was physician to Henry VIII. A man of great learning, he wrote books on travel, languages, nutrition and general health. "Trust no Skott," he wrote, "they youse flatterynge wordes and all ys falshode." He was imprisoned for "the keeping of three loose women in his chamber," and there he died in 1549.

G. R. Henry, B.A., then spoke on

Cancer of the Common Bile Duct." This duct carries the bile formed in the liver and stored in the gall bladder to the upper intestine where it aids fat-absorption. The cancer is extremely rare. It is neither very malignant nor widely disseminative, thus encouraging surgeons to attempt its removal. Mr. Henry described the operation of pancreaticoduodenectomy, involving excision of the growth and considerable portions of the surrounding organs, followed by an intestinal reconstruction. Some patients after successful operation have been alive after three years.

Law Society: EXODUS

Lucky is the chairman who manages to sum up an impromptu debate in which quasi-riots, murder in the mind or sheer boredom have not occurred. Last Friday, Mr. Raymond Kennedy, honouring the Society with his face, met a new and insidious impasse to a successful meeting. Things went fine for a while, lots of humour from Colin Chapman and Mike Cochrane; good sense from the Auditor and Mike Topping, good stuff from everybody, so that it was all most enjoyable. And then, towards the end, wham! A small boy with a Bovril face shoves his head round the door and says something about the Hist. Zoom, zoom, and the Chairman is left facing the Secretary and two others. The meeting packs in, finis. Now just how much should we have of this key-changing from Minor to Major Societies? None.

Dublin — A Georgian City

The Irish Georgian Society was founded a few years ago to awaken interest in Ireland's heritage of Georgian architecture. The aim was to investigate reports from members on any good Georgian buildings in danger of demolition or decay, and where necessary to fight a campaign for their preservation. Besides arranging lectures, the Society also arranges expeditions to houses of interest which might eventually be made open to the public. It is also intended to continue the work of the Old Georgian

recapture the spirit of that age of elegance is to go into the halls and state rooms of town houses like No. 20 Dominick Street, or Belvedere House, or the interiors of Henrietta Street.

Dublin University means little if its eighteenth century history and development is omitted, for the College is still fundamentally Georgian in character and architecture, though there were many critics of the course of studies in that age. Barrington declared the College course to be a very learned one, "though



—by courtesy of The Irish Georgian Society.
Facade of Trinity College from an old print.

Society in recording architectural features. That body published, 1909-13, five magnificent volumes describing and photographing many of the great houses of Ireland, some of which were destroyed in the "Troubles" or have since collapsed.

Few will deny that the eighteenth century stone mansions like Leinster House (now Dail Eireann) or Charlemont House (now the Municipal Gallery); the gracious squares, like St. Stephen's Green, Fitzwilliam Square and Mountjoy Square, and such public monuments as the Royal Hospital, Kilmalham, are worth preserving. Yet it is going to need some money and more enthusiasm if the eighteenth century character of Dublin is not to be destroyed within a generation. "One can walk," agreed "The Times," "for miles in the Irish capital in a completely Georgian scene. That is not possible in any other town in Great Britain." Dublin two hundred years ago was the second city of the Empire and Sir Jonah Barrington in his memoirs of Ireland, "though it yields in extent, yields not in architectural beauty to the Metropolis of England." In those days, Dublin had an independent Irish Parliament, with a House of Lords and House of Commons housed in Gordon's Parliamentary buildings opposite the front of Trinity College. This Parliament granted monies from tobacco and spirits dues to build the great West Front of Trinity (1752-60) and the result suggests the magnificence of Venice or Munich. Apart from Christ Emanuel, Oxford," writes John Harvey, "this is the one truly monumental piece of Collegiate architecture in the British Isles."

In the early eighteenth century the buildings were mainly in the Jacobean tradition such as the Royal Hospital, Kilmalham; the Library of Trinity and Steeven's Hospital. As the century advanced the later renaissance styles were the rage, and saw the construction of the Parliament House, Rotunda Hospital, Royal Exchange, Blue Coat School, Charlemont and Leinster Houses, all in the style commonly termed Palladian. But perhaps the best way to

ill-arranged and totally out of sequence. Students were examined in "Locke on Human Understanding" before their Don had arrived at the first stage of maturity, and Euclid was pressed upon their reason before any one of them could comprehend a single problem. "We were set to work," he writes, "at the most abstruse science and posed ourselves as optics. Natural philosophy, ethics, astronomy, metaphysics . . . without the least relief from belles-lettres." Hely Hutchinson, later Provost, went to the other extreme and wished to introduce "every elegant branch of audition by cultivating the modern languages." But what magnificent surroundings for the education of young gentlemen! The Library was one of the finest in the world; while the front and Parliament Square, flanked by Sir William Chamber's Chapel and Examination Theatre, and Cassells' Dining Hall, were unrivalled by any college or university. In 1760, Provost Andrews, desirous of a house befitting a friend of dukes and nobles, had erected his magnificent house, still to-day the finest occupied ground salon in Dublin.

This is no mean city which can boast the oldest maternity hospital, the oldest chamber of commerce, the oldest male voice choral society and the largest brewery in Europe. And possibly of greater interest, its Municipal Gallery (now in Charlemont House where the Lane pictures will be hung) was the first in these islands to be devoted, not to the dead and gone, but to modern art. Yet the next decade is a critical one for the future of the houses of 18th century Dublin. The roofs of Henrietta Street are in dangerous condition, other streets are becoming beyond repair, and unless restoration work is executed, Mountjoy Square may crumble soon. But given some enthusiasm, it is still not too late nor too expensive to save most of the great eighteenth century squares at least.

* * *
Anyone interested in joining the Irish Georgian Society (students 5/-, including quarterly bulletin) should contact W. A. Dillon, C.H.S., T.C.D.

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A FREEZE-UP IN FIELD SPORTS

Collinwood Cup

Trinity, 1; Queen's, 4

In a hard but sporting game played at South Park, Galway, last Thursday, Queen's defeated Trinity in the 1st round of the Collinwood Cup.

Queen's won for the principal reason that they were the better team, and in Hidvegi, their Hungarian inside-forward, they had a forward with the necessary skill and experience to hold them together in the moments of crisis. And moments of crisis there were, for Trinity, having given away two early goals, hit back in fine style and pinned Queen's in their own half for the last half an hour in the first half and the first quarter of an hour in the second. Queen's, however, weathered the storm and came back well to win by three clear goals.

Trinity did as well as could be expected and even better. Ntina scored a first class goal, one of the best of the competition, and Prole, as usual, played his heart out. He, incidentally, is to be congratulated on being selected to play for the Irish universities next month. J. Ryan, the captain, did his best to rally his team and played a true captain's game, but it was a losing battle.

Harriers' Tour

The Harriers crossed over to England on Tuesday with a confident team. Last Saturday they were only narrowly defeated by Queen's, the Northern Ireland junior champions. Colin Shillington took the individual award and was ably backed up by Brian Roe and Steve Whittome in third and sixth position.

Yesterday the team ran against Oriol College, Oxford, and on Saturday compete for the first time in the U.A.U. Championships in Bristol.

Fencing Championship Win

The Irish University Championship's Frank Russel Trophy has returned to Trinity after an absence of two years. Last week-end the Dublin University Fencing Club won the competition comfortably with 186 points; runners-up were Queen's University, Belfast, who were unlucky in being without their captain and one of the best men, with 132. U.C.D. came third with 122, and last year's winners, the Royal College of Surgeons, fourth with 76 points.

The somewhat elaborate event ran very smoothly, and Trinity established a commanding lead on the first day. S. Brooks, with seven victories and only two hits against, won the ladies' individual foil, and M. Dixon came second with six victories and only one defeat. M. Makower won the men's individual foil in fine style, winning six out of his seven fights. In the team events, the ladies, M. Dixon, S. Brooks and P. Lim, won all their matches, beating Queen's, 6-3; U.C.D., 9-0, and Surgeons, 8-1. The men's foil team also won all their matches, beating Queen's, 5-0; U.C.D., 5-1, and Surgeons, 5-2.

On Sunday morning, the épée and sabre teams repaired (Le mot juste in view of the reception held at Hugh Blaber's the night before) to the Salle at Morehampton Road. The result of the épée was disappointing; Trinity (B. Hamilton, C. Wood and C. Rye) beat Queen's, 5-1, and Surgeons, who conceded three fights, 5-3, but were beaten 5-4 by U.C.D.—one fight being lost through electrical trouble.

In the sabre, B. Hamilton, H. Balber and W. Robinson beat U.C.D., 5-0, and Surgeons, 5-0, but lost 5-1 to Queen's. These results, however, were more than sufficient to maintain the winning

margin that had been established on the previous day.

For enabling us to run this event our thanks are due to the College authorities for allowing us to use the Dixon Hall as well as the Gym. on the Saturday, to the D.U. Motor Club for agreeing to postpone the date of their dance in the Dixon, to Sheila Dooley, P. Delany and particularly Paddy Duffy who all very kindly gave up their week-end to preside for us; to the Irish Amateur Fencing Federation who lent us the electrical equipment, and to a host of others who helped us in many ways.

In the Dublin Foil League on Monday night, the ladies' "B" team (M. Dixon, S. Brooks and P. Lim) beat U.C.D. 9-0, their opponents conceding 3 fights. The ladies' A team, however, lost to Setanta 0-9. The Men's A team beat Setanta 7-2 (M. Boyde, 2 victories; B. Hamilton, 3 victories, and C. Rye, 2 victories). They then went on to beat Pearse with the same score, their opponents conceding three fights. This puts the men's "A" team in a commanding position in the league. They have won all their matches so far, and have only to beat E.S.B. on Thursday to be sure of retaining the shield.

An unusually hectic week's fencing concludes with a sabre match against Campbell College, Belfast, on Friday night at 8 o'clock in the Gym., and the Irish Junior Open Championships for which eight of our fencers are entered, on Saturday. All this activity, moreover, comes as a prelude to the men's tour of England next week. They are to fight Sandhurst on Tuesday, 23rd; Cambridge on the 24th, Oxford on the 25th, and will spend the last three days at the U.A.U. Championships at Sheffield.

Swimming

Interpros Too Strong

Last Thursday night, playing water polo against U.C.D., Trinity were beaten 5-2. This match was the final of the winter league.

U.C.D., playing with three Leinster interprovincials, started off very well, scoring three goals in very quick succession. Trinity then settled down to the game and a goal from J. Sharpe left the half-time score 3-1. Soon after the re-start, M. O'Brien-Kelly made it 3-2 when he netted a fine pass from full-back J. Lee, but a lucky goal from half-way by U.C.D. seemed to knock the spirit out of the Trinity team.

Next Saturday the Irish Universities' Freshmen Swimming Championships and the Leinster Water Polo Championships for the Beveridge Shield take place in Cork. Trinity had the luck of the draw in the polo, meeting U.C.C. in the first match and should reach the final.

It is Club hour to-night (Thursday) in Iveagh Baths at 9 p.m. All members are expected for the final training session.

Mixed Lacrosse

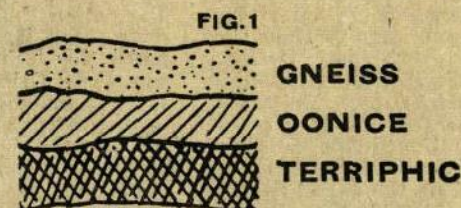
This afternoon, Thursday, a mixed lacrosse match will be played in College Park for the second year running. Feminine skill will be opposed by a varied selection of brute force in gym tunics. No one who remembers the spectacular scenes last year can afford to miss it.

The international lacrosse match against Wales will be held in College Park on Saturday—the first time one has taken place there during term. To-day's dramatic encounter should whet your appetite.

G-ology

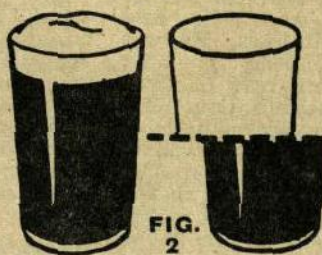
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