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# Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER

Vol. VIII—No. 8

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9th, 1961

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# MACE ROW—NEW MOVE

### Gift of £100,000

An honorary graduate, who prefers to remain anonymous, has raised over £100,000 for capital development in the scientific departments. The donors are large commercial firms in Britain and Ireland.

The money will be used mainly for new buildings and for alterations to existing ones. When the necessary work has been done, the money remaining may

### The Ripples Spread

"Catholics in Trinity College still no Chaplain" is the heading to a special feature in this week's "Times' Educational Supplement." Quoting at length from "Trinity News" — the undergraduate paper," the feature gives a brief historical résumé of the events leading up to the present situation, states the attitude now taken by the Roman Catholic Church, and comments: "When one reflects that until recently Catholics were reminded every year that University College, Dublin, was only "sufficiently safe" for Catholics (although at the time its staff and students were almost all Catholics, a large number of its arts students were clerics and nuns, and its philosophical faculty was staffed exclusively by priests from the Archdiocese of Dublin), one can hardly be surprised." The article concludes: "In the meantime, the substance of the claims from the Catholics there is likely to grow."

be used for the purchase of new equipment. The largest share of the gift will go to the Physics Department for the building of new laboratories in place of the wooden huts used at present. The engineering school is to make alterations in its new premises. Chemistry and biochemistry are also to receive a share.

It has been said that a good library suffices to constitute a university but this is certainly not true of any university offering courses in science. Modern science depends upon experiment, and the science student must have considerable experience in well equipped modern laboratories before he can make a useful contribution to industrial or academic research. Thus gifts for science from industry will prove to be a very profitable investment.

TEAS by Candlelight at ...

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METROPOLE

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### Radical Changes Proposed

THE U.S.I., having persuaded their unruly members to settle into grumbling silence, are now doing something positive to clarify debating relations with the National Union of Students (England and Wales). It seems that the N.U.S. have antagonised Ireland and Scotland by not allowing the usual number of debating teams into the semi-finals of "The Observer" Mace tournament.

The difficulties have arisen out of the very nature of the trophy. It was originally presented to the N.U.S. for the best team of two speakers from its area, but two teams and one individual speaker from Ireland (and the same from Scotland) have also participated each year, the Irish representatives being the winners of the "Irish Times" trophy here. These speakers have hitherto been allowed into the semi-finals of the "Observer" competition, but this year N.U.S. asked them to take part in quarter-finals. After some negotiations, one team instead of two, and one individual speaker, were allowed into the semi-finals.

Since the N.U.S. and the "Observer" are considering altering the rules of the whole tournament, the U.S.I. has sent them some suggestions which would avoid all confusion in the future.

Their main proposals are: "That each year there should be one international debate among the four home countries. This would consist of four teams of two, and four individual speakers;" and: "One team and one individual should represent Ireland, being the winners of the 'Irish Times' trophy. Another team and individual should represent Scotland though 'The Scotsman' trophy. The remainder should represent England and Wales, organised by N.U.S."

It remains to be seen whether the "Observer" will present the mace for such an international competition, or stick to the original England/Wales tournament, for after all is said and done, it was only through N.U.S.'s sense of "fair play" that Ireland was ever allowed into the mace competition at all.

Perhaps the best solution would be for someone else to present another trophy. Now that the two older "quality" Sundays have a pull-out supplement apiece, they might vie with each other in presenting maces. Or maybe the newcomer to their field will come through with a rush and pip them on the post.



Courtesy Irish Times.

The late Earl of Longford — a tribute to whom appears in "A College Journal."

### New Group—I.U.N.S.A.

Last Saturday a new combination of letters, I.U.N.S.A., came into being, mainly due to the hard work and persuasiveness of our man in Geneva, Bill Jackson. I.U.N.S.A. translates Irish United Nations Student Association, and is to act as a co-ordinating group or centre for hands across the sea activities in Trinity, U.C.D. and, tentatively, Cork and Galway.

Representatives from the Père Pire International Committee (U.C.D.), the World University Service (T.C.D.), D.U.A.I.A., the Irish Overseas Society and other interested bodies assembled under the chairmanship of Mr. Jackson. The Read-Milner Refugee Committee (T.C.D.), who have decided to get out, or at any rate wait and see, since they feel abler and more secure as an individual movement, sent observers. Reports of the deliberations of all other societies approached were favourable.

#### Aims

The Chairman recapped and clarified his concept of "international committees thinking internationally" in Irish Universities — which the U.N. organisations in Dublin and Geneva had long hoped for. Even within Trinity itself there are several "international" groups coinciding and diverging rather erratically on practical and theoretical aims.

There is an obvious need for a body operating nationally to relate and accordingly strengthen fund-raising activities, care for overseas students, work for international projects, etc. It would be a nucleus for distributing money raised communally for charities and bringing together similar interests. The U.N.-element in the title is no take-over bid, but will have the same status as that of any of the member organisations' other activities.

#### Constitution and Accommodation

The meeting approved the constitution proposed by Mr. Jackson; and the Association, as now formally in being, consists of a Secretariat of three — Chairman, Secretary and Treasurer, and representatives from all member groups. There is to be an annual conference, including elections. The affiliation fee is £2. Societies in Northern Ireland can have associate membership, since they already come under the British U.N. Students' Association.

Mr. Jackson was unanimously elected Chairman for the first year; Mr. Alec Taylor (D.U. Refugee Committee and I.U.N.A.), Secretary, and Mr. Rodney O'Donnell (Père Pire I.C., U.C.D.), Treasurer. Mr. Jackson spoke hopefully of the prospect of a small H.Q. in other U.N. offices in the centre of the city.

### Coffee in Comfort—When?

After months of fits and starts by the builders in the Bay, the promised extension has still not materialised, and the scrum in the present Coffee Bar continues with undiminished vigour. What is being done about it?

Having listened to a member of the Committee explain its troubles, our righteous anti-bureaucratic indignation evaporated completely, and sympathy took its place.

The Coffee Bar is run by a Committee consisting of representatives from each of the three major societies (the Liz. is the third, for any men who were wondering), one from the minor societies, and one from the S.R.C., the whole under the permanent chairmanship of Professor Green.

Originally set up with money from the first capitation fee levied, the Coffee Bar has kept itself solvent fairly easily, all profits being ploughed back for necessary (and expensive) equipment, such as the coffee machine. The extension is also being financed out of profits, but these are not great enough to enable the Committee to use outside contractors. Only the Clerk of Works men, therefore, can be employed, and, naturally, they have various other jobs to do as well. So the extension has not appeared with the ease and speed thoughtlessly demanded by some of the more indignant customers.

Next term, however, all should be well, and there is a strong possibility that the extension will be in operation for a large part of the vacation.

### Mission Mutiny

At the end of last term College Societies received a request from the S.R.C. not to hold public business meetings during the period Feb. 19th to 26th — the week of Dr. Ramsey's mission. However, your reporter, having heard vague murmurs of discontent around College, set out to investigate the attitude of societies to the S.R.C.'s plea.

The Hist. opposition debated the matter and accepted their committee's compromise decision to hold a private but not a public business meeting during the week concerned. But, the Phil rebels were not to be contented so easily. Having rejected a council decision not to hold a meeting they finally won the house over, and by a narrow majority persuaded them to hold both public and private business meetings during the mission week. The leader of the opposition, Council-member of the Society, Robert Buttmore, on being interviewed said: "I feel that if the Phil does not hold a meeting it is cheating its members. Why in any case should we give way to the Mission which can hardly interest many people in College?"

However, many prominent Catholics in the society voiced a different opinion. On being queried one said that he thought it would have been an act of courtesy on behalf of the society not to hold a meeting.

It is also learned that due to circumstances many of the minor societies are forced to hold meetings during Mission week. The central and basic meetings of the Mission will be held each evening at 8 p.m. in the Examination Hall where Dr. Ramsey will give a series of talks.

### The Peaceful Atom

Reactors, radiations and radioisotopes — the three main peaceful uses of atomic energy. Dr. Delaney discussed this subject at DUESA last Friday. Reactors are used not only for production of electricity but for the manufacture of new isotopes and the "breeding" of new fuel for other reactors. This method of generating electric power is probably not economic when local fossil fuels are cheap and plentiful and at present its most economic use is in ships or in remote parts of the earth.

The uses of radioisotopes and the radiations they emit are practically unlimited. They can be used for the continuous monitoring of thickness or depth in a moving sheet or in a furnace; for sterilisation of foodstuffs and hospital blankets; for production of new strains of plants by irradiation causing mutation.

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## WHITHER MOD.?

UNTIL recently, Trinity has had a tendency to rest upon the laurels of tradition. For too long she has been able to enjoy insulated isolation. Slowly, and with an unpleasant shock, we are coming to realise that the conception of a charming miniature Oxbridge, a residential rest home for young men and young ladies, is just not adequate to meet the academic realities of to-day. Our immense feeling of superiority to "Red Brick" has almost allowed us to forget that we actually have to compete with the graduates of these curious institutions for jobs.

However, there are signs that our "splendid isolation" is coming to an end. Recently, academic standards have been tightened up to such an extent that failure now brings only a very meagre second chance. Naturally, we have now a shorter supply of those attractive and extravagant personalities which have been one of the delights of Trinity. Untraditionally, students are now being made to work harder. This is all very unfortunate, but quite inevitable.

The same conflict between tradition and the facts of modern life is observable in the moving forward of the summer term by roughly a fortnight. This has been done to facilitate those working for moderatorship in June. But also it has the appearance of being another step in a larger attempt to bring forward Mod. for ALL students. For one reason at least it is vitally necessary that this step should be taken. The chances of final-year students looking for jobs are heavily prejudiced by the fact that their finals take place three months after those of their cross-Channel counterparts. And it is no good sticking our heads in the sand and saying that what they do in English universities does not matter to us here.

A change of the date of Mod. is wholly necessary if this College is to be of practical assistance to its graduates, as well as providing them with "culture" and "experience." The practical difficulties of the move—they would occur mainly in the accommodation of candidates for the examination—are far from insoluble. Clearly, a complete abandonment of the whole summer term for final-year Arts students would also be necessary. But here we are stopped short by tradition. The summer term in general, and Trinity Week in particular, is traditionally a time for those elegant social occasions which are the cornerstone of our individuality. Obviously those doing their finals in June would have to forgo such delights. But if year exams were still held in October, members of the first three years would still be able to partake fully in the festivities. Thus the functions themselves would not suffer greatly. And one cannot imagine that in view of the immense benefits gained by the publishing of his results in July, the Mod. candidate would object to missing a social round of which he has already had ample experience. Surely a few days in the sun are a small sacrifice for a better chance of permanent place in it.

# ★ ★ ★ REVIEWS ★ ★ ★

## Poetry Reading

### Hibernian Poetry

Dubliners once more proved themselves faithful supporters of the arts when, on last Friday night, they went in their hundreds to the Hibernian Hotel to hear three Irish poets—John Montague, Thomas Kinsella and Richard Murphy—read selections from their works. For the poets, it was a most successful evening and the delighted audience found it a charming and fascinating experience.

John Montague, at his best, was compelling and in his poem "The Old People" he conjured up a brilliant, lucid picture of life in the remoter parts of Northern Ireland. His verse ran very freely, in normal everyday language, and his "Incantation in Time of Peace" was a delight to the ear.

Thomas Kinsella, many believe, is the top Irish poet of the moment. His exploration and analysis of love reached a visionary intensity of expression in his best poems and his reading was restrained and delicate. Mr. Kinsella captivated the audience with his rendering of "In the Ringwood," a love-poem

of indescribable beauty. His range, however, goes beyond this love-analysis, and his expression of "educated boredom" in "Baggot Street Deserta" was profound and disturbing. Finally, his "Poem for a Dead Girl" provided the most moving moment of the evening, revealing this fine poet's depth of emotion and the refined character of his intellect.

Richard Murphy gave us the Atlantic seaboard in his vivid "Journey to an Island." The tendency towards rhetoric in his poetry seemed only to intensify his descriptions of both the sea and the men who earn a living from it. He captured an important aspect of rural Irish life—the decline of the Big House—in "The Woman of the House." Mr. Murphy is, one feels, a poet in the making, a poet of promise.

All in all, a most enjoyable evening—an evening which, in the words of the very competent chairman, Mr. Peadar O'Donnell, contributed to the general enriching of all of us.—Brendan Kennelly.

## THEATRE

## Glory Indeed

## "GLORY BE"—Olympia Theatre

Book by Fergus Linehan;

Score by Dr. A. J. Potter

"Glory Be!" has all the right ingredients of the self-respecting musical. It has the basic *sine qua non* in the almost archetypal plot of the vacuous, hygienic and amiable young man who

**YOU WILL DISPROVE THE MOTION:** "That this Age is Morally and Intellectually Decadent" BY YOUR PRESENCE TO-NIGHT, at the Phil. Presidential Inter-debate, which is only held here every four years, and at which U.C.D., U.C.C., U.C.G., King's Inns, Queen's, Edinburgh, Glasgow and Liverpool will be represented.

Professor Edwards will be in the chair.

finally gets the girl, who should be equally vacuous, equally hygienic, and should have good legs. It also has the necessary digs at the establishment, and throws in for good measure artistic intolerance (one of the best numbers is a very coherent defence of the principal of abstract painting) and artistic jobbery in the shape of International Festivals. It has some quite glorious tunes, some highly professional and wittily conceived dance routines, some very adequate sets, a lot of very good legs, and Milo O'Shea. It has Miss Patricia Cahill, who can sing, very pleasantly indeed, and doesn't need to act. She is one of the most glorious pieces of stage furniture Dublin has seen for a very long time. This musical has more vitality and wit than "The Boy Friend" and "Salad Days" put together, and it will run for many moons. I suspect that it is slightly naïf to have like anything quite so much—but what the hell.—W. M. O.

## Jazz Bathos

It seems a pity that the Jazz Society is unable to maintain a uniform standard in its meetings. If last week's performance was comparatively sublime, then this week's was not a little ridiculous. It is hardly the Committee's fault if the bands advertised fail to appear, but last Tuesday's programme showed too much deviation from the proclamations of the poster. Ian Henry, doyen of Dublin pianists, had a septic hand and could not play; the Green Lounge group turned up one by one, but when the time came for them to play it was discovered that they had not got their full complement.

## D.U. FILM SOCIETY

The closing date for entering Film Scripts for the competition has now passed and four scripts were entered. They are now in the hands of a panel of three judges:

Colm O'Laoghaire has directed many short films. He is the man responsible for the *Gael Linn News*. One of his films, "Irish Gossamer," won first prize in the Film Festival of British Columbia.

Alf McLochlainn is Chairman of the Irish Film Society. He has been on Film Festival juries in Cork and Berlin.

Kevin O'Kelly is the "Evening Press" film critic. He was a juror at last year's Venice Festival.

The result of the Competition will be announced soon, and we have every hope of producing the winning script as a film before the end of the year.

Tuesday's jazz was all the more disappointing in comparison with the excellent start this term's music was given by the Eblana Group and the Ian Henry Quartet. The traditional jazz of the Eblana Group was far better than the Society's usual quality, and while all the soloists at times were a little over-exuberant, that is a fault which is not altogether undesirable in this most un-intellectual form of jazz.

The more satisfying part of the evening, for us, came with the modernism of Ian Henry. His quartet included a trumpeter whom Trinity had not heard before. His style was obviously Davis derived, but he was much too fond of vibrato and what appeared to be semi-semi-quavers. However, where these faults did not interfere too much, he showed intelligent inventiveness in his solos. If the quartet is to be criticised as a whole it is for stereotyped arrangements rather than content.

This week we had a succession of mediocre "pick-up" groups. Few of the musicians who were there were used to playing together, which gave rise to rather poor jazz. The lack of a bass was evident throughout the night, though later on the rhythm section was supplemented by a good guitarist. The best playing of the evening came from Fiachra Trench, another pianist, who played later on, and the guitarist, from whom we should have heard more.

D. J. C.

## A COLLEGE JOURNAL

## By Martin Marprelate

ing, next week as ever is, of the staffs of undergraduate newspapers, I do not know. The meeting is in Newman House, and will discuss problems attendant on the production of such an inter-varsity paper. This could conceivably have quite important implications for the betterment of the sad and utterly foolish state of relations between Trinity and the National University of Ireland. Trinity long ago ceased to be the "last bastion of British Imperialism"; the fact that some Trinity undergraduates are both British and very silly indeed, means nothing. Such people are best ignored by civilised human beings, and most certainly are by most of Trinity. I will be at the meeting, and will reveal my observations to an expectant world in due course.

With trumpets and sound of a cornet make a joyful noise unto the Lord for the organisers of the exhibition of college Art, to be held soon in the Exam Hall. Adrian Bertoluzzi, one of these admirable bodies, gives me the startling piece of intelligence that to his express knowledge there are upwards of twenty people in college who paint in oils. Did you ever? And there are probably more, painting unrecognised in obscurity. The paintings will be chosen by Nora McGuinness, President of the Irish Exhibition of Living Art, and the exhibition will include three Noël Sheridans, painted while he was still part of college. I left the aforesaid Mr. Bertoluzzi busily making arrangements for insuring same.

How much the intervarsity magazine "University Gazette," which I observed last week has to do with the meet-

ing, next week as ever is, of the staffs of undergraduate newspapers, I do not know. The meeting is in Newman House, and will discuss problems attendant on the production of such an inter-varsity paper. This could conceivably have quite important implications for the betterment of the sad and utterly foolish state of relations between Trinity and the National University of Ireland. Trinity long ago ceased to be the "last bastion of British Imperialism"; the fact that some Trinity undergraduates are both British and very silly indeed, means nothing. Such people are best ignored by civilised human beings, and most certainly are by most of Trinity. I will be at the meeting, and will reveal my observations to an expectant world in due course.

Student jokes are on the whole well-conceived and often daringly executed. The sense of the incongruous is highly developed and the idea of a car illegally parked on a roof appeals to us all. The urge to decorate public buildings is very highly developed indeed, and is probably only exceeded by the desire to divest them of distinctive signs.

Statues are fair game for decoration, but only if done tastefully or at great

personal risk. The statue of Provost Salmon might well have been improved by say, a touch of rouge on his cheeks, but it is such an inoffensive, easily accessible statue, that it might have been better leave it alone. Upturning a tar and petrol mixture over its venerable head must have struck us all as mean and in poor taste. In fact, it is hardly conceivable that a student would do it.

It seems more probable that it was an outside job, and thinking of the gradual disappearance of statues in Dublin, perhaps we ought to feel grateful that it wasn't blown up. There is, however, at least one controversial statue left and I suggest that similar vandalism would be directed at Nelson and the Pillar. If it were painted bright green, national honour might well be satisfied.

I promised you, last week, a nice juicy exposé of College financial methods. Here is another little bedtime story towards it. A certain undergraduate had in his rooms a number of chairs. Underneath these chairs were index numbers, painted on in such a way as to make imitation difficult. When he left his room he was charged for every chair which was without the index number of his rooms. The chairs were exactly the same as the ones on which he had sat on his first entrance into residential bliss two years before, but in vain did he protest. Presumably, the people who had inhabited the same rooms before him had to pay the same amount. All of which is a very clever little wangle indeed. He was also charged for twelve picture hooks and a lampshade, none of which had ever gladdened his heart. The moral to this little story is, be quite sure your chairs have the right hieroglyphics. Otherwise you will be an unwilling contributor to the solvency of this hallowed University. I will expose in like manner any further abuses or fishy practices which come to my ears.

# ★ ARGUS

## Glances at People and Things

### The Renaissance Hits Trinity

You may not have noticed this, but a Nouvelle Vague is replacing the old vagueness in College. Culture (almost beginning with "K") has arrived to shatter four hundred years of fearless and splendid tradition. It used to belong rather possessively to slightly shabby people in black and beards, objects of envy and outrage. But now words like "arty" are definitely out on both counts and Beat as boast or smear was beaten before it even began. The new Professionalism has arrived with its socks darned, and hurries along like a "Times" advertisement with brief-cases, posters, committee-meetings, actual film-making, and five shillings a term to the College Gallery. "Players" and "Icarus" are no longer lonely spearheads; new societies are springing up like action-paintings on every side.

### Use Oils, Actually . . .

All over College people have stopped hiding easels under armchairs and using the toothbrush rack as a camouflage. Painters are, in fact, admitting it. An Exhibition of College Art is being held from the tenth to the eighteenth of February in the Examination Hall. We have had no exhibition of this kind for over seven years. With the adjudication of Miss Norah Maguinness and Mr. Rudolf Holzapfel, who kindly gave of their time to look over some three hundred exhibits, five or six paintings, twelve drawings, and four pieces of ceramic work were selected as the best examples of their kind.

Four paintings by Noel Sheridan are on loan from Patrick Scott, Cecil King and others. The Arts Council very kindly loaned two sets of screens. With the assistance of the infant Art Society, spearheaded by Cheli Duran, Christopher Rye and Bill Wilson, this exhibition (the brain-child of Adrian Bertoluzzi, Rudi Holzapfel and Peter Ryan) is the first of a series of yearly exhibitions. Artists in College will have a chance to show their work, no matter what medium they choose to "art" in, collectively, and some note of progress will not doubt be the result of the renewed interest in painting, pastel work, drawing, sketching, engraving, sculpture, ceramic work, etc. The Art Society is planning to have an

exhibition each term now of a single artist, or group of artists painting in the same medium.

Entry is by programme, selling at 6d. and everybody should make a point of attending this interesting venture. The organisers say that later on exhibits of cartoons, copper work, designs, posters, etc., will be shown at private exhibitions around College; they too, deserve everyone's co-operation, attendance and criticism. Anyway on Friday several surprising people should be found out, or as it were, "framed."

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### Killen Commenced

To-day witnesses the return, eighteen months after his official departure of John Killen; there are many people left

Chadwick, and is already genuinely making his work felt in the acidulous atmosphere of Helladic scholarship. A recent Ventris award winner, he is going to get down to things in Crete at Easter after an intensive study of sheep-droppings.

Among many pressing engagements John will speak at the Classical Society on Friday and surely find time for some Botany Bay-type cricket for which he is celebrated. His bowling is the terror of County Cork and its fifth column in Cambridge — where John lives in a Trinity nostalgia-nest permanently disintegrating under the effort to rationalise the co-presence of Robin Harte and Trevor West.

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### Willing To Be Willows

Even the people who never read notices must have seen them: "Judo, see Notice at Front Gate"; a notice with 75 signatures of people interested in paying £1 each to learn this mysterious art. In the course of a conversation with Frank Cochrane, the instigator of the scheme (fortunately not half-way up a mountain), my opinion of Judo changed completely. I've always associated it with those advertisements for Mind-improving and body-building, which were liberally scattered throughout my childhood literature. Frank quoted the old Japanese parable of the Willow-tree's success in the storm; and said that Judo was for people bored by the unnecessarily awkward incidentals of boxing — where weight is important — but are fascinated by the mystique of physical expertise. He also feels that many people in College are dissatisfied with organised sport and prefer to keep themselves fit by using an hour here and there. Frank is a highly articulate advocate of his enthusiasms but in this case he has found a similar enthusiasm in others. When I asked him why he thought so many people were interested, he felt the reason was the basic combative desire in man. He also suggested that many people feel less manly somehow knowing they are virtually defenceless if attacked.

### A Matter Of Mind

He makes it clear, however, that Judo will not produce thugs or hoodlums, on the contrary, he stresses, its appeal to the intellect and intellectual people. I'm not completely convinced — even by the skill of the Japanese Prime Minister. But Frank is certainly starting something that could mean a lot to a wide selection of people — including those left cold by more usual sports. He is himself a blue-belt — and there is no one of higher grade at Oxford or Cambridge. The main obstacle is to find suitable accommodation — ground-floor rooms with changing facilities. The solution is not in his hands, but preliminary enquiries have been given a sympathetic hearing. Already it looks as if it could be the best club in Ireland, and Frank assures me that beards are optional.

## \* Party Piece \*

Marion Keyte and Sue Piegrone held a joint twenty-first party. Ewan Simmons, with ginger mating plumage sprouting perceptibly, cooed over sparkling Gay Mongan, whilst Sandy Goodman chatted with Caroline Studdart. Terry Ryan, circulating, caught a few grumbles from Michael Downing's disarmament soliloquy. Paddy Lyon and Gill Horgan burst their balloons.

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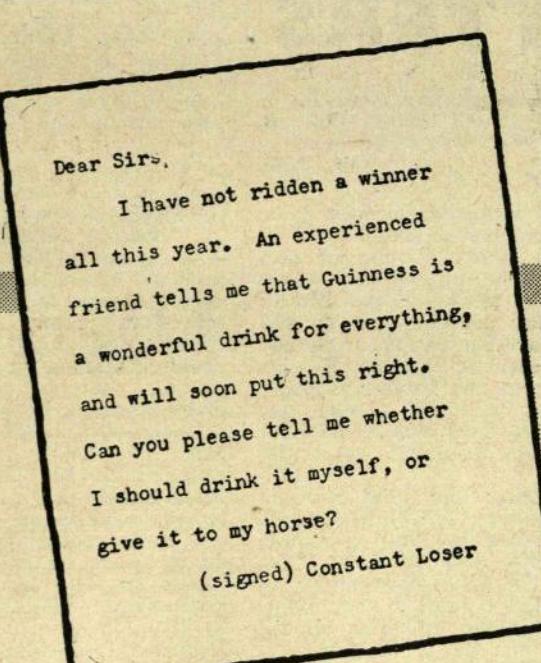
### Orators All

Everyone who should have been there was there, but even so, David Butler couldn't believe they were all his guests. He entertained excellently with the help of Tony Francis, Basil Haggard and Jan Van Blankenstein at a Major Society's warming-up party. Edward Holding and Valerie Townsend discovered a more peaceful corner, to be joined by Anthea Dixon wearing her best wedding hat, much admired by John Williamson.

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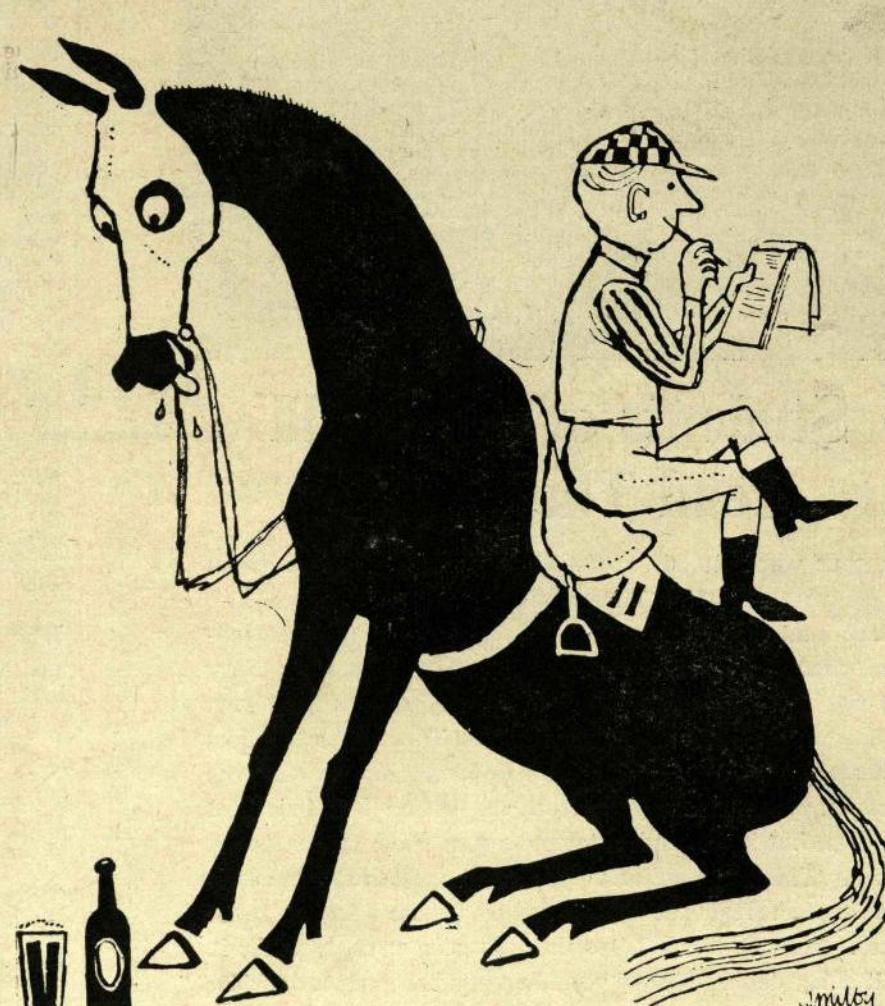
Debonair Newman Stevens helped dispense the drink, and Michael Church helped consume it. On chaps to the Ball . . . and what a brawl, as we observed from our smoky stifling corner. Hallam Johnson found fellow scholar Carol Challen but lost his secretary Andrew Whittaker, whilst Tony Francis made an amicable union with Eliz President, Prue Furney.

## LETTERS FROM GUINNESSPONDENTS



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## A PERSONAL GRANTCHESTER

For Rupert Brooke "the benison of hot water or the rough male kiss of blankets"; for Wordsworth, in bliss of solitude, the daffodils; and for me many things, and two especially — aspects of life in College, and sources (one hopes) of happy nostalgia in later years.

In memory after all else is gone will surely remain — the Reading Room. Hardly could it fail to imprint itself on one's remembrance, if not by intrinsic charm or impressiveness, then by the slow repetition of routine, as a drop of water will eventually wear a hole in granite. Up the steps, beneath Nikh, between the pillar (Doric austerity-fluted columns, no base, plain capital, metopes but no triglyphs on the frieze); past the smokers, the smokers with dim face staring meditatively (or blankly?) out across the black of Front Square, leaning against that well-worn sill, polished smooth by generations of reflective posteriors; in through the left-hand door (how else? I'm not that reactionary!); then down into the pools of yellow light, with the inevitable side-stepping and "after-you" routines at the door. And hence to the arms of Athena . . .

Of all the sounds of College the most characteristic must doubtless be that of the Dining Hall bell. (I feel tempted to call my autobiography "Summoned by Bells" or the like.). Black-hooded figures hurrying through the dark, converging on Dining Hall, at the insistent six o'clock tocsin — like some secret society. One almost expects to see a fiery cross blazing on the steps. Commons, set between sonorous Latin phrases (mercifully shorter before dinner than after) isn't so much a meal as a salon, where conversation is rife and lively, and ranges over women, films, lectures, women, how to load a .303 service rifle, politics, the fundamentals of yoga, and, of course, women. Bob yawns from table to table, with eagle eye, immaculate memory, and busy pencil. The soup is served by a waiter whom you saw this morning carrying a plank of wood round towards the Clerk of Works! Ah, versatility! And so to the final scrape of spoon on dessert dish, the stately exit of the professors, and the crowning enjoyment of lighting-up on the steps outside.

The seasoning, one might call them, adding savour to the duller dish of daily routine.—Godfrey Fitzsimons.



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## Profile:

## RENATE PLUNKETT

He was a fidgety, brown-eyed, almost inarticulate Arts student. I caught him as he sat on Chapel steps at noon, chewing on a sour Grannie Smith. For a while we talked about the fine weather, all this winter sun, all the snow in England and everything. Then I said:

You know Renate, then . . .

Which?

Renate Plunkett.

Renee? Yes, yes, surely, yes, I do . . . Well, look, I have an article to do about her, a Profile for "Trinity News," you know . . . I'm pretty sure that she would never tell me anything about herself; I mean, nothing personal, you know.

Yes?

Well, look, can you tell me anything? I mean . . . you know her pretty well, don't you . . . ?

Yes, that's right, yes . . .

Well, I mean, what could you tell me about her?

Me?

Yes, you . . .

Well, I don't know where to begin . . .

Well, how would you describe her?

You mean what does she look like?

Yes . . .

Well, she's tall, but not too tall; she walks well . . .

Yes . . .

Well, she's pretty, you know, attractive . . .

Go on . . .

Sort of aloof, you know, but kind and gentle . . .

All the time?

Well, you know . . . most of the time . . .

Hah-hah . . . so what is she some of the time!!!

Great, yes, great . . . some of the time. She cut her hair shorter, you know.

Oh, I see.

She does Pass Arts.

You mean General Studies . . .

She would call them Pass Arts, you know . . .

I see . . . very interesting. Well, is she clever?

Well, kind of clever . . . more intelligent . . . those big eyes, you know . . .

Well, what does she do at College?

Not much, you know . . .

Well, how much?

wasn't filled with humanity, you know how newspaper staffs are . . .

Surely . . .

Well, she's kind, you know, very kind, has lots of friends . . .

Yes, yes . . .

She mixes well at parties, asks interesting leading questions . . .

Yes, but what about her humanity?

Oh, she's a type of Red Riding Hood, you know, a type of Red Riding Hood.

Oh, she goes to parties, plays the occasional game of Charity Hockey in College Green, sorry, I mean College Park . . .

Oh . . .

She does more at home, you know, gardening and all that; she goes for walks and all that lark, you know; reads a lot, books and things, you know . . . all that . . .

A type of lady Cicero, then?

Yes, only she swims in the summer.

Well, everybody swims in the summer . . .

But not lady philosophers . . . she plays tennis, too; loves dancing . . .

I see. But look here, what you've told me so far isn't much good for a "Trinity News" Profile, is it . . . is it?

Don't suppose so . . .

Well, tell me something interesting then. Something about her humanity. The members of the staff wouldn't have chosen her if she

You mean she carries goodies in her basket to her grandmother, figuratively speaking, excuse me, I mean . . .

Like that, yes . . . anybody that's unhappy drives her loony, she wants to be happy herself, you know, all that . . .

I see . . . but can't you give me a specific instance?

No, I don't get you, she does this all the time, see, and it's part of her, see? I mean, you can't take away her humanity and still have Renee, see?

I get you now . . . What is she doing now? Now? I don't know, probably at classes . . .

No, I mean . . . oh, never mind; what about her ideas, then?

Oh, she has plenty . . .

About what?

Oh, she been on College committees and all that, and she's started a weekly discussion group, and all that, you know . . .

Yes.

She speaks Italian and German, too, and all that . . .

What about men, what does she think of them?

Oh, she thinks about them o.k. Boy, I could tell you some things . . .

Well, tell me, tell me; you haven't given me much yet . . .

Like the time she ran from one hotel to another in the snow while she was skiing this winter at Zürs . . .

So . . .

Well, all she had on was a nightie . . .

Well, I can't put that in "Trinity News."

Well, you asked me, you egged me on . . .

But what does that have to do with men?

I don't know . . . Hey, guess what . . .

She has two Pekinese and a sister; does that help you any?

I'm afraid that we are drifting . . .

She sings in the bath-tub . . . she likes red roses . . . she has a little green hat . . .

she looks great in men's hats, you know.

Well, look . . .

She drives ferociously, always in third gear; that poor Mercedes . . .

Yes, but . . .

She has a mania for history, reads all the time, book after book . . . She has a great diary . . . you know, I always wanted to know what she said about me in that diary . . . Hey, you won't tell her I told you all this, will you? Please?

Look, here comes the Editor, I better scram right away, he's after me.

And here comes Renee and she knows I've been talking about her. Look!

## LETTERS . . . to the Editor

Students' Representative Council,  
4 Trinity College,  
Dublin.  
To the Editor,  
"Trinity News."  
6th Feb., 1961

Sir — In his report last week your Buffet Correspondent succeeded in bludgeoning the heads of one or two nails. However, he missed the whole point of the first phase of the Dining Hall improvement scheme, namely the speeding up of service and the covering of as many queues as possible. Service has increased from the former average of seven per minute to eleven per minute, and rarely does anyone have to wait long for the queue to enter the cloakroom.

When considering the new servery would-be critics should take into account the limited space and the limited budget that the planners had to face. The equipment, for the sake of economy, is exactly the same as is used in very many similar establishments. Critics should also note that while the servery is new, the present kitchens are as archaic as they were before, thus limiting the quantity, and sometimes the quality, of the food prepared. You are welcome to find out for yourself just how antiquated the kitchens are!

Despite your correspondents complaints the number of students using Buffet is as high as ever and many of the initial problems of the servery have now been solved and the staff, though depleted by 'flu, are becoming acquainted with the new system. And, of course, this is only the first part of the improvement scheme. Perhaps, as you sit in the Coffee Bar awaiting the completion of the scheme, you could try planning a better one, given the present conditions.

We are, yours faithfully,  
The Buffet Committee.  
(William Morris,  
S.R.C. Representative).

Trinity College,  
Dublin.

Sir—Please, could we have a juke-box in the Trinity Coffee Bar—as we have run out of conversation, particularly at the end of the week. Any form of relaxation is incomplete without music. We need a juke-box but, probably, a gramophone would do. A tape-recorder even might be a good thing—so would a bar.

Yours,  
PENELOPE SAMUELS,  
NANCY RUBENS,  
D. J. WALDRON,  
DONALD CARROLL,  
R. TELFER,  
And other appended signatures are not legible.

### [Our Music Critic comments:

I find that the tone of my notice of Miss Eleanor Pembrey's performance has been widely misinterpreted. I would have thought it obvious that my strictures were basically against the whole policy which can allow such an inexperienced artist to perform in public rather than against the soloist herself. If Miss Delap took the trouble to examine the second symphony of Brahms she would find that my reference to the bar number was not only necessary, but almost unavoidable. By their very nature, reviews of concert performances must concern something which is irrevocably dead. This has not deterred far greater authorities than myself from indulging in them.

—Ed.

Dublin University Society for World Nuclear Disarmament.

6th Feb., 1961.

Dear Sir — With reference to the report on Nuclear Disarmament activities in last week's "Trinity News", I would like to point out that this society is not a section of the C.N.D., though many of our individual members are enthusiastic C.N.D. supporters and will be taking part in the marches. This society is complementary to the organisers of the marches.

Yours, etc.,  
P. G. C. REDFARN.

## Irishman, Englishmen and Spaniard

We got Pedro's note when we came up from the beach. It was resting on the windscreen, held in place by the wiper. It said with simple directness: "I love Ireland and O'Connell St. Come and see me at the Cafe Royal at ten o'clock this evening—Pedro Lopez!"

As we sped back to Malaga in the lazy late-afternoon warmth we tried to work things out. Our identification as "irlandeses" was explained by the E.I.R. plate on the back of our car. Conjecture ran wild as we thought of the possibilities of the interview with this mysterious figure with the strange affection for O'Connell St.

It had been an intensely hot July day and the collars we deemed necessary for Sénor Lopez (our fancy now saw him as an immensely wealthy and important figure) bit into tender, overcooked skins. We set off in our little car—James, Edward and myself. James, although he had by now acquired an overlay of Irish culture, could now conceivably be mistaken for anything but an Englishman. Edward had the fair hair, the impatience with foreigners, and even the Eton education, required by the perfect continental conception of the "típico inglés." Fortunately Edward was shrewd enough to see the likeness and cash in on it.

We arrived at the Cafe Royal. It was large, elegant, smart, and rather empty. We ordered Cuba libres, considering them fit for the occasion. Pedro was late.

Eventually a large, white Opel drew up nearby. A small, rather rotund man of thirty-five or so got out, looked quickly around, walked straight over to us, and greeted us with that friendly confidence so typical of Spaniards in their social relations.

We sat down to talk. Pedro said that he preferred Ireland to any other country in Europe. He reminisced happily about six months he had spent in Dublin. Over and over again he emphasised his respect for the Irish, his feeling of being at home whenever he was in Ireland. After a time conversation began to flag and at times verged on the disastrous. Obviously we had to make out that all three of us were as Irish as they come. Certain remarks dropped by Pedro led us to believe that a confession of English nationality would not be at all acceptable. He kept asking questions to Edward (who had never in his life been in Dublin) which to be answered required an intimate topographical knowledge of the city. I thought we were finished when Edward was asked where he lived in the city. However, I hastily produced some loud banality which changed the course of the conversation. We just about managed to pass ourselves off as three Irishmen enjoying a Spanish holiday.

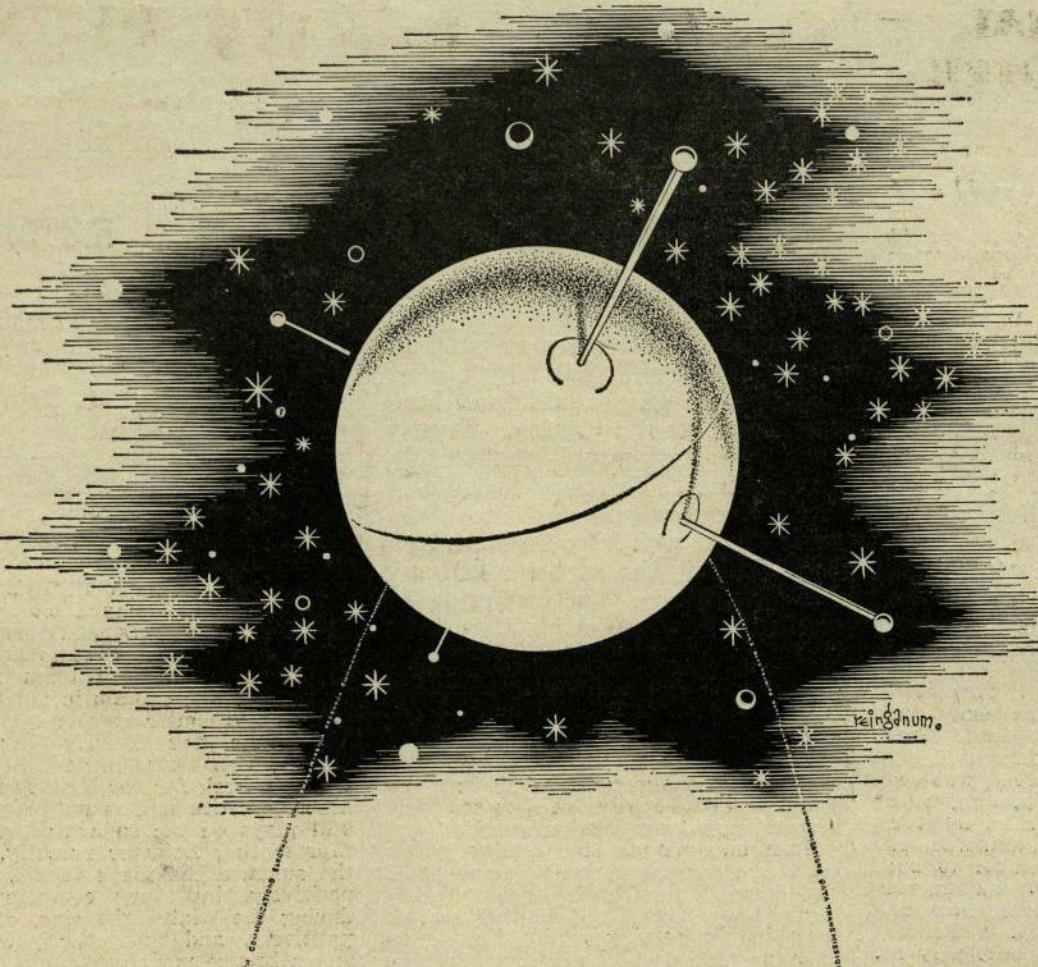
The meaning of the O'Connell Street reference in the note soon became clear. Pedro told us that one day in early spring he had been driving up Parnell Square, perhaps dreaming of his native Valencian avenues, when his carefully acquired left-hand side traffic sense deserted him, and he drove down the wrong side of O'Connell St. Enjoying the pleasant, if insipid, sunshine of an April morning he drove on oblivious of the querulous, terrified and incredulous hoots which marked his progress up the street. He felt a vague awareness that something was amiss by the time he had reached the G.P.O. His suspicions were confirmed by the sight of an outstretched arm of the law, and soon the explosively irate face of a member of the Garda Sióchana was thrust in the window.

Fortunately for him, Pedro, either by accident or design, forgot every word of English he ever knew. The policeman, who must have been confidently expecting penitent apologies, was met with a rushing torrent of gesticulatory Spanish. When both had shouted themselves hoarse and not advanced one whit in mutual comprehension, Pedro, seizing his opportunity made off, and left the policeman gaping and impotent in the middle of the street. After that story the evening went famously. A very happy coincidence helped us to ingratiate ourselves with Pedro still further. The conversation had turned to wines. What wine did we drink in Dublin? Pedro asked. Rather diffidently drawing feverishly upon my rather limited repertoire of wine nomenclature, I named that cheap Spanish wine upon which so many student entertainments depend. On the mention of the word "Jumilla" his eyes lit up.

—But good heavens. I am the sole exporter of this wine, he said.

He showed us his card. It read: Hijos Lopez — exportadores de vinos. After that we could do no wrong in his eyes. We impressed upon him the tastiness, the radiant effect, the unbeatable economy of his product — that without his wine student social life in Dublin would verge on collapse. We even went so far as to describe his Jumilla, perhaps a little excessively, as "la bebida estudiantil de Dublin!"

(To be continued)



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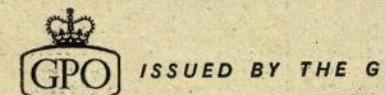
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## Sports Extra

### BULGARIAN EXPEDITION

Sports clubs in College have plans for sending teams to represent Trinity at the World Youth games in Sofia next August. These plans are being synchronised by the students of Ireland Sports Union, formerly the Union of Students in Ireland Sports Union. S.I.S.U. has as its objects the promotion of physical education among students in Ireland and the formation of teams to represent Ireland in games and sports festivals overseas. All universities and major colleges in Ireland are eligible. Several Trinity students are members of the General Committee; Brian Hamilton, vice-chairman; T. Sparshott and F. Quinlan, members of the Finance Committee; and John Williamson, member of the Selection and Training Committee. Athletics, swimming, fencing and tennis teams will be selected from the best student athletes in Ireland, but Queen's University has as yet made no decision on their participation.

The estimated cost per student, all-in, is at most £65, and the proposed team of twenty competitors will need at least £1,000. Never before has Ireland had an organisation to send a team to Univer-

sity games. Brian Hamilton told "Trinity News" that at the last meeting in Turin, Ireland's was the only team which was in no way subsidised—all its members were self-supporting. S.I.S.U. will raise some of the money by contributions from each group; £10 entrance fee from each college, and £1 capitation fee from each club. The standard of the games is high. Higher, Mr. Hamilton says, than the U.A.U. Championships, though this need be no discouragement to Trinity athletes. It is hoped that all the clubs concerned will give this venture their utmost support. Finally, it is unfortunate, perhaps, that the Pan-American games take place at the same time as the World Youth Games, as a result many American student athletes will not be able to go to Sofia.

### Boat Club Moves

This last week-end the final selection of the two senior eights was made, and involved no great surprises. The 1st Senior VIII will be going to Reading

Head-of-River on the 18th March, and Putney on the 25th, and the second crew to Loch Earne and the Wylie Cup in Belfast. Both crews have been in full training since Tuesday, and in their ascetic existence, they now forego parties, alcohol and cigarettes and rise at 6.30 in the morning to row before lectures. Although not the most desirable or suitable time to row, we have no other alternative as lecture times prevent us from rowing more than twice a week in the afternoons. Since a minimum weekly requirement of 50 miles must be covered, a new alternative had to be found.

Junior rowing is benefiting, as are the Seniors, from the abundance of men available, and will be putting out two eights as well. The first junior eight will be going to Wylie on March 4, and in order to give the other junior crew some competition a private match with U.C.D. is being arranged.

This year more Trinity crews are on the water than ever before, and this brings to the fore the great drawbacks in Irish regatta rowing—lack of classes for regatta competitions. Only three exist, Senior, Junior, and Maidens, and outside these there is nothing. The only remedy is for a similar revival to occur in other clubs, and then perhaps adequate opposition for all our crews may be found.

