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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Undergraduate Weekly

THURSDAY, 13th FEBRUARY, 1964

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WUS Appealing Week

WUS YOU?

World University Service has made a successful impact on Dublin this week, with a respectable student march, an international musical evening, a sherry party and a rugger match between the Hist and the Phil, as well as the familiar lunch-time concerts.

A feature of WUS week has been the enthusiastic co-operation of students from UCD, College of Surgeons and Trinity. On Saturday the Literary and Historical Society of UCD, after debating and passing the motion "That the restrictions on Catholics entering Trinity should be abolished," went on to pass the motion "That WUS deserves the enthusiastic support of this society." At present, WUS is raising money for a College of Public Administration in Bechuanaland and a hostel for the University of Khartoum. Last year, £110 was contributed to a library, which has now been completed, for the University College of Basutoland.

Mr. George Everett, the Irish organiser for WUS, said that although the main purpose was to help universities in under-



—Photo "Irish Times"

PINT SIZED PROBLEM

Many people estimate their likelihood of enjoying a pint of stout by the quantity and quality of its collar. The attention of all pint drinkers has been focussed on Bristol this week, where a court case to be held shortly may well bring the situation to a "head."

Apparently a representative of the Weights and Measures Department ordered a pint of stout and contemplated it until the head had subsided, surely in itself an unprecedented occurrence. He then saw fit to complain that he had not received a full measure. The police have since charged the publican with giving short measure. Reaction in Ireland has been swift and bitter

—Arthur Guiness and Sons Ltd. have already engaged an advocate for the defence and have offered to set up a bar in the courtroom to demonstrate how a pint should really be pulled.

Pint drinkers in the city of Dublin consider a pint without a head to be unenjoyable by definition. Country people, however, think that Dubliners are dupes of the capital's publicans and always demand an all black "jar."

The case has brought to mind the trial of Lady Chatterley in which the opinions of literary experts were sought. It would be only fair to call in prominent pint pundits to testify as to the moral status of headed and headless pints.

We wish to apologise to Mr. Howard Smith for an inaccuracy in our last issue. We stated that Mr. Simon Morgan was the organiser of last week's WUS Fiesta concert which was incorrect. Mr. Smith was the organiser and Mr. Morgan was only the compère. We should like to express our sympathy with anyone who may have been disillusioned.

CAMPUS

In a recent edition of "Gown," the Queen's University, Belfast, newspaper, photostat copies of pages 109-115 and 227-234 of "Fanny Hill" were advertised as being for hire for the perusal of students.

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METROPOLE
O'Connell St., DUBLIN

international Work Camps in Glen Columbille this summer. The object will be either to construct a water supply system for houses or to drain 200 acres of potentially good land.

Mr. Bruneau has had long experience with Concordia, the French work camp organisation. He sees the aims of an international work camp as primarily social, then economic. Each camp will consist of about twenty-five men and five women volunteers, and two-thirds of these will be foreigners. The volunteers will not, of course, be paid, but will be given food and shelter. Mr. Bruneau thinks that the impact of foreign and outside labour on the development of a community can be of enormous mutual benefit.

The main problem at present is to find competent work camp leaders and Mr. Bruneau appeals to anyone in Trinity who might be interested to contact him through WUS. Leaders would be responsible not only for the work itself, but for finances and social activities. They would have two assistants, one of which would be a woman. He is particularly anxious to find Irish speakers. Those chosen will be sent to France at Easter for training with Concordia.

♦ ♦ ♦
NEXT WEEK
TRINITY NEWS will contain a 12
page CAREERS SUPPLEMENT
A MUST for Staff and students

Revolution on Buffet

Six people are to organise a boycott of Buffet on Friday, February 21st, unless the catering authorities improve the standard of food and stop the astronomical rise in prices.

This group, led by Tom Chandler, went on Buffet on Monday and each bought a meat pie, price 1/2. Having found the pie "inedible" and complained to one of the kitchen staff, one of

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No. 10

Chairman: David Ridley

Vice-Chairman: Michael Gilmour

Editors:

Alasdair McEwan, Jefferson Horsley, E. Michael Newcombe

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If there were those who had hoped that the Lenten Regulations for 1964 might have reflected at least some of the new thinking within the universal Church they must be disappointed. Dr. McQuaid is even more uncompromising and full of justifications than ever. After laying down fasting regulations which are medieval in their rigour, he launches into education: "The General Law of the Church affirms in Canon 1113 of the Code of Canon Law that parents have a most serious duty to secure a fully Catholic upbringing for their children." There is nothing new here, nor in the actual pronouncement on Trinity as a place to be entered "under pain of mortal sin." But there are two extra paragraphs which attempt to justify His Grace's enforcement of Canon Law. "It is a grave error to think that an immature youth, only because he or she has hitherto been educated as a Catholic, will, as a matter of course, alter a dominantly neutral or Protestant environment. Nothing in the attitude of the Holy See concerning the very desirable movement of Christian Unity has altered the very grave obligation of Catholic parents to preserve for their children in every phase of our education our most precious heritage of the Faith." The fact that such a justification now appears necessary indicates the sort of pressure to which the hierarchy is now subjected, not only from within the walls of Trinity. To involve Christian Unity in such a contest is, to say the least, unfortunate.

The Puritans would have rejoiced in many of the Regulations. Censorship is justified, especially with regard to plays which "in inspiration are atheistic or obscene or that disregard Christian morality." Literary merit, apparently, does not enter into the matter. One must fear that probably much of Shakespeare would fall into one or other of his categories.

Turning to morals, affection which "shows itself in public" is condemned as "neither well-bred nor well-ordered." Parents are accused of failing to exercise control and are urged to govern their offsprings more closely, "especially with regard to dances and parties." It is small wonder that the Church fails to appeal to many young people when its attitude seems to be opposed to all pleasure. One suspects that few priests would publicly adopt such an attitude.

So-called "mixed" marriages are the target of another attack. Dispensation may be granted occasionally in order to "avoid greater evils." To state that such marriages are forbidden "everywhere and most severely" and to add that "the Catholic party is obliged in conscience prudently to strive for the conversion of the non-Catholic party" is a failure to recognise the human problems involved and is in direct contradiction to the hopes of modern theologians who have been pleading for a relaxation of the marriage laws for some time.

When the Archbishop turns to Communism his ability to ignore the present trends in the Church is emphasised once more. Perhaps he has not yet read the last encyclical of the late Pope, "Pacem in Terris." Certainly he must disagree with it to be able to write "Communism, no matter what fair words may be used to cloak its true meaning, is a blasphemous doctrine and a perverse way of life. It denies God; it hates the Church; it attempts by every weapon of lying, treachery and persecution to wipe out the One True Faith of Jesus Christ. Communism is wrong in itself and no-one may without sin collaborate with it in any undertaking whatsoever." Apart from rejecting any possibility of peaceful existence, apart from ignoring the comparative success of collaboration in Poland, and apart from the denial of compromise as a solution in Hungary, His Grace completely contradicts Pope John's famous "opening to the Left" which separated the social doctrine of Communism which has its merits and the anti-religious attitude of Communism which the Church obviously must condemn.

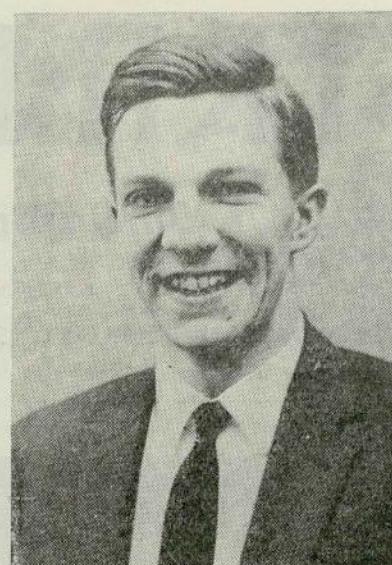
In general, the Regulations make depressing reading. It is hard to realise that this is still the same Church that contains the inspired leaders of ecumenism and modern social thinking that are found on the Continent. This is like a document from another world. It is out of touch with reality and practicality. It ignores modern ideas and trends of thought and sets the Archdiocese one step further behind the development of the rest of the Church.

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David Challen



Let's get the facts straight first. The subject is David John Challen, aged twenty but pushing twenty-one. Hereinafter referred to as Challen, not only because it's convenient but because that's what his family call him anyway.

Challen is basically a Londoner, but he lived in Dublin for twelve years and went to the High School, and now lives in Scotland. In spite of those twelve years he considers himself English, and refused to compromise to the extent of ruthlessly excluding even the slightest trace of an Irish accent. He delights in his ability to switch on at will a toffee-nosed attitude which devastates the hoi-polloi.

One of the most withering labels Challen can fix on you is to call you "a one-culture man." His own life is devoted to making sure he doesn't fall into this category himself. He has been reading a double honors course in maths and physics since he came into College and he looks like getting a first-class degree in both in October. He works hard at his subjects and tends to go greyish-green in the few weeks before exams.

But his mind is too capacious to satisfy itself with just that. In his first two years he probably worked too hard. He did well in exams, of course, but he realised he was missing something. Now he thinks he has got things in better proportion. He reads voraciously in the modern novel, and generally keeps abreast of

The trouble with Challen is that he is sensitive to Beauty. No, seriously. In the teeth of mighty opposition, he refuses to see any beauty in the Quantum Theory or the Prime Number Theorem. They don't, he says, "grip you by the guts" like the "Wand of Youth" does. He prefers to call mathematics and physics simply "elegant."

Not that he despises elegance, of course. Convinced that he will never be beautiful (he is aware

of his nose), he contents himself with being elegant and brushes his hair with meticulousness. He likes to think he's smooth, but really he's only neat. Nobody who wears yellow cardigans can be called smooth. But he is hurt, almost physically, by dog-eared books and people who eat with their mouths open, and graffiti depress him just as much as they did Holden Caulfield. One sometimes gets the impression that he will choose to opt out of Armageddon, on the grounds that it is inelegant.

Most vacations, he makes great cultural pilgrimages to London for a few days and there gorges himself on as many of the new plays and films as he can fit in. He likes to make periodic check-ups on the art galleries, too, just to make sure everything is still in its right place. It is at times like these that one is liable to receive a post card reproduction of the "Interior at Petworth," bearing the simple legend: "God, old Turner's a genius!"

What else does he do? Oh, he leaves bits of paper with memos written on them strewn round his bedroom floor to remind him to do things; he tries reading every notice he sees backwards, to hear how it sounds; he plays luke-warm piano, in the syncopated style of the forties; he's writing a novel in his head.

But these activities are only on the lunatic fringe which haunts us all. Elegance, method, sensitivity—that's Challen in a nutshell (he'd hate to be put in a nutshell).

At a party recently they were playing one of those intellectual party-games. A female got him into a corner, consulted a post card she was holding, and asked him what were his Four Greatest Ambitions. Challen the invincible, inscrutable to the end, hesitated only a second. "I'd like to write the Alexandria Quartet," he said.

Theodora Thrashbint



Me—in my Valentine garb.

Gossip is the illegitimate child of Rumour, and a Black Monday has been known to cause a good deal of controversy in and out of the Parish of Trinity. "Have you heard about . . . Did you know that . . . Of course you know what she's like . . . Him, well just take one look—you see what I mean." This week a record has been reached; four engagements, unbeknown to the respective persons, at least six hearts broken, four hearts claimed and one honeymoon planned (a week in Mayo mooning around your honey).

Steve Austen, Roger Breed, Simon Metcalf, Clive Rowe and Geoff Williams started the ball rolling on Saturday in Number 6 which soon became sex, with a party that did them credit. Simon Morgan came, made a

quick bid to take over the entire running of the party, tried to sell the story exclusively to six newspapers and retired, beaten, in a fit of pink to plan the next We Use Suckers Concert. John Stitt was seen to greet the wrong Debbie in an apres-ski familiarity and got soundly bitten for his pains. Al McDowell wore a delicious spotted collar and Caroline Neill looked quite lovely with her hair piled up on top of her head.

Jill Stanley was at her most feline and purred pleasantly, while Sue McGarry shivered with desire or perhaps cold. Martin Heaton paid the penalty for being an Officer and a Gentleman and left alone, and Janet Mitchell was in great demand and so was I.

Up at Jacqueline and Ivor Cherry's, Martinis were being

served by the score in the charming luxury of St. Stephen's Green. Scilla Elworthy chatted to her old friend Chris Robinson who sold her a few dummies. Peter Reed collected lipstick marks as if they were trading stamps, and poor James Brown couldn't shake off his "I'm not really awake look." Richard Wormell struck a classical pose near the bar and watched comrades David Bryans and Neil Dobbins stalk the multitudinous talent.

Declan Budd came with Barbara Sterling, but soon lost her in the melee near the round table robin. Heather Bowdell was heard to remark "I'm famous for my hips." Piers Gardener and Nicky Grant stood back and watched the world go by and so did I; full of Jammets' Gin and Bailey Beer, the milky way looks so good from the gutter in Grafton Street.

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REVIEWS -

REVIEWS -

In a Nutshell

GATE THEATRE

"In a Nutshell" is the Family Favourites of the revue world; the most attractive banality of both is in tact, but instead of the messages of love and longing we have dated satirical sketches and songs to remind us of the time that we first and last laughed at them. Like all memories, the direct impact has become vague, shallow and even unfunny.

The failure of this collection of the "best of Linehan" lies partly in the fact that revivals, especially revue, are rarely successful; partly because the material, even when new, had not got that necessary unexpected originality, and finally because it is performed by a company with as much fizz and sparkle as a day-old glass of alka-seltzer.

One resigned to yet another evening of unsophisticated entertainment, pandering to the tastes of an uncritical audience, there is some enjoyment to be had. I thought that the versatile Rosaleen Linehan was particularly good in her take-off of the Telefis Eireann announcer, and some of Peter Mayock's slickly delivered inter sketch comments funnier than the sketches themselves. And, of course, there is Milo O'Shea and Patrick Bedford, actors who are wasting their talents in this show.

All of which leaves us with a very good case for banning all revues in Dublin for 1964, until the comedy writers, such as they are, have had a long rest and time to think up some new ideas.

Michael Gilmour.

The Glass Menagerie

GAS COMPANY THEATRE

"Truth, life or reality is an organic thing which the poetic imagination can represent or suggest, in essence, only through transformation, through changing into other forms than those which were merely present in appearance." This, from the preface to "The Glass Menagerie," is Tennessee Williams' conception of a new plastic theatre, which in 1944, he felt to be an essential in revitalizing "an exhausted theatre of realistic conventions."

Frank J. Bailey who produces the current production of "The Glass Menagerie," which Unity Productions are presenting at the Gas Co. Theatre, Dun Laoghaire, respects Williams' wishes by using dramatic techniques equivalent to those used by expressionist painters. In keeping with the atmosphere of memory, he kept the stage dim, emphasising the division between scenes and episodes by complete darkness. He seemed to achieve a certain correspondence to the light one sometimes finds in religious paintings such as El Greco's, where the figures are radiant in atmosphere that is relatively dusky. Mr. Bailey also cleverly uses a single recurring tune to give emotional emphasis at certain significant points.

There are only four characters in the play—the mother, Armanda Wingfield, deserted by her husband; a telephone operator

who fell in love with a sensitive but headstrong son, and a shy, crippled daughter whom she is determined "to settle." After much coaxing, Tom, the son, brings home "a gentleman caller" as a possible suitor for Laura; he restores her confidence, but subsequently leaves her even more withdrawn when he confesses he is engaged.

May Closkey, as Armanda Wingfield, reproduces the flat Southern accent with great competence and gives a strong performance of a possessive mother, clinging frantically to another time and place. Madeline Murphy was well cast as Laura, and in a noted and hyper-sensitive performance she seemed as separated from life as a piece of her much-loved glass menagerie. Tony Murphy as the narrator of the play and the son slid easily between these two exacting rôles and was well contrasted by Frank F. Bailey who played the down-to-earth gentleman caller.

It is true that the play veers towards the sentimental, but it is also a play of truth and reality. Its dominant contrasts on the pull between loyalty and infidelity, attachment and withdrawal, is as live to-day as twenty years ago, and the cast at the Gas Company Theatre give performances as balanced and sensitive as one is likely to see anywhere outside a professional production.

Harriet Turton.

Talk of the Town

The Olympia will soon no longer be a place for theatrical entertainment. After shows like "The Talk of the Town" this is hardly surprising. The show inevitably begins well with "There's no business like show business," which is followed by the usual high-kicking chorus girls. One can tell whether the girls are left or right-footed by the height of the kicks. Then a violinist and banjoist take the stage and play tunes one can hear played just as well any afternoon on Grafton Street. Two female Continental acrobats made cart-wheels look like qualifications for a judo black belt.

The highlight of the evening was presumably supposed to be a scene from "Harvey," the stage success, with Leo McCabe and Stanley Ilsley, who also produced. This was both boring and unfunny and its 25 minutes' running time seemed like an eternity. The most enjoyable features of the show were songs sung by Edmund Browne and Patricia Cahill. Jack Cruise and the company did their best with the weak and cliché-ridden material ("Are you deaf—Deff").

The Olympia Theatre has had a glorious past. Let us imagine it closing with Eugene O'Neill's "A Touch of the Poet" rather than about to close with "The Talk of the Town."

Bill Rodwell.

In View

A Guide to what's on

ADELPHI: FUN IN ACAPULCO. Elvis Presley wth sun, sea and blue skies, a few songs and rather more girls. Need one say any more.

SAVOY: FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE. The latest film extravaganza from the fertile mind of Fleming. Sean Connery and Daniella Bianchi star in this thrill-a-minute escapist dream. Highly recommended.

AMBASSADOR: THE MAN FROM THE DINER'S CLUB. Danny Kaye plays a man marked for violent death, but discovers an identical gangster to use as an alibi.

METROPOLE: Next feature, THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER.

PLAYERS' THEATRE: DOUBLE was written as an acting exercise for R.A.D.A. students by James Saunders. Ralph Bates, Joanna van Gysegem, Paul Shepperd, Roger Ordish and Gillian Hanna demonstrate their versatility by playing two widely different parts each—hence the title. Set in the canteen of a bus garage, it concerns the frustrations of a bus driver who never arrives at the depot at the same time as Iris, a glamorous conductor.

* * *

BOOKS RECEIVED
"THE T.C.D. BAN: The Full Facts." By R*nd*ph Ch*rch*ll. Hedges and Fungus; 12/6.

What exactly did happen on that crucial Monday? Mr. Ch*rch*ll, with his admirable passion for facts, traces the whole story of the dramatic events, the feverish behind-the-scenes lobbying that went on during the week-end of February 1-3, and the diplomatic manoeuvring which changed a vote of 10 against to complete agreement. I look forward with anticipation to Mr. L*dy*c K*nn*d*y's assessment, due to be published next week.

LUNCHEONS
AT
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TILL 7 P.M.

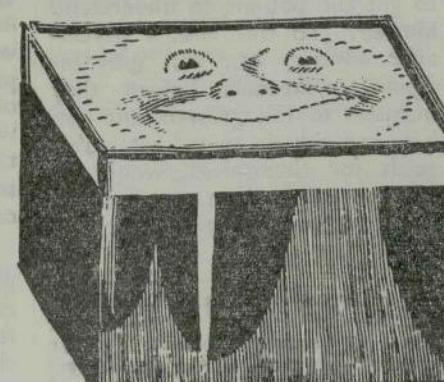
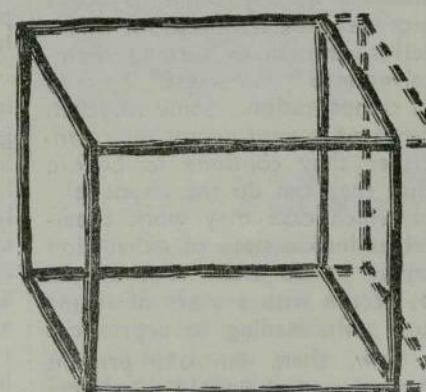
The Expansion of Liquids

The absorbing story of The Schaumbläser Tests

When Herr Professor Schaumbläser of The Schwarzbiergeschmacksinstitut von Untervallop is experimenting into the expansion of liquids, he is finding that water is expanding by 8% when it is being frozen. But himmel! Who is wanting 8% more water? he is asking. "Guinness now, that is a very different Fischkessel. If I am freezing twelve bottles of Guinness then I am getting already one bottle of Guinness extra which is for me good. Ja! Fein! !"

The Herr Professor did not realize, however, that Guinness should be kept between the temperatures of 55° and 60° Fahrenheit to be enjoyed in the cream of condition. This is something well worth remembering.

**mein Gootness
mein GUINNESS**



A frozen asset

Students & Mental Health

Some General Observations

by D. G. Boyle,
Dept. of Psychology

The ideas contained in this article are, as the title states, general observations by a psychologist. A later article by a psychiatrist experienced in the problems of student mental health will deal with specific problems of breakdown and its prevention.

Concern is often expressed by popular journalists about "nervous breakdowns" among students, and the impression is often given that the university is a particularly unfavourable psychological environment. In fact, the proportions of breakdowns among university students vary from one university to another, just as, in the general population, they vary with the geographical situation. Reliable statistics are hard to obtain, for a number of reasons, but it is probably true that the proportion of breakdowns among students is, on the whole, no greater than that in the population at large.

In a way it is surprising that there should be any mental illness among students at all, because, contrary to popular belief, high intelligence is correlated with good physical and mental health. Furthermore, most forms of mental illness are more likely to strike after the mid-twenties than before. However, the situation is confused by the fact that certain personality features that make for academic success also contribute to "neuroticism," or the tendency to break down under stress.

Chief among these personality factors is one generally labelled "anxiety," the symptoms of which include restlessness, vague aches and pains, sleeplessness, and so on*. Anxiety is a major component of neuroticism, but is also very high among successful students†. This is something of a paradox, because the typical neurotic is prevented by his neurosis from achieving anything.

We can find a possible resolution of this paradox if we look at the situation in school. Anxiety at the age of 7 or 8 often interferes with a child's learning ability, particularly in the fields of reading and arithmetic. Psychologists who have had to deal with the problem of backward readers are struck by the prominence among them of the timid, fearful child. Yet when we examine sixth-formers, we find that the anxious sixth-former is, on the average, more successful than his less anxious fellow. Whilst it may well be that our tests of "anxiety" are measuring different things at different ages, it may also be (and this is pure speculation) that successful children are those who have been able to harness their anxiety, so that it drives them to greater efforts, whereas those for whom anxiety has been too much have fallen out of the race.

This does not mean that only anxious people can do well (though it has recently been half-seriously suggested that only sixth-formers with a tendency to instability, as measured by tests of neuroticism, should be accepted by universities), but it does lead to the odd situation that the scores made by students on tests of neuroticism would lead someone inexperienced in the field of mental testing to predict a higher number of breakdowns than do, in fact, occur.

Thus, as far as our evidence is concerned, we can say nothing about the relative favourability or unfavourability of the university as a psychological environment: one set of evidence (high intelligence) would lead us to expect fewer breakdowns than actually occur; another (neuroticism scores) would lead us to expect more.

If nothing can be concluded about the university environment as a whole, we must look for explanations of breakdown at the individual case. It is probably

true to say that, under sufficient stress, everyone would break down. However, what is stressful for one man may be quite tolerable for another. University life puts a premium on achievement and competition, particularly of the intellectual sort. This has not always been so, but with the pattern of university intake (particularly in Great Britain) changing from those with private means to those with grants, the importance of intellectual work is increasing.

As a consequence, many students find themselves under the necessity of striving for a higher standard of attainment than they can manage. This may be an external necessity (threat or withdrawal of grant) or it may be an inner compulsion to live up to the real or imagined demands of the student's family.

Another situation arises when the student comes to university fully believing that he is capable of achieving more than is actually the case. In the majority of cases students quickly come to adopt more realistic standards for themselves, sometimes turning themselves into "characters" by way of compensation. Some students, however, cannot accept the truth. Either they continue to believe that they can do the impossible, in which case they work themselves into a state of exhaustion trying to do well; or they are overcome with a sense of shame and guilt, leading to depression.

How, then, can one prevent such disasters? Possibly the most hopeful approach would be that of Rogers, the American theorist, whose system of psychotherapy consists basically of an attempt to get the patient to understand himself. To this end, a psychiatric adviser, who can spot incipient symptoms before they burgeon to full growth, and can help individuals to set attainable goals for themselves, would be as essential as is a physician to the prevention of serious physical illness.

* It may seem pedantic to offer a symptomatic definition of anxiety, but this is necessary because what psychologists mean by the term differs from the lay usage in a number of important respects.

† Anxiety is higher among students generally than among the population at large, mainly because they are younger; I am indebted to Dr. Fahy, who will write the succeeding article, for this observation.

HANS ALL OVER THE PLACE

Some time ago this crumpled note was found on the floor of the Reading Room:

"Dear Friend—I have been watching you read your Maupassant short stories for the last two weeks, and from the expression of frustrated boredom on your face I gather that you are as fed-up as I am. Meet me at Front Gate at 4 p.m., and we will go up to my rooms for a snog. I shall be most disappointed if you refuse." It was signed simply "Hans."

One wonders whether it was flung on the floor in a fury of disgust, or seized with passion, and then thrown aside as "Friend" tore out to have her hair done, buy a new dress, manicure her nails, and wait for two and a half hours at Front Gate just to make sure she was on time. Personally I think she was extraordinarily lucky (no matter how disillusioned eventually) that what must have been the most expressive of ocular love-affairs attained this degree of fruition. Generally, one simply sits and gazes, and nothing ever happens. One school of thought maintains that you should never meet those with whom you exchange these ardent regards. But surely one doesn't gaze in the first place unless out of interest and curiosity to know more? After a maximum period of two days' gazing, you should seize the first opportunity of meeting the other party. Think of the frustration if you waited until your last week at Trinity and then met them, found them fantastic, and yourselves ideally suited, but discovered that they were on the brink of marriage to a clerk in Tooting Bec. In vain you would offer her release from the bondage of white collars and frozen peas. She would be pledged, and you would be too late.

You must organise your meeting with as much strategy as a general going into battle. One Senior Sophister, for instance, had several "sisters," with whom he had usually had abortive affairs in the past, carefully chosen from every age and academic walk of life, who acted as his "entrepreneuses" for introductions. He would glance at his wife, then at his "sister," leading her gaze to the object of his passion. Silently she would rise to her feet, and bear down on the girl for a friendly chat. Our friend would follow and be introduced. At once his wife would rush off to their rooms to put on the coffee in anticipation of the arrival of the happy trio within the next ten minutes. All that's needed is fast action, smooth talking, and a stamp collection.

Of course, you would not, as yet, describe the Reading Room as a "pick-up joint," but, having less noise and more atmosphere than the Coffee Bar, it is likely to supersede it in popularity. "Next year's ten" did not meet each other there, but, at this very moment, Miss X (or Mr. Right) might be waiting for you under Vol. X of Chambers' Encyclopaedia. Mirabel Walker.

Always keen to shed new light on health problems, TRINITY NEWS now presents

ACH -- TUFF

from Our Spittal Correspondent.

"Why is it," the question which is so often asked, "that Dublin's pavements are so spattered that many dog owners are forced to fit their pets with rubber boots?" They are nasty to look at, revolting to smell, hard to explain and it's unfair to the poor, bootless dogs. Women don't spit—except at each other; cats don't spit—except at other women; dogs don't spit—they always managed to swallow, so WHY do men have to spit on the pavement?

During his investigation, your correspondent found that explanations varied. One man—who admitted to being so addicted that he encouraged personal bronchial disorders—said that he began by spitting on the carpet, but found the consequent noise unsatisfactory. He, therefore, turned to the area between the fender and the fire. His wife tolerated it for several months, but eventually grew weary of being greeted by this somewhat unconventional sight each morning. She even threatened to leave him if he wouldn't break the habit. "Why can't you spit in the pub or in the betting shop like any other man?" she bragged him. Being a member of the Pioneers and a relation of a well-known bookie, neither of these alternatives was suitable and so he took to the pavement.

It's not as if the worst affected pavements are confined to the slum areas where Kleenex does not abound. If you try to play bears up Wicklow Street you're as likely to slip and slide on the mucus as you are in Ringsend. Pearse Street is a badly affected quarter and even when the roadmen put straw on the pavement the experts managed to shoot between it. Perhaps this is a reflection on the inhabitants of Pearse Street, but your correspon-

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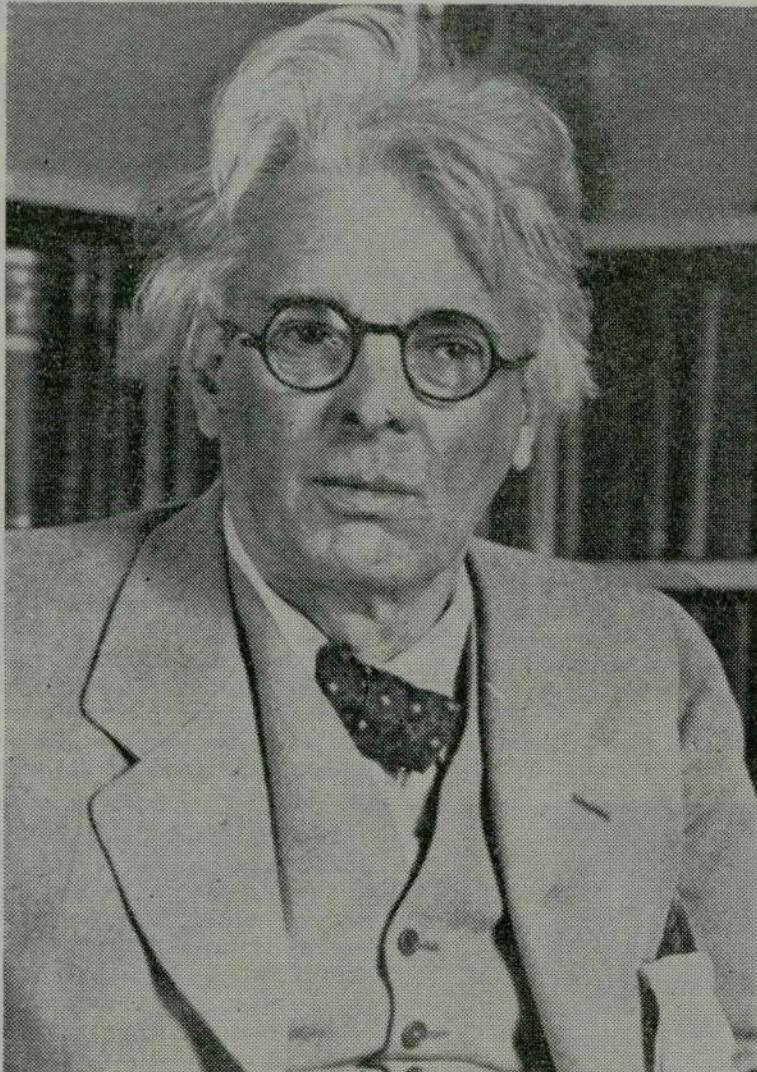
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W. B. Yeats

—Photo "Irish Times"

DAME NINETTE DE VALOIS

Who received an Honorary Doctorate of Music from Trinity in 1957, will speak at the D.U. Elizabethan Society's Inaugural Meeting next week. Here Dame Ninette talks to Colin Smythe about the Abbey Theatre and W. B. Yeats.



Ninette de Valois

—Photo "Irish Times"

I first went to the Abbey Theatre in 1926 and I worked in it for about five years. We had a ballet school and during that time the students used to come after their ordinary schooling. It was W. B. Yeats' own idea: he saw some of my work at the Festival Theatre, Cambridge, and he was very keen to get me over because, as you know, he wrote a series of plays which he called "Plays for Dancers." He had been looking for someone to help him interpret these and when he saw my work in Cambridge he thought that he had found what he was looking for. We went through the whole lot of them gradually. In two cases, "The King of the Great Clock Tower" and "The Only Jealousy of Emer," he re-stated the plays in places so that I could, in the character of the Woman of the Sea in the latter and in that of the Queen in the former, interpret them in dance form. He did that quite specially so that there are two versions of them and I was very honoured that his little book of these plays was dedicated to me.

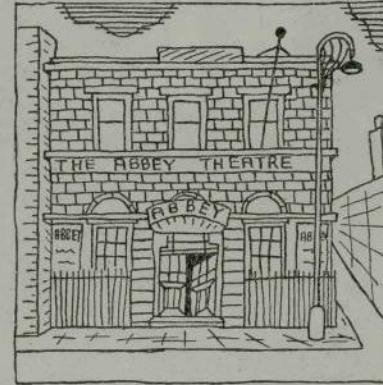
Then, of course, we produced some Irish ballets quite on our own with music by Irish composers. Antheil, the American composer, wrote a very extraordinary and difficult score for "The Only Jealousy of Emer." They were very interesting days and W. B. Yeats used to attend all rehearsals. Lennox Robinson, the manager of the Abbey Theatre, used to attend to the production side.

I member Yeats as a great person. We had many long conferences together. I found him an extremely imaginative and a very advanced person; his poetry shows that. The poetry he wrote as an old man was remarkable; it was alive and "of the day." He was always, in my opinion, a step

ahead of everybody else in the Abbey. He had this strange feeling of never wanting the Abbey to be left behind. When the other theatres sprang up, he was the one who was determined that the Abbey should hold its ground not only in the plays of the peasant people but also in the more abstract advanced work of the day. He was definitely a "live wire" there. Of all of them, he was the one that had the vision of its future. He used to make remarks to me occasionally about the theatre itself. I remember him saying that the Gate Theatre hadn't the Abbey's problem. It was so much easier. They had no tradition. Once you have a tradition, you have a problem, because if you do any experimental work, people want it on as high a scale as your tradition. It is very hard because it is just as new to the traditional theatre as to the other. If you are starting absolutely from scratch there is a different attitude to your work. This was a very wise remark and very true.

It is very difficult to recall his witty remarks off-hand, but I found him an extremely inspiring person and one who had, as I say, a wonderful vision. You never knew what he was going to like. You could not say, "Oh, W. B.

Yeats will love that." You just couldn't know until he had seen it. He said to me once how everybody had told him it was no good starting a theatre in Dublin. He would lose all his artists at once. His reply to that was, "Then forget the Dublin accent!" This to a certain extent is true, but, of course, the Abbey players formed such a complete company that it was all right for them to move about the world. But to



place a true Irish accent in the ordinary theatre is not very easy.

When his imagination wasn't completely running away with him he had a practical streak. I think most of my stories of any interest are in my book "Come Dance With Me," but one that does come to mind is the time when I met Mrs. Yeats in Grafton Street. She said "I've got to buy a book for Willie to read for his journey to Cork; he wants a detective story." I said, "Well, that ought not to be very difficult," and she said "Oh it is. It must have a love interest in it."

He could be enchantingly like anybody else in his attitude towards life and people. He was a great inspiration in the Theatre, his vision being much wider than the rest of the directors. He was the only person who wanted more than they were giving.

People used to get different impressions of Yeats. I found him a great person in the theatre. I felt he had an enormous sense of the theatre, in some ways ahead of the institutions he was work-

ing in and the people he was working with. He would have backed and helped anybody who had the inspiration to do the work in the Abbey. He felt it had got bogged down in its peasant plays and its special audience and he did everything to lift it. It was, of course, difficult for him. As he was the only person to write these wonderful dance dramas I think it made the whole thing a bit too personal for the Abbey and Dublin to accept.

There were one or two rather amusing stories Larchet told me about the famous Abbey riots, but they were before my time. I remember W. B. saying that one particular play had the distinction of having four separate riots in four separate corners of Dublin. He secretly enjoyed the trouble and his rows with the Irish Censorship. He was always going to see the Censor, never getting anywhere but never really minding.

I was there with some very great artists at the height of the Second Company's rise. I can still remember McCormick's "Lear" which was a wonderful performance. I used to go over about four times a year, stay a fortnight or so, put on something new and then come back to London.

My work in London crowded it out in the end; I couldn't help it, as it was too difficult to come over every time. And again there was no employment for the dancers. Once they had grown up they either took up teaching or married or drifted away. There was no means of employing them as we used the students from the school for all our ballets.

It was a great school and I hope it will continue on the same lines. I don't know how many of the company are still able to work or even teach, but I hope that the new Abbey Theatre will be as successful as the old and I wish them every success.

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Letters

Daytime Digs

Sir,—I wish to protest strongly against the proposals to turn digs into bed and breakfast houses, for the following reasons:

1. A decent hot meal costs between four and five shillings. Will rents fall thirty shillings? I don't believe it. Some landladies are already charging 5 gns. for bed and breakfast alone. The minimum in an "A" house will be 4 gns. as opposed to partial board and "open house" for £4 15s. or £5.

2. Why, when there is a ban on Freshers living in flats (an insult to their intelligence) is there a move to make digs more costly, more inconvenient, and less able to ensure that the poor Fresher doesn't starve?

3. I understand that the proposals are based on a survey of women Sophisters. This ignores the facts: (i) almost 70 per cent. of all students are male, (ii) only Freshers are compelled to live in digs, (iii) Freshers will have to endure the "reform" longest.

The change will mean higher profits for landladies at students' expense, chaos in the reading rooms, the Buttery, and the few cheap restaurants still open at six. More Freshers will go without more meals, existing on coffee, hamburgers and chips, while the ban on flats will be generally disregarded, leading to more fines and a lot of bad feeling.—Yours faithfully,

B. C. D. Donaghy (J.F.)

* * *

Sir,—I should like to correct a few misapprehensions in your article on Scholars and landladies.

At the beginning of the Michaelmas term we sent a memorandum to the Board on the inadequate residence facilities for women students outside Trinity Hall. We made two tentative suggestions based on 85 interviews with women Sophisters:

—That responsible women Sophisters should be allowed to rent flats.

—That students living in digs should be allowed to pay for bed and breakfast during the week and for full board at week-ends.

I have not quoted the list of complaints on which these suggestions were based, but I should like to point out that there were six signatories, not two. Furthermore, the sub-committee was set up in the first place as a result of the complaints of several non-Foundation Scholars who felt the existing facilities were in-

adequate. As 85 is a fair proportion of women Sophisters in College, their complaints were representative and deserved consideration. Finally, let me make it clear that Scholars are not a representative body and have no desire to take over the functions of the SRC.—Yours sincerely,

Jennifer Greenleaves
(Secretary of Scholars).

* * *

Paul Goldin

Sir,—I am frequently asked by my students to comment on the Paul Goldin show. I have not seen Mr. Goldin's show, nor do I intend to visit it, in common with the majority of psychologists and psychiatrists I object to the use of hypnosis for entertainment purposes. Nevertheless, I feel that the misunderstandings apparent

in Miss Turton's review of the show call for comment.

In the first place, talk of the "sixth sense" is quite ludicrous in view of the fact that psychologists recognise 13 pure senses and a number of compound varieties. Secondly, whatever Mr. Goldin claims to be doing he is, in fact, hypnotising people. Hypnosis is a state of hyper-suggestibility induced by deep relaxation and, in a state of hypnosis, the subject characteristically understands what is happening. The popular idea that the subject loses control of himself because the hypnotist controls his mind is based on a misunderstanding of the dynamics of the hypnotic trance. Although we commonly express the situation as "A hypnotises B," it would be more correct to say that "A persuades B to hypnotise himself." Naturally, some people are more suggestible than others, just as a few (like Mr. Goldin) have highly developed powers of persuasion.

Thirdly, it must be pointed out that hypnosis is used in medicine, and would possibly be used more widely were its history and present status not surrounded by showmanship. At the same time, particularly with respect to mental illness, many psychiatrists feel that the characteristic state of hyper-suggestibility raises very great ethical problems.

As for the suggestion that hypnosis "is possibly more capable of combating alcoholism and psychological disorders than any discovery of the past hundred years" (which I hope came from Miss Turton rather than from Mr. Goldin) this is simply not true. There is no panacea in psychiatry any more than in orthodox medicine.

Hypnosis is very old. It was probably used in the time of Hippocrates. It was certainly used in the nineteenth century, and in fact Freud was led to develop his method of free association because he was not a very successful hypnotist, and because he found that he could obtain more satisfactory results without hypnosis. Indeed, every phenomenon produced under hypnosis has been reproduced without hypnosis, either in the psychological laboratory or on the analyst's couch. To talk of hypnosis as a "new science" is, therefore, quite wrong. It is even more wrong to call it parapsychology," which is something else entirely.—Yours faithfully,

D. G. Boyle.

* * *

Miss Turton replies: My review of the Paul Goldin show was written purely from the standpoint of a member of the audience. The medical information I gave was taken direct from the leaflet which Mr. Goldin had written about himself and his show. It was from this source that my information about the sixth sense and parapsychology came; I felt able to trust this, but Dr. Boyle obviously does not.

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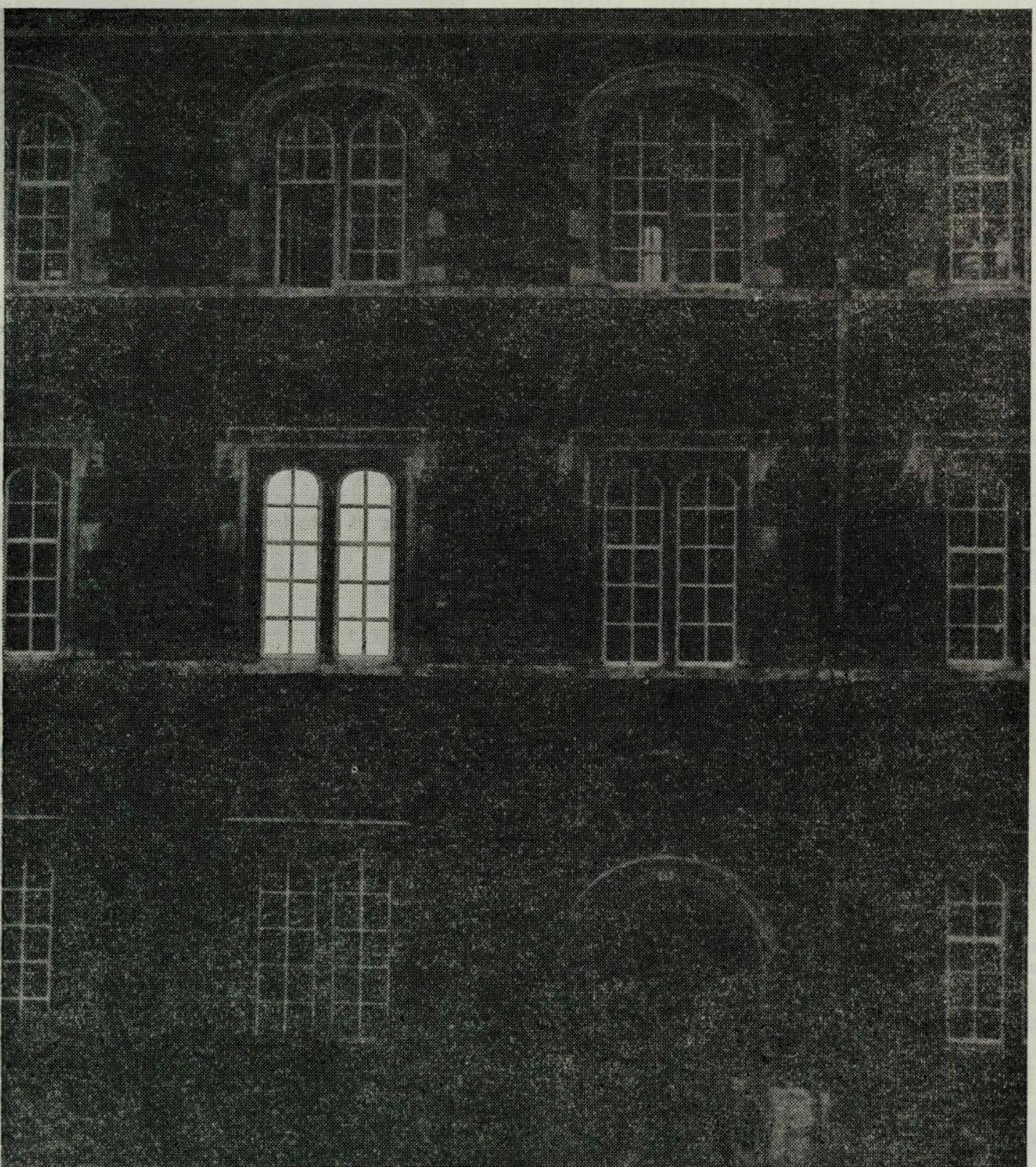
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The Turner & Newall Management Appointments Adviser will be visiting Trinity College on Friday 21st February 1964. If you would like an interview, please contact the secretary of the Appointments Board.

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SOCER

Conway's Come-back

Following a barren game against Aer Lingus, 0-0, Paul Beale has decided to make one or two drastic changes in an effort to bring the inter-Varsity Challenge Trophy to Dublin University for the first time. Their crucial match is at 3.0 to-day against U.C.D. at Belfield. The team is: J. Haslett, P. Mason and J. Horsley; P. Shaw, P. Beale and M. Markham; and the forwards, A. Meldrum, E. Conway, J. Meldrum, T. Nolan and P. Parry.

This shows two introductions into the team and several positional changes. Eddie Conway, a talented ball player, has made his come-back in order to bring some initiative and plans to the forward line and to make openings for the more direct members of the forward line. In defence there has been a shuffle around so that Paul Shaw, a tenacious tackler and a vigorous worker, can be included for the first time since he played against

On Monday night the team went up to Bohemians A.F.C. at Dalymount Park and heard Georg Lax, former Hull City coach, give an interesting talk on tactics and strategy. Contact between his famous (but at present struggling) amateur club has become very close and the Soccer Club are indebted to their management for helping out with their injuries. In return, Trinity have "lent" one or two players who have appeared in Bohs



—Rory Rudd

A. Meldrum (right) shoots wide from a narrow angle. We wish him better luck this afternoon in the Collingwood Cup!

Redfern. In moving Horsley back to full-back, the covering of the team should be stronger and Markham should not be disturbed by switching from the right to the left, being a strong two-footed player.

colours, and this arrangement is mutually beneficial to the clubs.

But the question, as "T.C.D." put it so aptly, is: Has Trinity soccer really improved all that much and will it ever reach the same standard as the Rugby Club? Certainly it cannot be denied that the interest is greater. Four teams appear regularly and training is conducted as a matter of course (in fact, on September 10th, 1963, 12 players turned up for training, two weeks before the rugby team even contemplated playing).

For a judgment on the playing standard it is more difficult as there is no absolute criterion. However, the 2nd XI now lead the Universities' and Colleges' League with maximum points, a league which two years ago the first XI were unable to win. The 1st XI itself has proved itself a middle of the table side in the A.U.L where last year it was always languishing near the bottom.

Its Collingwood results are not altogether very impressive, but in this keen competition anything is likely to happen. One can only make a vague judgment on whether Trinity's soccer is better or worse than its rugby, cricket, etc. It is unable to boast of many records, but is must not be forgotten that there are four soccer players for every rugby player in the country, that rugby appeals to the higher income bracket generally which means it is likely to be held in higher esteem at this University. As a result it will never be a top senior club side in the sense that the Rugby Club and it recognises this.

Sideline

Last summer saw the destruction of the scorebox in College Park, but if present plans are adhered to a new scoreboard should be ready for use when the season begins next April. It is to be built about thirty yards to the right of the Moyne Institute, looking across College Park from the rugby ground, and will resemble the old box, destroyed by fire, in design and appearance. Spectators, therefore, will be able to see the score without difficulty, the fortuitous result of a mysterious fire.

* * *

A few years ago some experts from Yorkshire were asked to give advice on the state of the wicket in College Park, and came to the conclusion that a heavy roller was unnecessary for the improvement of the square. Presumably they were not to be seen last June when Charlie Griffith was making good length balls fly over Stanley Bergin's head. If, in future, Trinity lose the representative game against the tourists, the lack of a heavy roller, and hence a reliable strip to bat on, will be directly responsible. The winter has seen a little activity on the square; one day a groundsman was observed digging up weeds with a penknife until he realised what he had begun, and stopped.

Not only do the Cricket Club feel the lack of a heavy roller to flatten ridges; hockey players are continually complaining about the uneven nature of their pitch, and the exceptionally dry weather over the past month, which should have produced fast and level pitches, has merely added to the difficulties of stopping the ball. Apparently a heavy roller lives out at Santry, where doubtless it is used to good effect, but one feels its services would be better appreciated in College Park. Or perhaps D.U.C.A.C. might be persuaded to buy another roller?

A fortnight ago a rugby match was played between the Hockey Club and the Soccer Club from which the Soccer Club emerged 19-0 winners. It was an entertaining game, but rather unorthodox and not of a very high standard.

Yet this game attracted a large gathering of spectators. Now this can be partly accounted for by the rivalry that exists between the two clubs off the field. What is extraordinary is that the crowd watching was far greater in numbers than when these two clubs play their normal games and it is surely a sad comment on the average spectator that he has to observe a match of this standard. Both the Hockey Club and the Soccer Club would be happier if more spectators supported them when playing on the other side of College Park, as encouragement breeds success—and success is needed in the forthcoming Mauritius and Collingwood Cups.

You are patient to a fault, know your system backwards, and rarely fail to make the best percentage play. How brilliantly you temper his extravagances, force his hesitancy, compensate for his lack of experience and yet, as so frequently occurs, find yourself paying out at the end of the evening! Why you continue playing with that partner is beyond your imagination — why you play bridge is beyond mine!

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For the spectators, and probably for the players too, this was a curtain-raiser to the Twickenham contest, and on a glorious afternoon in College Park there seemed every prospect of an open and attractive game. Moreover, it appeared likely that Trinity would record a victory over a very ordinary Monkstown team. But alas, this was not to be so, for, after a ragged game the visitors ran out winners. In fact the game was only really memorable for several rather odd decisions by the referee and some interesting shadow boxing in the Chemistry block corner.

It must be rather depressing for the Trinity pack, who have been playing consistently well of late, to see all their hard-won efforts squandered by the backs. The experiment of playing Rees at out-half did not prove a success and as a result the threes were seldom seen to much effect. Perhaps Whittaker, who is playing very confidently at the moment, is the man for this key position during Read's continued absence. Wilson made a promising debut in the centre and Labbett had an excellent game at full-back, amply demonstrating that this is his best position.

Honours were generally even forward, though it was noticeable that Stafford-Clark was not receiving much protection at the line-out. Argyle was an able pack leader, and Jones, who seems to improve with every match, a hard-working lock. Trinity's points came from two tries by Whittaker and a conversion by Rees.

This was, therefore, a disappointing display by Trinity and, in view of the heavy programme of fixtures ahead, it is to be hoped that order and cohesion will soon be achieved amongst the backs. Much will depend on Read's return.

TENNIS

The season got off to a start with the first match in the Winter League against Elm Park at the week-end. Trinity did rather well to only go down 1-2 to a strong side, John Farrall and Peter Bowles registering a good win.

D.U. MOTOR CLUB**GLENCREE NIGHT TRIAL**

The Glencree Night Trial will be run on Friday, February 21st, over reasonably smooth roads, of a non-damaging nature. It will contain six special stages, taking competitors over closed forestry roads. The event will start at approximately 7 p.m. Awards will be given for the event as a whole and also for the best result over special stages only.

BOXING CLUB

This year sees an innovation in the introduction of a national University novices' tournament being held in the Gym to-night. All the universities are sending their most skilful novices and the result should be an entertaining evening's boxing. At 6 p.m. there are the preliminary contests and the finals start at 8 p.m.

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DAYTIME DIGS stirs up hornets nest USEFUL FUNCTIONS? SRC v Scholars' Committee

The SRC feels hurt. The first they heard of the new digs proposals was when it appeared in "Trinity News." The Board has passed them by once again.

The last meeting of the SRC was so dull and uninteresting that even the President could not find much to say. This sort of thing has been going on for so long now that SRC must work out the implications if the future is not to be as bleak as the past.

I have heard SRC shout "Apathy" with the gusto of Fabian and yet the masses have not risen to the call. The rabble does not seem to have any interest. The enthusiasm in College politics has gone, the age of sophisters has followed. As I see it, the SCR as it exists at present cannot hope to attract, let alone demand the active support of students or staff. In practice it gets no official recognition from the Board, yet it was at the Board's direction that SRC was reconstituted in 1957, to carry on its "useful functions." In other universities the SRC is responsible for much of the Union's premises, the organisation of an Annual Ball and a Rag. All this, with the exception of a Rag, is organised here by the Major Societies and DUCAC. The Freshers' Congress was not the responsibility of the SRC last October. The grants to societies outside DUCAC are managed by the Standing Committee for clubs and societies, and here again SRC has no direct say.

It is also painfully clear from the SRC meetings that the representatives of most societies are really not interested in the endless filing of memoranda, motions and other useless trivia of student bureaucracy. The President of SRC is elected by the votes of a few, his election is seldom competitive and in any case he is elected by virtually nobody and represents that few before nobody. That the representatives who make up the Council are only from societies and do not represent faculties, limits the possible scope of SRC discussion. The tiny doings of SRC as reported in our columns when, pity help us, we have nothing else to report are enough to dull the wildest enthusiasm in the greatest demigod of student politics.

Can SRC honestly claim to have done anything in the last three years which could not have been done otherwise? That includes the College diary. Even the travel is arranged through USI which can be contacted directly in Dame Street.

R. D. H.

Anachronism of Scholars' Committee

When the Provost announces a list of about twenty names each Trinity Monday of those students who have been awarded foundation or non-foundation scholarships, he is adding to a small but highly influential group in College. The Scholars elect a committee each year and through the secretary of the committee negotiate with the Board and with officialdom in general. They are concerned, firstly, with their own interests and also with the interests of the College as a whole. Their function is, in fact, broadly similar to that of the S.R.C., but their representation is far narrower and the views they bear more selective. In the ancient structure of the College, the Scholars hold a privileged position by aiding the government of the College. The description "Scholar of the House" is not wholly academic. It must be asked today, however, if this situation can be continued. Should such a tiny select committee wield such influence? Is the S.R.C. not the body to be consulted for student opinion?

There seems to be little justification for the present situation. It is true that Scholars have achieved things in the past. It

was their work to gain an extension for women to stay in College in the evening and they are active on various College Committees. The responsibility which they are given by the Board is a relic of the days when College was smaller and when its hierarchical structure was important. In 1957 the Board reconstituted the S.R.C., but they do not use it or recognise it as an official representative body. The Scholars still have far more influence, in spite of the fact that they cannot hope to be representative of student opinion generally.

An example in point is the present investigation into digs which the Scholars have been conducting behind the backs of most people, including the S.R.C. They have produced a report with which any sane student will disagree in several major respects and the Board are considering their recommendations. There is undoubtedly considerable resentment for the disproportionate power of the Scholars and there should be a call for the disbanding of the Committee. The only suitable and responsible body should be, indeed must be, the Students' Representative Council.

J. M. N.



—Photo by Chris. Bazley.

The successful Caving Group, photographed from left: C. Reynolds, D. Whitehead, A. Peel, B. Wilson, P. Smythe and N. Mathys after their amazing discovery in Fermanagh.

SCHOLARLY INTERLUDE Historians at Galway

Galway, as every schoolboy knows, is the city of the Thirteen Tribes. It is also the city of One Hundred and Thirty-six Pubs, as the delegates to the Irish Universities History Students Association Congress discovered last week. Under the watchful eye of the Resident Warden of Trinity Hall, Erudite enjoyment and scholarly disorder were the watchwords of the day.

Five papers and a symposium provided the serious business of the occasion. The papers were, as usual, a somewhat mixed bag, ranging from an extremely scholarly dissertation on "Revolutionary Movements of 1848," from Bangor, to a garbled offering from Queen's on "Pre-Famine Emigration from Ireland to the New World." Peter Asplin made Trinity's contribution with a paper on "The 12th Century Renaissance" which was extremely well received. His fluent account traced the movement back to Aristotle and regaled us with sensitive descriptions of the art and architecture of the period.

His all-embracing intellect swept from Uum to Cordova, and eastward to Byzantium. A gentleman from U.C.G. revealed that we in Ireland had had a 12th century Renaissance all of our own, and this set the general tone of speeches from the floor. Although only one paper deal specifically with Ireland, there was a well-marked tendency to discuss everything with reference to the Fatherland. Militant Republicanism thundered forth from Cork, Galway and, to a lesser degree, Trinity. One Queen's man called another a bigot, and Dolly's Brae might have repeated itself had not an effete young man from U.C.D. found it all so boring.

Miss Ni Chuilleanain's paper on "The Spanish Civil War" gave the Blueshires their run and inevitably the Marxist interpretation of history raised its ugly head. The Chairman of the Fabian Society proved conclusively that Engels could count.

We congratulate Paddy Cosgrave of U.C.D., Andrew Fox-Robinson, Bryan Rose, Trevor McLaughlin, Dr. Lydon and, above all, our host Colin McKiernan of U.C.G. on making it all a roaring success.

DISCOVERY BY CAVING GROUP

During a meet in Fermanagh, several members of the Caving Section of the Climbing Club explored the known passages of the cave system in Boho quarry. An unobtrusive squeeze was forced and entry gained to a phenomenal series of formation filled caverns. Although not large, these caverns were filled with the most beautiful stalactites, lace-like calcite curtains, translucent gour pools and amazing helicitites. No record of any previous entry has been found and the members of the group are pleased to have been responsible for discovering an extension to the Boho system, containing what they consider to be some of the most beautiful stalactites in Ireland.

TRINITY WEEK BALL

Trinity Week Ball this year is to be held on Friday, May 29th. The Ball Committee failed to obtain permission to extend the Ball until 6 a.m. (as in the Oxbridge's Balls), and consequently the arrangements will be the same as last year's. The Board's refusal to allow this was based on the claim that the influx of 1,400 dinner-jacketed and ball-gowned students into an industrial town such as Dublin at six o'clock in the morning was an entirely different thing from 1,400 students descending on a university town at that hour.

BUTTERY BALLS

A request has been received by the Board for permission to hold dances in the Buttery on a regular basis. There is still speculation as to whether chaperons will be necessary, as indeed they were in the days of the Dixon Hall dances. The Agent, however, is reported to have shown his disapproval of such a scheme for the Buttery, as it would "destroy the intellectual atmosphere of College." His reaction to "shaking" in the Exam Hall has not been recorded.



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PERSONAL

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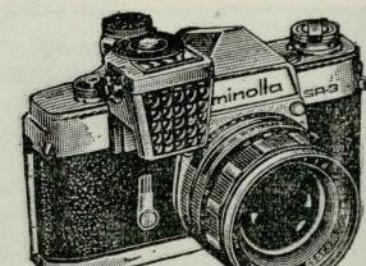
AT the Baggot News Club, Wine and Dine. Ian Whitcomb provides the cabaret.

ORGAN Enthusiasts' Group will visit St. Bartholomew's Church, Clyde Rd., Ballsbridge, next Saturday, February 15th. David Lee will demonstrate the organ. For further details see notice board in No. 5.

THE PHIL will discuss "Monopoly" to-night at 8.15. Private business meeting, 10.25-11.25. Tea, 11.30.

BAND of any size, for every occasion: Shake, R. & B., Beatlestyle—a speciality. Contact Ian Whitcomb, West Theatre.

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