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# Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

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

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THURSDAY, 19th JUNE, 1958

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## SOCIETY HORRORSCOPE

### SOME ELECTION RESULTS

THE crystallisation period is over, and we are left with what we hope is not going to be a collection of butterflies. The Societies have gone to the polls, the hustings have been well and truly hustled, and now that the hustle and bustle has died down, we are left with names: names which we hope denote personalities, and personalities whom we hope will not only bathe in the reflected glory of their privileged positions, but will also take it upon themselves to discharge the responsibilities necessarily associated with the privileges. The old school has been given the customary rocket and the new pupils' faces are glowing with pride—we hope that when the glow has gone the pride will still be left, and that moreover, it will not be an empty commodity.

There are some surprising results. It is always a good thing in elections, that the expected results should not come off. Usually there is the comment that the newcomers will not succeed as well as others. In nearly every instance this assertion is proved to be wrong twelve months hence.

Bruce as Chairman. His achievements in Players and "Icarus" are proof enough of a wide interest and a developing and developed personality. He should be an active and a stimulating leader, and will certainly get much help from his other officers — Serena Crammond and S. F. Mawhinney, Sch.

The new "Eliz." committee contains six of last year's committee members, which augurs well for its welfare in the coming year, because in 1957/58 the society, under the presidency of Miss Joan Lloyd, made great progress.

Its membership increased from 60 to about 250, the rooms were modernised, facilities such as table-tennis, a radio, a sewing-machine and an iron were made available to members. Now, with Miss Lloyd's interest in folk-lore replaced by Miss Jones' interest in sport, we may yet see athletic meetings between the Eliz. and the Hist.

On the whole, the next year promises to be sober and of somewhat uncertain quality. Certainly, there is much new blood and with it we may perhaps hope for new ideas.

**Historical Society.** — Auditor, M. T. Knight; Treasurer, R. E. Harte, Sch.; Record Secretary, R. T. C. Kennedy; Correspondence Secretary, I. H. Simons; Librarian, J. A. Francis.

**Philosophical Society.** — President, L. Roche; Hon. Secretary, J. A. D. Bird; Hon. Treasurer, A. G. Lucas; Hon. Librarian, M. D. Boyden; Hon. Registrar, T. T. West, Sch. Associate Seats on Council: J. R. Hautz, Sch. (Mod.), B.A.; R. T. Willis, B.A. Ordinary Seats on Council: J. T. Killen, Sch.; J. A. Lutton, P. H. Boyle, Sch.; J. Gillam, R. H. Johnston, M. J. Riggs.

**Elizabethan Society.** — President, Miss Anne Jones; Committee, Mary Burrows, Carol Challen, Harriet Chance, Valerie Green, Gillian Howe, Bridget Hull, Joanna Neill.

**Theological Society.** — Auditor, D. J. Kerr; Hon. Secretary, R. D. Baker; Hon. Treasurer, W. R. D. Alexander; Hon. Librarian, G. C. Kerr.

### PROFESSORS ON THE MOVE

#### PRESENTATION TO DR. LIDDELL

On Tuesday at a meeting of the D.U.M.L.S., Dr. Liddell, the retiring German Professor, received a token of esteem and remembrance from the society. R. H. Bolster, Chairman, who made the presentation, recalled for us Dr. Liddell's chequered and interesting life and career. The remark which typifies the man we have come to know

in and outside of lectures during the past few years was made by Bolster, when he mentioned Dr. Liddell's two characteristics of thorough scholarship and an enthusiasm for his subject, which at times can only be described as boyish. This we saw as he counted the eight glasses in the sherry set which was his present, and in the speech of reply which he made — short, quietly yet mischievously witty, and simply sincere. We all wish him happiness in his retirement.

#### NEW LECTURER IN MENTAL AND MORAL SCIENCE

Mr. Gershon Weiler, M.A., graduate of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, has been appointed a Junior Lecturer in Mental and Moral Science. Mr. Weiler was born at Sopron, Hungary, in 1926. Both his parents were killed in World War II. After the war, he entered Budapest University, but left two years later and went to Israel, where he joined the Intelligence division of the army. When the fighting had died down, he entered the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, which was founded in 1925 and which, in spite of having to evacuate to Mount Scopus in 1948, continues to flourish and expand. Mr. Weiler graduated and in 1953 gained his M.A. for a thesis on the relation of Husserl and Descartes. He lectured there for a short while before going to Oxford to do research under the John Goodend Fellowship. He was recommended by Sir Isiah Berlin.

He has had several papers published, and is an excellent linguist. Mr. Weiler should be an asset to the Mental and Moral School where at first he will lecture in Logic. Later he may also lecture in Ethics and Aesthetics.

### HAT FASHIONS

WHO says that men are more conservative in dress than women? In several years of selective viewing, this reporter has never seen such a dowdy turn out among the women students on a Trinity Wednesday. Maybe some of them do aspire to be blue-stockings—but must they dress like them?

What did we see? Over-weighted, footlong, "picture" hats on dumpy females, ranks of open-toed sandals, flapping, bedraggled ankle-length skirts, and — amongst the gloveless "don't-cares" — dozens of casual everyday frocks.

Mind you, there were notable exceptions. Margaret Keating looked both chic and demure in a pale blue "chemise"

coloured accessories and chunky cocoa beads, won her many lascivious glances.

But the "Trinity News" prize of a modelling course was deservedly won by Bryana Scott, who combined the height, slenderness and looks considered by the judges to be essential for a successful model, with poise and a more than adequate fashion sense. For the Races, she chose a very short, fitted dress in



Bryana Scott—winner of "Trinity News" prize. Photo: Irish Times

with strings of matching beads; Gloria Miers favoured a smart morning-in-town suit in tan with a bulky jacket fastened with twin bows, and a neat white pillbox which matched her enormous pincé collar. Deirdre Mooney, having faced the fact that elegance is not her line, successfully carried off a very pretty lace cartwheel hat and a nylon coin-spotted shirtwaister in grey. Possibly the best-dressed girl there was Jill Robbins, whose off-white linen two-piece in the modified trapeze line, with coffee-

tan with a fine blue and white check, a neat cloche hat, and beige accessories. Congratulations, Bryana!

Next term, she will begin the three-months modelling course at the Charles Ward-Mills Salon.

Following public demand, the Revue has been extended until 28th June, which is one week longer than initially planned.

### RENOVATIONS AGAIN

#### "LIVING IT UP"

Three weeks ago, we spoke of plans for renovations in No. 30. Now we have received details of the scheme which opens up prospects of comparatively cheap comfort—even luxury—within the College walls.

During the Long Vacation, the top floor of No. 30 is to be converted into twelve bed-sittingrooms supplied with two easy chairs, divan bed (with bed-clothes), wardrobe, dressing-table, desk and chair, table lamp, curtains, etc. Adjoining each bed-sitter will be a "kitchenette/washroom" containing a gas ring and a wash-hand basin with hot water from a gas geyser. Bathroom, scullery and W.C. will be built at the end of the corridor and the rent for the rooms will be £2 5s. 0d. per week. Service will include cleaning rooms, making beds (but not washing up) and — an important touch — visiting each room on Sundays "to make sure that the occupants do not need medical or other help!"

The Bursar emphasises that the project is entirely experimental. The present occupants of the floor in question have been invited to join or accept alternative accommodation if they prefer it, and whether the scheme is extended or not depends completely on the reaction of students. Will Trinity come up to date? — it depends on you.

#### TOOTH DEPARTMENT

Renovation in the Department of Pathology is in full swing, and important changes are occurring. First, the basement was re-decorated and now houses Library and Museum rooms. At the same time the Routine Investigation Laboratories were brightened up and the office was removed from underneath the Lecture Theatre. Scaffolding, paint brushes, ladders and all the rest of the

contractor's paraphernalia are now found strewn about the Entrance Hall.

The Dental School has been allocated part of the ground floor of the building, and the Office and the Professors' Room have been converted into small lecture rooms.

It is planned eventually to rebuild the Pathology Lecture Theatre and to raise its floor so that the extra room on the ground floor will also be made available to the Dental School. This is an important development. The number of dental students has risen in the past few years and the solitary "Dental Room" in the attic of the Chemistry-Medical School Building has proved inadequate. Now, with about half-a-dozen students in each of the six years of the course, the facilities for teaching dentistry are to be improved. In addition to three reasonably large lecture rooms, a small laboratory for tutorial instruction is planned. This accommodation is necessary as 3rd, 4th and 5th year students have all their lectures at 5 p.m.—they do practical work in the Dental Hospital until that time.

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## TRINITY NEWS

3 Trinity College

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Vol. V TRINITY NEWS No. 18  
THURSDAY, 19TH JUNE, 1958**LION OR SPANIEL?**

**T**WISTING the lion's tail has become a favourite pastime ever since Britannia began to pretend that she really didn't mind the urchins and was far too superior to club the itchy menace. The sport of cocking-a-snook at your stronger brother must be humanly very gratifying for our age is full of it, and now begins to affect the press itself. For instance, what does a Trinity student do when he finds the periodical he sponsors unsatisfactory because of its content or tone? Does he write and say so in a reasoned manner or better still join the staff in an attempt to improve things? Not at all. Failing to find his precious self, he will sulk, rant and take it out on his innocent neighbours in the Coffee Bar with endless bleatings about this "awful rag" or perhaps nourish a prolonged and secret pique which he will surface in subtle and clever little moves. A youthful follower of "T.C.D." lately visited every nook and cranny of College proclaiming that he had discovered a sentence in "Trinity News" the grammar of which was not of text-book purity.

Those who heard him tell the tale of his monumental find will have discovered in the course of it his more than average knowledge of nouns but could not help wondering why he should have chosen the role of an obsessed scholar more interested in the evidence of his own erudition than worried about the occurrence of a mistake. "Trinity News," unlike other productions, is open for everybody to join provided they can show why they should be accepted. Its existence and quality must be a joint effort of the whole student body — the staff and readers. It is from the large mass of undergraduates that talent is recruited and ultimately it is their reaction and tastes which determine what appears in print. The reader is the customer and as such he is in the privileged position of shaping the menu. Very often, however, the Trinity man is a bad or dead customer. Apart from irrational sobs, he does not display any reaction at all. It is characteristic that in spite of the numerous controversial items which appeared in this paper this term, like the A-Bomb Opinion Poll, the critical reviews of some of the Schools, articles on the S.R.C. and other societies, hardly any response was registered.

Perhaps the reader is not the only one in need of repair. The paper itself at times limped and wobbled. Its worst failing was the lack of punch and its devout attachment to the Old Boys' Courier spirit of dreary caution and velvet, mind-my-friend attitude. The reasons often given for the flat monotones in news and the absence of serious features was the need for absolute objectivity. It was also claimed that students are unable to digest anything excessively removed from Four and Six. However, one cannot help but feel that this non-volumus was in fact not much more than an excuse with which to hide a temperamental non-possumus. There would be quarrels between the reader and the editor but nothing is more dangerous than the lack of them. The contents of a student journal must be reasonably critical in flavour and creative discussion. College has tended lately to offer very little news and that was clearly due to the poverty of life in it. It is here that "Trinity News" could do a great deal to stimulate, inspire and point the way to greater fertility within the walls which at one time could boast a teeming and fascinating community. Naturally, the first step in the right direction is to appoint the right people to the right positions—a necessity which may at times involve unorthodox decisions. The oldest candidate is not necessarily the best officer. It takes courage to give priority to the novice of talent rather than to long experience.

Heaven knows, "T.C.D." has in the past stayed top dog. We now wear the better skin but must yet learn to bite and roar rather than wag the tail.

**Profile:****MR. PADDY BURGESS-WATSON**

Less than ten years ago, Mr. Paddy Burgess-Watson began his career as a medical student in Trinity College. Few who saw him then would have guessed that this still almost boyish figure would be to-day—hardly as yet beyond early middle age—very near realising his crowning ambition—a degree. Yet, by sheer determination and rugged tenacity of purpose, struggling always against vastly superior odds, this man has fought his way inch by inch through the almost impassable jungles and swamps of the medical school, until now he stands, a

adversity. Born in Africa, the son of an explorer, it was not long before he was forced to migrate to Surrey. There in England — for Surrey did not hold him long — he lived a nomadic life wandering from school to school, rarely staying at any one for more than a few months and often having to decamp hurriedly during the night. Yet he survived; and it was these early years that stamped his character and developed his genius.

Nature did not bless Paddy with sobriety or plodding industry. Nor, though intelligent with a happy talent for composing love verse and playing chess, had he any remarkable brilliance of mind bestowed upon him. But the gods granted him instead three supreme gifts: good looks, charm, and an unlimited capacity for enjoying himself. The first he has preserved by daily exercise, rigorous dieting, and the use of the stomach pump. The other two qualities have shown no sign of diminution with the passage of time—rather, have they waxed greater through the years and he uses them now with the practised hand of authority. Cold hearts, embittered minds with weak kidneys, regard him enviously and cavil at his success. His faults, they say, are forgiven him because of his disarming smile. But what a complete misunderstanding of the nature of his genius! Paddy's faults are the necessary appendages of his sunny nature; his charm the inevitable product of his faults.

So let us leave him at the end of one of his few remaining Trinity terms: the veritable Til Eulenspiel of the University, leaping head first with coat tails flying from the balcony of the Gresham; the Captain, governing with a firm hand the turbulent members of the Swimming Club; but, above all, the Fifth Year Medical Student.

"I am awaiting," says Mr. Burgess-Watson, with calm confidence, "the call of my School of Medicine to bestow upon me the supreme honour of Degreeship."



proud figure, on the great plateau of his Fifth Year — and within sight of the Summit!

It is tempting to see in this something of the miraculous; to ascribe this tremendous achievement to blind chance or the muddling of examination papers. This is to under-rate Burgess-Watson. Too easily is it forgotten that this is by no means his first university: he studied at London, and Cambridge knew him too, many years before he chose Trinity. He learned in a hard school—or, rather, a great number of hard schools, for even as a child Paddy knew

The Choral Society have made a habit, every Trinity Term, of presenting lighter music. This time we were offered a Brahms relaxing from the complex syncopation and monumental architecture of his mighty works and indulging his Viennese mood (he was always enchanted by the waltzes of Strauss). But the "Songs of Love," waltzes for piano duet and chorus, never descend to Strauss's banal level; for Brahms is too great a musician ever to allow his relaxation to weaken him. Though simple and short, the eighteen pieces comprising the work have a wealth of lyricism (sometimes becoming even luscious) and a tenderness, which the pianists, Julian Dawson and Catherine O'Brien, admirably conveyed. The chorus were enthusiastic, and, under Mr. Joseph Grocock's baton, gave us a delightful interpretation.

The second choral work introduced us to another holiday-maker, this time a Bach resting temporarily from the strain of his fugues with the jovial vacation of the "Peasant Cantata." Soloist, Mr. Brian Boydell (bass, representing the country-music lover) and the soprano

(with tastes more highbrow) incited the chorus to sing their type of songs, and a merry party it all turned out to be. The chorus responded magnificently to each demand, though it was obvious that Johann Sebastian himself was yawning many a time, particularly in the opening festivities. However, even when caught nodding, Bach is always interesting to hear, and we had two very fine soloists.

The orchestral suite, Purcell's "The Gordian Knot Untied," was well tackled but oh, so utterly insipid. Finally, the Richard Cherry Cup quartet winners—Miss Dresser and Miss Blackley, with Messrs. Bonar-Law and Dawson—sang their test piece, John Farmer's "Fair Phyllis I Saw"—again a sensitive performance of a not very remarkable work.

In fact, apart from the Brahms' waltzes, the music was decidedly second-rate. The Society is to be commended on maintaining its enthusiasm (though the tenors and basses, as usual, are swamped by the female voices), but I feel that they could be given much more interesting material to work on. (Suggestion—"The Creation" has not been done for a long time.)

**Letters to the Editor**

Sir,—May I invite the attention of your readers to the ninth D.U. International Summer School, which is to be held from July 2 to 16 on the theme "A View of Ireland"? We expect a number of visitors from different countries and hope that as many Trinity students as possible will join the school. Associate membership costs only 10/-, plus 5/- subscription to the D.U. Association for International Affairs.

Those who are interested may have further particulars from the Registrar of the school (David Large), c/o. the Common Room, or from J. Kaminski, Chairman of D.U.A.I.A.

J. P. Haughton,  
Chairman, Summer School.

Sir,—One of the most interesting aspects of the Poll was the fact that 59 per cent. of College students considered student opinion polls useless. This certainly shows a becoming modesty, compared with the pompous posturings of our counterparts across St. George's Channel. There, in Oxford and Cambridge, the undergraduates appeared to imagine the results of their poll would shake the world. One can imagine groups of seedy types, clad in dandruff-covered duffle-coats and clutching their copies of "Look Back in Anger" and "The Observer," sitting round their Espresso bar, and deciding that what the world needs for its redemption is for its youth to take the helm. Let Khrushchev and Eisenhower be replaced by Colin Wilson and John Osborne, and all will be well. Such are the words of wisdom put out by this fetid collection,

and immediately they are publicised by the Press, as if the Decalogue had suddenly been re-issued on Mount Sinai.

Opinions based on ignorance are worthless, and the average Trinity student is only too content to let world politics crash and roll around him; his bomb-proof shelter is Jammet's back bar, and his audience the obstreperous Maureen and Katie. If more people felt like that, it might be a very much easier world to live in.

Nick Tolstoy.

Sir,—May I draw the attention of your readers to the following announcement:

Trinity Hall will be open to all women students throughout the summer vacation at a revised scale of charges:

Bed and breakfast ... 7/6 a night.  
Lunches, suppers and dinners will be supplied on request at a cost of:

Lunch .....	1/9
Supper .....	2/-
Dinner .....	2/6

Following the usual practice, Afternoon tea will be provided free to all residents and their guests. Anyone wishing to take advantage of this scheme should therefore make her booking as soon as possible.

Anne E. R. Brambell, Warden.

Sir,—In reply to your editorial on the College tennis courts, I wish to point out that a false assumption vitiates your argument. Payment of the capitation fee does not of itself entitle any student to use the courts. He must also be a member of the tennis club (subscription 2/-). As a member, he comes under the rules of the club, and one of these rules is that players shall wear whites. Officials of the club are entirely within their rights in seeking to enforce this rule, and to talk, as you do, about

**College Observed**

The dull week—the where-can-we-go week; nothing left to do—we've done it all. First and Second Eagles have finished wishing College parties had an atmosphere of respectability and decorum. Even the Boat Club are tired of proving the opposite point. "Icarus" is too tired to sell itself. Apparently, Tony Colegate is tired of being Tony Colegate. David Nowlan, I suspect, is tired of being a producer. (Incidentally, why didn't certain editors follow his lead with respect to Sharp-shooter?) Anyhow, this is all unimportant in the last week. We sit back, endure the last lectures and wait for our rest cure in cannibal factories, potting sheds or what have you. Like the nesting ducks in College Park—please don't disturb—we sit and wait; at least they produce something at the end of it, which is more than we can say.

Sterility, stagnation and abomination should be the College motto. "Jacobus asbestos sum" is not a bad shot, but has too much virtue to be apt.

There is, however, a glimmer in College spheres. Rumour has it that modernisation is going to extend beyond aluminium sinks. Trinity is switching to automation. The first step in this change is to install tape-recorders in the Lecture Rooms. Besides taking a heavy burden from the lecturers' shoulders, this innovation will be both more economical and more efficient. All machines will be fitted with amplifiers to ensure that they can be heard at the back of the room. They will be operated on the loop system; each loop lasting three and a half hours. There will be ten minutes silence at the end of each hour. I understand from the Board that students will not be permitted to stop the machine in the middle of the lecture, but will be able to catch up since the lectures are to be run on the Similese principle — this system guarantees a maximum of one fact per hour; each fact being repeated at least three times. In this way, the careful student could obtain all the information by attending two and a half lectures. The Board is looking for ways to avoid this. Among many suggestions has been that of punched time cards. Any student whose card was not correctly punched would not be given credit. However, there are some snags in this system and College is still trying to find means of overcoming them.

Two groups of persons, however, cannot relax this week. The first of these are the unfortunate who battle with exams—and the best of luck! The others are the eager beavers of the various societies for whom this is their most important week. Their very existence depends on the results of the various elections. These people, who bicker for the rest of the year, come out of their corners for this week and leap into frenzied action. Come to think of it, this is quite a job.

**STOP PRESS**

1. Coffee Bar to be extended in spite of opposition from Major Societies.
2. Medics. at Meath Hospital rival Oxford pattern and "seat" Chief Physician's car in Gallery.
3. Students stand by skips threatened with unemployment as situation reaches explosion point.

arbitrary interference with harmless pleasures is quite beside the point. Rules apart, I believe that College opinion generally is in favour of our keeping up appearances by requiring that those who play cricket or tennis in our Park or Square should be properly turned out.

Yours, etc.,

J. V. Luce,  
Chairman, D.U.C.A.C.

**BYE-ELECTION**

There will be a joint meeting in Regent House on Friday evening at 8 p.m. for the candidates (or their representatives) in the Dublin South Central bye-election, to expound their policies and answer questions. The bye-election was caused by the resignation of Jack Murphy, the unemployed T.D.

It is hoped that all College residents, and anyone else interested in political affairs, will attend, as Trinity is in the constituency and should not remain aloof in this important matter.

The candidates are Seán MacBride, S.C. (Clann na Poblachta); Patrick Cummins (Fianna Fáil); John Hegarty (Fine Gael); John Cluskey (Labour), and Noel Hartnett (National Progressive Democrats).

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## FOUR & SIX

### No Rose Tinted Specs.

Some few grim survivors of Wednesday's exertions capable of keeping up some form of physical (mental was out of it for all) activity, might have made the cocktail party given by Alex Smith, Nick Westby and Michael Leahy on Thursday, an engineers' party — entry to which evidently necessitated vertical movement on a ladder, or Nora Keohane's 21st. I must disappoint you if you want to hear a list of those with staying ability, because I didn't have it.

### Watertight

Gathering together my shattered remnants of a nervous system, I nevertheless had to make Islandbridge though the sun was perhaps a little too bright. Mind you, that evergreen Jill Robbins (late of half a profile) looked sunny enough with Danny McAuley, one of our old boys. Not soon enough, the sun went down and a certain lack of training time was gradually to be remarked in the members of rowing teams. In the marquee the boys of Group One stomped it up, although no one could know (although they did not seem to worry) to what time they were supposed to stomp as microphones had been overlooked. Same as last year, Johnny Anderson and Puller Leman scaled the ropes that hold the tent together; perhaps they were worried about what their absent wife, Mike Cochrane, would say if they heard about Kirsten dancing with Jerry Blanchard. Deirdre Mooney was held up to ransom by Edwin Draper and Michael Stubbs. Later on, the more knowing types made their way to the Captain's party where Blondy Ross-Todd was pondering whether David Jagoe's wife should have been keeping such late hours and company. Bill Keating and Sue Smith somehow managed to look sentimental in spite of the sight of Paddy Burgess-Watson riding a mechanical contraption around the Boat House.

### Treading the Canvas

Friday night at the Sailing Club dinner and dance could not be missed. Aperitifs on the terrace and Commander Baskins'

### FRESHMAN'S

One could never for one minute doubt the wealth, and the abundance of it, which freely circulates both within and without of our railingly existence. Yesterday was Trinity Wednesday (remember?), and to-day we will be returning those hired cars, which are quoted at a rate of 4d. a mile. This is a vicious cover-up on the part of the experienced hirer, who swears blind that even though you did only go to Trinity Hall and back, your Standard 10 still used two gallons of petrol: "You must have had the choke out all the time, surr, and anyway, that's what the pump says." Staggered by the overwhelming logic of this last remark, and the fact that five of his cronies are watching from an oily hut affair, you convince yourself of the "good time" you had last night and justify paying for two gallons of petrol on a ten mile trip, at the very most. But this isn't all, since probably a suit has to be returned, and a shirt, and a bow, and shoes. But still, we did have a good time last night, didn't we, even though it was more than

### HANGOVER

the "10/- nightly," as this particular tailor proclaimed from his window, obviously forgetting that accessories are not only "extra" but essential. "What a lovely string vest you are wearing this evening, John!"

Then the drinks—oh, hell! Did anyone get away without having to pay a corkage fee? And what expensive taste, Hermione! Why can't a woman be more like a man? Men are so satisfied with lager or beer, not drinking shorts, which are so terribly dear. Would you be angry if I took you there by bus? Would you be wounded if I didn't order gin? If I smoked all my cigarettes, d'you think you'd shout a bit? Then with your case, dear, I'm sure you'd win! Where does the wealth of the College come in? Surely in the fact that these experiences happen only to the selected few, "sans voiture et sans costume," who can still somehow scrape together the price of two tickets, which seem to cost more every year. But still, at 12/6 a head, you must admit that we did have a good time!

### "ICARUS

Sidetracks are fashionable. Wathen, in the prose, was the writer who came nearest to giving us a simple, harmonised artistic unit. His minor sidetrack was Scandinavian folk-lore, e.g., O God, give me a woman like those of the olden times—Brynhild of the burning fire, or Njal's wife, etc., Brady was sidetracked by his theory and Jay by his theatricals: Brady's theory of love, beauty, and happiness, is good enough, but it is rather plugged here: its statement is rather obvious: as well as that there is a certain over-naivety which clashes with a somewhat Steinbeckian naturalism at times: apart from his theory he is sometimes quite successful—"thick bright colour of the red flower," "and there was music in the grasses." We should have art, from which truth follows, but here we have a theory "poeticised"—the extract is an ellipse with two centres of interest, and is not to my mind, thus, an organic whole. But it is by no means mediocre. John Jay doesn't like cats. He kills one for no reason at all and his transition from dead cat via Morecambe roses through beauty queens to his original theme is marvellous. The cat, like so many actors, overplays his part, but it is really the script writer's fault: then J. J. remembers he's a modern and puts in a couple of Hells and a Christ—not good enough, while the line: "It couldn't have taken very long" is tritely dreadful: As in Brady's work there is much worth here, but J. J. fails when he becomes melodramatically monumental about the cat's death, and because generally his eye for good theatre leads him astray in matters of artistic balance, so that again this extract doesn't seem organic. Here Wathen shows how it's done. If he has any theory in mind, it is implied—it's most obvious statement is: "It was a cruel hard look . . . the strangling net

### REVIEW

of death," and the story has economy, balance, simple poignancy and tragedy, moves well and easily, doesn't seem manipulated and is satisfying as a whole. G. D. Hodnett's story reminds me of his face—a cynical grin which never becomes sickly. There is more of the Yellow Back here. However, there are no wise-cracks or sidetracks in Hickey's "Death Wish," but sensitivity, expression, and a most satisfying impression. This is the purest art in "Icarus" and reminded me of the opening of Steinbeck's Pearl. Osman and Norris advise us respectively to read "Zen" and not to read "A Review of Common Misconceptions."

Mr. Ewart's disillusionment with life is succinctly expressed. I would lay a bet he also wrote Sonnet Précieux. I may be wrong. The personification in Persephone given to tree and placed in such close proximity to "old man" results in a somewhat ludicrous image in an otherwise effective enough stanza. I question the epithet "sapphire" but "hanging" is effective, and the last verse is unintelligible to some degree. Twilight—hands cannot sigh and why must the garden be "shattered"—has it something to do with Hell and Christ? When Mr. Arnold tries to be effective, he is unintelligible, and when he is intelligible he is trite. Marno has what Hickey and Arnold have not—a simply developed organic unit, with only the last stanza's metaphysics giving us a jolt. "Stranger of a Land" left me cold, while H's other certainty has a place in the Alexander hymnal. Kate Lucy mooned, and expressed something reminiscent of the fact that two's company and three's a crowd, and then we have Wathen's not so good Samaritan who passed by on the other side. Stack's poem was first-class; I liked "like laden wombs": but do we have to have words like "succubus"?

## Your School — MEDICAL

The pursuit of Medicine is still popularly dubbed "a vocation" despite the materialistic demands of the modern Welfare State. Indeed, it will be a sad time for the profession when this is not so. Nevertheless, it must be remembered that the lofty aspirations of the ambitious sixth-former are inevitably modified by the six years (too easily protracted) and ever-increasing rigors of the medical course.

Thus, it is not surprising to find a strong element of dissatisfaction and frustration in the more senior years. A recent enquiry among the present pre-final year showed an alarming percentage of those who were either bored, dismayed or frankly disinterested. Reasons for this are not hard to see, for these unfortunate professional guinea-pigs are the victims of the present worthy but disturbing attempt on the part of the authorities to improve the teaching and examinations.

It is to be hoped that no succeeding year will be subjected to an examination whose nature remains a mystery and in a subject in which no adequate teaching has been given for eighteen months.

Nevertheless, the dissatisfaction goes deeper than the present vacillations of the medical board. The very necessary effort to establish a closer liaison between the hospitals and the Medical School has so far resulted merely in an elaborate spy system and the current hobby of signature hunting. No amount of signatures can indicate the degree of knowledge acquired any more than the present lecture system can do more than register formal attendance.

Bad, boring and often inaudible lecturing; lectures "straight from the Book," and lectures that interfere with clinical teaching are not only disheartening but a palpable waste of time.

Perhaps it is too much to expect that we might emulate a London hospital which has recently successfully introduced voluntary lectures—a measure that would be an embarrassing mirror to some—but at least an effort to supplement rather than reiterate necessary reading matter would be welcome. Perhaps, too, it is vain to hope for a curtailment of the present pre-registration year—(an apparent money-maker and substitute for inadequate selection)—with two years only for pre-clinical studies and four clear years of hospital practice. However, radical revision of the time table could have every morning free for hospital work and avoid the mad dash across Dublin "to get attendance."

While we may criticise, we remain, with the rest of Trinity, fundamentally conservative. The sometimes pettymindedness is compensated for by laudable flexibility. We should hate to see the liberal tradition of the Medical School drowned in a worthless attempt to copy the red-brick efficiency of younger schools. It is sad already to see the B.A. course becoming more limited and serious than the broad, friendly education of the past and we deplore the unnecessary interference of examinations with the more important functions of College life. It is, after all, the unlimited variety of College as well as the variegated personalities that teach at the bed-side that makes the Trinity Medical man.

The examination from "Pre-Med." to "Finals"—imperfect though they may be—ensure that no man passes through who has not worked and worked hard. In the meantime, "Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter—sermons and soda-water the day after."

## Huntin' Shootin' and Fishin' or Woman's Own

Something is in the air. Last week we had an article by a militant feminist. A.I.D. was debated in the Hist.; tea and sympathy has just stopped simmering; an interest in sex relations is behind all these phenomena. Well, let us take advantage of the interest and deal openly with the facts of life—let us examine sex, see how the love-nest is built, the heavenly union effected, and how post-martial bliss may be assured. We could put this another way: "Let us see how the trap is laid, sprung, and how the captive may be trained to be docile and useful." Ladies, this is an article for you (a statement as effective as any to make men read it), "How to get and what to do with a man."

Perhaps the most important words are "a man." None of you, I hope, still labour under the illusion that there is "the man." I know, girls, that it is absolutely essential to "a man" to pretend that he is "the man," but this quite naturally comes under the heading "How the trap is laid." No, so long as he is fairly easily recognisable as masculine, then requirements are fulfilled.

Now this is a dangerous wayward brute, which likes to roam around with gangs of his fellows—it will refer to these as "the boys," with whom it likes to have "nights out." This is a "dangerous symptom" showing that the instinct of freedom is still in this particular specimen. It will, while in this state, not be easily lured from its natural habitats, but will retire shyly into various quaerencias. These quaerencias have imposing names, being a subconscious attempt to veil from the pursuers and the pursued the humbling fact that they are simply places of refuge. This, ladies, is the true meaning of Public Bars, Men Only, Golf Clubs and the Hist.

Thus the beast is still in its wild state, and goes readily to ground at any attempt to interfere openly with its free and natural existence. Some authorities advise smoking out, but this is unsubtle, unwise, and will only cause the weaker elements to break cover, and these are not worth the catching. No, subtlety's the thing. Call off the hunt.

This beast has one weakness. It likes you. Don't get me wrong. I said, it likes you—not being with you: it likes what it can get, but it doesn't like what it may lose in getting it. Your job is to see that it thinks it is going to get what it likes, that it thinks that what it is going to get is even nicer than it actually is, and, most important, that it loses what it doesn't want to lose in getting it. Finally, flushed with success, don't relax. Preliminary taming over, one must keep abreast of all current training methods, so that the caged condition may be ever varied and diverting; neglect this, and retrogression to the natural state will set in. Several authorities have written useful articles giving advice from which may be evolved the individual's own training schedule. As these articles may also be read by "them," they are never given obvious titles, but if one looks for some such sequence as "Hints on Beauty Treatment," "Shared Interests," "How

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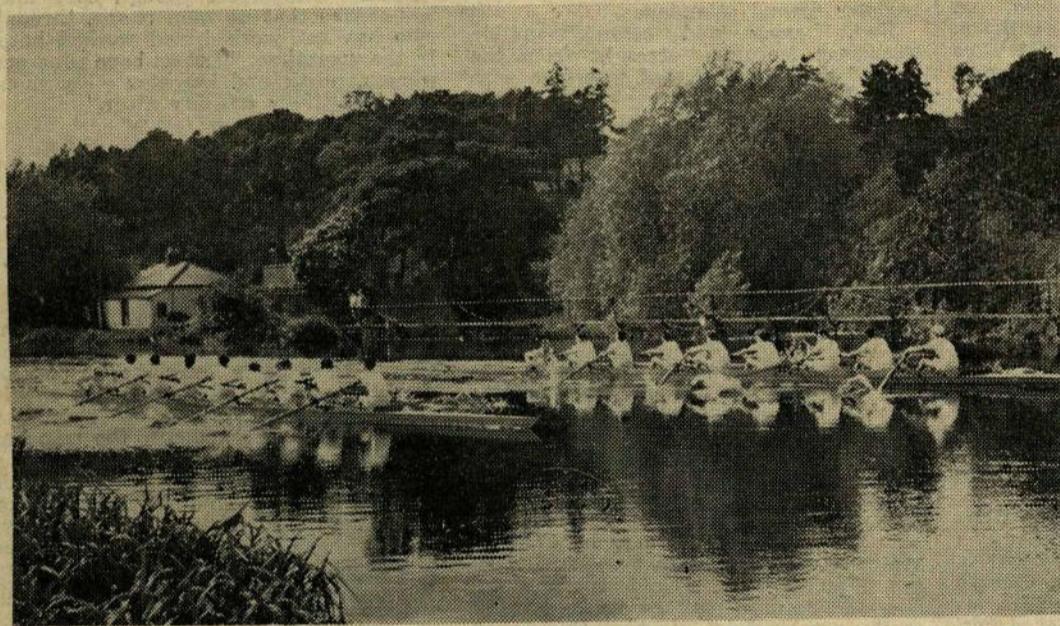
## EXCITING DAY AT ISLANDBRIDGE

TRINITY Regatta, with the record entry of 68 crews, got under way on Friday with racing from 1.30—10.30 at night. The 1st Senior IV were given a row-over in their heat by the non-appearance of Belfast Commercial, but the 2nd Senior IV were caught and overhauled by the Garda over the last 2 minutes of their race, losing by three-quarters of a length.

The Senior VIII in their first heat, were drawn against Portora, Queen's main rivals for the Northern Ireland Empire Games nomination, and a hard race was expected. Portora went off at 44 for the first half-minute, but Trinity, striking 36, took almost a length's lead,

of Trinity beat a tired Blanchard, also of Trinity, by a distance.

The Trinity 1st Senior IV, now coxless, is competing at Marlow next week-end, being drawn against St. Bartholomew's Hospital in the first round of the Town Cup. They are wished good luck, which is also extended to the other members



although this was reduced to half a length by the navigation of a buoy at the first bend. In an exciting race of spurt and counter-spurt, Trinity won by half a length.

The Junior VIII beat the Christ's College, Cambridge, "Crustaceans" by 4 lengths in their heat, whilst their Junior IV were lucky in having a bye into the second round, where they were to meet the winners of the U.C.D./Carlow race. The Maiden VIII were drawn against Drogheda who had beaten them by a considerable margin the previous Saturday, but in one of the finest races of the day, showed their merit in losing by only half a length. The Maiden IV, with a substitute at bow, lost by a narrow margin to U.C.D.

Saturday morning's weather was excellent for racing, with good water and a slight tail wind. The Senior beat the much improved Garda by half a length in the first race of the day, but the 1st Senior IV lost narrowly to Queen's in their heat, which could have been won by a little more attack off the stretcher. The Junior VIII beat Carlow by 4 lengths, whilst the Junior IV scraped over the line 1 canvas ahead of U.C.D.

So the stage was set for the afternoon finals. Most of the honours were to go to the raiders from the North—Queen's, a club of exceptional strength this year. Their Senior VIII convincingly beat the tired Trinity VIII in the final of the University Grand Challenge Cup, using their greater weight and technical ability to the best advantage. Their 1st Senior accounted for the Garda, their Maiden VIII beat U.C.D. by 1½ lengths, and the Trinity Junior VIII were beaten after a fine race. The Trinity Junior IV from this VIII, in their 4th course of the day, Crustaceans. Trinity's lone success came in the Junior Sculler, where N. P. Jones lost by only half a length to the

of the Senior VIII, who will be joining them after the week-end at Henley. This is an erratic crew, touching both heights and depths, but if they strike real form at Henley, they will be a handful for any opponent in the Ladies' Plate.

### Athletics *Trinity Tie With Crusaders*

At the Athletics match in the Santry Stadium last Saturday against other Dublin clubs, D.U.H.A.C. did very well to tie for first with Crusaders, especially as Shillington and Lunde did not compete. Shillington had to run in the Empire Games trials in Belfast that day, while Lunde was busy working for exams.

There were good performances in spite of the excessive social activities of Trinity Week. G. Reynolds ran a tactical race to win the 440 yards hurdles. P. Godden won the 440 yards in a good time of 50.3 secs., 3/10th of a second outside his College record. R. Taylor, as usual, had a double, winning the discus and shot very easily with yards to spare.

J. Oladitan had a triple, winning the hop, step and jump, long jump, and the 100 yards, in which he equalled Gregg's 1927 College record of 10 secs.

100—J. Oladitan (Dublin University), 1; A. McCarthy (Clonliffe), 2; J. Linnane (Crusaders), 3. 4 yds.; ins. 10 secs.

220—J. Linnane (Crusaders), 1; P. L. Lowry (Civil Service), 2; E. Thornton (Crusaders), 3. 3 yds.; 2 yds. 22.5 secs.

440—P. Godden (Dublin University), 1; D. McCleane (Crusaders), 2; T. Jones (Donore), 3. 1 yd.; 2 yds. 50.3 secs.

880—D. McCleane (Crusaders), 1; J. McLoughlin (Civil Service), 2; M. Hoey (Clonliffe), 3; ins.; 4 yds. 1 min. 55.9 secs.

Mile—M. Minehane (Civil Service), 1; T. Dunne (Donore), 2; T. O'Donoghue (Crusaders), 3. 20 yds.; ins. 4 mins. 22.3 secs.

120 yds. Hurdles—E. Thornton (Crusaders), 1; D. Archer (D.U.), 2; J. Coleman (Donore), 3. 12 yds.; 3 yds. 15.5 secs.

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**Golf**

## WEIR CUP RETAINED

THE prospects of beating the Golfing Society in the annual Trinity Week match last Thursday looked bleak when captain, W. B. Clarke, and D. G. Weir trudged in from the 16th green, beaten 3 and 2 by moderately good golf.

Hinchcliffe and Nicholson were next to arrive with a 3 and 1 win, Hinchcliffe having played particularly well. The next pair, Draper and Stewart, with the former "carrying" his partner around, won by 4 and 3. Caruth and Smith were a trifle fortunate to win by 1 hole and finally Dornan finished in a blaze of glory with 5 birdies in the last 7 holes and not unnaturally he and Jackson polished off their opponents by 5 and 3.

Trinity thus retained the Weir Cup by the comfortable margin of 4 matches to 1.

The club provided an exciting finish to the zone final of the Junior Cup and lost narrowly to Newlands by 3 matches to 2. Two fancied teams, Clontarf and Royal Dublin, were accounted for in the 2nd and 3rd rounds and the foundation lay in the play of Dornan and Clarke, who were unbeaten throughout the series and in fact won most of their matches by substantial margins.

The most important matches have yet to be played—the Murphy Cup match against U.C.D., a match against Queen's and finally the Roger Greene stroke play championship. All these matches will be played at Killarney during the first week of July and if the team can strike peak form it could well emerge with all three trophies.

**Fencing**

## Seasons Championships

The D.U. Fencing Club championships for the season 1957-58 were held in the Gym. last Friday. There was a large entry for both the men's foil and the ladies' foil. Some of the beginners showed great promise. The results were as follows:

**Men**

Foil—1, M. Markower; 2, P. Levingstone; 3, M. Boyd.

Epee—1, J. English; 2, P. Levingstone; 3, M. Markower.

Sabre—1, J. English; 2, P. Levingstone; 3, M. Markower.

**Ladies**

Foil—1, A. Dresser; 2, M. Dickson; 3, A. Jones.

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