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# Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

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

Vol. VI—No. 17

THURSDAY, 11th JUNE, 1959

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# "ONCE-A-YEAR DAY"

## Sport and Strawberries

WELL, the rain did hold off, and, although the weather was not quite worthy of June, at least the wind did not prove disastrous for the fine display of fashionable hats which ranged from cobweb-thin cartwheels to single roses.

Three tight young men in grey toppers made fools of themselves with gigantic champagne bottles but the Guards kept a quiet eye on them and everywhere else there was an air of elegance and common sense, with students consenting for once to be adults.

These were the results available at the time of going to press.

Results:

120 Yards Handicap—1, P. S. White (7 yds.); 2, G. R. Mason (1 yd.); 3, R. V. Francis (scratch). 12 seconds.

Half-Mile Handicap—1, M. Norton (75 yds.); 2, P. Stanford (75 yds.); 3, B. Roe (35 yds.). 1 min. 58 secs.

Shot Handicap—1, B. Obviagele (scratch); 2, J. White (12 ft.); 3, C. Fogerty (12 ft.). 40 ft. 7 ins.

Hop, Step and Jump Handicap—1, J. Leeson (1 ft. 9 ins.); 2, P. R. Thomas (scratch); 3, D. Nelligan (scratch). 41 ft. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  ins.

High Jump Handicap—1, J. Leeson (scratch); 2, D. Archer (5 ins.); 3, N. Haberjon. 5 ft. 8 ins.

Discus Handicap—1, J. Leeson (16 ft.); 2, B. Obviagele (scratch); 3, J. Keyte (15 ft.). 127 ft. 1 in.

Inter-Faculty Relay Race—1, Medical School and Modern Languages School, dead heat.



THE SUMMER SCENE—  
P. Dawson strides out.

## Efficiency is our Watchword

The last fortnight has seen the presence of several experts in the problems of inefficiency standing around in the Dining Hall with notebooks and pencils, earnestly watching the never-ending stream of students moving slowly from the door to the pile of trays and thence to the food and the cashier. Their aim has been to make the queue move faster and the service more efficient. Their method has been to move the potato cakes to a new position between the sugar and the buns, and to leave the small plates in such a position that nobody found them for two days and used saucers instead. The plates were eventually located sheltering in the shadow of a new four-tier rack of scones. Between these dramatic moves the experts have watched the queue, with stop-watches in hand, to see what effect, if any, the changes may have. But it would probably be a very vivid imagination coupled with wishful thinking that would be needed to persuade oneself that the queue now moves faster than it did before the experts moved in. However, it may be that as students get used to the changes that a speed-up will be noticed.

## Meet

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## Theological Society

The following officers and members of Committee were elected for the 130th session:

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## Trinity Professor Honoured

Nearly 50 years ago a newly-qualified Trinity dental graduate travelled to America to study some of the new techniques and theories then being taught in his chosen speciality of orthodontics. After spending three months at the post-graduate school directed by Edward Angle ("the father of modern orthodontics"), he spent a similar period practising in other parts of the U.S.A.

Next April, this same dentist will revisit America. On this occasion, however, the American Association of Orthodontics will present him with their highest honour—the Ketchum Award.

The recipient of the award will be Prof. E. Sheldon Friel, ScD., M.Dent.Sc., of Trinity's Dental Dept., and this will be the first time in the twelve years of its existence that the award will go to an orthodontist living outside the U.S.A. or Canada. Coming two years after the award to him of the William Leize—the outstanding European honour in this field; presented only once a decade—this American award confirms Prof. Friel's international standing.

Prof. Friel's contributions have ranged over a wide variety of subjects in the sphere of orthodontics (which can be crudely defined as "the study of the growth and development of the jaws, the face and the body as influencing the positions of the teeth and the treatment of any abnormalities arising therefrom"). In Vienna in 1918 he studied

The young ladies really excelled themselves on Wednesday and Mr. Kaminski was in his element nodding this way and that way while judging in the more experienced company of Mr. Charles Ward-Mills, the fashion expert, and Miss Una Ryan, the top Irish model. Their task to choose the lady combining greatest poise, fashion sense and beauty was enviable, but indeed difficult. After much consultation and admiration they chose Miss Bree Pike of the Mod. Lang. School, with Miss Verity Williams of the Mod. Lang. as runner-up, and Miss Judy Bryan of the Medical School third.

## Don't Shoot the Judge, Mosh

Like the average hot dog, the Law Society's best stuff comes at the end—in fact sort of ending not with a Wimpy but with a banger. For the session closed last Friday with a special forum (an informal chinwag) dealing with such madly gay things as homicide, fraud, robbery, and water polo, with the main contributions coming from Messrs. Michael Knight (long time no cease), Neville Calvert (what an Auditorio), Basil Holland (wrongly named), Ned Cronin (Canada noise), Peter Smithwick (welcome, stranger) and Hugh Gibbons (late of the human race).

Actually it was all jolly fine, what, proving the old saying that nothing succeeds like excess. Controlled talking never did anybody any harm (a whale only gets harpooned when it comes up to spout), so we must encourage this sort of enterprise. To conclude, may we just say a word to all budding lawyers. When it becomes apparent that someone on your side is going to go to jail, make sure it's your client.

Fred.

the effects of famine and disease on the eruption times of the teeth, but it was in 1926 at the First International Congress that he gained most prominence as a result of a detailed, yet uncomplicated, and very practical description of the correct occlusion (positions of interdigitation) of the teeth. (This is still used as the basis of the chapters on occlusion in all modern textbooks.) Since then Prof. Friel has participated in many international conferences on matters of orthodontic and general dental interest.

In the 1930's he was President of the European Orthodontic Society, and his research work has also been recognised by such bodies as the Royal Society of Medicine, of whose section of Odontology he was President in 1949, and the London College of Surgeons who have conferred on him an Honorary Fellowship in Dental Surgery, and this College, where he had been a lecturer since 1910, in 1941 created for him a special chair in orthodontics in recognition of his eminence in that subject.

By his friendly manner, modest bearing and scientific integrity ("What's the proof of that?" is one of his favourite questions), Prof. Friel has endeared himself, not only to the numerous youngsters who've come to him to have their "teeth straightened," but also to countless students and professional colleagues.

## LONDON NOTES

A Trinity graduate in London has sent us the two following points of information, for which we thank him:

Miss Jill Booth, ex-Chairman of Players, is marrying Mr. Anthony Garrett-Anderson, ex-President of the U.P.S., on July 4th at the Church of Our Most Holy Redeemer, Cheyne Row, S.W.3.

The Annual Dinner of the T.C.D. Dining Club of London will be on October 8th in the Connaught Rooms, Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

## IN CAMERA

The Photographic Association's annual exhibition of members' work was opened on Monday by Milo O'Shea and Maureen Potter. The standard of the prints on view was high, particularly the work of M. N. Jacobs, who took most of the prizes. In the colour section the standard was not as high, although entries were more numerous. The prize for the best black and white print was awarded to M. N. Jacobs' excellent picture of a pelican, while that for the best colour print went to T. Samuels for an unusual view of the Atomium at the Brussels Exhibition.

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Vol. VI TRINITY NEWS No. 17  
THURSDAY, 11TH JUNE, 1959

## EDITORIAL

SPORT is in the air this week. Moreover, it is not only in the air, but it is active wherever we look—here a flying javelin, there a flurry of plimsoles and white shorts, yonder a volleying tennis ball rocketed to and fro across the net. Sport is our excuse this week, our reason for missing lectures and for flaunting our best attire, and it is this week that we are led most naturally to consider the place which is, or should be, held by sport in College life.

To what extent is a university justified in spending money on sporting activities and to what extent is it obliged to do so? How much time can a student justifiably give to sport? They are not part of intellectual education and a student comes to Trinity primarily to develop his mental ability and to attain intellectual qualifications. A university is above all a seat of learning, but it is also a community in which facilities for exercise are essential. A university student tends to lead a sedentary life (whether he is sitting in the Reading Room or in the College Shop depends on the individual). He needs exercise, particularly if he lives in College and has only to traverse Front Square to get from his bed-room to his lecture-room.

More important still, however, is the part played by sport in the general atmosphere of a university. Sport can be, after all, a profession; it is a branch of the entertainment business. Sportsmen are contributing to the leisure-time amusement and interest of College. Many students are given pleasure by an exciting rugby match or a few hours spent watching cricket in College Park, and the proximity of Trinity's sports grounds, though a problem to club organisers because of the impossibility of expanding, does make sports more of an integral part of College life.

The importance of sport to the general reputation of a university must not be ignored. It forms in fact the principal immediate link between a college and the population of a country as a whole. For the bulk of people in England, for instance, the thought of Oxford or Cambridge evokes first the idea of the Boat Race or a recent inter-varsity football match. And cricket followers (that is approximately nine-tenths of the male population of England) always keep half an eye on the fortunes of the university cricket teams which may be maturing future Mays or Cowdreyes.

Although some people may say that such opinions are no advertisement for a seat of learning, the judgment of the general population of a country has, or can have, a terrific impression on the fortunes of a university. Consider, for instance, the recent Government-backed scheme for U.C.D. which will involve an expenditure of £8,000,000. Bearing in mind that present Governmental changes, proposals and controversies involve referendums and a desire of all parties to gain the support of the people, and remembering that U.C.D. is one of the centres of Irish Catholicism and Irish nationalism, consider whether a similar grant to Trinity would, from the Government point of view, be as effective as the U.C.D. scheme. Now, consider again the possible influence of the opinion of the masses in a country on individual universities.

This is not to suggest that Trinity would merely have to take up hurling and Gaelic football to win the support of the Irish people and hence substantial financial support from the Government. However, sport, particularly through the medium of its visiting teams, does maintain contact with other parts of Great Britain and Ireland and keeps the name of Trinity before people's eyes. So, long live sport in College—especially as it gives us Trinity Wednesday.

Richard Sealy, A.I.B.P.

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## BRIAN FISHER

*A Profile of those two excellent chaps,**G. B. R. Fisher and Fish*

The producer of a profile might find it more interesting to be faced with the prospect of writing a profile on two people at the same time, but a slight element of confusion may arise when the two people are one person—and this is the problem with which one is confronted when handling a subject like G. B. R. Fisher or, on the other hand, Fish.

The immediate reason for this profile is G. B. R. Fisher, this year's Secretary of Trinity Week. His remarkable efficiency and inspired, original ability for organisation will be more than apparent in the smooth running of the most sporting and social week in the Trinity Calendar.

comes from a long line of doctors and "landed gentry." After his schooling at Uppingham, where he admits to being a prefect and all that, he came to Trinity to learn the family profession and follow in his father's footsteps (he was a Cambridge blue) in the rowing world. As far as his future profession is concerned, Fish has a very genuine interest in medicine and has never failed any of his exams. It is in the Boat Club, however, where Fish has made the most impression, not necessarily in activities specifically relating to holding an oar. Not only can Fish hold his own on the piano or at the drums, accompanying Prof. W. D. Gill at Boat Club functions, but this more aesthetic side of his sociability is balanced by his reputation



G. B. R. Fisher has also been Secretary of D.U.C.A.C. for the past two years, in which capacity he has also effectively and popularly used the attributes of an orderly mind. This position was given to Brian on the basis of his good work on the House and Grounds Committee of the Boat Club—the epicentre of the non-academic college life, in which capacity he has more than shown his talents for administration.

And so, from G.B.R. Fisher, Secretary of Trinity Week, 1959, the results of whose admirable competency we are experiencing this week, we pass to Fish. No ordinary chap, Fish: you have only to watch all 6' 3½" and 11½ stone of him navigating the Campanile on a diminutive bicycle, or ambling over the cobblestones in a determined progress, not even ceasing to pull the hair out of his eyes—his ability to reach his destination makes you realise that this relative loss of vision must be adequately compensated by years of practice over the course under varying conditions.

To put Fish in his social context, an account of his activities over the last twenty-five years is necessary.

Born in May, 1934, a gentleman, in Skipton, Yorkshire, at the meeting place of the wool and cotton industries, Fish

as a "good drinking man." This is not to underestimate Fish as an oarsman—he has both his maiden and junior colours and has rowed for the Lady Elizabeth Boat Club—which is supposed to be Trinity's equivalent of Leander.

Fish has also a certain reputation with a fishing line—usually operated from a boat rather too small for his length—and in the shooting field, where he frequently nabs a good bag. On matters of social and political importance, Fish does not get very heated, though his background leads him to describe himself as a Conservative. Perhaps this lack of great interest can be understood when, bearing in mind the Shawian quotation, "What Englishman will give his mind to politics as long as he can afford a motor car," one sees Fish at the wheel of his green Ford of indefinite age but reliable reputation.

Upon the subject of women, both G. B. R. Fisher and Fish tend to disagree. The first admires sensible, intelligent girls while the second has a noticeable soft spot for the fluffy blonde.

In short, whether apart as G. B. R. Fisher and Fish or accumulatively as Brian Fisher, there are very few people with whom it is more of a pleasure to come into contact in College.

## Revue Reviewed

A thing of sunshine and showers is the current Players' Revue, in keeping with the current trend in weather. Some of the scripts are excellent, as, for instance, Judy Hillery's study of the nerve-racked Freudian poet having his hair cut, or Gay Turtle's song, "Feudalites," which is given a rousing chorus treatment by four of Players' hefty young men. Some of the scripts, however, are surprisingly weak and the subjects overcrowded; television and agony-column writers have been rubbed rather thin by overuse.

Weakness in the material is generally counteracted though by some very polished and amusing performances. Notable for their repeated and varied good acting are Terry Brady, Juliet Tatlow and Deirdre Mooney, while Gay Turtle shows another facet of her widespread talents with a fine display of comedy, grace, and cool-headedness. When consulting the programme about performers, by the way, it is worth noting that the names are not always quite reliable. Deirdre Mooney has changed considerably, for instance, if it was really she who sang "I'm sick of writing sentimental songs."

Over all, the best scenes are probably the "Rendezvous Borke" ballet sequences (a double skit on censorship and Francoise Sagan), the College character sketches and parts of "Love in Four Countries." The latter contained in part II the best line of the show, but ends on a weak note. As for the shorter sketches, Drew Cameron sings a couple of straight songs very pleasantly, and Terry Brady's study of a man waiting to be served is a gem.

The staging and costumes are good and the single set is quite effective and more practical than changes from flats to drapes, etc. Scene changes were a little amateurish on the first night, but will, doubtless, improve during the run.

For final praise two people must be singled out. One is "Bon," whose imaginative arrangements and excellent playing gave the show in music the professional touch it lacked in scripts. The second is Terry Brady, who managed to appear in half the show as well as playing the major part in the production—his first attempt at producing—without letting either aspect suffer. C. A. C.

## College Observed

Having assumed a certain seriousness last week, it was my intention to move to a lighthearted topic this week. But College staunchly refuses to be light-hearted; indeed at the moment it refuses to be anything but normal. It is true that the hazards of life are added to by the occasional avalanches of pebbles which the very intermittent efforts of the workmen in Botany Bay cause to fall upon the heads of passers-by. But we have seen and felt all this before, and judging by the present rate of progress in "repainting"—as I understand the operation is called—we shall see the Bay veiled in scaffolding for a long time to come.

In the absence of insobriety, let us become sober; as there is no light-heartedness, let us be dour. Politics is a fitting subject for this mood. A great many very intelligent people despise politics. A great many find them totally uninteresting. Some, not very many, believe in their importance, and follow and take part in them in a sincere spirit. Some are deeply interested in them because of the prospect for personal advancement which they offer. Generally people are interested in history, but they find politics exhausting and tedious. The whole weary business of Cyprus could be summed up in a paragraph of a history book, although it took four years to enact. Suddenly, when an event like the Suez crisis occurs, then history and politics become interlocked and everyone takes notice of the headlines of their newspapers. But then when affairs lapse into the old routine, word-slinging and slogan-shouting interest collapses.

It is the dreary stupidity and shamedness of politics which nauseates the intelligent. Moderation and compromise, the ability to see the central grey between black and white—these are the qualities of the trained mind. Politics is the complete negative of this. Innumerable people exaggerate and distort one point of view, and insist that there is only one salvation for a country. Economic salvation is invariably the result of compromise and co-operation, never of dogmatic fanaticism. In politics, as in life, there is always much to be said on both sides, but politics by its very nature demands that one be on either side of the stream instead of swimming serenely down with the current.

In England there is intense acrimony between the parties. But at least the politicians discuss with some sense issues which really matter and from the conflict of black and white a kind of mean always seems to be found. Here in Ireland, politics are trivial, personal, petty and childish. Because men are ranged against each other on account of the fact that their fathers were on opposite sides forty years ago is small reason for name-calling in the Dial (as our English friends call it). Ireland as a nation is still worrying about death and terrorism and blood; we are still filled with an irresponsible nationalism which serves to give Ireland a name, but a name written upon an empty cask; we are still so immature as to fight over religious denominations, instead of worrying about poverty. Politics are sufficiently stagnant and unintelligent as to attract only the second-rate people. Until there is a re-orientation of the spirit of Irish politics, Ireland will not obtain the men she needs to govern her and the ideas which are necessary if she is to progress.

*"Spectator."*

The Editorial Board do not accept any responsibility for views expressed by correspondents.

All copy intended for publication must be accompanied by the name of the contributor even if this is not for publication.

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## FOUR & SIX

Trinity Week seems to be rather like the modern approach towards the Industrial Revolution—except that no one has yet denied that there was such a thing as Trinity Week—because all it amounts to is an acceleration in the supply and greater productivity of already present factors. Even Alf managed to get the odd invitation.

The ball started rolling last Friday night when Carol Challen gave a sherry party out at Blackrock. Somebody seemed to have introduced the hostess to that scion of the Economics School, Terry Ryan. No one needed to introduce Jan Kaminski to Judith Cowley, Jan never being one to appease etiquette when more important matters are at hand.

A contingent of gents of the Phil., Tim West, David Bird and John Killen (being the protective male with Ann Ross), put the party on a £5 levy footing. Lisa McKenna made the acquaintance of . . . who . . . ah yes, Raymond . . . who? When the time came to leave a few questions arose such as what did Marjorie Douglas do to Ron Ewart to get him so confused that he nearly left that pipe behind, for how long Thor Dahl and Eva Malmer were speaking English together without realising that they had another language in common, why Derek Mawhinney arrived via Howth on land?

Undaunted by the deluge and the effect of the slithery cobbles on stiletto heels, they came and they came and were still coming into the small rooms into which Ann Mahon and Michael Fitzgerald edged their guests on Saturday afternoon. Michael Knight managed to mix the drinks with similarly mixed motives and told Jeremy Tattersall that he knew what was best for him. Stella O'Connor knew what was best for her, but her conclusion was different from that of Dean White, who found he had the Ivy League in common with Jay Alexander. Jim O'Brien cooed romantically with starry-eyed Lisa Haas. Hugh Gibbon Gugh Gibbon.

Later on that evening Terry O'Donnell gave a party for the young pongo set. There were a few misfits . . . Ronnie Pilkington lost the girl he seemed to have definitely under his wing, and Lill McEvett looked for fresher grass; then,

lo, the right atmosphere was given to the place with the eruption of Gerry Shanagher and Peter Williams and something to do with the Gardai.

Sunday afternoon and the Reid's "At Home" at flowery Ballybrack. A mixture of "The Irish Times," Players, College Staff and Trinity literates. An infant around two years of age put the flirtations of her elders to shame with a magnificent display of inherent feminine charm.

On Monday evening the Gala lost its attraction when faced with the competition from Rosalind Morreau's cocktail party. John Harold-Barry met his old school chum, Peter Wolf Flanagan. Patrick O'Keefe looked surprised at the extraordinary relationship of George Hands and Finola Pyle who couldn't make up their minds about whether to follow Plato or Epicurus. Clarence Musgrave laboured with nominal difficulties and Gillian Johnston who was seeing John Hunter in a different light. Judy Warren and Chris Daybell regenerated into a game of Cowboys and Indians.

Simultaneously Tony Gynn and Mike Read held a cocktail party where the Revue cast sought to untense their first night nerves. Gillian Howe held a reasoned dispute with the etymologically minded Bill Oddy and the shade of Dave Pearson's trombone valves. Liz Roberts, the girl around No. 40, tried to sort out Cailing Pilkington and Mike Hudson.

Later on that night the competitors at the Gala found a niche at the party given by Chris Greene and Peter Carter. The real reason for the party would have appeared to have been a vehicle for the Swedish sisters to show how to make a butterfly look like tortoise. Several United Hospitals men offered their services to Helga Atkinson and Bryanna Scott in lieu of two others, named George and Dave, which was rather painting the lily. It is understood that Hubie O'Connor's alarm clock which he was carrying with him managed to get him to the boat in time to collect Karen back from Sweden to Trinity and Hubie.

The Liz Garden Party was no bun fight. Mixing in the marquee medley were the witty comments of R. B. D. French, Brady at the drums in a Dixie band, and the frightened reporter from "The Tatler and Sketch." Bonar-Law came into the picture somewhere.

With a solid basis you could then proceed to the liberal cocktail party given by Helen Noble and the Gillam brothers. Deirdre Mooney and Anne Jones peeped at the susceptible (Leahy, are you there?) males through eye-veilings and made Bob Hansom worry about his liver. Gus Allen and Rod Pentycross reminded each other of the good old days, and me that I had seen them somewhere before, so I took my cue and left.

We are very pleased to announce the engagement of Bruce Arnold and Mavis Cleave, both from Trinity. We wish them every happiness in the future.

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—III—

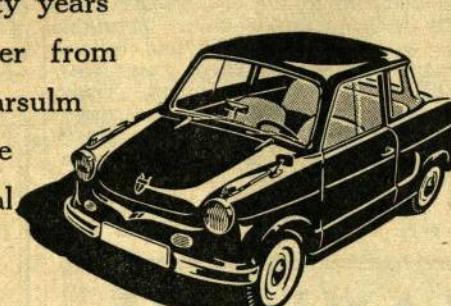
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### "THE WATERS AND THE WILD"

By ISHMAEL

V

#### THE DREAM CLOSES

My dream then took me to the sea's grey shore,  
Where stood a man for many centuries dead:

"I was the Prisoner in the Tower," he said,

"Whose crime was, having all, I asked for more."

"All that sweet America could give

"Of fame, of feathers, riches, joy and power,

"I lost in treachery's most bitter hour,

"Condemned in chains and solitude to live."

"My only fault was this: I climbed too high.

"I ranged the Empires of the Western Sea,

"But dust and darkness lay in wait for me,

"Upon a scaffold shamefully to die."

Melancholy clothed his face anew,

And infinite the sadness in his eyes,

As, like the vultures when a traveller dies,

There came some others of that Age in view.

Lo, where the army of Pizarro rides,

Wild and barbarous messengers of Spain;

They spur to a gorge beyond a yellow plain,

To Ollantaytambo where Manco Capac hides.

Lonely altar, mountain wind in the hall,

Where a fat woman of Manhattan stumbles

And leans heavily on the guide who mumbles

About dates, and conquerors, and the Inca's fall.

Windy call of the mountain, voice of the wild,

What are you singing in your cloud on high?

What is the meaning of your soft, sad cry

That "solitude is best for human child?"

Then shouting from the snowy heights above,

No other answer could the Wind-voice give

But "love is for the lover, let him live;

"Life is for the living, let us love."

\* \* \* \* \*

In reply to queries, Ishmael is, of course, Ronnie Wathen.

## TRAVEL PROSPECTS

"Once you get to London, Europe is at your feet!" This would appear to be the motto of the various students' travel organisations whose student flights,

"traingroups," ship services and "bus-transports" span the Continent from London to Lydda, Helsinki to Lisbon and from Rotterdam to Poznan.

The air services from London, nearly all by Vickers Vikings, are fantastically cheap—Rotterdam, £3 16s.; Paris, £4; Basle, £7; Nice or Gothenburg, £9 10s.; Copenhagen, £10 6s.; Rome, £13 10s., and so on.

In case you want to rough it, you might like to know that surface fares are: £14 2s. to Istanbul, £8 13s. to Rome, and £3 10s. to Paris. You can also get places by combining surface and air travel—Athens, £12; Barcelona, £19 10s.; Milan, £8 12s.; Lydda, £33, or Copenhagen, £7 18s. But why go on?

You find all these (and many more) details in a booklet called "Travelling Student," to be seen in the S.R.C. office in No. 4. Another invaluable booklet is "Student Hostels and Restaurants" (price 2/6 from the S.R.C.), which is chock-full of information about where to eat and sleep cheaply in Europe. It also says how, where and when the International Student card (price 1/-, S.R.C.) will benefit you—50% reduction on Turkish train fares, free admittance to Italian museums, reduced prices for Dutch theatre seats, etc. Incidentally, the I.S. Card also entitles one to a

number of concessions in Dublin (a list may be obtained from the S.R.C.).

All in all, it appears that the break-up of I.S.A. and the establishment of the Union of Students in Ireland (U.S.I.) has improved rather than disimproved the services provided by the S.R.C.

The number of travel bookings dealt with this year so far is higher than ever. Unfortunately, due to employment conditions (or lack of them), the "bulge" and alleged neglect by the I.S.A., the vac. work situation for male students is not so good, but further lists of jobs are expected to come in from time to time. On the other hand, jobs for female students are plentiful. The booking fee for jobs has now been reduced to 2/6. The S.R.C. advises prospective "customers" to call to the office as soon and as often as possible to see what is what and also to take away some of the beautifully-produced Italian travel booklets that clutter up the place!

The S.R.C. (and D.U. International Affairs Association) also have details of many university courses and summer schools in French, Dutch and other centres. There is also a work camp in Tunisia to which you will get your fare paid provided you stay five weeks to rebuild a school bombed by the French Air Force. Engineers, please note! The S.R.C. Office is now open at these times: Monday, 1.45-2.45, 4.30-6.0; Tuesday, 1-3 p.m.; Wednesday, 1.45-3.0; Thursday, 1.45-2.45, and Friday, 1-3 p.m.

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## LETTERS ... to the Editor

Dear Sir,—I do not usually pay much attention to the views put forward by those people who support nuclear armament because I found some time ago that they do not have views, but one single view. They really do have a uniformity of approach which is quite astounding and which contrasts strongly with the intelligent diversity of approach and opinion found amongst their opponents.

In an earlier issue a certain Mr. Loly told us all that Marxian Communism (a super-erogation merely) was out to conquer the world. Of course, one cannot but agree with him. The question arises, however, "Is Communism the only power which sets out to do this?" I am left asking myself: "What about the Roman Church?" "What about American capitalism and her political general?"

To say that "all Soviet talk on peaceful co-operation is a diplomatic blind," as Mr. Loly does, may or may not be true. That is not the question. The question is one of co-existence which differs somewhat from co-operation.

We all know that the Communists believe in the inevitability of the World Revolution and the collapse of Capitalism, which is at present, in their view, artificially protected by the arms race. Without going into an involved analysis of Political Science, one ought to be able to see that the war which we have to fight is not primarily a war of armaments but one of economics and ideology, a war which the West may be said to be losing after the serious blows it received from Britain and France at Suez, from France in Algeria, from white settler policy in Africa and from the Iberian dictatorship in Europe. Catholic Spain and Portugal, which carry out pogroms against all shades of political activities from Liberal left-wingers, are friends of the West, it must be remembered. Spain, for example, from time to time receives American aid and Portugal is Britain's oldest ally. Let us remember that the Spanish dictator, Franco, who usurped the lawful Republican Government of Spain, keeps Democrats rotting in prison without trial, and that Salazar, his Portuguese counterpart, does the same, whilst he has carried out highly questionable activities in Angola (i.e., Galvao affair).

Surely it is idle to talk of deterrents to be used "against the enemies of freedom" until our great defenders of democracy, who wish to destroy Homo sapiens (a misnomer), rather than surrender, can ensure democracy within their own sphere of influence. Let us cease to be hypocritical. When we talk of "fighting for democracy," let us admit that we really mean "for heaven's sake let them do what they like anywhere else so long as they leave me alone." A variation of the old proverb, "I'm all right, Jack." As an example of this attitude, may I cite Hungary. The nuclear deterrent was not very effective there, was it? But then perhaps there were special circumstances; for example, Britain and France were too busy having an irresponsible fracas in Egypt to be worried about butchered democrats, despite the nauseating whinings which filled our ears from the people in high places.

We fought well for democracy in Hungary, as we are fighting for it now in Africa, where people are beaten to death and where anyone who speaks against the authorities is a liar, or a traitor or both, regardless of the veracity of his statements.

It is well to remember that the people who laud the deterrent in Britain are the people who endorsed the famous "Never" of Lennox Boyd in Cyprus. It will not have been forgotten that a case was made out for Cyprus as a military base of primary importance. To leave Cyprus, it was said, would be to irreparably weaken Britain's defences in the Near East, no arrangements about bases on the island would be sufficient, Cyprus must remain British. A lot of money was wasted, a lot of people died, many more suffered—it suddenly became no longer important for Britain to hold Cyprus. The "Party Line" changed and it was claimed that the British Government had always sought compromise. Presumably, if the "Party Line" on the Bomb changes, so will Party opinion.

In addition to all these comments, I am surprised it is necessary to point out, that the present nuclear weapons, which we have and which we will use at some future date unless they are dismantled now, will not defend democracy but will throw the entire human race, plus a profusion of mutants, back into anarchy and savagery.

The choice is surely this: Have the Bomb and other nuclear weapons (tactical or otherwise) is of no consequence in this analysis) and destroy civilisation and possibly the human race, or do not have the Bomb and other nuclear weapons and be submerged by a political doctrine with which we disagree.

Any political system imposed upon any people can be made unworkable if enough people are prepared to take the chance of making it unworkable. No country can be ruled unless a large proportion of the people are apathetic. The manufacture of the deterrent presupposes that the people are not apathetic by assuming everyone "except a bunch of fellow travellers" is so virulently anti-Communist that they prefer to die of cancer than to be governed by Communists.

Barrie Rogers.  
c/o. U.P.S., T.C.D.

### TRINITY WEEK BALL

Dear Sirs,—I would be very obliged if you would publish the following arrangements for the Trinity Week Ball, which is to be held in College on Friday, June 12th:

1. Admission to the Ball will be through Front Gate only.

2. No motor cars will be admitted to College after 9.0 p.m. on Friday, June 12th.

3. People attending the Ball will be admitted only to the Front Square, Library Square, Dining Hall, Examination Hall, Debating Hall, Philosophical Society Conversation Room, Historical Society Conversation Room, and the Fellows' Garden.

4. On admission each person will be issued with a lapel badge, which must be worn at all times during the Ball. Only persons wearing these badges will be admitted to the Dining Hall, Examination Hall, G.M.B. and Fellows' Garden.

5. The supper tickets will be taken up at the entrance to the Fellows' Garden.

6. All College staircases will be out of bounds to all persons other than those in whose names rooms on the staircase are registered.

7. Ladies' cloakroom facilities will be provided in No. 6.

8. Gentlemen's cloakroom facilities will be provided in No. 4 and the G.M.B.

Yours faithfully,

G. R. Henry.

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## A Swedish Girl's View of Trinity

It is striking how much all foreigners seem to have in common once they have entered the British Isles. In many respects a Swede would probably feel more at home in the University of Cairo than in Trinity; a Trinity student would be equally puzzled in both places, I suppose. In that respect, Trinity is ultra-British, in spite of the international elements inside and the Irish national atmosphere outside.

Any foreigner must admire the impressive but strenuous all-roundness of a British student. To work hard and get your exams quickly makes you somebody on the Continent. There is something slightly indecent about hard work in Trinity, unless you combine it with various other things. You must play rugger, cricket, tennis, and at least three more special games, you must be an excellent speaker on all topics under the sun, an efficient organiser of five or six societies, a pleasant socialite, a reliable friend—the list is endless. Any foreigner would get a nervous breakdown after four years of your full life. What amazes me is that quite a lot of you actually manage to do some work and get a degree within reasonable time.

For some reason, Trinity is unusually conservative. No angry young men seem to have crept in as yet, the beards are all nicely trimmed, and everybody positively indulges in tradition. I have, for example, been making a private investigation as to the Trinity attitude towards gowns, and it strikes me as inconsistent that nobody wants to get rid of them, although you keep grumbling about them, treat them irreverently to say the least, hardly ever wear them and on the whole seem to think them a nuisance; quite rightly too. Swedes have been seen wearing them unusually much, but that is largely due to the fact that we can never learn which lecturers want them and which do not, not to their weird attraction which wears off after a week.

Most rules seem to be subject to the vicissitudes of the authorities in the manner of gown and non-gown lectures. (Why have rules at all if you have to go to the trouble of learning which of them are obsolete and which are not?)

June 11, 1959

One set of them is depressingly firm, however. Coming from a country where women have just climbed the pulpit shockingly enough, I cannot help being surprised when I am set back fifty years in time and treated as a weak, fragile little creature, helplessly surrounded by strong, aggressive, apparently dangerous young males all with one intention in mind. The strong young males I knew before I came to Trinity were all regarded as being able to suppress their intentions, however unmentionable, and were not expected to change into cavemen as soon as they were left alone with the fragile members of the opposite sex. Either I was wrong or British and Irish men are very different from their Swedish counterparts.

Thus I cannot live in mixed digs. I cannot have lunch with men, let alone enter the premises where various secret and, no doubt, fearful rites are held, such as billiards or Hist. meetings. I cannot take a walk in College Park after dark—no comment. Even if you firmly believe in double standards of morals, does it not strike you as a little sad that the Reading Room is the only place in this University where men can meet women as fellow students?

The life of the female Trinity student can certainly be a most agreeable one, and my emancipated compatriots might envy her in some respects. But it surprises me that her manner of being female rather than student, instead of trying to combine the two, is encouraged by the rules which seem to discourage a lot of other more harmless things.

In spite of all the achievements you demand of each other, you seem to let "characters" prosper to a very large extent. That is something Swedish students could certainly do with—we are inclined to mould everybody into one accepted shape, and although we get the occasional eccentric professor, we do our best to make all and everybody respectable citizens. Maybe that is also why events like Commencements with flour bags, fireworks and pulling trousers off could never happen in Sweden, although we do let ourselves go occasionally in revues and carnivals. You seem less afraid to appear childish.

Eva Malmér.

## THE COOK — A Study

The cook watched everything, but the hours waited for the artiste. He read a book. He filed his nails. He boiled a large vat of water. He tried some of the endive on the table. He ate.

The hours had passed like great lumps of earth, shifting, dribbling dust, crumbling down into tidy handfuls of fertility.

The cook watched the birds on the ledge with an eye borrowed from Uriel Heep, and a face stolen from the Victoria and Albert Museum. To-night, twenty guests, twenty hard-hearted gourmets would blame their dyspeptic games of whist on the unfortunate chef who waited behind the swinging doors of the kitchen-residence for the master's comment. If only they were healthy individuals who had good digestions and a happy complexion . . . but they had exercised and sweated where the die had fallen on the plush green . . . and had fainted and run to the cloakrooms with delicate hankies over their petulant mouths when the other die had fallen. Their sun was neon. Their grass was felt. Their blossoms, chandeliers. Their bodies the gaming-rooms of the stray germs that hung disconsolately away along the margins of an aromatic aura of talcum and Caron.

The cook watched the birds. The birds were real enough. They had that

happy countenance of creatures of Nature. These days, very few humans achieved such a nearness . . . there was a natural bustle, a wholesome activity, a will to charm nothing but life . . . and that once done, to rest on the bed of roses allotted to each denizen for his last long sleep. Cobwebs and raindrops, ferns, grasshoppers, sparrows, lice, and mice. They were all there somewhere, blissfully unaware that society existed.

The cook watched the clock with one of his Heep-big eyes. He had been to school till the ripe age of twelve, joined the staff of the great chef, Napoleon Pseudobuono, and risen from a pastry-faced, goggle-eyed adolescent to the chef d'œuvre of the cooking school. A pox on the day when he had joined Lord Beerbarrel. His wife had liked the chef at first, but now she felt that he wasn't as good as previously . . . to place it exactly . . . since the time he had poisoned the old crone at the thirty-third place at the dinner table at Cannes with that ancient recipe for an omelette of egg and toadstool . . . The cook sighed and watched.

Rudi Holzapfel.

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## A LITTLE BIT OF BULL

Paris is April, Paris is the Eiffel Tower, Paris is the Folies-Bergères. Paris is all sorts of things, but Paris is definitely not bulls. "They must mean stock-car racing or something," we said as we looked at the small advertisement in "La Semaine de Paris." But no, there it was, quietly but undeniably wedged between Le Boxe and Le Catch: "Corrida de Toros, le dimanche, à 15 heures 15, à la Croix de Berny." We looked up la Croix de Berny on the map, and discovered that it lay in far suburbia on the bucolic Ligne de Sceaux, from which one may catch a glimpse of the occasional cow. On the way out, we sought diversion, as always when travelling by métro, in the unintentionally humorous notices found on all the trains: "Passengers—36 sitting, 80 standing." (This is especially funny at about six o'clock in the evening.) "These seats (like most, generally occupied by whole and healthy young men) are reserved for wounded war-veterans," and the superb: "In case of a prolonged halt between stations, passengers are requested not to climb down on to the track before being invited to do so by officials of the company." Happily, in our case there were no prolonged halts, and we were soon mingling with the crowd of aficionados at la Croix de Berny.

The corrida was being held in the local cycling stadium, already three-quarters full when we arrived, vainly flourishing our student cards for a reduced admission fee. We slowly fought our way to the crest of the popular stand and dug ourselves in on the far side. From the general murmur of the crowd below came from time to time a strident, almost threatening cry of: "Ask me for an \*Eskimo! Go on, ask me!" While further down still was the ring itself, a frail-looking circle of struttet timber and straw bales, flanked by a few tired horses and dusty men in cowboy hats. To one side was a small, covered pen, presumably containing bulls.

We had jointly invested in a programme, a quick glance at which told us that the proceedings were to commence with a Parade round the arena, and would finish, aptly enough, with a Grand Retreat. The crowd became excited and waved its arms when the loudspeaker, apparently of its own violation, said "Allo!" three times very distinctly before crackling into silence once more. But it was not quite a false alarm, for suddenly there they were: bull-fighters, horses, and a host of sweating peasants in coloured trousers and shirts, all trudging round the ring to doff their hats to the President of the Corrida—a disembodied voice over the microphone. Then, almost as unexpectedly as they had come, they vanished to make way for the afternoon's main attraction: the bull. In he trotted—black, young, with his head high—and swerved swiftly round the ring, lunging at the five men left in the wake of the procession. All were dressed in white shirts, white trousers and white shoes, and looked as though they had been rudely interrupted whilst inspecting a rather doubtful wicket. But there is no cricket in Provence, where these men came from. There, it seems, they teach their children to play a suicidal game which consists in attempting to remove, whilst on the run, a bunch of yellow ribbon—a "cocarde"—from between the generous horns of a fighting bull. But this particular beast, try as he might, was

\* A Parisian iced-lolly.

no match for our five opening batsmen, whose running between the wickets was nothing if not fleet and constant. In no time at all, having deprived the bull of his cocarde and his self-respect, they were able to declare and return to the pavilion amidst the enthusiastic plaudits of the crowd.

Came a scratching sound over the loudspeaker, closely followed by quaint, rustic music. This was the prelude to a spirited rendering of the Farandole—a sort of Palais Glide done sideways—claimed the programme, "Les Arlésiennes," though one of them looked remarkably like a Breton onion-vendor I met in Manchester last year. We had previously seen them messing about with a May-pole, but in the event they abandoned this encumbrance and gave us the thing neat. Just as in one of those "progressive" barn-dances, where one has to do twenty laps or so before expecting any hope of relief, so our brave citizens of Arles chuffed their way helplessly round the arena to the faint but interminable strains of the Farandole. The sun poured down and melted "Eskimos," whilst contented horses browsed and flicked a casual tail. The dancers raised so much dust that nobody really noticed they had gone, till a fanfare of trumpets announced the next and principal event of the programme: The Exhibition Bull Fight, featuring Morimoto of Mexico. This was what the spectators had been waiting for, and all fell silent with anticipation as the matador entered the ring and saluted the invisible president.

Morimoto, trappings a little faded, had a limited repertoire, and his basic style soon became apparent. Slowly at first, then ever more rapidly, he would retreat before the advancing bull towards the edge of the ring, and at the last moment, as though not caring to look at them any more, would envelope those questing horns with a final flap of his cape, whilst leaping prudently on to a comforting bale of straw. Four stout peons would then lure the frustrated animal to a distant quarter of the ring, and Morimoto would descend for his cape and another bold sally. The execution of bulls in the ring is forbidden in France, so that, since no preparation for the matador's sword is needed, they are not previously tormented by the pescador and bandillero. Consequently, our bull was still feeling skittish when the Mexican came to the show-piece of his act. After a particularly swift retiring movement and romp in the straw, mistaking the lowered horns for resignation to his dominance, Marimoto knelt trustfully with his back to the bull, and raised his arms in a proud gesture to the shouting crowd. But they were not shouts of applause, for the bull, ignorant of the rules and obviously ill-bred, had charged. It was scarcely by the width of a horn that our hero reached safety. But the spectators, at first tolerant and anxious to be pleased, were now becoming irritable. "Un très joli travail," said the loudspeaker as the matador again flapped his cautious way across the ring. "Cajones!" rejoined admiring laughter a disgusted, but truthful Spanish voice, which upset even more the already troubled Morimoto. The crowd shook itself restlessly, losing its solid appearance and corporate identity to become a number of individuals pleasurable looking forward to the afternoon apéritif, and no longer entertained by the dusty spectacle in the ring.

The Great Retreat had begun.

Peter Welch (Paris).

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## Afternoon into Evening into Night

He went down to the boat. The spring tide was falling fast. The sands were drying. The boat was 16 feet long and heavy; she had lines similar to the old Viking ships. She was a gunter sloop with green sails and a white clinker hull. He worked smoothly, getting her ready before the last of the tide. He knew her well; he had helped to build her, and as he worked he thought, "It's almost as if we were kin."

He had rowed a few strokes out into the dwindling channel and anchored on a small ledge while he worked, bending on the sails against the rising tempo of the falling tide. He hauled up the mainsail; it was a little cock-eyed at the throat, but the sands were nearly dry, so he up-anchored and edged her into the channel. He watched the water for places where current was ruffled against the wind, seeking for the strong current and deeper water. She, the boat, and he, the helmsman, were one in a quivering "tremolino" with the wind and the sea.

The channel writhed between the sands and the boat twisted with the turns. He thought of the chart and rejected the idea, putting his trust in the signs he knew from working with the waters. They came to deeper water and he anchored again to re-set the mainsail. Then they were away again, this time for serious, this time with power, this time toward the breakers over the bar, this time with straining, seeking eyes and a tensile purpose. He saw, to port, the surf smashing on to the other side of the sand bar; it was on a level with his eyes, too far away to see the rise, topple and fall of the wave; it looked as though the top of the sand were edged with white frill, remaining constant, only changing in pattern. To starboard, insignificant bathers flocked the beach. Ahead was the bar and somewhere the rocks, somewhere, underlying and waiting somewhere in the surf.

He set his eyes intently on the bar, watching for the snout or tell-tale swirl of the tide around a rock, following the ruffled line of the strong tide, the only lead into the true channel. He judged; he chose; in a sudden movement he shoved the outboard motor far into the bows to keep her down into the sidewise slap of a side-throw wave front. She came with purpose, settled in the water, low and heavy and long; she cleaved and smashed her way through, implacably, irresistably, destroying the unstable steepness of the waves, shattering them and sending them flying aft in a careless dowsing.

They came into the deep water with the large yachts feeling their way tentatively, although in home waters, back into the harbour which lay out to starboard. "The first true judgment," he said aloud to the boat. "We are well together. I get the strangest thoughts."

Then they turned to starboard, with the rocky island to port, past the harbour (off to starboard), towards the cape.

The waves were without form and direction, confused with the triple run of the tide. He let her run a little free to gain power, and put her over in a powerful heel against the waves' confusions.

He started to sing. He sang, full-bellied, the "Song of the Volga Boatmen" and "Shenandoa," over and over again. They slugged on past the cape, and after a few hours reached the lighthouse standing at the other arm of the bay. They stood close inshore. The sun shone from the land and hurt his eyes. They came together, the boat and he, very close into the lighthouse and he could hear the men talking. "Hell, they must have heard the racket of my voice for miles." Then he laughed at being embarrassed while so detached, and sang out again, raucous and happy.

They turned back, a little silent now, savouring the fullness of the evening. Yet, up to 1890, Davitt consistently supported Parnell's leadership, for as he himself says, Parnell was the only possible leader of Ireland. However, after the Kilmainham Treaty of 1882, Davitt had little in common with Parnell. The secret of Davitt's unswerving loyalty to Parnell lay in the personality of Parnell, which made a profound and lasting impression on Davitt at their first meeting. Davitt never challenged Parnell's leadership at any time, although he was the obvious alternative, as he felt that the Irish people would never accept him, as he came from the ranks of the people.

The Chairman, Dr. F. S. L. Lyons, in his summing up, said that the part played by the land question in the Home Rule movement was an important part, but by the time the Wyndham Land Act of 1903 was passed, the land question had been virtually solved. So, inevitably, the non-economic aspects of Home Rule came more and more to the fore during the subsequent decade, culminating in the Rising of 1916.

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# SPORTS NEWS

## A QUARTET OF VICTORIES CAPTAIN'S GAME

### Outstanding Innings

THE annual two-day game with J. S. Pollock's XI showed the continuing success of the eleven this season. Although Stuart Pollock, owing to injury, was absent from the visiting side, this does not in any way detract from Trinity's victory.

The visitors won the toss, elected to bat, and started very slowly. They appeared sound enough until Tony Reid-Smith began bowling at a medium pace, moving the ball with the help of a strong wind into the batsmen. They found him practically unplayable and he raced through the side to achieve the remarkable figures of 7-22. At lunch the score was 52-6, and at 3 p.m. the side was out for a meagre 69, made on a good batting wicket, but with a gusty wind.

The Trinity innings began confidently. Dawson, the skipper, looked in form from the start and justly gained his reward for his previous misfortunes this season with a sound 77, the top score for Trinity this season. Stan Hewitt was bowling at a brisk pace, but seemed disinclined to bowl at the stumps. Pratt and Singh scored 18 and the score mounted until at the close it was 167-5. The wicket was playing very easily and although the overnight rain gave some help to Hewitt's off-cutters, the runs still came. Mulraine, 19 not out overnight, continued to reach 50 until he was caught and bowled by Hewitt for 55. Graham Guthrie, back in the side, found the pitch rather slower than expected, but scored a valuable 16 before he was caught attempting a hook. The innings closed at 232, giving Trinity a lead of 164.

### Cricket—1st XI

#### LEAGUE CHAMPIONS BEATEN

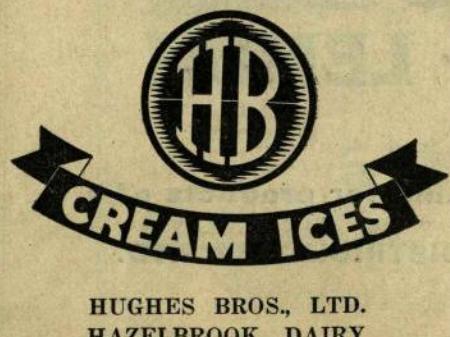
At Anglesea Road on Friday and Saturday, Trinity beat the league holders, Merrion, in yet another very close and exciting match. The weather was very changeable, as was the game. Trinity, put into bat, began quite well, but Murdock, using the wind, soon found his spot and wickets started falling quickly. Only Mulraine (31) and Sang (36) managed to cope with Murdock. The score at the close was 136-9. On Saturday the tail added more runs before the side was finally out for 148. The wicket was rather worn and this seemed a satisfactory total, but the Merrion openers appeared to find little in the Trinity attack at the wicket. The first four men all scored high twenties and the score reached 110-3. Singh, who had been bowling badly, suddenly struck a length and the side collapsed, being all out for 142. This was a notable victory, and was largely due to Singh's 7-56 and some brilliant fielding.

Dublin University ..... 148  
(Mulraine 31, Sang 36).  
Merrion ..... 142  
(Singh, 7-56).

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## 2 RECORDS BROKEN

### Wind and Rain Does Not Deter Runners

THE Athletics match in College Park on Saturday between Trinity and United London Hospitals, London, was especially exciting because two College records were broken.

Colin Shillington, who was unable to defend his N.I.A.A.A. title at Paisley Park because of academic pressure, gained his reward when he won the mile in 4 mins. 15.7 secs., beating the College record and Peter Sperryn, a 4 min. 10 sec. miler who will represent England in the World Student Games at Turin.

In the quarter-mile, Bob Francis broke the College record of 49.6 seconds. He also won the furlong and deserves the highest praise for his consistent and improving running which is always of a very high standard.

Tierand Lunde was a notable absentee, but the Trinity field events men, David Archer, J. Leeson and B. Obviagele, once again came through with flying colours. Indeed, the final result, a win to Trinity by 73 points to 71, was due to Archer and Leeson gaining full points in the pole-vault.

100 Yards—1, J. C. Nwozo (United Hospitals); 2, G. Mason (Dublin University); 3, R. Walley (United Hospitals). Ins., 1 yd. 10.2 secs.

220 Yards—1, R. Francis (D.U.); 2, J. C. Nwozo (U.H.); 3, R. Waley (U.H.). 3 yds., 2 ft. 22.8 secs.

440 Yards—1, R. Francis (D.U.); 2, W. E. Griffiths (U.H.); 3, H. O'Cleary (D.U.). 2 yds., 10 yds. 49.6 secs. (College record).

880 Yards—1, B. Hannan (D.U.); 2, R. Bale (U.H.); 3, P. Roberts (U.H.). Ins., 10 yds. 2 mins. 2.2 secs.

One Mile—1, C. Shillington (D.U.); 2, P. Sperryn (U.H.); 3, T. Napier (U.H.). 5 yds., easily. 4 mins. 15.7 secs. (College record).

Three Miles—1, T. Napier (U.H.) and P. Littlewood (U.H.), tied; 3, B. Roe (D.U.). Dead-heat, 40 yds. 15 mins. 30.2 secs.

Relay (4 x 110 yards)—1, Dublin University (G. Mason, P. R. Thomas, H. Kennedy-Skipton, R. Francis); 2, United Hospitals. 3 yards. 45 secs.

### Sailing

### HIGH WINDS

Division racing this week was held in rather fluky conditions, for the wind shifted about quite a bit during the races. G. Henry won the first division and D. McSweeney, a recent Firefly helmsman, was second. Miss H. Barton won the second division and R. Roberts the third.

The uncertain conditions settled themselves into a really good wind on Saturday for the D.B.S.C. races. Only four boats finished, the captain winning in his own boat. There were quite a few capsizes, including one Trinity boat.

The wind was too strong on Sunday for the single-handed competition to be held. This is part of the regatta, but generally takes place before the regatta. Weather permitting, it will be held next Sunday at 2.0 p.m.

Two members, P. Branagan and D. McSweeney, were in the I.D.R.A. trials for the international juvenile (under 19) regatta. They had a first, a second, a retirement and a fourth, which was very good. We wish them every good luck.

On Monday night four members, led by the Sailing Master, took the plunge and actually entered the water,

### WINDS

voluntarily, to represent the Sailing Club in the gala relay race. For a club which has so much to do with the sea, we didn't do very well, but we were not dismayed—all the best sailors are poor swimmers!

The Sailing Club also has a four in the regatta at Islandbridge. We should do better in that, for members of the Sailing Club do have to row occasionally, though hearing the lamentations after each training session, one would wonder. All members should go to Islandbridge on Saturday to give their support to the Sailing Club four—they will probably need it during the race and will certainly need it afterwards.

Our annual regatta is being held on Friday. Big entries (sic) for all events (sic) have been received and all that is needed is a reasonable amount of wind. The last two years have been fine and sunny, but that, of course, is no guide to this year.

The dinner was held on Wednesday instead of Friday on account of some dance which the captain is organising. The dinner was preceded by the annual colours match against U.C.D. A report on these will appear next week.

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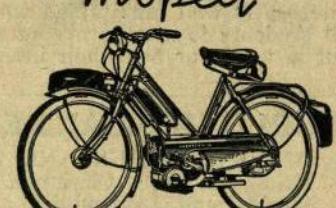
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