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Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

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HIS GRACE ABOUNDING

THIS WEEK'S features...

include an account of the present state of the Hist. and Phil., and a reappraisal of their functions.

Also on page six we print a selection of undergraduate opinions on lectures, faculty organisation and staff-student relationships in three faculties.

We believe this to be an important article; and it will be followed up next week by staff comment.

Personality of Dr. Ramsey impresses itself indelibly

THE evidence of his first address on Sunday night was in itself sufficient to emphasise just how lucky we are to have Dr. Ramsey to lead our Mission. But a Press luncheon on Monday afternoon given by the Regius Professor of Divinity, Dr. R. R. Hartford, added something more to the image of the public figure—our impression of a powerful, direct thinker with a marvellous gift for public expression of his thought. We met the private man—a kindly, benign, human person without the hint of ineffectuality which these qualities sometimes imply. I hope it is not presumptuous to say that he will surely fulfill all that anyone could demand from an Archbishop of Canterbury.

Dr. Ramsey said that his basic approach in his addresses in College would be very similar to that he employed in Oxford some years ago. But he made it clear that even after only one meeting he had begun to feel his audience, and that as the week pro-

denominational unity is a closing of the gap between Anglicans and Methodists.

Two other important points were mentioned by Dr. Ramsey. He said that he would be extremely interested in the Protestant-Catholic sharing of churches which had begun in England.

The Most Rev. Dr. A. M. Ramsey, Archbishop of York and Archbishop designate of Canterbury arriving at Dublin Airport on Saturday (Feb. 18th). He is here seen with his wife and the Rev. Dr. R. R. Hartford (right), Regius Professor of Divinity, Trinity College, Dublin.

—Photo Irish Times.



gressed he would endeavour to adapt himself to the particular mental outlook as it revealed itself to him.

About Ireland Dr. Ramsey was highly complimentary—even saying that he would like to spend his retirement here. The pace of life in Dublin, as in York, was slower; this he preferred to the never-ending bustle of London. As a postscript to this he added that he would very much like to spend more time in Canterbury than Dr. Fisher had done.

PROTESTANTS AND CATHOLICS

The Archbishop showed great interest in Protestant-Catholic relations in Ireland. He said that the welcome he had received at the airport did not give him the impression of being the representative of a minority sect. He was deeply interested to hear Mr. Jack White's and Dr. Hart's accounts of the virtual apartheid which existed in Ireland for some time, and of the present steady improvement in Protestant-Catholic relations. Dr. Ramsey said that he hoped to meet some Roman Catholic prelates during his stay, but nothing definite had yet been arranged. Interested in the I.R.A. Dr. Ramsey summed up their function admirably when he asked, almost innocently: "So they have a vested interest in chaos, have they?"

CHRISTIAN UNITY

Referring to the possibility of broad Christian unity, Dr. Ramsey said that he hoped to go to Rome, and that he would certainly go to Athens to attempt a reapproachment with the Greek Orthodox Church. He had no illusions about the possibilities of union with Rome—he could not foresee it taking place in anything but the very distant future. Nevertheless the cumulative effect of a thousand courtesies like Dr. Fisher's could be quite important. He said that the first step towards Protestant inter-

He stated that the problem of the meagre stipend which parsons received was diminishing in magnitude; much had been done recently—although salaries were still not quite as high as they might be.

Throughout the meeting the Archbishop answered questions with frankness and humour. Only once—when asked about disarmament—was he short with a questioner. "As you know," he said, "I am not a unilateralist. My reasons have already been stated elsewhere." Dr. Ramsey appeared somewhat tired, and when one thinks of the full programme which he has undertaken, one realises how great the physical and mental strain will be upon an already busy man. We are extremely fortunate that despite the heavy pressure upon him which his election must have entailed, he has managed to spare the time to make this arduous, and I hope deeply beneficial, visit to us in Trinity.

The Rot Sets In

All will have seen the bucket-lifting and plank-dropping in Front Square and some might have guessed that Regent House was having a facelift. On the surface all looks well, but within the last week some interesting new developments have occurred. The architect in charge of repairs has discovered dry rot, in the tie beam spanning the Regent House, running from No. 5 to No. 6. It is rotted at the Liz end and the roof has descended by a full four inches, to the surprise and consternation of all concerned.

There are menacing cracks in the ceiling of Regent House and in order to prevent chunks of plaster endangering the poor reader a temporary ceiling is being installed. The poor old beam is having to be propped.

Background to the Mission

To a crowded Exam. Hall last Sunday evening the Provost introduced the Archbishop of York, bringing many months of preparation for this College Mission to an end. Thanks to the arrangements of Dr. R. R. Hartford, Regius Professor of Divinity, the Archbishop is here to give a series of addresses on Christianity. The main bulk of the organisation was undertaken by the three Deans of Residence and a student committee, who have been responsible for the circulars and posters that have kept drawing our attention to the Mission. Along with the Mission Fellowship, which has been meeting on Sunday evenings since last Trinity term, they have studied the fundamentals of Christian belief to be expounded during the Mission, as well as spending time in prayer. They have also subscribed very generously to cover the expenses of this week's activities.

So far the attendances at the meetings have been rewarding and the visiting speakers have expressed delight at the interest shown in the Mission and the readiness of students to meet them, and, in spite of numerous complaints that have been voiced concerning the predominance of the Mission over other activities this week, all should be grateful for this opportunity to make a fair and reasoned assessment of the Christian religion.

Reports on the meetings have been appearing in "Joculator," the Mission daily, and it is to be commended on its willingness to print views contrary to its own. We may well see it appearing occasionally when the Mission is over, and planned, too, are Sunday Evening Services of an interdenominational character in College Chapel, to maintain the feeling of unity which a mission creates among Christians.

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**SOMETHING RATHER THAN
NOTHING**

IT would not be rash to say that even before the Mission was half over it had amply justified itself. The intellectual stimulus which it has provided for the non-Christian, and the illumination and strength given to the members of the Church seem a large reward for the small price of doing without our very ordinary meetings. The sustained size of attendances points to the stout controversiality of the missionaries and their accurate assessment of the approach required; and our acquaintance with a great mind is in itself sufficient to make the week remarkable.

The Mission will have justified itself from a Christian point of view even if only one convert is made. But it is not cynical or pessimistic to say that in Trinity College as it is, the number of people who can be converted or even deeply affected is small. From a humanistic point of view, however, it is possible that this Mission will bestow enormous benefits upon the College.

There have been complaints from time immemorial until last week about apathy—intellectual or otherwise—in the University. It is our opinion that to some extent we are hiding our light under a bushel, like true gentlemen. There is in fact a surprising amount of intellectual exchange in College on a great many matters, except one—religion. We have our “professional Christians,” our theologians, our respectable Church-attendance figures, our flourishing religious groups, but the sad and inglorious fact remains that a great proportion of the people in Trinity cheat on religious issues. A tolerant/indifferent attitude is adopted as the most suitable for the requirements of College life. An enormous number of people, whenever a transcendental idea comes to them, suppress it as though an expression of it would be an unpole eructation. Intellectual dishonesty in religious matters is very frequent, the “felt” inner obligation is often ignored because it is uncomfortable; we are seduced into self-sufficiency by the ease and novelty of life in Trinity.

This situation makes the Mission deeply important to us. An emotional, rhetorical appeal now on behalf of the Mission would appear pretentious and foolish after Dr. Ramsey’s reasoned expositions of the Christian faith. But essentially he is speaking for Christians or semi-Christians. It cannot be over-emphasised that his discourses provide as well a starting-point from which the apparently self-sufficient people can move one way or another, struggle towards something rather than rest beside nothing. The recall through the Mission of a drifter from his aimlessness to genuine agnosticism, the flickering of a tiny flame of interest in the mind of an I’m-not-one-for-this-religious stuff sort of person, in short the achievement of making people suddenly become aware of new problems, new ideas—this is what the Mission can do for Trinity. If we call ourselves critical, intellectual beings—which as University students by implication we are—we have a duty to cross Front Square and enter.

reviews | **Art**

Pictures from Lane Collection — Dublin Municipal Gallery

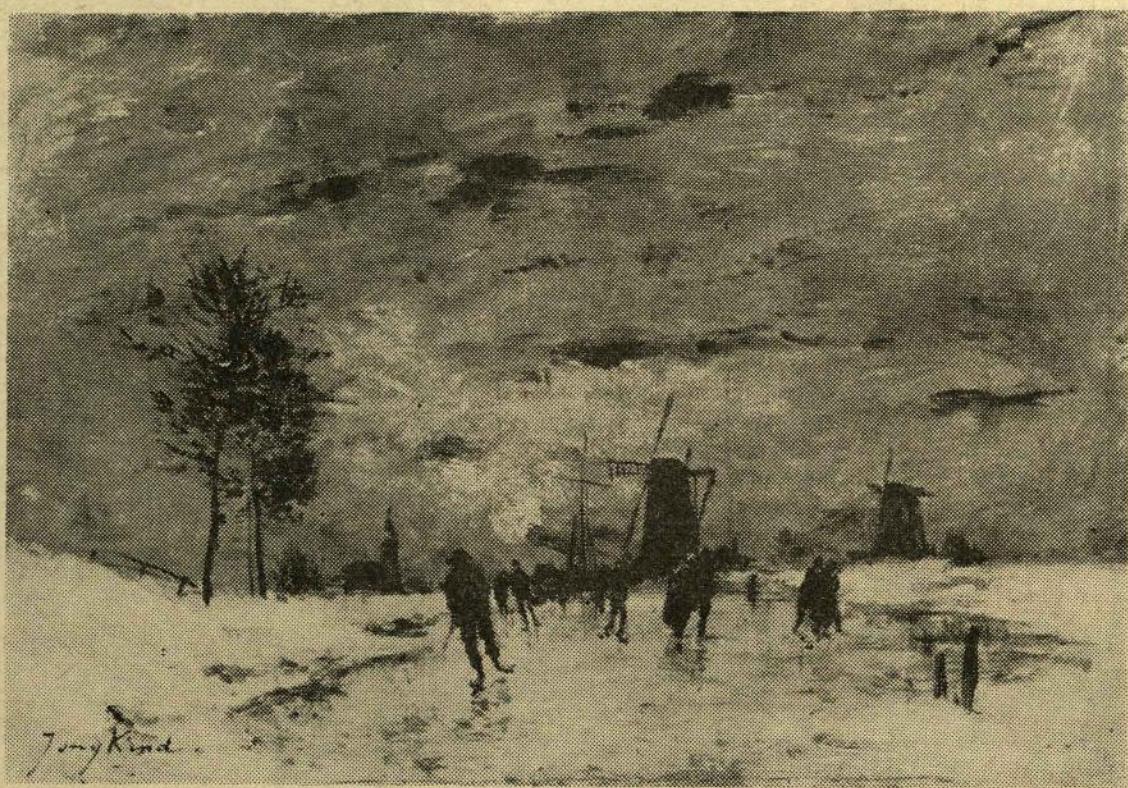
Before I start any assessment of twenty pictures from Sir Hugh Lane’s collection of thirty-nine I am going to get something off my chest, which is that the compromise over the Lane Pictures, dreamed up by some smart cookie in London, is the biggest swindle since the Act of Union. The set-up is like this: We get the pictures now hanging in Parnell Square for a period of five years, after which time they go back to London, and we then get the remaining nineteen. After twenty years, unless some new agreement is entered into, London keeps its half, and we keep ours. All of which is a very neat piece of sharp dealing, because the pictures which will be in London after that time

contain most of the real gems of the collection. In other words, we’ve been had. Any compromise on this question should not have been agreed to. Dublin has an undoubted moral right to ALL the pictures, and more should be revealed about how this solution was arrived at. Sir Hugh Lane conceived his collection as a whole and it should be kept together.

Even so, the richness of the twenty pictures we do have, for the time being is enough to lull any such objections.

It ranges over the whole of nineteenth century French painting, from Courbet and Ingres, through the Barbizon School (represented by an early Corot and a very fine Jongkind) to the “Impres-

sionists.” But one doesn’t think of pigeon-holes or categories in this collection. It contains Renoir’s “Les Parapluies,” to the soft delicious sensuality of which no reproduction could ever do justice. It is a hymn to the delicacy and warmth of the human body as passionate as the most exuberant nude he ever painted. It contains Manet’s “Eva Gonzales,” and it contains the strangely highly regarded “St. John the Baptist” of Puvis de Chavannes. One cannot adequately review such a collection without descending either to a catalogue or to a list of superlatives. Suffice it to say that no one who has any sense is very likely not to see this collection many times.—W.M.O.



The Skaters, by Jongkind (1819-91).

Courtesy of Irish Times

Theatre

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING OSCAR

Michéal Mac Liammoir. (Gaiety Theatre)

The 1890’s are irretrievably past, and Mr. Mac Liammoir makes one feel by his performance that he must regret an age with which he is so much in sympathy. He has no need to submerge his own personality for us to feel how he blends with the life and age he portrays, for what he presents is a reliving rather than a portrayal, a fusion rather than a submergence of personality. This effect is furthered even more by the fact that the narration written by himself blends so completely with the extracts from Wilde’s own writing in both humour and mood.

First, Wilde appears as the debonair and brilliant young man, dressed in knee breeches, wearing his hair long, a sunflower in his hand and the green carnation in his buttonhole, who revels in the limelight he regards as his birth-right, summing up system in a phrase and all existence in an epigram. Yet

“Dorian Gray” and “The Harlot’s House” give a glimpse of the deeper, sincerer Wilde, whose soul will be revealed by trial and imprisonment.

“De Profundis” and “Reading Gaol” are the centres of the second half of the performance, and of the second half of Wilde’s life. The luxuriant white flowers are removed from the stage, the symbolic green carnation from the button-hole. Wilde has become a tragic figure for a philistine society cannot admit a moral code which Wilde believes to be justified in the eyes of Christ himself.

Mr. Mac Liammoir reinterprets Oscar Wilde’s personality, assurance and anguish, through the medium of his own, down to the final jest, holding his audience so completely that the eccentric gesture is made completely acceptable. This performance has been discussed enough by critics, yet a further admonition to go to see it can do nothing but good.—D. W.

Manuscript Exhibition

On Monday a display of German books in the Long Room was opened by Dr. Reifferscheidt, the German Ambassador. The exhibits, chosen from the extensive selection in the College Library, are a first-hand representation of various aspects of German life and letters from the early fifteenth century up till the middle of the nineteenth. The exhibition, arranged by Drs. Thomas and Lösel of the German Department, includes such items of interest as a selection of pamphlets written by Luther and published in the early fifteen-hundreds; various first editions, drawn especially from the Age of Enlightenment, e.g., Zimmermann’s “Über die Einsamkeit,” and the first complete edition of Klopstock’s lyrical epic “Der Messias,” a “first” of Kaut’s “Criticism of Pure Reason,” and a second edition of the “Deutsche Grammatik” by the celebrated grammarian and philologist Jacob Grimm.

A COLLEGE JOURNAL

By Martin Marprelate

the trouble of reading, despite its lapses into holyisms and downright bad writing which this sort of thing, I suppose, cannot really avoid.

But there are things about the mission which disturb me. At first it seemed that it was to be a quite simple factual exposition of the essentials of the Christian faith. On Sunday, though, the rot set in when the Archbishop himself brought prayer into it. Now Prayer, to the sceptic, is one of the most vulnerable and occasionally ridiculous things about religion. To the Christian, it is one of the highest points of his belief, and like many of the greatest things in life, it is slightly silly to those who do not understand it. Bertrand Russell, after all, thinks that Love is basically a matter of supply and demand. However,

His Grace climbed down a bit subsequently, but the basic objections still apply. Which brings me to my second little point, which is the invitations people all over college have been getting to attend holy coffee parties. These invitations have come on cards which, in spite of a small cross in the top left-hand corner, still seem to whisper of the delights of a judiciously prepared cocktail. Which is a very clever little touch. But the fact remains that to the agnostic who may be reconsidering his attitude to Christianity, there is nothing more distasteful than being got at. The

mental conflict involved in an acceptance or rejection of something as huge as the Christian conception of God is an intensely personal thing, and the pawsy-walsy gettogetherness of this idea will do no good and could conceivably do great harm. This idea of being got at is implied by calling the whole set-up a “mission.” Of course we are being got at, but there is no need to make it quite so obvious. The word “mission” has connotations, and it seems funny that the people in charge of this little shindig don’t realise the fact. After all, they don’t call themselves missionaries, but missionaries, which would seem to indicate that they realise we are, however unreasonably, inclined to resent being made better and finer for their having been here. But it is unreasonable to cavil at anything which has given us the opportunity of seeing a pair of such magnificent eyebrows as Dr. Ramsey’s. This sort of opportunity does not arise often in a lifetime, and you only have three more chances, before he is “translated,” the nice Elizabethan term which the church affects for the sordid business of promotion. The idea of translation, you see, does not involve, necessarily, a step up. (“Bottom,” says someone in “A Midsummer Night’s Dream,” “thou are translated”). This column wishes the new big wheel of the Anglican Communion well, and hopes that under him the Church of England won’t be quite so afraid to get its hands dirty.

ARGUS

Party Piece

Don Carroll and Bruce Graham entertained their fashionable avant-garde friends in their palatial and blue-lighted penthouse on Saturday night. Here we saw Don Jose Xuerab dance with lovely Leslie Hammond to the lively rhythm of guitar and castanet, but Martin Rees and Ann Tarnoll preferred the shade. Sam Swerling talked about horses with Hilary Roche, while Paddy Skipwith talked about Sibelius to an interested circle which included Dan Pouget and Robin David. Tony Endall, Roger Chevley and David Elyan were also there somewhere.

Hazel Robson and Carol Tweddle gave a dungeon party on Friday night at Marsh's Library, where, despite the sombreness, Ray McCluskey managed to dance with Anne Rodgers, and Dermot Flynn with Theresa Kinsella. But Brian Hamilton had no such luck and had to be content with Dave Pearson, Paddy Backman and Russell Telfer.

Heather Mellish-Oxley, Chris Cowdry, Edna Broderick and Ann Ross invited us to meet an interesting and entertaining cross section of College life. Frances-Jane French was almost tempted to try the cocktail, but stuck to orange juice and Tony Gynn. Mike Longley admired his Borstal old boy's tie and showed it to Puckish Brendan Kennelly. Declan Smith and Robin Farre fortified themselves for the week ahead, and Jim McCormick and Jim Madden met Margaret Kingston and Christobel Smyth.

The Hist. Committee, keeping up with the Phillips, invited girls to their untraditional party. Rachel Ibbetson and Hazel Henry met Durham's much heralded glamour-boy, Geoffrey Boxall, abetted by Angus Bainbridge. Peter Hunt and Isobel Swain danced sedately, whilst Rosemary May and Gnat Wachuku disarmed Africa.

Show Boat

The Boat Club is putting on a new face. Once the hobby of the public school man, the socialite, drinker, dilettante, it is now the most efficient and highly organised sporting club in College.

The High Priest of this "new" Boat Club is the Captain, Simon Newman. One of the two Irishmen on the Henley Eight, Simon is serious, purposeful, determined and very ambitious. He told us that two years ago it was difficult to fill three Eights—now there are six and fierce competition for them.

On the Henley Eight are three Freshmen, Richard Taylor, David Armstrong and Mike Clark. They eat, sleep, talk rowing, but manage to fill in a few other interests. Mike makes pottery, is mildly interested in astrology, and is a keen rock climber. Mike Duncan, Trinity's bearded Robin Hood, is another climber, also a photographer and singer. He has been a member of Choral, Singers, and the Opera Society, but now confines his singing activities to bathtime.

Dick Longfield is the only member of the crew to take up rowing since he came here, and his achievement is impressive; the more so because he's so often busy doing other things—doodling, drawing, painting, sleeping, drinking and talking! If he's not in Front Square or the Coffee Bar, you can find him in the Grafton Street "Funnies."

Classicist Peter Reynolds, and the Boat Club's Apollo, Lance Leonard, who rows for Molsey, complete the Eight. But definitely-not-to-be-forgotten is cox Norman Gillett, ladies' man, drinking man, guaranteed-to-keep-you-amused man. Norman was a reserve cox for the British Olympic team at Rome and usually keeps our crew on the straight and narrow. He has been known to steer a wiggly course on the morning after the night before.

Mission Mood

The people who said there would be no interest in a Mission have been proved wrong. The Exam. Hall is consistently full, "Joculator" has been selling quite steadily, and almost everybody is conscious of the magnificent, kindly presence of Dr. Ramsey. The glamour of "Canterbury" may have been the attraction at the beginning; this is not the case now. Those who have protested, and continue to protest, about the Mission are in a sense helping it by creating an area of controversy and interest. And it is a mistake to think that the people in College who have worked for the Mission all speak from the same pulpit or even from any pulpit. They have allowed conscientious and self-conscious objectors to express their views in "Joculator." Martin Smith has looked Communist-wise at things, Paul O'Grady has given a Roman Catholic point of view, Robert Buttmore was granted airspace. The organisers have been disappointed as much as anyone that the missionaries tend to speak from "inside the circle"; and it was suggested to Dr. Ramsey after the first meeting that he should dispense with concluding prayers. Perhaps too much has been assumed, and certain terms used too quickly. The philosophers, atheists, agnostics and apathetics of this University require more intellectual food, though no one could fail to be impressed by the visible faith of the missionaries. The main thing from the organisers' point of view is that people in College are talking more seriously than usual, and even asking questions.

Centrifugal Force

Meeting members of the Mission Committee and Fellowship (in existence since last May), I noticed their lack of dogmatism, and tranquil air of complete physical exhaustion. The Committee were the

Glances at People and Things

organisers, and the Fellowship met every long, dark Sunday winter evening to discuss what the Mission was and was for; and to relate to the activities of the Executive.

The man who did most work, but says he was utterly idle, is Billy Gibbons, Secretary to the Committee, and also studying for imminent exams. Billy's characteristic remark is "Hello, there!" and he gets on well and charmingly with everybody from the Archbishop down. He treats Front Square and even the Coffee Bar as if he was squire of some nebulous manor. There are conflicting reports about his age, but people are agreed on the impossibility of expressing his niceness. His career has been varied and vigorous. As a boy soprano he sang in Oratorio and on the B.B.C. After leaving school he worked in linen and tobacco firms before deciding to become a clergyman. He was in Magee for two years and is now

of the Classical Society. She studies Ancient and Modern Literature, sings in Choral and has coffee after College Chapel most Sundays. They are both occasionally puzzled, but not upset, by the amount of work they are doing.

Motley Publication

The Mission seems to be treading on our own toes with its daily production of a news sheet in pastel shades. "Jocular" is edited mainly by Miss Richardson, and Mr. Britton does most of the typing and duplicating. Its title has a macabre compulsiveness in spite of its irritating pedantry. Its content is necessarily scrappy, but people of varying convictions are reporting meetings and giving opinions. It is hoped to con-

tinued publication in a rather different way after the Mission — though I cannot agree with one of the organisers that the existing College publications offer no forum at all for serious discussion. But certainly, "Jocular" presents some lively talking-points. Future items are Moral Rearmament and Folk Mass.

The idea of "Jocular" came from Clarence Musgrave, Chairman of the S.C.M. in Ireland, and ex-Chairman of it in College; Classicist and spare-time (which means infrequent) photographer. He, too, has done a good deal of civil service work for the Mission and is amazingly persuasive, so that people hardly notice they are doing things for him. Clarence has recently been on a tour of Italy and Greece. He collects paperbacks, and prefers to meet people, lots of people, individually rather than in mobs. He is sorry for those who hold Society meetings this week as they should be rather sparsely attended. He is also sorry that not every Christian group in College helped something that is undenominational and un-doctrinal.

Letter to the Editor

19 Trinity College,
Dublin.

Dear Sir,

Mr. Dunin-Borkowski's letter (16/2/61) shows the very lack of serious thought for which he castigates the University. Many of his digressions, wanderings and facts can be seriously questioned.

"Coffee-mornings are all blather" — but they do allow a student to talk to others of different years and taking a variety of courses in commerce, economics and politics. If two or more of the gathering wish to discourse on economics this is admirable. Even if "shop" is not discussed the coffee-mornings have still fulfilled a useful purpose. Mr. Dunin-Borkowski dismisses the faculty society as "a dead loss" where the discussion of economics is concerned. But what of the Commerce and Economics Society meeting on "Trade Union Attitudes," the paper by Donal Nevin of the T.U.C., and the discussion which followed? Or is the society's visit to the Bank of Ireland, and the talks with the Editor of the Irish Banking Review, which ensued, also to be dismissed as a dead loss? Next week students will hear a paper by a senior sophister student on the concept of "A National Wage Policy."

In regard to relations between lecturers and students, I have never heard of any lecturer being unwilling to meet students to discuss or clarify economic or political problems. In fact

as Trinity is a residential university (and Irish), I venture to say that small though the staff is, lecturers and professors are easily accessible. For instance last year one busy economics lecturer, on request, met students weekly in one of their rooms for serious discussion.

Has Mr. Dunin-Borkowski approached sophisters "to straighten out or clarify ideas?" If he does he will find them more than willing to help and assist. The scholars, especially, are among the most approachable students and will generously give their time to discuss work problems.

We must understand the spirit and idea of a university. No longer is compulsion the term, or spoon-feeding the requirement. Students must use their initiative and intelligence, and most will find that they benefit from the university in proportion to what they contribute. Mr. Dunin-Borkowski has suggested the stimulant of a scheme whereby certain people are designated to read journals, and papers, meet over coffee, and index and comment on important articles. The Economics Society felt that it was not their part to administer this scheme, but gave him their blessing if he would like to organise it. Nothing has been heard of the scheme since.

Yours sincerely,
William A. Dillon, Auditor,
Commerce and Economics
Society.



Billy Gibbons

finishing Divinity here. He hopes to be ordained in July and start his ministry in Londonderry, where he went to school. Billy regrets that time for rugger, badminton and golf seems to be slipping away from him. He is serious about the Mission, feels that the opposition to it has been rather naive, and that it offers everybody the opportunity to learn something. He is pleased with the attendances, but annoyed that members of the public are crowding out students to some extent.

Doing Things

Also on the Committee is Guy Milner (Treasurer), perhaps seeking a refuge from refugees. The Mission is supported by itself and by subscriptions. Staff have been exceptionally generous. Guy keeps the purse-strings working easily, but never feverishly. He has also driven lorries full of chairs with remarkable unembarrassment. Mr. Taggart, Lecturer in Botany, has helped with some of the catering, and generally. He came here in his famous kilt from Glasgow where he worked on dry rot as a research student. He is slightly doubtful about missions, distrusts emotionalism of atmosphere, but feels that the presentation of this one has been sober and fairly suitable for a university. John Wilkins, Viking in beard at least, has helped with the bookstall and publicity, and Robin Farr, who only came to Trinity this year, has got to know a lot of people in a very short time and made a selection of them give "holy coffee parties." Robin is a psychology graduate from Queen's and worked on the Kinsey Report in America for a year. He is now in first year Divinity here and is profoundly serious about the Mission, although he appreciates its quality as a good joke.

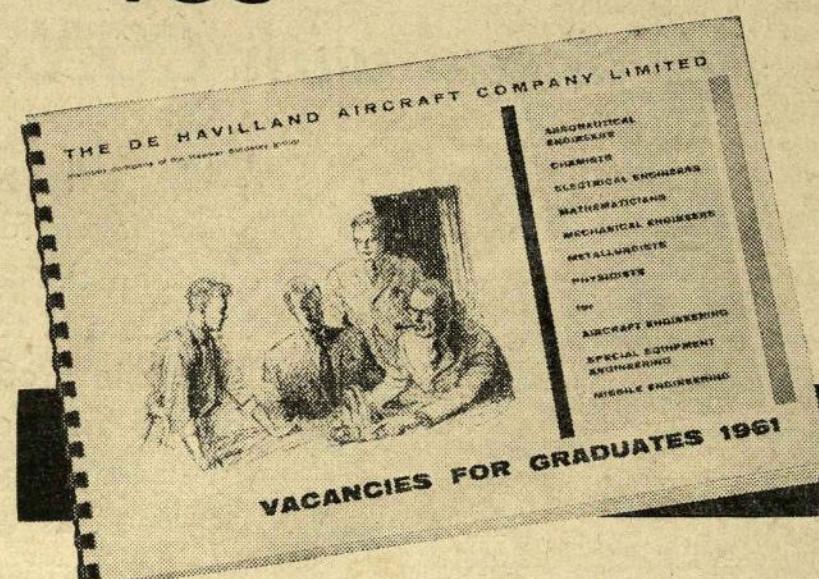
Fettes on his Feet

Chris. Fettes (Mod. Lang.) is in charge of publicity: getting people to do posters, supplying them with materials and in the end doing them himself. Chris. also devotes his carefully-organised time to the College Gallery, the Refugee Committee, the Gramophone Society, and persuading people to read about Hobbits. He is fascinated by "the spirit of Northernness" and Teutonic music (particularly Bruckner at the moment), but defends the Irish with un-Irish vigour. He is unbearably tidy; this tendency was confirmed by being head prefect and afterwards a meteorologist in the R.A.F. A fantastic chronological chart of English literature sits precisely on his wall. His main interest is education. He is dismayed by the general ignorance in College of even the A B C of Christian faith, and is pleased that people should be presented with the rudiments of its theology. But he considers that a consistent reading of C. S. Lewis would be even better.

No Marthas Here

Among women workers are Carolyn Maguire and Heather Mellish-Oxley. Carolyn has reached the stage where she can make coffee for 150 people in her sleep, and there is a strong gleam in her eye when urns are mentioned. She has catered for Fellowship meetings throughout, and attained logical fulfilment in dealing with the nightly horde from the Exam. Hall. Carolyn does Mental and Moral, Choral, and lurks on the fringes of S.C.M. She argues. Heather runs the bookstall, and is to books what Carolyn is to coffee cups, being the librarian of Trinity Hall and on the Library Committee

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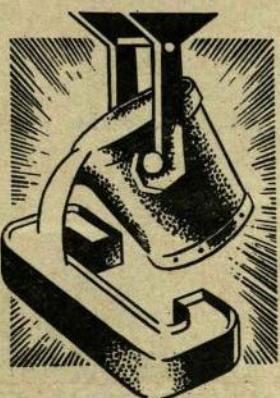
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ONE MAJOR SOCIETY?

Take a jumble of paradoxes and anomalies from recent major and minor society meetings:—There is more vitality and entertainment in the petty skirmishes of Hist. private business than in its debates. At the Phil, inter-debates the G.M.B. was full to overflowing whereas the Hist inter-debate was a complete flop with poor speaking as well as a poor audience—and the Phil. is not the College's debating society. Comparably, papers which would draw a fair crowd reasonably informed on the particular topic to a faculty society are read in the Phil, before an empty house and are then followed by a series of inane comments from the floor. In fact the most worthwhile discussions and paper-readings take place in the various minor societies.

Four conclusions may be drawn from this jumble. First, Trinity's undergraduate population is not large enough to provide a satisfactory audience for two major society meetings each week of term. (Since the Elizabethan Society makes no attempt to hold meetings on the same scale as the Hist. and Phil. and the College Theological Society is content to be a tutorial class for the Divinity School, the title "major society" will be given to the Phil. and Hist. alone). Secondly, the poor standards of student speaking means that unless a meeting is concerned with some vital or topical issue, or is attended by some interesting visiting speaker, it has little hope of success. Thirdly—and this applies to all societies—familiarity with the little groups which tend to monopolise the leadership and spokesmanship of one, or even two or three societies, breeds contempt for those societies and further minimises the likelihood of those societies serving the whole student-body. Fourthly, considering the funds at their disposal, the major societies provide little for the average undergraduate whilst the efforts of the minor societies to meet this failure are severely hampered by a lack of finance.

Here is one possible blueprint for improving the services provided by College societies drawn up with an eye to the above premises. Both the Phil and the Hist. must go and a new society be formed to take their place. We call it a new society rather than a "union" because it must not be a compromise society straight-jacketed by past and present prejudices but an institution to meet the needs of all students, created with a close regard for the contemporary facts of undergraduate life. As stressed elsewhere in the paper to-day, the facts indicate that some effective non-specialised and vital forum for student discussion is needed. It is this need which the new society must meet. (It should go without saying that such a forum must be open to all students. Any university society with a restricted membership has no right to call itself a major society and certainly should not receive any money from the capitation fund contributed to by all.)

To ensure that the new society offers more interesting meetings than at

present provided by the major societies and at the same time produces an improved standard of speaking the following measures might be taken. Debates and paper-readings could be held alternately. With fewer meetings to be held it should be much easier to ensure that both motions and papers are of greater interest. No paper or debate should be accepted which is obviously more suited to a specialised minor society audience. The larger audience attracted by more general and urgent topics would automatically help to improve the standard of speaking especially if it were critical in the crude but effective manner as demonstrated in the L. and H. of University College, Dublin—a society which all Trinity people should visit on at least one Saturday of their college careers. As regards private business the Hist. laws and traditions can hardly be improved upon and would provide a superb contrast to the life and passion of a first-class debate. It is a great tragedy that the experience of working under the discipline and formality of Hist. private business is at present shared by such a tiny proportion of undergraduates.

On this question of minority control in society life we would point out that in one really large major society it should be quite possible to change the officers and committee every term (as is done in many university unions), thus giving a vastly increased number the opportunity of gaining useful administrative and organisational experience whilst at college. It suffices to give one example of the great financial saving which changes such as this article advocates would bring about. The dropping of one major society opening meeting would save £200 annually and certainly the meeting would be no loss when today the Fabian and International Affairs societies provide similar meetings.

Little comment is needed on the minor societies. As we said earlier they are on the up and up and the situation envisaged above would surely help to continue this trend. Minor societies would have more funds and less competition.

In this survey of the background to meetings of College societies we have tried to be non-partisan and to forget the prejudices and red-brick herrings which all too often prevent realistic discussion of these matters. We believe this article to be timely in view of the problem and attitudes confronting the leaders of the Hist. and Phil. at the moment. Both societies have a duty to see that they provide the best possible amenities for all students in this College. The combining of the material resources they share provides no problem; the stumbling-block to co-operation has always been the irreconcilability of their meetings as held according to their differing constitutions. We have attempted to suggest in a serious and reasoned manner what form a revised and worthwhile major society meeting might take and we hope that our suggestion will in turn be regarded seriously and reasonably by all potential members of a truly major society.

Story

Darling ...

"I love you."
"Well, that's tough. You should have told me that before."

She gazed at the water for a long time. A stiff breeze landwards keeping her hair in place. No, she had not thought like this before about anything or anybody. No, she had not loved like this before—not even her father and mother. Yes, she would do anything he asked of her. Anything at all. Yes, she would live, slave, die for him.

He looked at the sky. A winter sky. It was cold phosphorescent, Prussian blue overhead, azure in the distance and brilliant orange around the sun. I will write a poem about this, he thought. I will write a poem about this glorious evening and I don't particularly care if the screw leaves me here and now. I don't want no bloody argument with her.

I will sew his buttons with nylon thread. I will make him a sweater, keep him warm at night when we're married, love his children, all of whom will have that fractured nose of his. I will sell those prize bonds grandpa gave him, and make him the best wife he could ever have. But first he must say that he's sorry.

Oh you screwy lump of a woman, what do you want to do to me? Tear me up, louse me up, fidget till you've removed any sanity I might have had? The more we go out the more I dislike you; one of the most annoying mannerisms anyone could have is a walk like yours with your butt sticking out and all the oozy looking like they could eat you. What a tragedy.

If he doesn't want me, what then? I suppose that I will have to commit suicide. Good idea, imagine the tears in his eyes. I must be more of a lady and less of a skirt. I will ask him to take me rowing on the lake to-morrow. I may see Fred Bed there. That mop-headed, scatter-brained hunk of beefman.

But she has her good points. Her legs are the best on the block and her hair is nice and long, not like those little tarts who live down the road. Hell's bells, you could do worse than her. Besides, I like the way she holds herself. Always something reserved and cool about her. She never lets herself go. I will be the first to get anywhere with her. I really enjoy taking her out, to tell the truth. Everybody looks at her; no, not only because of that. There's something else . . .

He will get angry with me now, and I will cry. I shouldn't. What I should do is to leave him and find someone else worthy of me. He is too bitchy and so damn temperamental. I can't go on for ever humouring him, making him happy, pressing his pants after we make out on the hammock. I'm too soft. The great women have known how to treat their men. Keep aloof. I look better anyway when I do. He has a cataract in his eye. He may go blind. What sort of investment is he?

She has the air of a poor hurt little creature. I was wrong about her. I was too hard and she was too good about it. The honourable thing is to make amends. I'll buy her a curry at the Taj Mahal and hold her hand, etc. She's a poor little kid. I loathe him, now that I come to think of it. I loathe him because he is too damn proud to be livable with. What does he think he is? What does he think he is? Who is he? A no one. He hasn't got a job. Gets a big allowance from a father he doesn't even know. His mother is too pretty. I know this type of situation backward. My foot, why should I crawl up to him and say I'm sorry? He should crawl to me on that athlete's belly of his. Hound.

Say something nice to her.
But I do sometimes love . . .
Well stuff it. I'm walking home.

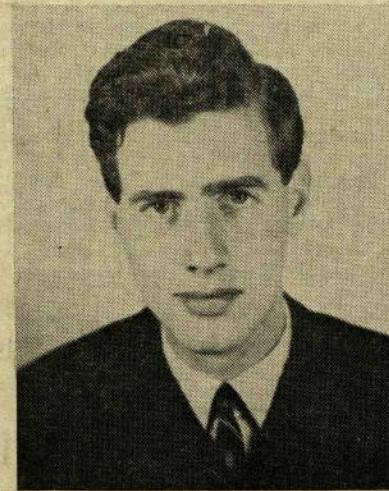
Profile:

Bill Jackson

Our Man in Geneva

Bill Jackson is everywhere. His carefully channelled energy has resulted in a successful and fruitful College career. And during his years in Trinity, Bill's ubiquity has been a College feature, provoking smiles of admiration and resentment — both follow success; and Bill understands neither.

If only to account for his ubiquity, this profile must include the long list of Bill's activities. They are, however, in themselves an explanation of the man. In spite of an innate mathematical inability, Bill has been Treasurer of the World Refugee Year in



College, of the Classical Society, and of the World University Service. He was Chairman of D.U.A.I.A. and Welfare Secretary to the S.R.C., which post centres on blood donation, mass radiography, etc. He is currently contemplating the long-awaited Students' Health Service in College. Beyond Trinity, Bill founded the Irish U.N. Students' Association, and was elected to the Executive Committee of the International Students' Movement for the U.N. This post necessitates travelling abroad, and in the summer Bill was in Sweden, at Christmas in Geneva. As a reward for his numerous activities, he has been elected to the Irish U.N. Association Committee.

Bill, who comes from the North, is perfectly at home on both sides of the Border. He abhors bigotry and is not an Orangeman.

His father is a Church of Ireland vicar in Ballywalter, Co. Down, and his grandfather and great uncles were all in the Church. This background has always imposed its charms and obligations on Bill's life. He enjoys church-going, but regrets a certain lack of conviction.

Bill, who is a fourth year Classicist, came to Trinity from Campbell College, Belfast, with a Sizarship and State Exhibition. At the risk of falling between two stools, he has added to Classics a course in Social Studies, mainly in view of his future career, partly to put into practice the humanism which the Classics are supposed to teach. In Classics he is particularly fond of Herodotus, and in Social Studies he has thoroughly enjoyed psychiatric work.

People, especially overseas students, are obviously Bill Jackson's main interest. He is energetically concerned with their problems and integration into College life. His and others' efforts festively manifest themselves annually in the Carnival of Nations, which he has helped to organise for the last three years. Not a natural sportsman, Billy plays hockey regularly, and tennis and badminton badly. He enjoys music—Chopin, Liszt and the Romantics; or Radio Luxembourg, if there is nothing better going. And he has an unusual knack of wrongly identifying every piece he hears. Bill has collected more books than he has read and occasionally enjoys French as a relaxation.

Bill spends much of his time looking for the Right Girl. Perhaps insecurity makes his search impulsive and his choice sometimes unwise. Female beauty may be for him at the moment a symbol beyond which he does not see very far. Like the rest of us, Bill likes to be liked. He claims that he hasn't yet met anyone he really disliked. He has a large and diverse set of friends, not all of whom get on well together—this may point to a certain lack of discrimination. But Bill lives his friendship energetically, as he lives everything else. He is influenced by all the interesting people he meets and yet goes his own individual way. He is humorous rather than witty; and his repartee consists mainly of very amusing anecdotes told in a broad Ulster dialect.

Bill plans a career in international social work. He is always excited by the success of others; and a large number of people hope for his success more deeply than he knows, and, perhaps, than they know.

moments

SAILOR

The moon so red
The sea so white
And love as old as the hills
The peace of the stars
That far and cold
Dance on my oldman's head.

I led my woman
On a silver strand
Combing her golden hair
And spun her slowly
Under the moon
And pulled her into the sea.

Where a catamaran
With darkblood sails
Lay lapping close to shore
Or an ancient wreck
In terrible peace
Tried the blueblack tug of war.

The moon so red
The sea so white
And love as old as the hills
The peace of the stars
That far and cold
Dance on my oldman's head.

Rooan Hurkey.

PICTURE

"October: we pick apples then,"
Said the little boy explaining
To me his picture, October.

And I could not remember
Seeing such apples before.

—Michael Longley.

POEM

It is enough that I can see
And walk within the harmony
Of blue and endless sky;
And feel that close intimacy,
Breathless contact
Of one small life, which will die,
With what ages' eyes have seen—
A sudden splendour, the parting
Of the thick velvet curtains of eternity.

—Bernard Adams.

POEM

As a young man,
My grand-father assumed
A cure for the common cold
Would be discovered
Long before his death.
He probably expected
Improvements to be made
In roads and drainage;
Whether they were or not
He never noticed any changes.
Perhaps he only hoped
Something unexpected,
Some wonderful surprise,
Would one day come his way,
As an amateur collector
Walking on his way to work
Watches from the corner of his eye
For a purple emperor,
Or death's head hawk to flutter by.
Only the other day
I found a hair in a book of his,
And blew it away.

—Richard Eckersley.

THE RAINBOW

The winds keep hinting that we pass
Along a road that time ignores,
Where awkward stones and dried-up
grass
Grow restless, caught within a frosty
shade,
And winter beats the stoic doors
Of houses where the dead have
sometimes prayed.
And God survives the rainbow that
He made.

—Brendan Kennelly.

STRANGE MOSS

Strange moss
We shall find somewhere
In these first
Days, and on our early
Love we shall
Heap the Moss and some
Darkness; small
Green shoots will come.

—Michael Longley.

An Investigation—

What is wrong with Lectures?

A Selection of Student Opinions of our Academic System

The original aim in preparing this article was to give the staff an opportunity of replying to student criticism. We have concentrated on three Faculties: Mod. Lang., Economics-Political Science and Mental and Moral. Undergraduates were asked their views on lectures, Faculty organisation, staff-student relationships and their Faculty Society. The Professors of English, French and Economics and Political Science were interviewed together with four other lecturers. We have, however, decided to print their replies next week, limiting this article to student opinion.

We did not have the results of the student survey before us, when we interviewed members of the staff, so these interviews in most cases, were not, in fact, answers to specific criticisms.

Next week we hope to publish staff views, together with facts about staff-student views, etc.

RESPONSE.

Response was, on the whole, good; thirty written replies and some twenty interviews. Contributions were anonymous, to encourage freer and more specific criticisms. Judging by the general, sincere tone of answers this anonymity was not abused; vitriolic criticisms are only published, where there was corroborating testimony in several other contributions.

We should like to stress that this is no more than an investigation into OPINION and that it is in no sense an accurate statistical survey.

MOD. LANG.

All Mod. Lang. contributors felt that the ideal lecture was one which "stimulated interest in the subject concerned." Many also thought that it should be "a minor supplement to reading" giving a "really good skeleton outline, the blanks in which, could be filled independently." With very few exceptions this ideal was satisfied especially in the smaller departments: German, Italian and Spanish. The main criticisms were against—Biographical details of author's lives, line by line translation in general and all reading of texts in class. French philological studies

were found to be boring, though the same subject in other languages was found to be less tiresome. Virtually all contributors were in favour of voluntary lectures as the nearest we could get to a tutorial system. "If there are people who find that lectures are a hindrance rather than a help in their work, is it not anomalous that our system of compulsory lectures should in fact prevent many people from working?"

MORE SHERRY PARTIES.

Staff-Student relations are universally good. The "friendly reserve" of most lecturers was understood to be due largely to numbers. One suggestion for bettering this was that the staff should hold sherry-parties, and be invited to more of the students'.

Criticism of the Mod. Lang. Society was crushing; "good for the odd party," "no one goes unless there is wine on the agenda."

ECONOMICS AND POLITICAL SCIENCE.

Contributions from this faculty were extremely conscientious and their views are in many ways disturbing. Their opinion of a good lecture stressed much more the factual content of lectures; some went so far as to call them "substitutes for books." The qualities of "creating interest" and "giving guidance" were continually and equally stressed.

The best definition was "Lectures, then, should be reasonably comprehensive, interesting, thought-provoking and catholic in outlook."

Opinions on lectures differed widely; S.S.'s were very satisfied, J.S.'s on the whole satisfied, with one unanimous exception. S.F.'s tended to be more severe. On the whole they accept "too clever" lectures more readily than dull ones. A common complaint was "too many out of date facts, and inadequate acquaintance with ideas."

Some lectures did not give adequate coverage of the course. Far too many lectures were missed, and had not been, subsequently, made up. Many lectures seemed to lack continuity and many

complaints were made about incoherence and inaudibility. Lecturers arrived late and left early. One contributor states that "lecture times and venues are still in process of revision." Most stressed the overcrowding—110 people attend one lecture.

IN THE DARK.

A S.F. contributor stated: "There is a vein of lack of confidence in what I have said—more latent than active." Both the S.F. and J.S. years are in the dark about their courses. "It would be a great help to have a lecturer who knew what his syllabus was, told his class, remembered it himself, lectured on it, examined upon it." All contributors mention this ignorance of their syllabuses, and the subjects on which they will be examined; for some of them, Mod. Part 1 takes place this October.

The enthusiasm of all contributors, for their subject was most apparent and their desire for work is apparently insatiable. All desperately want seminars, in which they can ask questions about their subject. All feel the need for closer guidance through the more intricate, theoretical parts of their course.

Most realise that the gap between staff and undergraduates (which is by no means complete) is inevitable, because of overcrowding and understaffing.

STUDENT SEMINARS.

Senior Sophs had felt the need for seminars and had organised them amongst themselves, with brilliant results. Many S.F. suggest that Sophisters run them—learning by teaching. Junior Sophisters themselves feel that they need guidance and don't know where to get it from. Most people seemed to want more written work (in some cases as a temporary substitute for seminars) in the form of essays, which should be marked punctiliously, with, if possible, a detailed discussion with the marker.

FACULTY SOCIETY.

Bearing in mind the general conviction that the Economics Staff is a brilliant one, and that the students are enthusiastic, it is surprising that the Economics and Commerce Society is not more favourably considered. All agree that it could be of great use, and some of the replies quoted ways in which it had been useful. It would appear that far more work was needed from the committee, so that existing enthusiasm is tapped. It was suggested that it could have cleaned up the syllabus muddle long ago, quoting in support of

this; a very informative meeting held between staff and students last term.

MENTAL AND MORAL.

It's always rather difficult to get an answer to an apparently straight-forward question, from any philosopher. Due to practical difficulties our information on the Mental and Moral School is more sketchy than that on the others.

These two considerations lead us to limit our remarks. Firstly the lecturers are again approved of in general. Main objections are against reading of notes. One faction, which I am told is rather small, would abolish all fact from lectures. They would then abolish lectures and establish a tutorial system, for they say that, if their staff did not have so many administrative commitments, there would be enough of them to make it work; at least in later years in the honour schools. Present "tutorials" are too large to justify the name.

LECTURES ARE FUN.

The gaiety of some people's opinions is quite a relief after the woes of economists—compare this remark about lectures with theirs. "Ideally, entertainment and instruction. Unfortunately most lectures provide only entertainment and even then you need a perverse sense of fun." It is quite easy to do no more than the weekly 6 hours of lectures and tutorials would mean more work, about which there is no noticeable keenness.

The Metaphysical Society is felt by some to provide a valuable link between staff and student. It is flourishing and more lively than the school as a whole. Nevertheless it is generally felt that the potential of the society is higher than its actual achievements.

INTERIM CONCLUSIONS

The ideal lecture is much the same in all faculties in that it must be stimulating. The Economics School is unique in not wanting to abolish them. But all schools want more individual attention and Mod. Lang. and Mental and Moral seem to object to compulsory lectures. It would appear that staff-student relations are inversely proportionate to the size of the school, but all agree that, when approached, the staff are helpful.

Only in the Economics School are there serious complaints about organisation, most other faculties feel they jog along quite well.

FOOTNOTE—Next week we hope to give a complete picture by publishing staff comment. No sound conclusions can be drawn at this stage.

BROUGHT TO BOOK

"I really do advise you to book seats," said the man in the travel agency. "It can be so difficult travelling to Strasbourg at this time of year," and he scratched his head and rubbed his nose and sent me a letter five days later to say seats were quite unobtainable, and advising me to try to contact "their man" on the station platform at Victoria. "Their man" turned out to be a Sidney James of a fellow with his gold-braided cap perched precariously at the back of his head and a distinct Liffey-water aura about him. He adopted me and my two cases like an out-of-season Father Christmas and manoeuvring the three of us swiftly in front of the confused and cosmopolitan queues as soon as the platform gates were opened. In half-a-minute we were across the dusty, petrol-spotted platform and planted firmly in an empty carriage at the back of the train—so far, so good. The worst was to come at Calais!

Now I approached the deckchair-lined beaches of Normandy with the decided intention of disembarking at full speed and attempting to locate "their man" at Calais. But at the last moment a new possibility presented itself with the advent of Jaw and Iric. The names of these two Birmingham lads were written as Joe and Eric on their cases I discovered later, but they introduced themselves as above and who was I to query their nomenclature?

Jaw and Iric were grinning, sunburnt cyclists who sported violently coloured singlets and shorts, who spoke no French and who—most important of all—had booked seats on the train going to Bâle via Strasbourg! A swift bargain was struck—my knowledge of French and customs procedure in exchange for part share in their seats, and a section of the rack for my cases. The only draw-back was that Jaw and Iric were powerless without their fiery steeds and we had to wait for these to be hoisted, pedals spinning, out of the hold before proceeding.

While the two cyclists sprinted back for their machines, I was left on guard over my cases—on the train—and a heap of saucepans and blankets—off the train, in case it left before their owners returned. Guards began slamming doors and getting up wind for the final

whistle; then along the platform, pedalling as if to win the Tour de France, came Jaw and Iric. They flung their bicycles into the van, tore back and pitched their camping equipment into the corridor of the train and leapt aboard with seconds to spare.

The end of the adventure one might think—but no! We had not taken two deep breaths of relief before complications began to heap themselves upon us. We were in an empty third-class carriage, not luxurious but deliciously suspiciously empty. The upper end of the train was packed with customs and passport-weary travellers, so wherefore this haven of wooden-backed peace? As the guard outside lifted his arm to blow the final whistle I leaned out and called "This train stops at Strasbourg and Bâle, doesn't it?" "The train, yes," he answered, "but those coaches go only to Charleville; it is the last twelve coaches which travel through to Bâle. He took one more breath, blew violently and the train moved off.

The solution to this predicament appears obvious at first sight—we should move to the booked seats further along the train. But, although Jaw and Iric with their red, green and yellow striped singlets and cycle-reased calves presented an appearance far removed equally from that of mouse or of man, their plans had most certainly gone astray, for, on investigation, it proved that the seats so carefully engaged, were situated upon a quite different train!

Eventually, we executed a slick and cunning change into blue padded 1st class seats and I completed the journey in a comfortable laze, broken only by the crunching of celery or the blowing up of air-cushions on the part of the grown-up boy scouts who shared our compartment. At Strasbourg I took leave of my highly-coloured cyclist friends and the last sight I had of them was of two figures running along at wheel-level to remove their bicycles from the Strasbourg van and restable them in the Bâle van—I shall never know whether they eventually arrived!

... all of which leads to the inevitable conclusion, as the man in the S.R.C. rooms will undoubtedly tell you when you apply there for advice: "I really do advise you to book seats."



People who make the news read it in The Times

THE sternest judgment any newspaper gets comes from those who see their own words and actions reported. They know what is true and what is not. They read The Times.

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LETTERS . . . to the Editor

Glenmacnass, Glendalough,
Co. Wicklow.

Dear Sir,
I strongly suspect the integrity of Mr. Michael Longley's facile remarks in his review of the College Art Exhibition.

His education if literary is scarcely literate and if he is to fulfill the function of a critic he should do better than fall back on worn-out cliches and "name-dropping"—that tiresome habit of the socially insecure and the last extremity of those intellectual and artistic ignoramus's in which this college abounds.

My displeasure with Mr. Longley is that he is a fraud and his criticism is not criticism but the empty gabblings of a young man with great pretensions and little wit. I doubt if he has ever looked at or felt a painting by any of those artists whose names he so casually uses, and if he thinks to add weight to his words and a little prestige to himself with his "Ernst-ing", his "Klee-ing", his "Rousseau-ing" and his "De-Chirico-ing," he is an even bigger fool than I thought.

The keynote of the College Art Exhibition was mediocre pretence and spineless illusion. It showed only 3 painters of any quality—Tim Nicholson, Noel Sheridan and Myself. The rest (excluding Ulla Stoucken and Jalik Kaulback) was trash, fit only to delight maiden aunts, doting mothers and the garbage collectors.

I object to nobody painting. Let them paint so much, as badly, or as well as they please. But to claim for these paintings some real aesthetic quality; to impute to them some essence; to imbue them with an articulateness which they do not possess is sheer insensitive hypocrisy. Mr. Longley follows the crowd, adds a little more air to the already grossly inflated bubble of self esteem, and with complete lack of taste, sensibility, and intelligence, seeks to hide the poverty and vacuity of his aesthetic emotions by flinging names and styles at our heads and making comparisons which are invidious in the extreme. He lauds the worst, denigrates the best, and never mentions Noel Sheridan whose paintings were head, shoulders and feet above anything else on view. This simply will not do; this simply cannot be allowed to masquerade as criticism.

I talked before, during, and after, the College Art Exhibition with many of those whose painting were on show and the whole dreary dribble of them, their lack of vitality, enthusiasm and spontaneity; their conceit about their creative ability was nauseating—worse, their self-confident judgments on contemporary painting and sculpture were narrow, ignorant, ridiculous and hide-bound in prejudice. Yet, Mr. Longley contends that the urge which motivates good and bad painters alike, originates at the same source. If so, he should have spared us his rubbish; even as personal opinion it is worthless.

As to the "recognition more than which is not desirable," I am interested to know recognition of what and for what? It seems to me that among Trinity undergraduates there is very little to be recognised and to call those "exhibitionists" which we endured a week ago "college artists" is a gross act of impudence.

Sentimentality can be defined as an emotion that has lost its spontaneity and to misquote Shaw, "those who can, do; those who cannot, pretend." I suggest that Mr. Longley and those other new luminaries in the world of Art keep this in mind when next they take to picture-viewing and picture-making.

As an afterthought, it is advisable to know what to write and how to write it with directness and precision before one adopts the role of critic.

Yours sincerely,

Kevin O'Sullivan.

[Michael Longley replies:

Having painted his pictures, Mr. O'Sullivan is pretentious enough to exhibit them and claim himself one of the three best artists; is pretentious enough to dismiss all the other exhibitors; and is pretentious enough to tell me about my gallery-visiting habits. I apologise if he finds my review pretentious.—Ed.]

9 Trinity College,
Dublin.

Dear Sir,
May I clarify some points in the report of my broadcast on the Irish Universities which you published yesterday? First the statistics were provided by the Assistant Registrar's Office, not by any research on my part. Secondly the figures were for last year (1959-60). This year's figures are not yet available. The exact numbers were:

Students from Ireland ... 1,347
Students from Great Britain ... 741
Students from further overseas 355

Also I quoted £250 as a probable minimum not an average annual expenditure for each student from outside Ireland, making an annual contribution of over a quarter of a million pounds to our national income. But I also said, as you noted in your report, that the university and the country gain much more from them than merely financial profit.

Yours faithfully,

W. B. Stanford.

College Historical Society,
Trinity College,
19th February, 1961.

The Editor, "Trinity News."

Dear Sir,

The letter you publish to-day from Martin Smith (Sch.) provokes my indignation comment. As a Catholic—and some would say a militant one—I deplore the fact that the Laurentian Society, or any other society in College, intends to hold a meeting during the week of the Mission.

This whole question depends not on the individual and whether he or she is interested in Mission Week, but rather on common courtesy. If Mr. Smith and his supporters have not enough politeness to allow an eminent visitor who is sacrificing a great deal of valuable time for Trinity to speak without rival for this one week, then they are showing themselves unworthy of Trinity's reputation.

As for Mr. Smith's description of the Archbishop of York as "a man who . . . shocked all people anxious for peace by declaring that H-tests must go on," this is so facile that there can be no comment. One wonders what Sch. after Mr. Smith's name stands for.

Yours faithfully,
J. Michael Newcombe.

MORE SPORT

TENNIS

The A.G.M.

The Annual General Meeting of the Dublin University Lawn Tennis Club was held in D.U.C.A.C. rooms at 4.30, on Thursday, February 16th. Dr. Pepper was in the chair and the main business discussed was the election of new officers. M. W. Dibb was elected captain in succession to J. D. Oakes, and E. J. Avory, the son of E. R. Avory, the former Davis Cup selector, becomes Hon. Secretary, the post held last year by Dibb. S. M. Swerling was elected Hon. Treasurer in succession to P. R. Hunt. This opportunity should be taken of thanking the outgoing officers for their sterling services.

Plans for the new season were discussed and various tentative arrangements have been made. It is hoped to augment the usual league fixtures with a match against St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, and a team from the Paris Université Club. In addition to the college championships and the Freshmen's tournament there is a possibility that shirts and skirts will appear on the courts competitively in the shape of a mixed doubles tournament. Anyhow a good season's tennis is in store.

FENCING

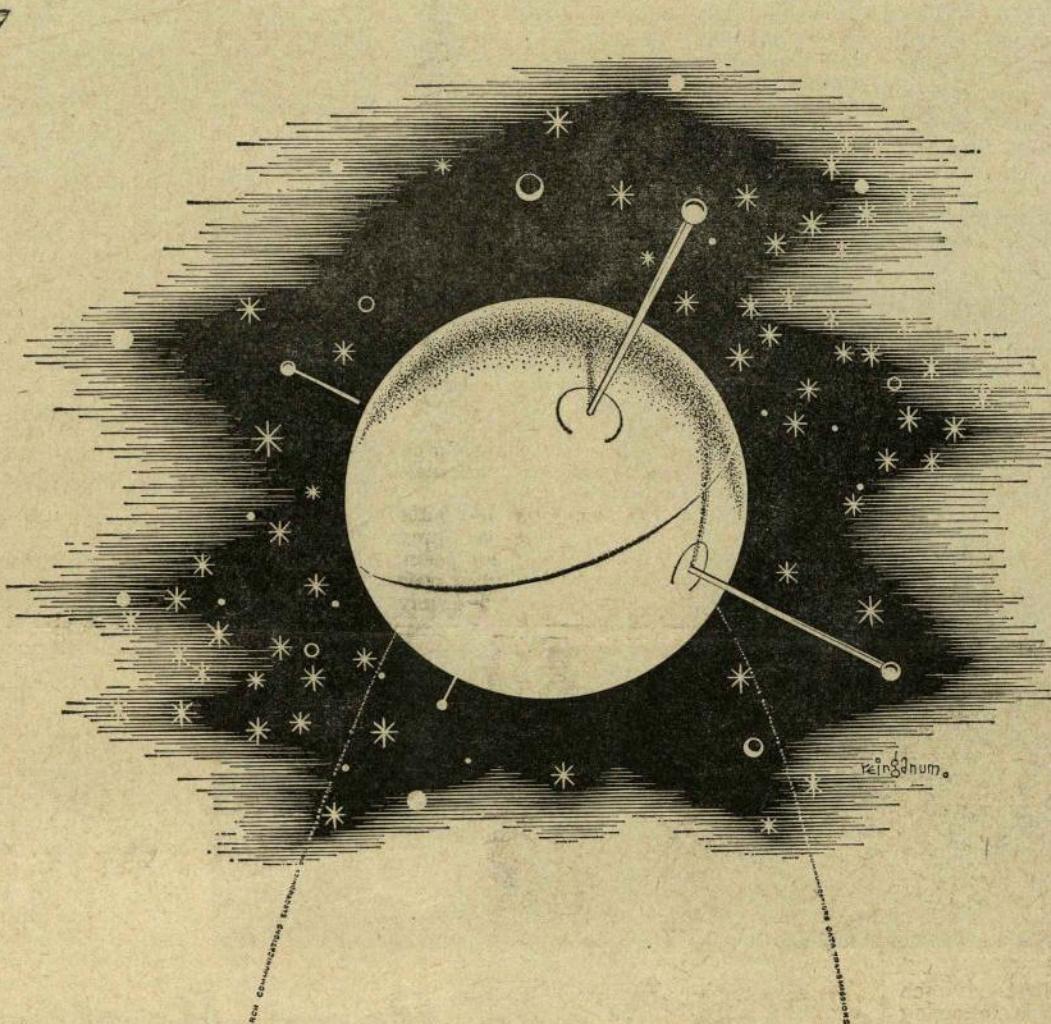
VARSITY CHAMPIONS

Trinity has once again won the Irish Inter-Varsity Fencing Championships, which were held last week-end at University College, and thus retains the Frank Russell Trophy for the second successive year.

The Championships were more closely contested than ever before, and our narrow victory by 4 points over our nearest rivals, Queen's University, Belfast, was achieved more by our consistently high standard in all events rather than by any outstanding performance in any one weapon.

Some fine fencing by Malory Makower and Brian Hamilton enabled us to win the men's team foil, beating U.C.D., 5-0; Q.U.B., 5-2, and the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, 5-1, and Brian Hamilton, Christopher Rye and Vernon Armstrong completely dominated the épée, winning all three matches 5-0. These successes were consolidated by Brian Hamilton, Marcus Robinson and Wolfgang Smolazik, who defeated U.C.D. and R.C.S.I. to come second in the sabre, and by the ladies' foil team, Susan Brooks, Pin Lim and Mary Dixon, who were second in their event. Useful points were also gained by Brian Hamilton and Malory Makower who were second and fourth, respectively, in the men's individual foil, and by Pin Lim and Susan Brooks who were second and third in the ladies' individual.

Our thanks must be given to U.C.D. for organising a most enjoyable and, at times, extremely exciting competition.



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Rugby

SECOND-HALF COMEBACK

Co-ordination in the back-line

TRINITY . . . 14; INSTONIANS . . . 9.

WITH Instonians leading by six points at half-time, and Trinity playing like a bunch of disorganised beginners, the match promised little more than a crushing defeat for the home team. In the second half, however, Trinity pulled themselves together to such good effect that they were able to take complete command. Their half-hearted defence of the first half tightened up, and Instonians were denied any further scores; the attack showed intelligence and precision, and there can be little doubt that the backs are now reaching peak form and fitness. In recent weeks Trinity have beaten three of the strongest Belfast clubs, indeed a notable performance.

Instonians very quickly took the lead with a penalty goal, and thereafter looked as though they might increase their score at any moment. Their half-backs seemed to have all the room in the world to move in, and at times the scrum-half was allowed to break through almost at will. The Trinity backs almost without exception tended to fumble under pressure, and Harris was having considerable difficulty with Rees's passes from the scrum. Added to this, Trinity's tackling left much to be desired, especially after dealing with that

to Rees and Harris to make ground on their own. The half backs by now had settled down, and with the aid of lengthy passing by Rees Harris was able to make several well-timed breaks through the Instionians' defence. From one such break, Harris kicked ahead for Hall to burst through, pick-up, and cross near the posts. McMullen converted. Trinity were now really on top, and took the lead when Harris broke, and placed yet another diagonal kick for L'Estrange to pick up expertly and score in the corner. L'Estrange has really come into his own of late, and has scored no fewer than five tries in the last three games. His game is now much more controlled, and

in consequence greatly improved; his following up of kicks ahead is perfectly timed. In L'Estrange and Siggins Trinity have two very speedy and resourceful wings.

Trinity threw everything into attack, and at last full-back Hewitt found himself being caught in possession. A passing movement from a penalty saw hooker Taylor going through, but he was evidently so surprised by his own prowess that he forgot to pass, and a certain score was missed. It made little difference, for the issue was put beyond all doubt when Trinity scored their fourth try. Rees made another fine break from the scrum, and kicked over the full-back's head—Hewitt was so intent on stopping Rees from touching down, that Siggins had no difficulty in picking the ball up and scoring near the posts. McMullen sliced the kick at goal.

This was a most entertaining and lively game, which Trinity did well to win. The team has gone from strength to strength recently, the victory over Queen's being a particularly notable achievement. The out-half problem seems to have been solved at last, and the reinstatement of Rees will add much to the attack. To retain the Cup will be a monumental task, and the teams in Trinity's half of the draw are indeed formidable.

Sports Profile

C. F. Rye — unwilling

Any afternoon a strange long figure may be seen to emerge from number 13 and walk with enormous purposeful strides as it takes its first look at the new day. Those who notice this will know that this is Chris Rye, captain of the Fencing Club and by far the most unwilling sportsman in college.

In spite of his undoubted powers on the piste (he has represented Ireland on two occasions and captained Trinity once again to win two Inter-Varsity Fencing Championships), it would be hard to imagine Chris as the keen and enthusiastic fencer that he is. In two years he has built up the Fencing Club from a moribund group of ten members to a record total of over one hundred members, which in itself is an achievement in college sport. Maybe this success is due to his successful and brilliant career as a logistics expert in the British Army, of which he always speaks with a glow of pride.

Chris's fame as a sporting figure is almost overshadowed by that of his activities in several other fields. As a founder member of the art society which he now serves as Correspondence Secretary he has just pulled off another coup in organising the first exhibition of student art to be held in college. His interests are many and varied, for as well as being an energetic committee member of the Motor Club he finds time to indulge in his passion for Abdulla cigarettes and fiercely sweet tea.

As if by accident, after this string of successes Chris produces a vague interest in Honours Modern History and Political Science. After all, every great man has his weakness.

Harriers

Fast Times

The Harriers held the match against the Royal Cheshire Regimental team from Abercorn Barracks, Co. Down, in perfect conditions in Phoenix Park last Saturday. As a result of the recent exceptional weather the track was dry and the usual mires had disappeared. D.U.H. were unfortunately without C. J. Shillington, but nevertheless they gave a very fine performance against one of the strongest teams in Ireland.

The pace was very fast right from the start and several of the D.U.H. recorded personal best times for the 6 mile course. The race was won in the record time of 31 min. 13 secs., by Cpl. George of the Royal Cheshire Regiment, followed by Lieut. H. Awtrey. A. Sparshott and E. Roe returned the extremely good times of 32.52 and 32.56 to finish 3rd and 4th respectively. S. Whittome finished very strongly regaining 4 places in the last 1½ miles to come in 6th. P. Davey, who has improved continuously through the season, recorded a personal best time of 34.04 to finish 10th followed by F. Quillan who overcame violent cramps to finish strongly in 11th place.

The final result was a win for the Cheshire Regiment, the scores being: D.U.H., 3, 4, 6, 10, 11, 12—46; Royal Cheshire, 1, 2, 5, 7, 8, 9—32.

It should be mentioned that the Abercorn men who finished 7 and 8 lost their way while leading the field otherwise the course record would have been beaten by well over one minute.

Swimming

Sound Defeat

In the first round of the Beveridge Shield Queen's soundly defeated Trinity. Trinity attacked well in the first minutes but were discouraged by an early penalty against them. The defence of Murnane, O'Brien-Kelly, and Dowse in goal played well but could not hold the fitter Queen's forwards. In the second half a good movement by Jagoe and Mathews resulted in Sharpe scoring Trinity's only goal. Trinity were, perhaps, unfortunate in that one of their players was out of the pool for much of the game.

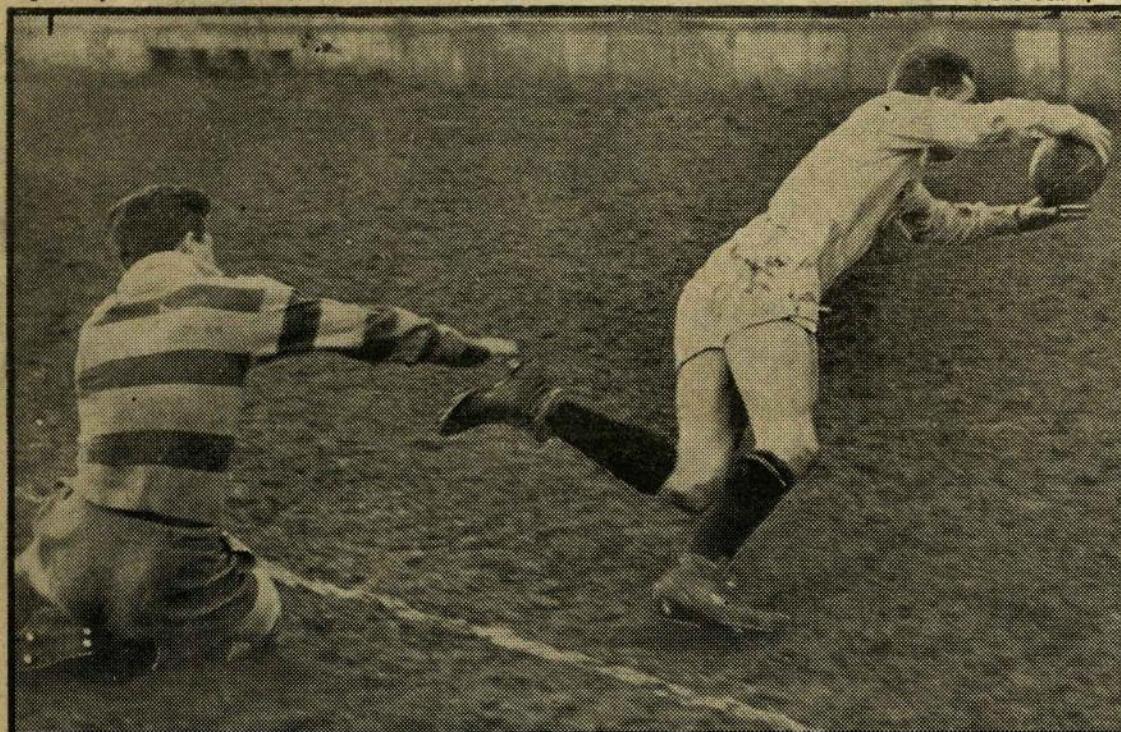
Queen's defeated U.C.D. 6-2 in the final.

In the Freshman's Swimming Championships held the same night, Trinity and U.C.C. tied for second place behind Queen's with U.C.D. fourth.

On Monday, in a match against Glasgow University and U.C.D., Glasgow won the swimming with Trinity second and U.C.D. third. In an enjoyable polo match Glasgow narrowly defeated Trinity 3-1.

LADIES

In the match against Glasgow and U.C.D., Glasgow were first with U.C.D. and Trinity second and third. The best performance of the match was by S. Henry of Glasgow who won every event.



L'Estrange bursts through to score against Instonians on Saturday.

Courtesy of Irish Times

colossus of a full-back, S. Hewitt. He it was that scored Instonians first try when he came up on the blind side following a five-yard scrum, and crashed his way over in the corner. This brought some reaction from Trinity when Rees broke clean through at great speed, but found nobody in support to take his pass.

Shortly after this Harris broke on the left, stopped, and placed a perfect kick up the right wing for L'Estrange to dispossess the Instonians' defender and dive over in the corner. Instonians scored again shortly before half-time, and again full-back Hewitt was responsible. Fielding the ball from a kick ahead near the half-way line, he set off with tank-like determination, fought his way through goodness knows how many tackles, and went over far out. His own attempt at conversion hit the upright.

From the very onset of the second half Trinity began to take greater control. Though the pack missed several regular members, they now played with more purpose and intelligence. Powell and Fitzpatrick were always active in the loose, and Dowse was frequently out-jumping his opposite number in the line-outs. The Trinity centres were still unable to achieve anything like penetration from the orthodox attack, and it was left

Six Year Bogy Beaten

TRINITY, 6; QUEEN'S UNIV., BELFAST, 3.

This was indeed a splendid and somewhat surprising victory for Trinity, who have not beaten Queen's for many a long year. Most of the praise must go to the pack, who after a shaky start, completely outplayed their opposite numbers, especially in the loose, and thereby robbed the Queen's backs of the ball they so much needed. The immensely strong Queen's back division—all of them had at least played for their province—was well held by the Trinity defence. The Trinity backs were more than adequate in attack, but they still lack the ability to make the ball move to the wings swiftly and crisply. This is a pity as they have two speedy and intelligent wings, one of them, L'Estrange, being the most improved player in the side.

Trinity kicked off, and though Queen's attacked strongly, the defence held out while the side settled down. Play was then very even up to half-time with both sides missing two tries "that should have been." Just before the interval, David Hewitt, eluding Hall on one of the rare occasions, put his wing over in the corner.

From the re-start the Trinity forwards were well on top, and scores seemed imminent. The first came when a Queen's "25" drop-out rebounded off Hall to the ground. The same player picked it up again, and sidestepping three would-be tacklers, handed on to Leeson who crashed over near the posts. The kick failed. Soon after, however, from a quick heel in the loose, the ball went out to L'Estrange who ran well to score in the corner. The kick again failed, but this was to be the winning try. The Queen's backs again attacked dangerously, but never seemed able to elude the last Trinity defender. The Trinity halves, Harris and Rees, kicked defensively until the final whistle. Rees, who had a splendid game, makes a very welcome return to the side.

COLONEL MAY

Back on Form

The success of last week's selection, Carry On, made May a most relieved Colonel. With a new spirit of optimism spreading through the column, the Colonel this week is interested in two horses. His weekly selection is *Perhapsburg* (Kempton, Friday). This grey ran well in Ireland last summer and won its first race in England in the Tudor Rose Bowl Hurdle at Hurst Park. It should run again—and again. The second horse runs the day after, also at Kempton. It is *Just My Mark*, an impressive if surprising winner last time out. It should certainly be good enough to run into a place. Finally, the Colonel urges his followers to watch out for *Fair Dimple* at Leopardstown next week, especially if there is any money for it.

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