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Trinity News

A Dublin University Undergraduate Weekly

THURSDAY, 6th JUNE, 1963

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Touts with Ball Tickets -alleged

Ball Committee replies

At the SRC last Friday, Miss Jennifer Sarkies and Mr. Percy Mason alleged that there was a black-market in Ball tickets, and that £106 of tickets had been sold to one person, presumably for re-sale.

There was an angry discussion and two motions were proposed, both alleging incompetence in D.U.C.A.C. and one suggesting that the SRC should run the Ball.

Several members pointed out that no proofs had been offered, and Mr. John Watt announced that £106 would buy 60.57 tickets. Mr. Brian West, a member of the Ball Committee, said the rumours was nonsense. Both motions were defeated.

"Trinity News" prints a letter from the Committee in answer to the charges. They announce that they have kept back some tickets, which will be sold on Friday at noon in No. 27. Those who are appealing at Front Gate for tickets at almost any price, please note.

This meeting, the first under its new President, Mr. J. N. Newcombe, was an extremely lively one and he began his term of office by defining his concept of the S.R.C. He suggested that it ought to be a much more positive body and to ensure this he urged that more people should attend meetings so that he would have

ELECTIONS

Trinity News

"Trinity News" Staff Elections were held last Thursday. The Chairman for Michaelmas Term will be Hugh White. The Vice-Chairman will be David Ridley.

Film Soc

At the A.G.M. of the Film Society on Wednesday, May 22nd the following elections were made: President, Dr. Murdoch; chairman, R. Brinton; secretary, P. G. L. Coulson; treasurer, A. P. Trypanis; publicity, T. Booth; committee, E. Simmons, C. de Goguel, I. Whitcombe, T. Baker.

Eliz

The results of the Eliz. elections for the 1963/64 Committee: President, Fiona Wright; Treasurer, Bim Hargrove; Correspondence Secretary, Dinah Wood; Record Secretary, Melissa Stanford; Librarian, Honor Bell; Catering, Rachel Woods; Publicity, Gillie McCall.

Young Colony

Young Colony is a new word in fashion . . . it's the gay young department at Brown Thomas which sets the fashion trend for 15 to 25 year olds. Smart up-to-the-minute casuals and separates. Budget priced coats and suits. Dreamy dance dresses. The Young Colony means young fashion . . . at your price.

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Susan Ridyard, Scilla Ellworthy, Elizabeth Bell, Caroline Western and Patricia Smyth at the Regatta on Saturday. Elizabeth Bell, who coxed the crew—the only completely female crew on the river—writes about their ordeal on page five.

Fashion at Races

At 3.00 p.m. in College Park yesterday afternoon the judges of "Trinity News" Elegance Queen Competition had only three names on the pad.

They were Gillian Crampton, in a blue/green flowered cotton dress which had a most original matching hat rimmed with boater-type straw; June Orr, the eventual winner, and Margaret Heftt, whose features, topped by red and blue sloppy straw, won a special prize for the most attractive face under the most attractive hat.

The beauties rolled in after 3.30 p.m., which was most frustrating for the judges who thought their job done. Jenny Oakley was very high in the reckoning, as was Gill Hawser in a cerise suit with a neat blue hat centred by a deep red rose of French silk. Angled pink roses were used to great effect by Gay Douglas, whose partner, Roland Brinton, was unofficially voted the most modernly dressed male. Anne Slattery in French grey and pink was challenging June Orr for some time, had she known she possibly would not have looked so gorgeously unruled. Penny Chatterton looked truly lovely but someone criticised her ironing which was the sort of detail the judges had to resort to in order to separate the leaders.

A very close contender for a place was Paddy Christie in a medium blue sleeveless dress which had an intriguing train which either swished like a tail or flowered out like angelic wings. Meriel Lynn-Bowie was the prettiest girl there and Rosemary Fisher was once again well in the running with her semi-schoolgirl outfit creating a great impression. Caroline MacLean must have been the most chic and her colour scheme earned high marks, while Fiona Bird's (or Charles Edwards') dark blue silk square was arranged with great intelligence giving a gay, Continental look.

Marianne Alexander missed 1st place for not emphasising her black shoes with a black handbag, but won high praise for the remainder of her turn-out; a great credit to her trainer. June Orr was finally voted the winner for what Miss Kay Toal described as the most "subdued and tasteful elegance present."

ELEGANCE QUEEN

JUNE ORR

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LUNCHEONS DAILY.

12.30-3 p.m.

METROPOLE

O'Connell St., DUBLIN

Trinity News

A Dublin University Undergraduate Weekly

Vol. 10

Thursday, 6th June, 1963

No. 19

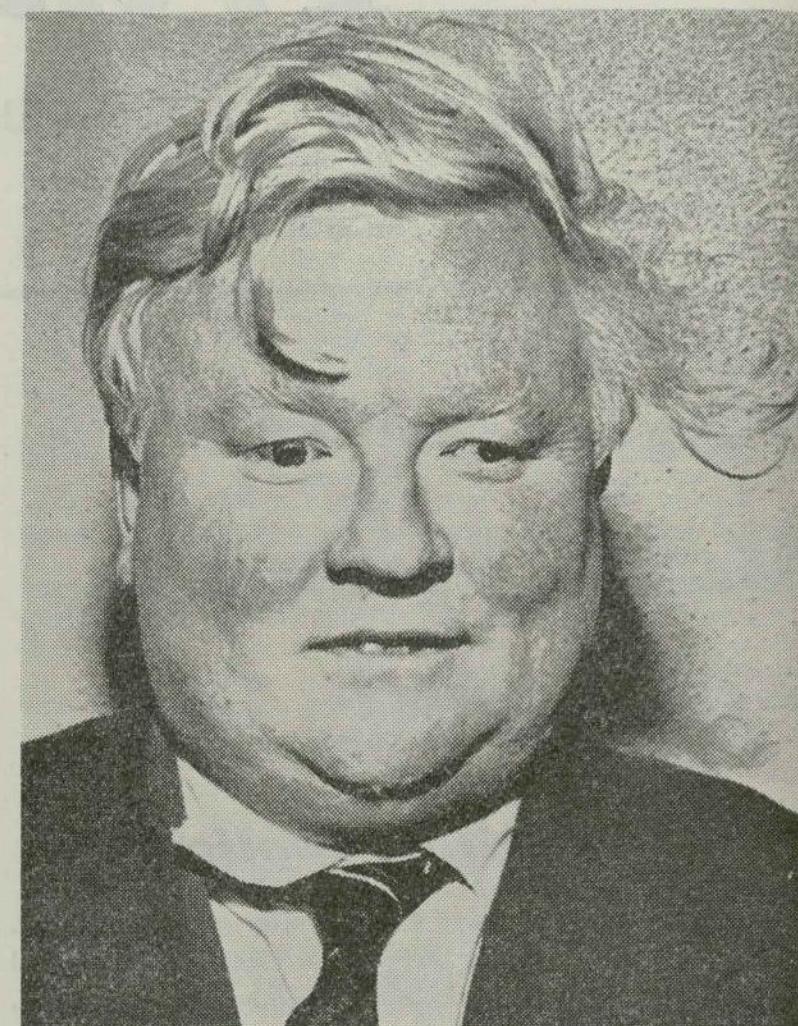
ALEC REID—critic wit friend

Alec Reid, The name immediately conjures up an image: large, untidy, a shock of white tousled hair, a round seraphic face, always active, the small eyes gazing intently at an apparent nothing yet missing little. In these few words one can describe the physical Alec Reid. Many who do not know him personally speak of him with affection, with amusement, with kindness. Those who have been privileged to know him—and there must be thousands of them—can talk about him for hours.

Educated at Merchant Taylor's School, F. A. Reid then read Law at Magdalen College, Oxford. Qualified, he worked for Lady Astor for a while, then taught English in Lisbon and Alexandria and, finally, and unexpectedly, decided to come to Dublin to read Modern Languages (English and French). He is to-day Assistant to the Professor of English, a voracious expert on Keats and the Metaphysical Poets, critic to the "Irish Times" and "The Irish Tatler and Sketch," penetrating commentator on both Samuel Beckett and Greece, and has a compendious knowledge of poetry and limericks!

In Alec's case, these facts are totally useless as a means of doing him justice. As a friend of any student who requires help, he has been known to solve more problems than any psychiatrist; and in this his wife is as unfailing as she is in helping, giving advice, often going to tremendous trouble—both financial and moral—to preserve the fundamental integrity of the student and their friendship. Their home at Ballybrack is seldom empty—friends are forever arriving and departing, often at strange hours; but there is no surprise, the Reids are delighted, happy, to see them, but accept them as part of the perpetual surprise of being alive.

His wit is as devastating as it is shrewd, and for this reason he has often been a script-writer for Players' Revues in past years, as well as writing bitter-sweet songs. It is also surprising that his articles on playwrights should be highly sought after in America, and that his knowledge of Keats



should be so scholarly and yet so human, so deep and yet so sympathetic.

As one gets to know him better, one discovers that all his actions are slightly larger than life—his laugh, his gait and his speech, which is a various mixture of legalese, humour and literary references, for he can quote verbatim large dollops of Shakespeare, Donne, Keats, Browning and Macneice, as well as the classics.

To see Alec Reid after a lecture is to see him at his most typical. With gown awry, and tousled hair, swaying from foot to foot, his head cocked on one side, he will stand for any length of time chatting, joking, listening (sometimes), recounting, always attentive. Such is his atmosphere that someone was once heard to remark after an English lecture: "The b—, the utter b—; but he made us think!"

He has always devoted a lot of

his time to the well-being of Arab, African and other students, to whom the working of an Irish University might appear strange and mystical. To them he is tutor and friend, without ever relinquishing for a moment his own speech or attitude.

He considers that one of his main functions, as a friend, usually over a pint, is to criticise and condemn such actions of his friends as seem necessary, and in this he is merciless and relentless, but it is always the action, never the person, which is condemned.

With his interests varying from Cesar Franck to football (rugby, of course), from language to lowering a good pint of draught, he has always something to say, is seldom at a loss for words, whatever the context, always ready to learn. If you don't know him, you ought to. He is—in fact—just, simply and unobtrusively: Alec Reid.

Knights Literati

Though the Knights of the Campanile may not have imagination themselves, they are reluctant to destroy that rare quality in others; especially to shatter an image of their society held by a person of such clearly superb imaginative powers as he who composed (and rather than composed, they are tempted to say created, in a Coleridge-like trance of mystic stupor) the article THE PAVILION CLASS, which graced the pages of the last issue of T.C.D. Shatter it they must, for the Knights are not noble but brutish men, yet even their rugger-thick skins cringe at revoking such poetic licence for mere fact. Here are some mere facts: the funds for tea at the Pavilion do not come from capitulation fees; more than half of the Trinity Week Committee are not Knights; Knights of the Campanile quite often do have good organization powers (oh Philistine attribute!) and subsequently find themselves in responsible positions in no way connected with the organization to which they have been elected. But these are just truths, and as such could make no possible impression on the creator of such a masterpiece of myth as THE PAVILION CLASS.

Who was he?

Who, with the twist of a Swift and the thrust of Nabokov could

write such a prose peniard as—those who willy-nilly contribute a large part of their capitulation fee to provide the wherewithal for the Hearties to expand their sexual impulse in the clean open air . . . ? Ah, but this is not for the musclebound brain of a Knight to ponder; the mind of the "average Knight" boggles at the sophisticate image of the snubbed intellectual dancing on the cricket pitch flinging his money in "willy-nilly" abandonment to the hairy ape of a Knight who, snarling in "willy-nilly" savagery, scoops it from the ground and leaps off "willy-nilly" to the Pavilion (that old Bacchic temple), where he procures the satisfaction of that "sexual impulse" not shared by the metaphysical intellectual who dances away, "willy-nilly," with a hey nenny nenny, with a hey nenny nenny ne.

Pity the crude and stupid Knights of the Campanile whose wits do not "entail (hal)" the brilliant literary device of underlining wonderfully funny and original puns, and whose minds cannot comprehend the subtle shadings of THE PAVILION CLASS; the shades of venomous yellow journalism. The venom, no doubt, is compounded from the juice of sour grapes.

[Good . . . very good. How's that for venom?]

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Letters

Sir,—This time last year, Terence de Vere White stated that one of the great dangers in student writing generally is that false hopes are very often established while at University, because scripts are accepted almost too readily.

Bill Oddie states of this term's revue, "in its worst moments it reaches a level of quite unbelievable banality. That the good moments outweigh the bad in the proportions that they do is something to be profoundly grateful for."

Having seen Draw a Line Somewhere, one can only regret the completely disappointing quality of this ensuing revue: it savours of crude vulgarity, banality, and is barren of subject matter—indeed, the worst I have seen in Trinity. Someone has said, "The acting is good, but the script is bad." I agree—and thereby hangs my advice. —Yours, etc.,

D. C. JOHNSTON.

Continued on page 5

SINGERS PRELUDE TO EDINBURGH

Last week's concert given by Singers under Stephen Ryle was one of those outstandingly successful occasions which the comparatively large audience will remember for some time.

It began with five Chansons by Lassus. The varying moods were admirably caught and the performance was very good, especially in the gentle and moving "Mon coeur se recommande." The choir obviously enjoyed Britten's Flower Songs as much as the audience. The cross rhythms of "Marsh Flowers" and the patter of "Green Broom" at times made it difficult to hear the words but this is a minor criticism considering the difficulty of these songs.

The main item of the concert was some sacred polyphonic music Josquin des Prez's "Ave Maria" and Palestrina's "Stabat Mater." It was the performance of the latter which made the evening so

memorable. It was surely the best piece of singing in Trinity since the days of Julian Dawson. The feeling for the music and the delicate tone, combining with power when necessary, made the music exquisite. It more than justified the encore, a repeat of one of the Chansons.

The organ playing of John Patterson is well-known in College. One felt perhaps that he was a little less than happy in Kellner's Chorale Prelude, but his performance of Bach's Toccata and Fugue in F major was impressively beautiful.

Altogether the concert provided an excellent send-off for Singers who are performing in an Edinburgh church as a part of the Festival in September. This is a fitting reward for Stephen Ryle whose ability has brought Singers back to greatness after some terms in the wilderness.

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To those at home who notice some change in me, I explain that I've now been at Trinity for almost a year. This seems to satisfy most people, but it started me thinking, painful procedure for those who like Winnie the Pooh, are "bears of very little brain."

One of the first things I learnt at Trinity was that there is more to life than just thinking. I soon put aside such childish ambitions as becoming Auditor of the Hist., President of the Phil., Editor of T.C.D. for the more serious task of "getting on" in life. There are, I find, far pleasanter paths to fame.

I learned that to become a name in College, one of the sought-after few, is quite easy if you go about it in the right way. The first requisite is a "contact." If you haven't got a suitable one, they are easily recognisable in the coffee bar or the Bailey by the rows of coffee cups or stout glasses that surround them and the back-slapping and shrieks of female delight that follow them. Your contact, if you work it right, will be delighted to have another acolyte, and will ensure that you are seen with the Right People. I have not yet discovered who chooses the Right People or why they are chosen. But suffice it to say that they exist. They also give parties at which one must be seen.

Until you have achieved social success, the Bailey is the place to go to find out what parties are on, and usually you can find someone to take you who has actually been invited. If not, there is a definite art in gate-crashing. One can't hope to be proficient in one year. It takes many a festive season to master that concentrated gaze of recognition with which you elbow past the gentlemen on the door, or the vague: "Old what's his name asked me . . ." with any success.

In lesser way name-dropping and cutting people, if properly done can help one greatly on the way to success, but nothing is more prejudicial to a career at Trinity than a clumsy name-drop or an ill-judged cut. One is instantly marked out as a social climber and it really might be as well to cut one's losses and leave. A name can be dropped like a pebble in a pond, a quiet "plop" is far more satisfying than a great crash. The same goes for cutting people; it should be done with finesse, when a well-placed cut can completely change one's standing in College.

This super-civilised life in Trinity seems to me to contrast strangely with life in the city outside. The Irish are so unsophisticated in comparison, so friendly without reason. I remember that old woman at the bus stop who I talked to for a few moments. "Good-bye me darlin'," she said. "God bless you." Really I don't know what I'm saying. You would never believe it but once, when I first came to Ireland, I wanted to live in a slum and do nothing but talk and drink with the locals.

I have indeed changed.

OCULI OMNIUM — OCULI OMNIUM

Last week's Mount Street party was given on Tuesday by the Laurentians. Gloria Bolingbroke Kent looked happy with Chris Whittaker, and so did Fiona Wright with gorgonzola. Stoical John Roome suffered his injured foot in silence. Noel and Hugh Teacher didn't stay long. The lights were fused so Peter Hulton played the piano by matchlight.

The barbecue on Ireland's Eye was a Party with Potential. Richard Gayer's organisation was repaid by Wednesday's being a dry moonlit night. John Bushnell took the first ferryload from Howth and would-be sailors meekly sat down as they met the first bakers. Nature manifested herself as gulls hatched from deserted eggs in cigarette light and to an orchestra of bottle openers and frying sausages. Undaunted by rats and stinging nettles, Peter Vesey and Olivia Walsh Kemmis, Ian Angus and Leonore Best ate potatoes in the firelight. John Binning dozed in the embers. Big Chief Wing Field, wrapped in blanket, danced through the flames. Jerry Walsh said his party pieces to enliven the flagging revellers.

Bill Parker, Joe Stans and Robert Hunter gave a cocktail party on Thursday. Rayner Lissaght raised his fists in defence of the Fabians, and was bound in seven green withs by the Lords of the Philistines. Jenny Greenleaves and her pet leopard were there, as was Tim Webb and "Icarus." Bon viveur John Watt stayed to the end, but didn't join in the dancing round the mulberry bush.

We went to the country for the party of the week given by Scilla Elworthy, Nina Boyd, Gill Ross, and Jane Lewis. The jazz band was in great form, rivalled by Richard Woodward and his guitar round the bonfire. There were some nice rustic touches: glamorous David Stock in sailor's shirt, Mike Stout in workman's shirt; but none of them were a spot on Gillian Chance's trousers. Peter Edmonds twisted. Peter West and Mirabella Walker hand in hand with wandering steps and slow through thistles took their solitary way. Noel Bolingbroke Kent was heard to say to Hugh Teacher, "But he's nude, quite nude." However it turned out to be only a Bear.

T.C.D. were our hosts on Friday but looked rather depressed about it. However, at least it meant there was enough drink for those who come. Shane Ucksherry Hearne kept a fatherly eye on Ian. Loss of a tooth prevented Ann Livock from joining in wholeheartedly. I wonder if Sam Swerling could still tell her age.

The élite of Trinity party-goers were invited out to Palmstown later that evening by Juliet Richardson, Anthea Blenkin, Sara Jackson and Suzanne Lawlor. Mark Stralheron looked a pleasant peasant, and Mike Newling more cynical than satirical. Dinah Wood looked stunning in red and so did Angela Goldsmith in white. Norrie hamster Bolting danced with Juliet to the strains of the Somerville Large Trio.

Some people managed to get lifts to the violated nummery on Saturday where Tony Quinn and Penny Samuels gave a "splendid" party. Snake-Bite and Tim Maloney didn't make it, but Mike MacKenzie, Mike Jones, Mike Stoner and two bullocks did. David Ridley was delighted to see everyone and David Dixon was

very British. Sue and Heather were successfully appropriated, and there was no dancing on the balcony but plenty on the roof. Ali the girls were driven home. So were the bullocks.

Studens Trinitatis reveals his character most frankly at feeding time.

Watch him at regular feeding hours and you will realise that it is by his philosophical patience or irritation as he watches the keeper wheeling in the fodder, that he betrays his inner self.

Last Tuesday feeding time changed for many when the Eliz. held their annual garden party. At four o'clock they started arriving, no doubt bearing in mind the admirable adage that the early Bird gets the Worm. For Bird remembers that each one is accompanied by a knight who will guard her assiduously. For Worm read strawberries; and remember how they glowed in expectancy three fifty nine p.m. June fourth. This was the test; trial-by-strawberries was to show up each one. Oh bitter chagrin to see a flower-like face transformed to harsh anticipation. Oh relief to hear a word of thanks to the waiters. For them the garden party is all trays and teapots. They have no time to notice the hats or the heads beneath. Girls do seem to have gone rivermad this year. Boaters, boaters everywhere. How brave was she who flouted convention and wore a daisy-chain. The size of hats was rather conservative, for which those trying to see Players'

masque over four people's heads must have given thanks. Players, especially the three Mikes, were much appreciated and those who couldn't see aerated the lawn with stiletto heels or came back for wilting sandwiches or crumbling cake.

Then mellowed with food and sun they drifted round again, until the passage of time and the call of the cocktail parties finally dispersed them and the Eliz. garden party was no more.

gobbets

The Earl of Mornington, whose more illustrious son, the great Duke, vanquished the "World's Victor" at Waterloo, was a contemporary of Goldsmith, and the first Professor of Music here.

* * *

The College Historical Society's splendid traditions date from the inauguration of Burke's Historical Club in 1747. The early minutes are written in Burke's own hand. A critical discrimination on the part of the members, remarkable in the light of later history, is recorded in the minute of April 28th, 1747, when "Mr. Burke, for an essay on the Genoese, was given thanks for the matter, but not for the delivery."

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CRESTS

false colours

It is well known that Trinity College has a coat of arms. A description of it is to be found in the front of the Calendar.

Azure, a Bible closed, clasps to the dexter, between in chief, on the dexter, a lion passant, on the sinister, a harp, all or, and in base a castle with two towers domed, each surmounted by a banner flotant from the sides, argent, the dexter flag charger with a cross, the sinister with a saltire, gules."

Although these arms were only granted officially at the beginning of this century, they had been in use for about three hundred years. The earliest dated seal of the College shows the year 1612.

The reason for placing the date in the design is unknown, though it is possible that this was the year that the arms were granted to Trinity. Since this original grant of arms, if it ever existed, has been lost one cannot be sure whether they were in fact granted or designed by a member of the College such as Ussher. Another design came into use in the reign of Charles I; from then on it was used at sporadic intervals and from about the year 1850 the College Certificates were engraved showing the towers in the arms "fired proper."

Other authorities describe them as "flammant," it it amounts to the same thing, and if was any-



The Arms of the University.

way discontinued at the time of the Tercentenary of Trinity College in 1892. There was one exception to this: the University of Dublin Choral Society only ceased to use this variant of the College arms last year. It seems

that this and other designs were used concurrently with the correct one as the Premium Books have always had the latter printed on their covers. Yet another design was the one used on the pailings that surround College.

It came rather as a surprise to find that Dublin University also has a coat of arms. In 1857 the Senate applied for a grant of arms, and it is probable that they were granted when the Senate was formally incorporated in 1858. It is not certain whether they were in fact granted as the College hasn't got a record of it, though there may be one in the Genealogical Office.

sheets of the Senate which are posted up outside Front Gate. The University Arms are described thus: "Quarterly, second, a Bible open, third, a Castle, argent two towers fired proper, first and fourth ermine, both in a field azure, fess point, a harp surmounted by a crown, or."

Trinity College's relationship to the University of Dublin is one that is very difficult to define. It is best explained in the Introduction to the Dublin University Calendar in the section dealing with the Constitution of the College and University. One point should be mentioned in addition to this. In the past the College

ali notepaper, etc. This rather curious relationship has given rise to curious anomalies.

The sports clubs which describe themselves as Dublin University clubs correctly use the harp surmounted by crown on their ties. The College Historical Society also uses it on theirs, but the University Philosophical Society for some unknown reason does not. The stained glass window in College Chapel dedicated to Bishop Berkeley describes him as a Fellow of the University, which is now meaningless. The Dublin University Calendar sports the College arms on its cover and describes them inside, but nowhere does it even mention those of the



The correct arms of the College.

An incorrect coat of arms of the College in use from the reign of Charles I up till last year.

There are, as far as I know, only two places where these arms may be seen: one is a stained glass window in the Board Room which is in the Provost's House, and the other is on the agenda

has been very much "top dog" and the University has been rather in the background, except for the conferring of degrees. Now Trinity College is taking second place to the University on

vac job

Actually it was Mummy's idea. I mean I would have been quite content to take train numbers all summer, but she said at least I ought to make a pretence of working my way through university. I said that in view of the income-tax I already had to pay on my allowance, this would be a ridiculous extravagance. But she was very determined. Besides it looked very nice in Oxford Street. They had these posters of girls in bathing-costumes round the walls all with different-coloured balls. I had been looking at these for about half an hour when a very nice lady came up and asked if I had any experience. I thought this was rather a rude question, but I said "Well, no actually, but if you'd . . ." "Kitchen Porter," she said, "which camp d'you want?" I said I didn't really know, but I did rather fancy something abroad if th . . . "Bognor-Regis," she said.

That was really how I got this job. Actually I quite like the work—breakfast is a bit difficult because I have to serve out porridge and prunes from my counter as well as corn-flakes, but I only have the soup and sweet to do at lunch and dinner. The waitresses are very kind. They all come from Limerick, Liverpool or Glasgow, so I can't actually understand anything they say, but they've only got really angry with me once—that was when I left the prunes in the hot-plate overnight and even then a few of the campers mistook the fevered and shrivelled grapeshot they found on their plates for pickles. I haven't actually been paid or anything yet, but that doesn't worry me as much as the barbed wire. Rumors has it that they do let out the staff sometimes, but perhaps my turn just hasn't come round yet.

A NOBODY IN IRELAND

Belfast Central Police Station.

Well, I don't know how I am going to face Connie. As I said last week, I had to go and deliver the Holy Water. It took me some little time to find it, but eventually I managed to arrive. A very dark and somewhat dirty spot, but then as I said to the man who opened the door, it was all you could expect in one of the Colonies; I mean look at Singapore.

They were all somewhat impolite. However when they stopped talking about my bowler hat (which certainly is not orange whatever they said) and told them that I had the water for the christening, they changed at once. I must say that even I hadn't realised how many bottles there were in the hearse. It appeared that the seat and the toolbox were stuffed with them. I was looking forward to seeing the actual ceremony because I have read a good deal about the various marriage customs in the British Isles and so I hoped the christening would be interesting.

There were nearly fifty people around and they all began to drink the stuff. It just shows how much trouble some people will go to for religion. They offered some to me but as I pointed, we don't do that sort of thing in Tooting. Then they began singing about Ireland. If I hadn't known what they were drinking I'd have sworn they were drunk. However, as a man who said he was called

O'Neill and I was to call him the "Captain," explained that it was only on account of the emotion of the christening (which he said had been in the afternoon).

They were very kind, but a bit violent, so I thought I'd leave. They wouldn't let me go until I'd had "a drop of the stuff" as they kept calling it. Well, I hadn't much choice and took about a cupful. Really it was most curious. I had no idea bog water tasted quite so pleasant and was even pressed to accept another cup. Then I went off and drove back to my hotel. At least I began to do so.

This morning I woke up here and really they seem more than uncivil. As for their story it's nothing more than a tissue of lies. Obviously I must have had a crash, on account of the headache. But the very large and ugly policeman keeps trying to tell me I was chased by a police car for driving in and out of lamp-posts in a hearse. Furthermore, he says that my trousers were tied to the bonnet. The man is quite obviously a fool and I shall appeal to my M.P. They were most abusive when I told them that I'd been delivering Holy Water to Captain O'Neill for the christening. They're just about to phone the Border where I cross, to confirm my story. At least that should settle it, as I seem to remember I actually left a bottle of "the stuff" as a present. A telegram from Lupin says he's coming to bail me out . . .

By Charles Pooter

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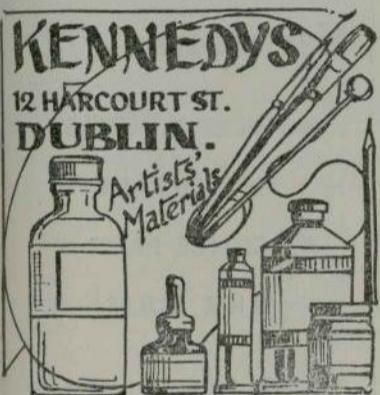
Strollers in College Park on Monday morning saw the charred remnants of the cricket scorebox which had mysteriously flared up the previous night. The fire broke out around 11.00 p.m. and inevitable rumours attribute the cause of the disaster to anything from cigarette ends to sheer vandalism.

But perhaps disaster is the wrong word, for in its delapidated condition, it was a gruesome sight. Might it not have been some great lover of cricket anxious to improve the beauty of College Park before the West Indian Touring side visit us next week?

Personal

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Female Boaters Girls fours at Regatta

It's this business of men versus women all over again. Most of the boat-club admittedly were with us, enthusiastic even. But there were a few who saw in us the beginning of an assault on the last stronghold of male privilege.

Of course we only did it for fun. Heaven knows we don't want to be the first female members of the boat-club. You should see our hands after a fortnight's rowing.

It was difficult to know how to be good enough to stop people calling us nit-wit females, without being labelled as hefty sporty creatures.

Our first outing was quite an experience. Armed with hair-raising stories about getting swept over the weir, being mown down by the first eight, or thrown out of the boat when someone caught a crab, we stepped gingerly into the boat, ominously long and thin and rocking wildly from side to side. We tied ourselves in securely—(what happened if we capsized we weren't told) and shot with alarming rapidity first into the rushes and then towards the weir. After what seemed an age with the boat rocking from side to side and all of us shrieking advice, to which no-one paid the slightest attention, we at last set off up the river, to the cheers and whoops of half the

boatclub lining the bank. It's quite a long way up the River mostly uphill.

"Help" shouted someone, "we're going up a drain." Of course we all stopped rowing and immediately got entangled in the bushes, (to the vast amusement of passing eights, who were sharply ordered to keep their eyes in their own boats).

The Regatta itself was fabulous, though we spent the morning literally quaking with fright. There's no doubt about it—a bit of publicity is very salutary. The jazz band played a fanfare, the Starter went quite mad trying to organize us, and a few people even stopped drinking for a moment to watch the strange phenomena of women rowing.

There is no doubt about it, Trinity Regatta will never be the same again.

Regatta Story

Trinity disappointed

Before a large holiday crowd, basking on the banks of the river at Islandbridge, Trinity drew a blank at their own regatta last Saturday. In spite of this disappointment, the event was a huge success, and under the warm sun and blue sky the defeats suffered, lost some of their bitterness.

Surprise of the Saturday afternoon was the semi-final victory of Collegians over the Trinity Senior Eight. On the previous day Trinity had defeated Queens quite impressively and it seemed that the decision to race in the Italian boat was justified. However by Saturday afternoon, a brisk headwind was making the water choppy and after a good start Trinity were soon in trouble against the breeze. After two minutes Collegians were a length in front and although Trinity sputtered they gained only a few feet and Collegians crossed the finishing line 1½ lengths in front.

The Juniors got off to a good start by winning their first race against old rivals, Dublin Commercial. The two crews were equally matched and Trinity rowed extremely well to win by a length. Unfortunately this form was not

maintained and in their next race they were defeated by Neptune.

The Maiden VIII, racing together for the first time, were understandably a little shaky in their race against a typically well-drilled Portona crew and although they lost by three lengths, the racing experience was invaluable and they should improve considerably before their next Regatta. The Ramblers had a rather breezy row against the Garda Senior VIII and would have won had the course only been half as long.

The most amusing and entertaining event of the Regatta was the Club Pairs which provided several amazing spectacles. To the disgust of some older members of the Boat Club and unmitigated delight of others the girls of Trinity took to the water for the first time and performed, always with grace and sometimes with skill appearing completely unruffled and smiling at the end of every race and disappeared into the Liffey.

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New Knights

Last week four new members were elected to the Knights of the Camarile. R. F. Reed, recently awarded his Pink and made captain of the Rugby Club was one; the others were V. Northwood (Rowing), C. Wilkenson (Badminton) and R. Brownlee (Swimming).

COOKS -to be sure!

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Grand Slam

Depleted side in innings defeat

In the absence of J. Boucher, who was unable to raise a side this year because of previous commitments, Loughborough College were our visitors for the two-day Trinity Week fixture.

Their ability was well-known and one sage predicted a crushing defeat for Trinity. How true he was! Loughborough proved themselves to be a ruthlessly efficient side, brushing aside our challenge and winning by an innings and 29 runs.

Guthrie's continued ill-luck with the toss meant that Trinity found themselves fielding first yet again.

Despite the absence of our usual opening attack of Hughes and Rice, because of injury and approaching finals, their deputies, Marshall-Smith and Parker bowled with welcome hostility and sent back the Loughborough openers for 41 runs. By lunch with the score at 117 for 4, the game was delicately balanced and Trinity had the chance to assert themselves. In retrospect it was to be the only chance and it was not taken for the afternoon belonged to our visitors.

Their captain Wrightson, a powerful left-hander, and the Warwickshire all-rounder R. B. Edwards added 177 in 116 minutes. It was delightfully attacking cricket and when the declaration came at 313 for 5, Trinity could only blame themselves for dropping vital catches.

Trinity's reply to this mammoth total began disastrously. Edmonds was able to make the ball lift wickedly on occasions and Bagley found this especially embarrassing. Labbett and Markham tried to

restore the position, the former showing a welcome return to form, the latter, more subdued than of late, but nonetheless effective against Loughborough's continued accuracy. However wickets fell steadily and before lunch on the second day, we had been asked to bat for a second time. Labbett alone had managed to stay there and was last out, having scored 80 valuable runs.

The second innings was no better than the first. For a brief time, a draw might have been salvaged when Guthrie and Labbett were together but on the dismissals, the match moved barely towards its inevitable end.

Loughborough showed us they were mortals by dropping two catches late in the game but their fielding on the whole was a joy to watch. Clean ground-fielding, swift accurate throwing augmented the batting power, to which Trinity had no real answer.

Scores — Loughborough, 313-5 dec.

Trinity, 142 (Labbett 80). 142, (Guthrie 47).

Five-a-side

After a very successful initial competition last year, the number of entries for the Trinity Week 5-a-side soccer cup rose to 59. Although "Captain Becher" has not been consulted, last year's winners "Old Campbellians," resplendent in their greenery, must win again this year. They have yet to be strongly fancied to last the pace. They have yet to concede a goal, and though they encountered a little difficulty from "The Hustlers," seem a bunch of thoroughbreds; Also fancied is the "Trinity Week Committee," who are in the pink of condition striking their best form beating "L'Equipe" by three clear goals in the last round. They might encounter difficulty if they meet "Conway's Casuals." Very impressive at their first outing, "The Casuals," are slowly running into form, and they must be a very good bet if they can conquer their individualistic tenderness. Messrs. Bennetts and Davenport are still a little under trained, I feel, but the stable has good potential.

"Bother Plordiv," with acrobatic goalkeeper J. Haslett inspiring

confidence from the rear, have been playing good football and they seem capable of reaching the semi-finals. The "Cryptkicker Five," are improving rapidly and their victory over "The Temperance 5" in the last round was outstanding. They are playing as a team, with R. Worrell and R. Loram providing a solid basis for the team's effort.

These then are the favourites.

Three other teams "The Technicians," "Business Studies Freshmen," and "Le Club Sporting," are relative dark horses but the fact

that they have reached the last

eight is an achievement in itself.

However, your correspondent on

the course, doubts whether they

will last much longer in this higher

grade of competition.

The finals will be played on

Trinity Thursday between 5.00 p.m.

and 7.00 p.m. A very entertaining

couple of hours can be assured

and everyone is cordially invited

to participate vocally.

My forecast for the final —

well! I think that Old Campbellians

will probably play the Crypt-

kicker "5" but the field is wide

open!

Flying Colours

Helen McCandless became the first woman to obtain D.U.S.C. colours for over five years when she and Dick Watson sailed against U.C.D. for the first time last Wednesday.

A complete rout of the opposition was recorded, D.U.S.C. clearly winning all of the four races sailed.

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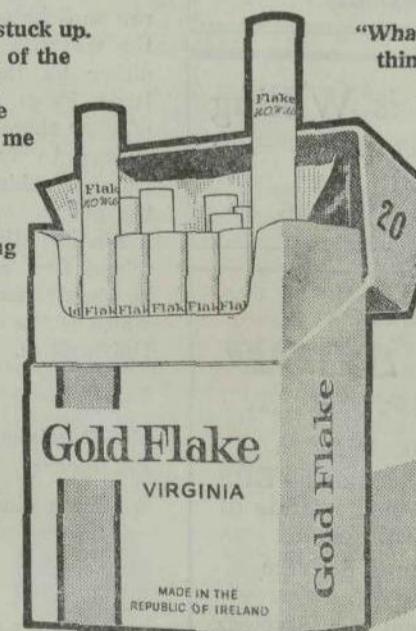
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