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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Weekly

THURSDAY, MAY 31st, 1962

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Summer School— Applications Rush From Abroad

PRESSURE for admission to this year's Summer School is greater than ever before, according to the Registrar, Mr. Hugh Shields. As last year the 147 students attending the School overstrained the facilities available to them, admissions this year have had to be limited to a maximum of 150, even with considerable re-organisation. The Summer School is to be held from July 4th until July 18th.

The difficult task of sorting through the flood of applications for admission, scholarships and stewardships is already well in hand. The Registrar now has to refuse a large number of late applicants for the few remaining places, including it seems, a surprisingly high proportion of elderly American ladies.

The Summer School, which was started in 1949 by a group of students from the newly formed Association for International Affairs, is now organised under the auspices of the Board. With the help of the D.U.A.I.A. it attracts students from all over the world. Last year members came mainly from America, France, Germany, Sweden and Egypt, as well as some fifteen Irish students. Other countries which have been represented include Thailand, Turkey, Poland and Uruguay. Two Russian students have attended in the past, and it is hoped that more will follow.

It is not widely realised in College that the School is open to Trinity students at a reduced subscription of ten shillings for non-resident membership. Of the 21 Trinity students who attended last year's school, six acted as stewards. Six more will be chosen for this year and will attend the course free, help in the practical organisation and act as guides and hosts to the foreign students. There are still a few vacancies for stewards.

About ten scholarships, worth £30 each, are awarded yearly to foreign students who submit work of Irish interest to the Registrar and who can produce a recommendation from their Universities. The scholarships are awarded by the Cultural Relations Committee of Ireland; the course itself is largely financed by a grant from the Department of External Affairs, without which it is unlikely that the School could be run.

An intensive programme has been arranged for the School this year, with lectures on subjects as diverse as "James Joyce" and "Irish Illuminated Manuscripts." Among the outings organised are excursions to the Wicklow mountains, the National Art Gallery and to a traditional Céili. The climax to the course, though, is perhaps the tour of the Guinness brewery, followed by a reception and an "Alcoholic Tea."

UNIVERSITY POLITICAL REVIEW

A POLITICAL REVIEW is to be published by students of Bristol University. It will be the first magazine of this type in the country, and is certainly the first University publication of the kind.

It will appear for nine months of the year, and is expected to be at least 40 pages long. The Review is to cater for all shades of political opinion—"Empire Loyalist or Communist, M.R.A. or Quaker."

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The above photograph is a parody of a photograph in a non-existent film which purports to be a parody of several films which the cameraman has not yet seen (and probably never will). The locales ranging from Ballyformot to the Dublin Mountains have been chosen to afford the maximum fresh air for all concerned, and one dimly lit interior love-scene to ensure the maximum publicity. Michael de Larrabeiti was the cameraman on the Oxford Marco Polo expedition to Afghanistan and focus-puller (and leg-puller) on many documentaries from the Far East to East London. The main performers, Jean-Pierre and Elizabeth Chafour, newly-married from Paris, are required to be mainly themselves. The perpetrators, Michael Dibb and Peter Bell, having sat for so long in the stalls of suburban cinemas, are hoping to explore the potentialities of the spacio-temporal, pan-track, C'scope, Boettcherian theory of fluid juxtaposition. Which is why the cameraman threatens to keep them away from the editing group, if not the locations themselves.

PHIL. & ELIZ. RESULTS

MORE ELECTION RESULTS were announced yesterday, for the Phil. and the Eliz., '62-'63 session. The new Officers and Council of the University Philosophical Society elected at a private meeting on Monday are: President, A. Whitaker (unopposed) — a profile appears on page 3 of this issue; Hon. Secretary, B. W. Glass; Hon. Treasurer, D. H. Dixon; Hon.

Registrar, A. B. West, and Council Members, M. Walmsey, J. D. Clarke, H. White and J. Reynolds. Associate Seats on the Council, R. H. Johnston, B.A., and G. B. McAvoy, B.A.

This year's President of the Dublin University Elizabethan Society is Rowan Leeper (unopposed) and Committee Members: Hon. Treasurer, B. Hargrove; Correspondence Secretary, Fiona Wright; Records Secretary, Bridie Tobin; Librarian, Jenny Greenleaves; Publicity and Catering, Dinah Wood.

CHORAL UNDAUNTED

FOR the Choral Society it has been a difficult term. At the beginning of term the scores for the Five Tudor Portraits by Vaughan Williams were mislaid in transit somewhere in London and it was only three weeks ago that they turned up.

This delay means that the Society has only had four weeks to practice the work and that many of the singers are not familiar with the modern style of the composer has added to the difficulty. However Mr. Grocock, the conductor, decided that the only answer was to have extra rehearsals. This resulted in three hours on a Tuesday and two and a half hours on a Friday as well as joining with the orchestra on a Monday night. The orchestra however have had their scores since before term began. In spite of the delay in beginning the term it does not seem that the Society will sing anything but at the highest standard and those who know say that by the Concert the music will be worth every minute of sitting on those hard chairs in the Exam. Hall. Bach's Magnificat is also being sung and the winners of the Cherry Cup competition will sing in the interval.

Footnote to the Hist. Affair

FEMINISTS IN CAMBRIDGE last week reached the lengths of a ballot about the admission of women to the University Union. The proposal was rejected by 371 votes to 220.

There seems to be considerable support from within, for the admission of women. A private business meeting of the Union had decided in favour of women becoming members, but the defeated "antis" demanded an all-Union Poll, in which they were successful.

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Trinity News Fashion Competition

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Trinity Wednesday has for its main feature College Races, and for an added attraction the "Trinity News" Fashion Competition.

By now an established part of the Trinity Week ritual observances, the competition offers glittering prizes to the lady who most impresses with her elegance. A panel of judges will circulate unobtrusively through the afternoon's crowd, and their verdict will appear in "Trinity News" the following morning.

The judges this year will be headed by Charles Ward-Mills, the fashion expert, and will include a representative of Helena Rubenstein.

Among the prizes will be a three month modelling course and, as a sop to elegant consorts, a meal for two at the Shelbourne Hotel.

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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Weekly

Vol. IX

THURSDAY, 31st MAY, 1962

No. 17

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Public Schools— The way to Reform

By
Demosthenes

THE presence of so many products of the English Public Schools in Trinity naturally raises the question of how best to eradicate them, and how to prevent any further such social perversions. It is clear that since so many Irishmen are required in England (a natural forerunner to Kennedy's Pioneer Corps), the merits of personal hygiene demand that political action be taken in that country, through one of the existing political parties, preferably Labour. Apart from disinclination, it is unlikely that the Conservative party could digest more than one suggestion of change in one decade. Aneurin Bevan's aphorism "all Tories are vermin," is well known; what is not so readily understood however, is that the breeding grounds for these odiferous insects are to be found on the playing fields of Eton and Harrow.

Were it not for their unfortunate influence in society, the public school products could be regarded as amusing anomalies, like Beef-eaters or debutantes, apart from the occasional occurrence of mistaken sexual identity, viz: Bartley Dunne's. There are several factors that suggest that this process must be stopped. From an academic point of view, one regards with dismay their effects on the English phonetic system. From an economic and political point of view, the effects are likely to be disastrous; from the Bailey equation it is known that wealth and the public school education are in inverse proportion to ability whereas political and economic power are in direct proportion by means of the old boy network, viz. the Conservative party, especially the present Chancellor of the Exchequer (qualifications; treasurer Hoylake Golf Club).

Penal Housing Solution

From these considerations then, this grossly inequitable and inefficient system of education should be replaced. The merit of the following suggestions is that it solves three political and social problems simultaneously which can be tackled as soon as Colman, Prentice and Varley are scraped from power. It is often complained that elimination of the public schools would mean vast expenditure in terms of building new comprehensive schools to replace the present public and State schools. In addition there is the problem of what to do with the old buildings. As far as the latter problem is concerned, the solution will be obvious to trained social workers. These institutions are admirably suited to house the second bottom stratum of society, i.e. criminals. Not only would this solve the penal housing problems, but the school curricula and staff could be maintained intact, except for longer terms. A further problem that would be solved by the new system arises

from the existence of those misfits that have already passed through the established regime. Unless there is an unexpected upsurge in the religious profession, the most likely harmless occupation for these people is the army. A rational defence policy would suggest that Britain's expensive and useless nuclear deterrent be abandoned, and the conventional forces increased, especially those stationed in Europe, Aden and other distant places. Public school products would admirably solve the recruitment problem and their peculiar blend of unintelligence and insensitivity suggests that they would fight to the last man—indeed, this is to be desired. To avoid the difficulty of long leaves in England, we could adapt Petronius' suggestion and fly the birds out to Aden, Sarawak, etc. This might also overcome any worries of a genealogical nature which are known to absorb many of this species. The net saving due to the elimination of nuclear weapons would finance the new schools system.

The major objection to the public school system is that it creates and perpetuates division in society which is, in terms of broad equity considerations, largely arbitrary. Within the present pernicious structure of education, the public school offers the "best" educational facilities; but this privileged education is based almost entirely on wealth. In these circumstances the existence in Britain of two mutually antagonistic nations is hardly surprising. This huge gulf in educational standards, and in subsequent occupations, renders mutual understanding and occupational mobility almost impossible. Industrial relations are one clear manifestation of this.

Reduced Standards?

The purely educational advantages of the public school system provide fuel for any critics of reform, who argue that a unitary school system would reduce standards to those at present prevailing in State schools. There are two arguments in reply to this criticism; firstly, the talents of first class teachers at present wasted in bolstering privilege would be made available. The second factor, of immense importance, concerns the social attitudes and environmental conditions surrounding State schools; the mixing of children of different social status within one school is likely in itself to produce beneficial results. In addition, however, the more privileged sections of the community are almost certain to take a sudden interest in State education. Both from the point of view of political influence and an obvious advantage in knowing what is educationally best for their children, a strong upward pressure on standards will be exerted by these ci-devants, a pressure that cannot be effectively exercised by the present State school State-educated parents, precisely because of their own educational disadvantages. It would of course be necessary to operate some sort of grading system based on ability, but this is a vastly different thing from a system of different schools, especially where entrance to the privileged establishments is based on an absurd and obnoxious criterion of wealth.

Interludes...

Don't let a little bit of whimsy in the subtitle stop you from seeing Bricks by and at Players for the next three weeks. Same place, but different people, for "The Zoo Story," at 4.15 p.m. to-day and to-morrow.

And remember to vote for you-know-who at the Film Society A.G.M., 1 p.m., G.M.B., and don't forget the Cricket Club Annual Dance to-night at the Shelbourne.

The Art Society's A.G.M. will be held in No. 12 at 1 p.m. on Friday. To-morrow the S.R.C. meets at 8 p.m. in Regent House to talk about Dixon Hops, Capitation Fees and Trinity Week, and the Climbing Club leaves for the Comeragh mountains, to return on Sunday evening in time for Trinity Week.

The Trinity Week Programme gives all the jazz about what's on next week—but don't miss the Singers Concert at 8 p.m. in the Exam Hall on Monday. And we can't ignore the Liz (sorry Eliz) Garden Party (strawberries and cream!) from 4 to 6 p.m. on Tuesday, the Races on Wednesday when His Excellency the President will be there—it's also Musketeers' Wednesday, for optimists, and... the Trinity Ball on Friday.

DUBLINER

—No. 3

DUBLINER No. 2 gave us four poems by Anne Cluysenaar, No. 3 has ten by Richard Weber. This is a commendably brave editorial move with obvious advantages. Unfortunately Mr. Weber is one of those poets who talk about "poetic truth," "the divine," etc. But poetry consists not of vague vapourings but of words.

And Mr. Weber's language is muddy and dull, impressive only occasionally in such phrases as "the coincidence of flesh" or "the canyons of the city." He indulges in word-play to produce false tensions—

"Eros still stares, agape at Agape."

(Oh dear!) His devices remain devices, and never become qualities of his poetry. The disastrous result is that, although his subjects are not set pieces, Mr. Weber's expression demands that they always be so. He reduces the theme of love, for instance, to a series of five-finger exercises.

Michael Hamburger is very sincere in his disturbing, slightly prose "Security" which explores his fear of Hitlerism and its possible resurrection—

"... still my children play
And shall to-morrow, if the weather holds."

But too much of the poetry is undistinguished and indistinguishable. Truly individual poetry, however, comes from Derek Mahon and Brendan Kennelly. Mr. Mahon's "All Such Terrors" is a Breughel-like nightmare which resolves itself in the perfectly controlled falling cadence of the final stanza. But I soon tire of his devils, skeletons, cripples, etc., and nothing wears thin so quickly as unrelenting pyrotechnics. However, he writes with power and origi-

nality and it is well worth while battling through to the last stanza: "Then I awoke to find you closed in sleep,"

Everything folded round the confidence

That when you woke again the sky would be

Clean, that the clock would tick impeccably,

And knew we had lost monopoly of love

And all such terrors as we planned to keep."

This is the best piece of writing in the whole issue. "Mary Magdalene" reads rather like Kennelly parodying Kennelly, but in his sonnet, "A One-legged Man," he writes beautifully on a difficult subject. He stands back further than usual—

"Suffering, I take it, altogether stopped,

Or nearly so"—

and only once or twice lapses into deep purple. The power and value of Kennelly's vision is exemplified at the close of the poem in the analogy with Christ which he handles with a profound tact:

"Calvary's assertion flares, but with a difference. There,

(While floods of death roared through Him, bruised and cold)

The effigy of pain was quite complete."

In his brilliant lecture, "The Right Use of Conventional Language," Donald Davie defines convention, removes some of the awe which surrounds that most arty word, "original," and reasserts the value of tradition. A lively, exciting interview with Jack White is marred by precisely written interludes. And Ulick O'Connor compares "The Playboy" with the musical version, "The Heart's a Wonder."

"The Dubliner" continues to be grand value at 2/-, and this issue sports an attractive new cover. —

Michael Longley.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

College Historical Society.
24th May, 1962.

Dear Sir,

It would seem that the controversy about women in the Hist. is breaking out again, and with it the customary platitudes and clichés. It was astonishing how short-sighted your editorial was in assessing this matter. You grossly over-simplified the entire situation.

It is true that one of the reasons for the intransigence of the Hist. over this matter is tradition, but there is a great deal of common-sense in the attitude also. If women were admitted to debates, the character of the Hist. would be so radically altered that it would no longer be the descendant of Edmund Burke's Society, but rather simply a students' union debating society. If this is really what is wanted by the members of College, they should found such a debating society which could exist alongside the Hist., but let them not interfere with what has stood scarcely altered for two hundred years.

You claim that the majority of people in College are not interested one way or the other. If this were true—and I do not accept that it is—it would indeed be a sad indictment of the members of this College. If they simply do not care about a society in their midst which has contributed perhaps more than any other to the distinction of Trinity, Dublin, and Ireland, then indeed, student apathy has reached an appalling level. If your readers can truly say they do not care, they condemn themselves out of hand as being purely selfish, and as having no interest in, or love for, Trinity and all it stands for.

That the Hist. will remain without women members does not imply that it is a society of misogynists or even of traditionalists. It reveals that the members are

aware that the society can offer more in its present form than if it were altered beyond recognition. A record membership and high attendances for the session just past surely reflects the popularity of the society as it now is.

There is no demand for alteration from within, and, in the foreseeable future, no change will come, for change to this degree would amount to the extinction of the Hist.

Yours, etc.,

J. Michael Newcombe,
Auditor, 193rd session.

[The heading to last week's editorial stated, in bold type, that the rule must stay, so it is hard to see any justification for Mr. Newcombe's letter. Furthermore, we still believe that, except when demonstrations such as those of May 16th occur, the majority of people in College is not interested in the Hist.'s ban on women. We cannot allow that a lack of interest in the ban constitutes an appalling level of student apathy.—Editor.]



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Petronius

THE other night a June-bug or cockroach blundered into my reading lamp and interrupted my pre-rip contemplation of navel. I pursued him to death with a rolled "Observer," "Trinity News" being unequal to such a frenzied session of bludgeon . . . I only hope it wasn't Archie on a trip to Ireland. Blood lust satisfied, I suddenly realised that June was about to bust out all over, that my mangled victim had prematurely come and gone. Consigning the corpse to a matchbox for shipping back to the States, just in case, I pondered on the coming ordeal, June's curse on College, Trinity Week.

This week is the product of the organisation men gone mad, official orgasm of the Clubs and some Societies, a set series of sweaty activities, muscles and morning dress. HELP! How can a man survive this chapsy bacchanalia? Actually the perils are the product of hindsight, bits and pieces of last year remembered in a magnified kaleidoscope rimmed with confusion. If one stays sober and just enjoys the fun, it might be such a jolly time, but I didn't. The lure of liquor hooked and sank me, and Trinity Week, 1961, or such parts as I remember was grotesque and Rubensical.

The basic ingredient for this surrealist experience is a trip to No. 3 and a quick flick through the invitations. Your own, if any, and all the others cluttering up the pigeon hole. Imprint all the college convivialities on your mind in order, and make it a point of honour that not an evening of the week is lacking one party to crash. This is not an antisocial as supposed, 'cos most are just the same

old faces, and if yours is new and piping sweetly, you may be just the thing to make the party go. If it doesn't, you will, so wny worry. Mornings after are a sad trial, and the sovereign remedy is to be never sober. Breakfast should be postponed till they're open, and consist of a large one of the hard stuff with a chaser of stout. Then you can bear to review the night before, and giggle instead of fainting when your more eccentric behaviour is reported by others in the same state.

As for the official functions, if you are following the above prescription, participation is the thing. I remember a man being so enthused at the Swimming Gala, he dived in as he stood . . . in evening dress, and then forgot in which direction the surface lay. He was retrieved in time and proceeded to celebrate his immersion by casting stout upon the waters. College Races too are the preview of a rash of parties, and a little canter round the track is a good way of working up a thirst, but have no hope of winning; the speed merchants have all the handicaps just so, so that the deserving members of the Club get their rightful rewards. After all, they organised it.

The ball is the climax. For this one needs a partner, and since they are in great demand, line one up early. If no luck, go stag; the chances are very good of finding an abandoned woman, whose male has fallen by the wayside, and in such a throng he may never catch up. Also a good time to get even with that nasty lecturer who lost you credit; a smooth way I remember it can be done, is by pouring a jar over him from behind with the gleeful cry of "Got you, you old!!!" and when he turns round, "Gosh, sorry sir, I thought it was Bloggs, he dunked me just now." This is a good way to end the year, and possibly your College career. But worth it.

Add all these capers and shake like mad, and you too can have a highly coloured abstract memory of Trinity Week. Hmm! I must remember to get my toga out of pawn.

THE REVUE

MICHAEL BOGDIN has worked hard to create his strange yet entertaining Revuesical, "Bricks." The whole Revue is set on an English building site, which somewhat limits the extent to which scripts may travel, but, despite this, Bogdin has succeeded in producing in many places the delights of his Cockney wit.

The incidentals to the Revuesical have been excellently handled. Michael Smith's lighting is adequate and faultless, Fiachra Trench's incidental music sets the tempo of the Revue though never leads it, and Roger Cheveley's set is brilliant. It is unfortunate that the second half of the Revuesical should have none of the speed nor the drive of the first, the number "Creek" being truly up it; though Jo van Gysegem and Pauline Massey give a delightful Admiralty dialogue, Ralph Bates and Roger Ordish an excellent rendering of Marc Blaber's "Why Only The Other Night," and the complete cast worked hard on the closing number.

It is the first half that has the entertainment and the zip of the Revue. Ralph Bates and Roger Ordish lead the cast and captivate the audience, never faltering in the smoothness of their performances. Bruce Myers suffered often from weak scripts, yet showed himself to be a versatile and talented actor. The girls were given little to do but sing and look glamorous, a feat that Rosemary Fisher and Jo van Gysegem managed with consummate ease, though their dialogues were hampered by weakness of scripts. They were, however, a pleasant relief to the dominant male cast.

This "Revue" will need much tightening to be a complete hit, yet the material is there, the acting ability is more than there; and if only the second half could be strengthened to the excellence of the first, "Bricks" will be a concrete success.—Ff. H.

Profile:

MOST profiles consist of trivial chronological data which have neither the remotest interest to the reader, nor — most often — to the subject himself. Fortunately the writer of this profile is absolved from such pre-ordained tedium, as its subject, Andrew Whittaker, is almost wholly devoid of the faculty of memory.

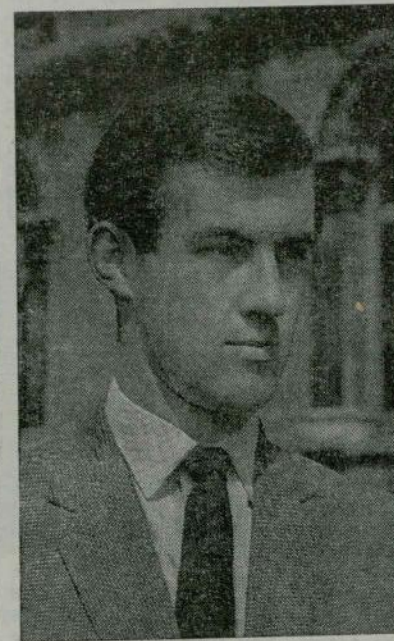
This lends a certain air of innocence and lack of calculation to all his activities, as well it might, for even the best laid plans are impotent if not subject to recall. Similarly, though open to occasional spasms of sharp temper, a grudge is—literally—quite beyond him.

It will certainly not do to assess him by externals, for the gods, by some particularly insane whim, have given him an appearance that completely belies the inner man. The face is pure Cellini, suggesting all manner of deviousness and a Machiavellian brutality of purpose, and if this on occasion embarrasses him, it is an endless source of amusement to his friends.

More positively he may be defined by two qualities — a great independence of character, and the powerful grasp of his intelligence. Unlike the great mass of us, he is always accessible to reason, and although he has never received a crumb from the table of tact, is capable of rare and uncalculated kindness. His power of mind is surprising — the range of his interests is wide, but when he applies himself, emphatically not superficial. Occupied with a paper on Sartre for the Philosophical Society in 1961, he performed the feat of mastering that difficult metaphysician through his own works and not those of commentators. Like another French savant, Descartes, he prefers to rise late, but those who have had the dubious delight of observing him before noon will find little to complain of in this.

If his past is uninteresting, his future — more than most — is incalculable. His gifts, greater than those given to most of us, will demand careful maturing. Whether he will do this or not is not answerable here.

For the present, however, he is oddly impressive—a man of truly bizarre charm.



—Photo D. Harman.

ANDREW WHITTAKER

A career is what it's worth

If you divide the population into two groups—those who take THE TIMES and those who don't—you find this: those who *don't* take THE TIMES are in the great majority. Those who *do* are either at the top in their careers, or are confidently headed there.

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VILE BODIES

Hostess of the week is Tessa Daupe who had a large and wonderful party at the stately home of Bill Somerville-Large on Saturday. Players arrived and rehearsed, Nick Tolstoi held court, even Chris Rye looked happy.

The Laurentians barbecued on Bull Island. My gosh, yes! After covering mile after mile of seemingly endless desert we finally came upon the nomadic tribe with a big fire in a little clearing. And after Ann Slattery had pinched your column's drink and Mark Goodbody had tried drinking it we settled down to some rousing choruses under the batons of Charles Dewhurst, Sam and your man from Omagh. "Green grow the rushes-o in Inverness and the foggy, foggy dew at the wild west show" sang out-of-tune Peter West and Phred Sponge (alias Tim Robertson). Though the music got coarser the sausages began to fall in the fire and we tripped for no apparent reason when we tried to walk. Most things moved smoothly . . . that is everything except our motor cars at the end! Who were the brilliant underminers of our conveyances? Well the law of libel prevents us from mentioning them but we did see Ian Bazley (who has just discovered that his Fiat doesn't float), Michael Zair, Noel Jamison, John Cleeve and Dudley Guinness with sand on their pull-overs. And, if that's not enough, Harden Longfucher cut his hands on a broken stout bottle. Never a dull moment!

It was as if French Week had come to Rathgar when Jacques Chuto and Michel Furic, who leave for Paris this week, were given a celebrity's send off last Monday night. At a reception, followed by a party, organised by Ginger Men John Kelly and Mike de Larrabeiti, the Bleu Blanc Rouge was everywhere.

Bunting by courtesy of Switzers decorated the walls, ceiling and barrels, and the French Embassy had lent countless flags. The two French lecturers stared in amazement at the writing on the wall (A

fine swinging city, full of fine swinging people; that he enjoyed being a Member of the Staff, and didn't want to go back to being a student.

Nina Gilliam and Bronny Ryan (I'm organising a philosophical club) arrived, and Susanne Lowry . . . woke up. Jacques rushed off for French cigarettes and returned to organise some Royalist songs during Michel's impersonation of de Gaulle.

Jacques Chuto and Michel Furic have been lecturing at Trinity



Lecturers Chuto and Furic. — French Week in Rathgar.

Bas Les Frogs) as confetti was showered over them. Celia Whitehead led the sing-song, and Derek Mahon found the barrel. Alan Smith and Natalie Spencer arrived, followed by Ewan Simmonds, in a Swedish convoy. Serious drinking began, interrupted by the production of cakes and caviar (vive Hilary Mitchell).

Michel blew out his candles—one for every month of their stay—and speeches were called for. "Who," he said, "can make speeches about cakes?" But he loosened up later on and told us that Dublin was a

while on a year's leave from their respective Universities. They return to take Modern Languages exams in Paris. While here they have made their presence felt throughout College. Jacques was noted for his brief appearance at the Hist. Both have strong political views — but always seem to remain friends.

They protest that College life is very different in France, and are reluctant to leave Trinity. We are reluctant to see them go, but wish them well as they get back to some serious work.

DUESA BRAINS TRUST IN MOYNE

Chairman: Prof. Granger

Panel:

Prof. Webb, Prof. Humphries
Dr. A. Gibson, Mr. F. Winder

Today 5 p.m.

DRAW WITH U.C.D.

Cricket

AFTER a tense and dramatic afternoon's cricket at College Park on Saturday, the First XI defeated Railway Union by 29 runs, this being the League leader's first reverse of the season.

Put in to bat on a placed wicket, the early Trinity batsmen, Guthrie apart, fared so badly against McConnell that 7 wickets fell for 47 runs. Terdre and Guthrie opened the batting and with the score at 3 the former was leg before trying to sweep. At 9 Parry was run out and at 27 Rice and Lea fell to successive balls from McConnell. In fact, though Markham could claim to be the victim of a somewhat unfortunate lbw decision, only Guthrie of the leading batsmen showed any desire to hit McConnell. Excelling in the cover drive this elegant batsman played so well that he had scored 25 out of 42 before being caught at square leg. Bazley was lbw for 3 and it was left to Labbett and Bradshaw

CRICKET CLUB DANCE

The Cricket Club Dance will now take place from 10.30 p.m.—2.30 a.m. on Thursday, May 31st.

to stage the first of two memorable partnerships, to pull the game around. Enough defence is clearly foreign to his nature Labbett batted well in scoring 20 and played one on-drive which stands out in the memory. Bradshaw, lured from his books to deputise for Anderson, on interprovincial duty, cut and hooked beautifully in scoring a most valuable twenty. Finally Evans and Wicks added 47 for the last wicket, the former batting beautifully and he struck one effortless six over midwicket and finally made 36 before being bowled.

Rice and Parry did not seem to present any particular threat to the Railway openers and despite an early success by the captain, and two wickets by Wicks in his second and third overs, Railway Union had little difficulty in reaching 101-3. Dempsey and Byrne batted stylishly and Behan, whose 45 included four sixes and four fours, murdered the bowling of Wicks. Then by a touch of genius Rice reintroduced Parry into the attack. After being hit for four, the pace bowler clean bowled Behan, had O'Meara caught behind and clean bowled McConnell, all in the space of four balls. An lbw to Rice, then Parry struck again; he shattered Pigot's stumps, and induced Phelan to lift a catch to Bazley. Rice then had Byrne lbw, and Railway had slumped to 111 all out. In his devastating second spell Parry got 5 wickets for 4 runs.

Dublin University, 140 (D. J. Evans 36, G. S. Guthrie 25, A. W. Bradshaw 22, B. D. C. Labbett 20, N. McConnell 5-61); Railway Union, 111 (L. Behan 45, K. Dempsey 32, P. D. Parry 5-14).

LUNCHEONS
AT
Ray's Restaurant
TILL 7 P.M.

THOMPSON'S 'BUTTERCRUST' BREAD

ALWAYS APPETISING

Bakery:
Jamestown Rd., Finglas, Dublin
Telephone: 341436/7

Whittome Wins Mile

PERHAPS the most exciting Athletics match in Trinity for many years was staged in College Park last Wednesday, when Trinity met U.C.D. for their second annual match. The result was a draw — 80 all, and those who saw it were rewarded by some athletics of a very high standard, on an evening without rain, but with a chilly breeze blowing.

Following the pattern of last year, when Trinity won, U.C.D. went into an early lead, but we caught up in the 880 yards, gaining maximum points, with Quinlan setting the pace for all but the last 100 yards, when Shillington pulled ahead to win. These two have been forming a very powerful partnership this term, and they have been running very intelligently. But the home club were further in arrears after the 220 yards and the 120 yards hurdles, in spite of Middle-

ton's new College record of 15.7 secs. in the latter event.

After trailing badly early on in the evening, Lunde's first position in the pole vault, and fine throwing in the javelin by Kennedy-Skipton and Lunde, set T.C.D. on the road to recovery. The mile turned out to be the highlight of the evening, with Hickey of U.C.D. taking the lead from the start. Whittome challenged down the back straight of the final lap, but failed to make an impression; Hickey strode

Colonel May DERBY SPECIAL

Epsom, with all its thrills and disappointments, is upon us once again and, for the Colonel, this year is especially sad; for this is the last occasion when the punters of Trinity can walk into the many betting shops in this city on Derby Day to have their few bob on the Colonel's selection. He has taken tremendous care in examining all the performers and even now is not altogether confident. The only thing he is certain about is the fact that his bill for "translucisers" will be extremely high as one after another "form leads" have become pieces of broken straw.

There is not a single horse in the race that cannot be proved, conclusively, to have no chance at all. Only the favourite, Hethersett, has shown champion's form and his sire, the volatile Hugh Lupus, hardly looks the sort to get a Derby winner, but then, neither did Hard Sauce. The peerless Lester's mount, Young Lochinvar, is a serious contender only through default of his more stylish stablemates. Silver Cloud is the best bred horse in the race (by Aureole — Brolly by Precipitation) but his

pretensions rest upon a single victory round a course vastly different from the sweep of Epsom Downs. Prince D'Amour was sold by his owner in favour of Le Cantuon whose record is a single moderate victory at Longchamps.

Vincent O'Brien runs both Larkspur and Sebring. Larkspur won a clever victory at Leopardstown recently but would appear to be a too lightly built colt; his stablemate, Sebring, was comprehensively beaten at the Curragh and so the Irish situation is as negative as England.

What does the punter do in such circumstances? The Colonel recommends that his clients back class in default of all else and therefore, he hesitatingly suggests that Hethersett will win and be followed by Young Lochinvar and Sebring. If, between to-day and "the-off," he receives a "hot wire" from any of his sources, he will certainly make sure it is communicated to one and all.

To-day is Marble Hill day at the Curragh and both Display and Arctic Sea look to have excellent winning chances.

AN APPRECIATION BY WINDSOR LAD

All good things come to an end sooner or later, and with the retirement of my good friend Colonel May, many good things will be no longer appearing on the back page of this journal.

Born prematurely in the silver ring at Downpatrick racecourse fifty-one years ago, Colonel Aloysius May was the only son of the master of the Merriem hounds and the drum major of the Women's Royal Army Corps. Educated at Hawtrey's and Eton, he won the Open Scholarship to the University of Newmarket where under the expert tuition of the late Fred Darling, and imbued with that equine level-headedness which so characterised his father, he soon showed that he had a great affinity with the thoroughbreds, and the master of Hampton House soon entrusted the young Aloysius with the care and maintenance of many a prospective selling plate winner. His technique in the saddle was reminiscent of the great Fred

Archer himself but unlike the latter he never had any aspirations for the suicide stakes.

At the age of 19 after eighteen months with Darling, young Aloysius was signed up by the well-known American trainer, Albert G. Shoemaker (the father of the present crack American jockey, Willie). Impressed by his keenness and general horsemanship, Shoemaker planned a great future for Aloysius as first lightweight jockey (even though still an amateur) and a rosy path with plenty of dollars seemed assured.

Unfortunately Aloysius was exploited by the liquor boys from Chicago and since Prohibition was the law in the States at this time, the youngster never averse to the pint, became the tool of such bootleggers as Capone and "Spats" Colombo. His racing future was dashed and after being seven years inside Massachusetts State Penitentiary for "brandy beating," he had learned his lesson and the folly of the turf — or so he thought. While inside he was known as "Nuts May" — which title by some ingenious tortuous device he turned to "Kernel May" and so to "Colonel May."

After years in the wilderness as a bookmaker's runner, he came to Trinity a few years ago where he lost no time in establishing himself in his new profession — resident tipster. Vast profits on £1 level stakes, Derby winners, handicap successes all came his way but, as I said, before all good things come to an end, and he has now graduated to be an Urban District Council Refuse Collecting Agent — tipping again! This time, dust-

ahead, and the Trinity man seemed beaten. But down the final straight he challenged again, and in spite of a strong fight-off, he caught and managed to pip Hickey on the post, in a fine example of guts and determination. Maximum points came from the shot, with Hatt and Ovbiagele scoring first and second, and in the 440 yards with Francis and Toomey obliging — both well ahead of the first U.C.D. man. All four high-jumpers cleared the same height (5ft. 8ins.), but Lunde got the decision with Russell coming 3rd. A fine throw of 132ft. 10ins. in the discus from Ovbiagele earned him first place comfortably, and some much-improved long jumping from Lunde and Snow gained 2nd and 3rd places in an event that U.C.D. should have walked away with. This gave T.C.D. a lead of 3 points, with the relay only to come, and as U.C.D. won this, and the scoring was 5-2, the match ended in a thrilling draw. This means that the trophy that the President of D.U.H.A.C., Mr. George Dawson, has had especially sculptured for this annual meeting, will be shared by the two clubs, each holding the trophy for six months.

Sailing Club

The following have been awarded colours — D. McSweeney (capt.), M. Hare, J. Vernon, J. Nixon, F. Williams.

A new trophy presented by the brothers' Henry will be sailed for on Friday before Division Racing; all those who have not sailed on the first team are eligible.

Hockey Club

The following have been selected as officers for the season 1962-63: Capt., R. W. Maynard; Vice-Capt., M. Varian; Hon. Sec., K. Heron.

Sporting Briefs

Tennis Club

In their first match of the season against a local club, Claremont, Trinity faced quite a formidable side and lost narrowly. A perpetual gale blew around the courts during the afternoon, and it was not altogether surprising that the two steadier members of the side, Williamson and Sprawson, were the only two to win their singles. The tornado subsided for the doubles in the evening with the result that Trinity played much better tennis and very nearly clinched a victory, but went down in the end 4-5. Guinness provided little opposition the following week and both the Trinity teams swamped any resistance.

Golf Club

Last Thursday at Carrickmines, M. Rees won the President's prize with the very excellent score of 41 points. The thanks of the Club are due to the President, Mr. K. F. G. Purcell, for the keen interest he takes in the affairs of the Club.

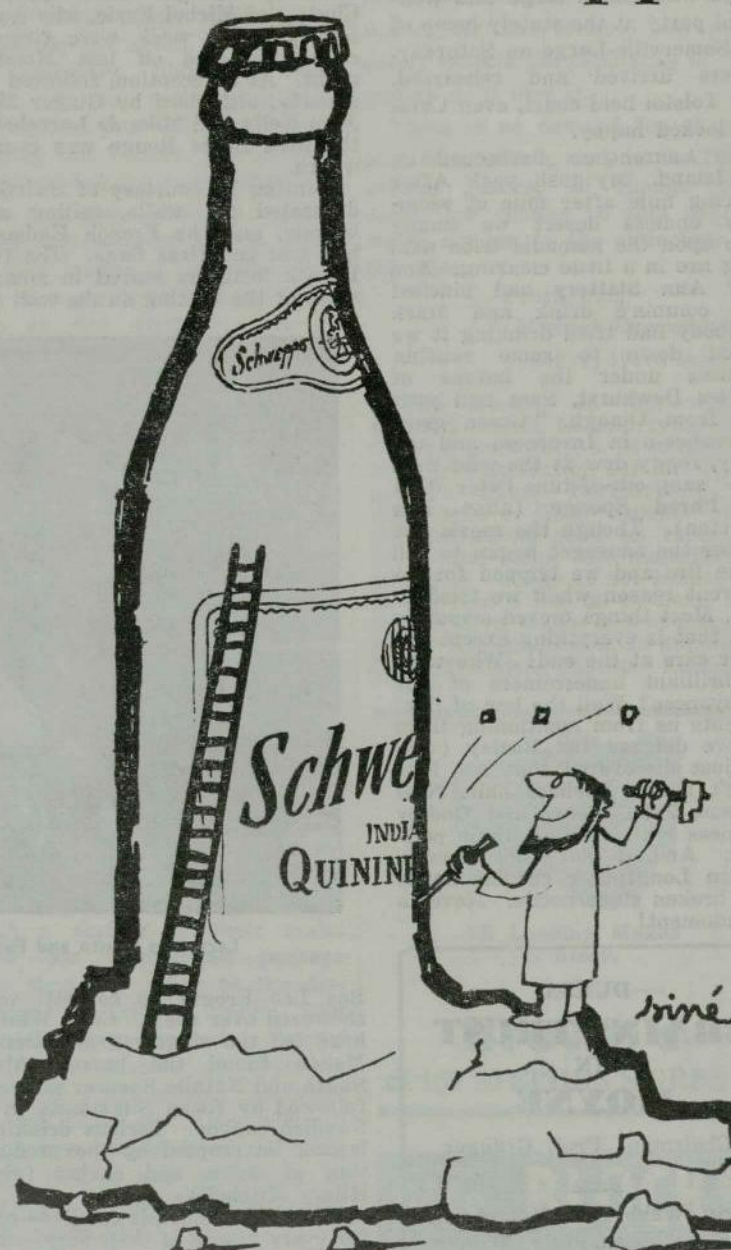
On Friday, the Captain's prize was held at The Grange and this resulted in a victory for P. Bunbury with 36 points. It is hoped that several matches with local clubs will be arranged before the end of term.

Cricket 2nd XI

The 2nd XI suffered their first defeat of the season last Saturday when Civil Service defeated them by 70 runs. The most disturbing features of the match were the slack fielding and bad batting by the Trinity side.

Scores — Civil Service, 130 (Gooch 5-40); Trinity II, 60.

Try a Tonic and make it Schweppes



**SCHWEPPERESCENT LASTS
THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH**