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# TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Weekly

THURSDAY, MAY 24th, 1962

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## Women who Crashed Hist. Debate are Fined £2 each

**A**FTER an undisturbed lull of some years, the Historical Society, proud of its position as the oldest debating society in the world, had to repel women boarders at its meeting on May 16th. Similar attempts have been made before, all more or less in jocular mood, and this attempt had much the same spirit at first.

Four women students entered the room, not wearing gowns (which would appear to be an academic point, since they were not members) and a man student with them rose to speak. Immediately, the Auditor, Mr. P. Branigan, with a passing reference to

foreign bodies, adjourned the meeting, and members withdrew to the Conversation Rooms upstairs, having sent for the Junior Dean.

Escorted Off College Premises.

Dr. McDowell spoke to the interlopers for some five or ten minutes, and then escorted them off the College premises. The meeting resumed inviolate, shortly afterwards. The four girls have since been fined £2 each.

Dr. McDowell, questioned on the subject, was uncommunicative, saying only that anything to do with College discipline was under his jurisdiction. College authorities seem to be determined to discourage any further demonstrations in favour of the entry of women to the Hist.

Status Quo.

The Auditor-elect, Michael Newcombe, had said after his election the day before, that as long as he was a member of the Society he would do everything he could to prevent women from attending Hist. debates.

One of the girls who sat down in the Hist. was Mary Carr. Apart from her primary feeling that the law is an anachronism, Miss Carr said that there is no other society in College which offered an opportunity for debate in the proper sense. Both the Phil. and the Elizabethan are Societies to which one reads a paper, rather than in which one debates. The demonstrators deny categorically that they were influenced by developments in the Oxford Union — the movements, so to speak, are parallel, and nothing more. Finally, the group as a whole seem to be genuinely amazed at the indignant pandemonium they have caused, both among College authorities and members of the Hist. itself.

No further attempts to crash a Hist. meeting are planned.



Ireland has more to offer than Grafton Street and the Green, particularly in the summer. This is a peaceful scene at Kilmore Harbour, Co. Wexford.

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## LICENCE IN COLLEGE

### D.U.C.A.C. BAR

**F**OR some years it has been thought that an exclusively College bar would call first for a large, efficient Union in the style of English universities. D.U.C.A.C. has this year, though many people don't know it, risen above the difficulties, and there is now a bar in the Cricket Pavilion.

Still less widely known are the precise arrangements. The bar opens at 3.30 p.m. on any day of a cricket or athletics match in College Park, and remains open until the match ends. At the moment the Bar Committee can only afford to pay a barman for part of the time, but should the bar become more popular, a full-time barman will be employed, and normal opening hours will operate.

The bar is open to all members of College sports clubs and their guests, a franchise which obviously includes practically everyone in College. The profits will go to the D.U.C.A.C. Central Fund, and to general improvements to the bar, one of which will be a spirits licence. The organisers, Rick Caldicott, John Fuller-Sessions and Jack Kirwan (who handled the legal arrangements) stress that the success of the College bar depends mainly on the support it receives from members of College—and, of course, their guests.

## SCHOL.—1962

Trinity Monday, 11 a.m.—A small procession of persons robed in academic splendour emerges from No. 1, mounts the steps of Examination Hall, there is a moment's hush, a series of announcements are then made by the Provost, various people are slapped on the back, ragged cheers break out and about 20 minutes later the procession is again en route to the Provost's House. This is the annual event known as the election of scholars.

This year, however, there will be fewer students waiting to hear the names of the new intelligentsia as, for the first time in many years, Trinity Monday falls outside of term. This will not only deprive the occasion of a large audience, but will seriously inconvenience many of the candidate-scholars. Vacation plans must be held in abeyance until they learn whether or not they are exempt from October examinations, as some know that without a scholarship they will be unable to continue in College. For all it is an anxious period. Can anything be done to remedy the situation? Trinity Monday is determined by the Church calendar and it is a long-standing tradition that the election of scholars be announced on that day. A rearrangement of Trinity term so that Trinity Monday always falls within it would upset examination time-tables to too great a degree. It has been suggested that the students concerned be informed of the results privately, as is already done unofficially in some cases. This would rob the occasion of none of its traditional value, besides smoothing many furrowed brows. It might also demonstrate that tradition and consideration for the student need not be incompatible.

## PLAYERS REVUESICAL

**P**LAYERS main production this term is a 'revuesical' entitled 'Bricks,' opening next Monday, May 28th, and running for three weeks.

Michael Bogdin has devised and largely written the show assisted by Roger Ordish, with many suggestions from the cast, which includes Ralph Bates, who recently won the Best Actor award at the Irish Universities Drama Festival and David O'Clery and Bruce Myers, all of whom were in Players successful revue in London last January at the Theatre Workshop, Stratford.

The cast is completed by Jo Van Gyseghen, Rosemary Fisher and Pauline Massey. The large musical side of the programme is under the able supervision of Fiachra Trench, well-known in jazz circles.

The action, in a series of linked sketches takes place on a building site, set by Roger Cheveley, in London in particular, but anywhere in general.

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# TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Weekly

Vol. IX

THURSDAY, 24th MAY, 1962

No. 16

## THE RULE MUST STAY

THE Historical Society has successfully overcome the attempt by women students to take part in one of their debates, and, until the next similarly defiant gesture, there the matter rests. Opinion on the subject in College could be sorted into three broad groups—those who feel that women should be allowed to speak in the Hist. (a minority); those who feel that women should not be allowed to speak in the Hist. (another minority); and those who simply aren't interested, except in the amusement to be found in high feeling and irritated dignity (a vast majority).

It is unlikely that the four women involved were completely serious about the incident, and we hope that not all members of the Hist. are. For, since women attack the rule because it is reactionary, and since members of the Hist. defend it because it is part of their ancient tradition (which is, of course, exactly the same thing) there is only one possible solution. The rule must stay. As long as the Society exists women must have a sacred cow to attack fiercely, and men must have a heritage to defend stoutly. The factions are provided respectively with ideals of iconoclasm or traditional conservatism. And the remaining majority can savour the spectacle of a roomful of men, some wearing evening dress, withdrawing with a rather bewildered Chairman, at the sound of a small, indignant hand bell.

## Art Exhibition

THE overall impression of this year's exhibition is one of extreme unevenness—some excellent work amid some exhibits of doubtful taste. Posters advertising a "Wine and Pancakes" party, or the all-white effort entitled "Vacancy - Borde" (dubious joke by Trevor) hardly set the tone for the rest of the exhibition.

However, a few entries stand out among the rather average general standard of work. The pottery section is undoubtedly the best, and some of the works have an almost professional finish to them, notably those of Patrick Rolleston (No. F2, "Mottled Verse," and No. F6 "Agate Plate," in particular). Chris Bazley's "Sculpture in Wood" is pleasing for its smooth, flowing lines. Rod Shelton's "Depression on 3 Legs" shows feeling, even though rather roughly finished.

Among the paintings only a few really stand out in this rather patchy display. Caroline Lammert's oil portrait of Dan Corbett, in

which she nicely captures his sullen mouth and brooding eyes, is vigorous and bold, if somewhat untutored in style.

Prolific contributions from Gillian Crampton include some good sketches and, more interesting, her painting entitled "Political Prisoner," which displays a bold sweep of the brush, and strong sense of colour.

Ian Sutherland's weird and wonderful ladies, with their long fluttering eyelashes, hardly constitute serious art, but his pen and ink sketches—reminiscent of Toulouse-Lautrec—are quite striking.

Perhaps the most exciting paintings of all are those of Irish artist Gerald Davis, with their semi-abstract quality striking a note otherwise sadly lacking in the exhibition as a whole. No. 6, "Wedding," and No. 11, "Pilgrimage," are most notable.

This Exhibition of College Art is an improvement on the first—let us hope that the standard continues to rise, and that yet more people can be persuaded to use, and show, their artistic talents.—R.N.

## Union of Students in Ireland

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## THE FABIANs AND THE FUTURE

The air of confused struggle and uncertainties in the interpretation of the constitution made the Fabian Society A.G.M. an exciting one; a welcome change from the spirit of languid acceptance and bureaucratic resignation which pervades so many A.G.M.'s in this university. The eventual results, speculated upon with an almost unacademic eagerness by such pundits as Mr. Mark Fisher, made a definite break with the old guard who have brought the Fabian Society into prominence again over the past

year. The new Chairman is Bob Mitchell, while the newly-elected officers are Chris Bulford, Alastair MacEwan and Robbie Brown.

When interviewed upon plans for the oncoming year Bob Mitchell emphasised the need for the working out of theory in action. He hoped to attract more distinguished visitors and to discuss more topical questions at future meetings of the society. For him Socialism implies an expansion of the concept that man should be free, underlined by an emphatic assertion that this freedom is based fundamentally upon economic opportunity.

Frequently, our Fabians are incapable of analysing successfully the basis of their committal to

Socialist ideas, and sometimes are badly informed upon the growth of the latter from an historical standpoint. Perhaps they value too lightly the techniques which would best safeguard the freedom they talk of so readily. But much is compensated for by enthusiasm, sincerity and a healthy desire to take a stand against the underlying pressures in society which enforce conformity. They wish to eradicate the impression that socialists are those with beards and dirty finger nails, and the new committee makes a plea for all to come along to the Society's meetings and disprove this myth for themselves.

As final evidence of Fabian enthusiasm, there is the proposed second edition of "Combat" which may be coming out this term. Rayner Lysaght and Alastair MacEwan are joint editors and they welcome contributions, "which have some sort of definite political relevance" (to quote the inimitable Mr. Lysaght), from any undergraduate.—J.C.

## Apex—A Review

APEX makes no pretensions. The substance of it (editorial, enquiry, five articles, five book reviews) contains no underlying theme, and indeed a more varied selection of essays in subject, quality and approach would be hard to conceive of in a review of this kind. All the contributions display a good deal of originality, and also a certain self-consciousness. This latter, one feels, stems from the growing concern of historians in recent years with historiography and methodology, with how historical research should be conducted, and how history should be studied. The Apex enquiry (a questionnaire answered by 56 members of the History School) bears this out. It tries to deal with the perennial problems of lectures, tutorials, staff/student rela-

tions, and the size and content of the course.

The layout of the results is inevitably somewhat dry and indigestible, and many of the replies are the obvious ones... a lecturer's job is to suggest approaches to the course, rather than an annual regurgitation of the facts" and, "the best lecturers pay scant attention to the roll," but some interesting points are raised, especially with regard to the nature of the course, and the whole enquiry shows concern and responsibility, and is a laudable attempt to teach the staff their jobs.

For "A Dubliner Remembers," a septuagenarian nightwatchman was questioned with the use of a tape-recorder about the Dublin of forty and fifty years ago. Unfortunately his knowledge and memory are rather weak, and his deficiencies are as revealing as his more informed comments. A lot of his phrasology is reminiscent of Pinter's Caretaker. The interviewers showed commendable initiative and although the informative and historical value of their work is slight, it does go some way to exploding the myth that every Irishman is a nationalist.

Paddy Cosgrave of U.C.D.'s article "The Origins of The Second World War" will naturally be considered alongside Paul O'Grady's review of Mr. Taylor's book bearing the same title. In an outstanding piece of scholarship Mr. Cosgrave analyses the events that led up to the power vacuum in Europe in the thirties, and discusses the pathetic optimism, but subsequent failure, of the "appeasers," while Mr. O'Grady points out Taylor's sins of omission, the most unforgivable of which is his complete disregard of ideologies.

The three remaining articles are lighter and more digestible. E. R. Turton exposes the sheep as an instrument of revolution. T. Le Grice describes how John Wesley put the fear of God into the economically subservient Cornish miners, and Ian Bayley distinguishes between forging and faking, and decides that neither is really cricket.

Reviewing book reviews would appear to be the first step on the road to the "meaning of meaning", which is not the historians' concern, but if we accept that one of the functions of a university is intellectual exchange, then Apex's contribution to the study of man in time is welcome.—D.R.D.H.

## Interludes...

For those who did not manage to crash the reception on Monday, the Exhibition of College Art in the Exam. Hall continues till Saturday, as does the Carnival of Nations. On Friday the Classical Society, at an Auditorial meeting with the Vice-Provost in the Chair, will hear a paper by Professor Kitto, of Bristol University, on "Thucydides' Irony; G.M.B., 8.15. The Gramophone Society will meet as usual in No. 6 at 7.30, and will hold an A.G.M. sandwiched between Chopin and Bach. The Laurentian Society, however, must needs wait until Saturday to hold its barbecue.

The Jazz Society meets on Monday at 8 p.m. in No. 6, while next door in No. 7 at the same time Mr. Mark Fisher will chair an informal discussion on Wittgenstein's Tractatus (Logico-Philosophicus, for the benefit of newcomers) organised by the Metaphysical Society, but all are welcome especially as only one person turned up last week. The society meets again on Tuesday at 3.15 p.m. in No. 5 when Professor Furlong will be in the chair and R. A. Leon Sch. will read a paper on the subject of religious experience; no jazz to listen to next door, but Jack Daniels of the "Irish Times" will be there to reply to the speaker. At 8 p.m. the A.G.M. of the D.U.A.I.A. will be held in Westchapel.

The Hist., after its bouts with ladies, lecturers and honorary members has retired for the season, and neither will the Phil. be holding meetings to divert the oppressed young ladies of Trinity Hall.

D. U. G. S.

## THE PASTORAL ECONOMY OF NEW ZEALAND

By Dr. L. Symons of Q.U.B.

7.30 p.m., FRIDAY, 25th May  
MUSEUM BUILDINGS

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

17th May, 1962.

Dear Sir,

Naturally I am sorry to have aroused the ire of my Senior Trustee (in her letter of to-day's issue) by claiming that the present S.R.C. is the same body as the claimant to that title which existed in 1953. Miss French has, however, raised points of such metaphysical and legal abstrusion that I hardly feel qualified to deal with them. If in 1962 there exists a body with the same name, the same functions, the same headquarters, and even the same bank account, as a body which existed in 1956, all of whose assets and liabilities this pretender took over, are they not in fact the same bodies?

The present S.R.C. was set up by a meeting of heads of societies on the 25th October, 1957. This meeting was convened by a circular letter, signed by the two Deans, which was dated the 1st October, 1957. This letter read, in part, as follows: "(The Board) has directed us to ask the College Societies to operate in reconstituting the S.R.C. so that it may continue such useful functions as... (etc.)." The old S.R.C. was therefore "reconstructed." Was it replaced?

Naturally I should defer to the Senior Trustee—but at all events the point is academic; we have no intention of reclaiming our £50.

Yours, etc.,

David Butler

(Trustee).

Paris,

I find it difficult to reply to a letter which contradicts itself at every step.

Mr. Hunter is at a loss to know how the Scholars' Committee can contribute to the effectiveness of S.R.C. If he will re-read his second paragraph he will find the answer. With a "dynamic" S.R.C., which, he allows, exists at present, Scholar activity within S.R.C. is, indeed, "reasonable." I think, incidentally, that even Mr. Hunter must have recognised that my article was not concerned with the internal machinations of the Scholars' Committee, but with its dealings with the student body as a whole.

I don't believe bureaucracy is a threat in an S.R.C. such as ours, since its range of influence is comparatively limited. Most of its activity is based on personal contact between the officers and College officials, and administrative paperwork is reduced to a minimum. Mr. Hunter talks of "preserving our own traditional diversity" as if that epithet automatically implied something of value. By all means preserve tradition, Mr. Hunter, provided that it doesn't get among efficiency's feet.

Finally, I hasten to point out that I was not speaking for myself when I described the Scholars' Committee as "unapproachable." But then I haven't any problems.

Yours, etc., Godfrey FitzSimons.



# VILE BODIES

CONTINUING where we left off last week, there was the barbecue given by Tojo Dixon—known to his enemies as "David"—on Killiney sands. Despite the bad weather most regular barbecue-goers were present—Pam Naismith and little Angeline Doran among others. Your column was delighted to see how well new-girl Rosemary Hippo-Gibson acquitted herself under such trying conditions. And then there was Les Lovely—truly a delight who is due to reach the top any day now. At least that's what R.G. thinks. Frankly, nothing very exciting happened 'cept that Brian Caruth lost two (full) Phoenix bottles somewhere in the shingle and our new Casanova, Bill Sproule, got rather wet when a wave covered him while paddling. Oh, and Peter Bunbury couldn't find himself a woman....

Last Thursday, Raw McCluskey (who is putting years on people nowadays) and Dennis brought all their acquaintances to Palmerston Road to partake of 3,000 bottles of U-No-What. Shirley, Nuala, Caroline and all the Bailey-girls were there. Add Sam Swerling, now known as "Isiah" (ask him why!), and Jonah, lately returned from the wilderness—he must have had a whale of a time (sic)—some Tony M., Paddy B., Dick, Bill and hordes of others too numerous to mention, simmer slowly for twenty minutes.... Saturday, and Fiona W., with Araminta Crunch and haughty Howes doing noble work in bouncing crashers. Clive was there with Joyce, also Paddy L., Dick B-G. and Ann Mullan, nameless nonentities who seemed to enjoy themselves. Cheese—not bad; people and atmosphere—stuffy, overpowering. Pity those invited had to argue for hours with a funny little man before being ad-

mitted. Such strain, stress, expectancy, and then anti-climax on entry. Worth it my hat!

Then at Celbridge, Diana C.C. threw her house open to save-the-hunt. "Horses—they're my life!" Archie and Caroline were there, David Willis and Miss Australia 1963, Noel B.K. and Jane G., too. Dan Corbett danced with Miss Nobody-in-particular, Rory Bland with sweet Sally C.C. Ian Dunlop (of the other paper) met Mrs. Dudley Guinness in the dark (re-



Dancing Dan at Celbridge.

peat, in the dark, dear reader, yes, we saw them). And we can even tell Miss Plunkett that some of the silver was in fact Eighteenth Century—just as she probably guessed. Adrienne Chamney was with Hugh, but poor Paul Marland had to twist alone.

Saturday brought us all out somewhere near Rathcoole to dance in Sandy Goodman's cottage, at a hooley given by himself, the wife and Charlotte Eastwood. Music by Phil the fluther, Fiachre Trench, Barry Richardson, and partners. Twisting by John Ryan and Maggy, conflict between the younger Oddy and Hugo Patten for the hand of Jenny Bulmer-T. Instead, Skippers and Doreen looked at the full moon and crooned, Alan Hobbs and Meryl Lucas swooned, Mida and Ian K. spooned. Others? Hadn't time to look at them!

# Petronius

THE summer term has turned the half-way mark, and the vacation approaches apace. It is time to think of a vacation job, unless you can afford to migrate with the flock of Tits to the south of France. This is the nicest way to recuperate from the rigours of Trinity, since there are always lots of chaps down there avidly reminiscing about last term's parties and busy plotting to crash one along at Juan les Pins. Just the sort of thing for an overworked intellect, to have a break from it all.

But for the welfare stater, or the poor bogman, employment is all, and as a guide to easy money I would presume to recount the advantages of various employments that I have enjoyed for the benefit of the uninitiated. One trade all

College blokes are qualified for is that of drink providing. English breweries are a starting point; plum job here is delivering for though the cash is small, the liquid benefits more than compensate, since the reaction of the publican when you refill his cellar is to get rid of his remnants down your thirsty throat. Many was the day I returned to the depot speechless at such munificence. Similar delights await the prospective bartender, especially if he dispenses in the south coast resorts.

For those whose criterion of success is merely money, the ultimate provider is the canning factory. These come in all shapes and smells and usually employ birds too. The work is sweaty, blister making, and accompanied by the growls of uncouth specimens called foremen. Very similar to working on the buildings, but has the advantage that the work never stops. Equipped with enough benzidine and will power, you can amass the purchase price of a Mini.... and achieve the match-box

status symbol of the smooth student... by working seventy days non-stop. I don't advise this; I had to convalesce for two months in a quiet room with the blinds down, after like efforts.

A word to girls going to can. The mistaken impression the native employees labour under is that you are fancy free and easy. Especially the latter. I don't know how this came about, but my advice is to keep a loaded two-pound tin handy to repulse any man who mistakenly tries to instruct you in your duties.

For the odd-ball, I recommend shrimp fishing off Great Yarmouth, a truly thrilling experience; shoe shining in Leicester Square, the best way of meeting the people, or the everopen standby, purveying postcards of a humorous nature on Brighton seafront. What am I doing? None of this rude commercial life, back to nature for this lad. Gamekeeper to a certain Lord with wide estates and an unfortunate disability... a mellowing prospect.

# Letter from Paris

YESTERDAY on the Quai des Orfèvres I saw a bearded artist pluck a newly sprouted leaf from one of the plane-trees along the Seine, and study it with a look of pleasurable wonderment on his face.

Spring, say the song-writers, is the same all over the world, but in Paris it seems by tradition to come in a specially distilled form. There is an indefinable sense of cleanness and expectancy in the air, and people have already begun practising their holiday mood for the summer.

Indeed, the tourists have already begun to arrive. They crowd the "Self-Services" in un-selfconscious, gregarious groups, waving their green Michelin guides, and photograph the usual view of Notre Dame from the "Bateaux Mouches."

In the record-shops, Helen

Shapiro and Henri Tisot (France's answer to Jonathan Miller) nestle side by side. The Twist "fait rage," René Clair has been received into the French Academy, and "Johnny Hallyday est amoureux." This is the season of Spring, when the young trade-unionist's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of strikes... on the Métro, on the railways, in the Post Office.

The French Festival in Dublin has been reported favourably in the papers, even though the Paris "flics" did cause traffic-jams of curious motorists in Grafton Street. (At least, that's what "Paris-Soir" said). In return, as it were, Behan's "The Hostage" is playing in French at the Odeon with the Madeleine Renaud-Jean Louis Barrault Company, and has been generally well received.

And yet, this year it isn't quite the same as usual.

Too often the music and the shouts of street-traders are

drowned by the uncanny braying of police sirens. Hundreds of arrests are made every day. As you pass an apartment-building, a middle-aged woman crosses the footpath in front of you, courteously shepherded by a policeman with a sub-machine gun. She climbs into the Black Maria at the kerb-side, already full of a dozen other policemen, and is whisked away, led by two motor-cycle cops scything a way through the traffic with their sirens. There are spot traffic-checks on the Boul "Mich" and barricades round the Luxembourg Palace. Every morning the papers have a new story of the capture of some O.A.S. leader... and the "plastifications" continue.

But, in spite of all the tension and the uncertainty of the political situation, the spirit of Paris in the Spring is irrepressible. There may be anti-aircraft guns on the Elysée Palace, but there are primroses in the Tuileries, too.—G.F.

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## RIDE IN WHERE YOU SEE THIS SIGN



## Colonel May

After a careful study of the Irish classic contenders, the Colonel is off to the "other side" to see what the English colts and fillies are up to. In the course of his travels up and down the country he hopes to be in a position to give his clients first rate information in his proposed bumper Epsom edition later in the term. He has some "legal" business to attend to in London but this should not prevent him from mingling with owners, trainers and jockeys at such far-flung meetings as "Ally Pally," Birmingham, Windsor and Lingfield Park. In addition, he will probably be observed disguised as a bush or tree in the early hours of the morning on Newmarket Heath, the downs at Epsom, or the Yorkshire Moors, with his highpowered glasses and notebook watching the English classic hopes at their early morning exercise.

This is another very full week's racing in Ireland with meetings at Gowran Park, Navan and Phoenix Park on Thursday, Friday and Saturday respectively. The Colonel recommends the evening meeting at Navan to one and all; an excellent card has been arranged with the Navan Trial Stakes with 500 sovs. added being the feature event. This has attracted a first class entry and while the Colonel is hesitant in offering a selection, he does rather like the look of T.V.

The Colonel notes that the Duchess of Norfolk's speedy juvenile Tourist is doubly engaged at Windsor and Lingfield Park and clients are advised to look out for this Democratic colt. Windbag, from the same stable, holds an engagement in the Lingfield Oaks Trial and having watched this one score impressively at the backend of last season, the Colonel is confident that she will run into a place. For the record, of his two selections last week, Quatch didn't run, French Plea won at 2/1 and two of his half-dozen to follow appeared—Aurelius and Whistling Wind, winning at 6/4 and 2/5 respectively.

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# RUNS AT LAST

**R**AIN seriously interfered with the First XI's home match against Malahide on Saturday and spoiled any chance of a definite result. Rice won the toss and Terdre and Guthrie opened the batting on a wicket too sodden to give the bowlers much aid. Guthrie hitting beautifully to leg played as well as we all know he can but Terdre, whose early shots included a beautiful square cut for 4 and an on-drive for 3, stole the eye in making a welcome return to form.

At 32 Guthrie (18) was caught at mid-off and Rice did not last long, but then Markham and Terdre added 52 in 50 minutes. Markham lacked the fluency of some of his earlier innings but showed his class in some fine leg shots. Terdre, missed at 27, went from strength to strength, and ran to his 50 in 90 minutes with a well judged off drive. He did not long survive Markham, who was lbw for 19, being caught behind for 62 very good runs. Anderson (10) showed his class before being caught at the wicket, but it was Lea, twice

missed, who dominated the rest of the innings. Hitting powerfully to leg he batted as well as he had at Clontarf in scoring 30. Rice declared with 7 wickets down, leaving Malahide to get 153 in even time.

Hughes, particularly, and Rice each got some lift out of the wicket and with the former claiming 2 wickets and Rice 1, Malahide were 43-3. Then came a heavy rainstorm and play was resumed under very difficult conditions. Evans bowled very well at a brisk medium but had trouble with his footholds, so the brunt of the attack fell on

Wicks and off-spinner Bagley. The former came in for some punishment from P. A. Neville but Bagley, making the ball turn and lift, always worried the batsmen. Given more time and more luck, he might well have won the game. Eventually Wicks, through a magnificent catch by Parry in the gully, took the wicket of Gilmore. Then, off one of the few bad balls Bagley bowled, Wicks caught Neville well at backward short leg.

The game ended with Markham and Lea bowling, and a surprised Markham taking the wicket of O'Brien thanks to another grand catch by Wicks.

Dublin Univ., 152-7 dec. (R. C. Terdre 62, C. J. Lea 30); Malahide, 129-6 (P. A. Neville 38).

## Seconds Win Again

Clarkson won the toss and Trinity 2nd XI fielded on a soaked wicket at Grangegorman last Saturday. Action was restricted throughout the afternoon to the bright periods between the heavy showers, which fell with monotonous regularity.

After some preliminary aggression from Marshall-Smith, nine wickets fell to the spin of Inglis and Gooch so that the home side were all out for only 82. Following the tea-break, West and Labbet provided a steady start to the innings, which was slowed by the combined effects of St. Brendan's good fielding and the extremely wet outfield. West was out, trying an alarmingly attacking hook, to a fine catch in the deep, and it was left to the bludgeoning of Fuller Sessions, ably assisted by Minns to wind up the match before the heavens opened.

St. Brendan's, 82 (Inglis 4 for 28, Gooch 5 for 22); Trinity, 93 for 2 (Fuller Sessions 31 not out).

## Sporting Briefs

### Water Polo

Trinity Senior, 3; Dublin, 2. Trinity Juniors, 7; Crusaders, 5. The Trinity teams kept up their unbeaten record in the current League last Thursday night when the Seniors defeated Dublin and the Juniors Crusaders. Baldwin scored all three goals in the Senior match and Trimmingham scored four in the Junior.

The Senior team meets Pembroke in the semi-final to-night and on present form could go on to play U.C.D. in the final. The Junior championship will almost certainly be between Trinity and Half Moon. The two teams met in the first match of the league, which ended in a draw and the play off should be a very close game.

### Ladies Tennis

After an all-successful tour the ladies tennis team stormed to victory 8-1 in their colours match at Belfield. This is probably the strongest team that Trinity has ever fielded, and this must be largely due to the enthusiasm and conscientiousness of Ruth Lewis.

In spite of the foulest of weather they completely outplayed U.C.D. who had a strong team headed by Geraldine Houlihan, who is ranked No. 2 in Ireland.

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## Athletics

# THREE TIMES SUCCESSFUL

Thursday last saw six sturdy warriors embarking for Holyhead, thence to journey on to Loughborough to take part in the U.A.U. Championships. All performed very creditably; Tjerand Lunde came 3rd in the high ump, 4th in the pole vault and 5th in the javelin—a magnificent effort! In the past four years he has gained no less than 45 points for Trinity in U.A.U. Championships, and it is largely thanks to his prowess in these years that Trinity athletes are so highly considered in England. In the 880 yds. Shillington again performed well, winning his qualifying heat, and coming 3rd in the final. Oviagele came 5th in the discus, and 6th in the shot, his discus throw being his best this season. Middleton did a wind-assisted 15.8 secs. for the high hurdles, to earn him 5th place, and Russell came 6th in the high jump. Whittome failed to qualify for the mile final, in spite of returning his fastest time this season, but in the three miles he ran extremely well in a time of 15 mins. 01.8 secs., the fastest time in Trinity since 1960.

While these members of the club were in England, the "lesser brethren" travelled west to Galway to compete in the Irish Universities Championships for the first time in 25 years. Trinity just won the O'Sullivan Cup from Cork (82-80), with Galway and U.C.D.

bringing up the rear; it must be remembered, however, that the U.C.D. 1st team were in Belgium at the time of this match.

On a track in somewhat worse condition than the T.C.D. rugby pitch at the moment, and in a gale-force wind, no brilliant times were returned. The most exciting race of the day undoubtedly was the 880 yds. which Francis Quinlan, our captain for the day, won, after some very intelligent running. The D.U.H.A.C. 4th and 5th strings, A. Crawford and A. Scott, came 1st and 2nd respectively in the high jump, and Scott also won the high hurdles in 15.4 secs. — with the wind behind him. R. Francis won the 440 yards in a fine time, considering the conditions, and Sparshott and Pampanini won the mile and the javelin respectively, and Kirkham ran well to gain 2nd place in the 100 yards.

On Monday, May 14th a D.U.H.A.C. "B" team had a triangular fixture against Avondale Selected and Civil Service. The match ended with a draw between the Home Club and Avondale, with Civil Service coming 3rd. Good performances were returned by Shillington, Scott, Austen, Senior and Simmonds.

Next Saturday the Club meet Queen's on a Dublin track, and on Wednesday the might of the Rest of Eire is descending upon College Park to pit its strength against the home club.

## College Races

There is a list of entries on the D.U.H.A.C. Notice Board at Front Gate. Entries close on Sunday, May 27th at 12 noon. No late entries can be accepted. N.B.—in particular — the accompanying notice about College Races on the board.

## Sailing

# WIN FOR HARE

Two Trinity Fireflies took part in the first Open Meeting at Blessington S.C. last week-end. The weather was unfortunate with force 6 squalls sweeping down the reservoir and causing all racing to be cancelled on Sunday. In the first race on Saturday Martin Hare had a close race against the College of Surgeons' boat, but succeeded in getting through on the run. The race was finished on the 1st round. Again on the water, Hare chased O'Rahilly around the course but failed to get through. Branigan had bad luck on the finishing line where he was narrowly beaten and dropped to 4th.

First Division—Results for last Friday: P. Branigan, 1; Miss H. McCandless, 2; J. Clapham, 3; D. McSweeney, 4; P. Meseum, 5; T. Wilcox, 6.

# A career is what it's worth

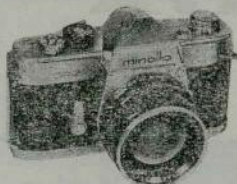
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