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Trinity News

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BOOK OF KELLS TO BE EXPORTED

Exhibition at Royal Academy

An exhibition is to be held at the Royal Academy, Burlington House, from 11th January, 1961, to 5th March, 1961, in connection with the Library Extension Appeal. The chief exhibit will be the Book of Kells. This priceless treasure of Trinity's has never been on view outside Ireland since it was first acquired by the College in the 17th century. Also on display will be the Book of Durrow, the Book of Armagh, together with its satchel, and the Book of Dimma and its shrine. The British Museum is lending their Gospels of Lindisfarne. A comprehensive display of enlarged photographs of a number of parts of the Book of Kells will also be on view.

Other photographs, maps, prints, etc., of the College will be on display as well; with special attention centred on the Provost's House, and portraits of Provost Andrews and Hely-Hutchinson. The College Harp—the oldest known harp in existence—which is reputed to be Brian Boru's, will be shown. Some of the College plate will be displayed, as well as a number of portraits and photographs of Provosts and other College worthies. The Coats of Arms, which was the stone over the gateway of the old College, will also be on view, as well as many examples of rare buildings and manuscripts, including those of Burke, Swift, Wolfe Tone, Wilde and Yeats.

The exhibition is to be supported by a series of eight weekly lectures at Burlington House on the backgrounds of

the Book of Kells, starting with one by the Registrar, Mr. E. F. Mitchell, on "The Ireland of the Siploira," and ending with one on the European background by Professor Gurkher Haseloff of Warzburg, who is to repeat his lecture later in Dublin. Two lectures are being held at the Victoria and Albert Museum, one by Dr. Parke on "The Treasures of T.C.D. Library," and the other by the Keeper of the Manuscripts, Mr. W. O'Sullivan, entitled "The Book of Kells." A detailed recorded tour of the Library was broadcast by the Northern Ireland Home Service last Tuesday evening, in which Mr. F. J. E. Hurst, the Assistant Librarian, and others described some of the treasures of the College Library. This recorded interview acted as an excellent introduction to the forthcoming exhibition.

T.C.D. Debaters Qualify

"Irish Times" Trophy

Both Trinity's debating teams entries qualified for the final of the "Irish Times" debating tournament to be held in Queen's University, Belfast, on 13th December.

The Phil. team, Hallam Johnston and Jack Daniels, came second, by one mark, in the Dublin preliminary round held in the Pharmaceutical Society Hall in Ballsbridge on Thursday last. Messrs. Daniels and Johnston supported the motion "That the Middle Ages were the shame of Europe."

Messrs. Keery and Branigan, opposing the motion "That the idea of a University is to produce gentlemen," came second in their round, too, held in U.C.C. on Saturday evening.

Both teams on being interviewed by your reporter expressed strong dissatisfaction concerning the organising and running of the tournament by the Union of Students in Ireland. Perhaps it might be better if next year the tournament was organised and run by the heads of the debating societies concerned. They, if anyone, should know as to when, where and what form the tournament should take.

Honorary Degree for Dr. Fisher

On Wednesday of last week the Dublin University Senate met to consider candidates for honorary degrees to be conferred when the British Council of Churches meets in Dublin next April. It was unanimously agreed that the degree of D.D. honoris causa should be conferred upon the following: The Most Rev. Geoffrey Francis Fisher, M.A., D.D., P.C., G.C.V.O., Archbishop of Canterbury; the Rev. Archibald C. Craig, M.A., D.D., Moderator-elect of the Church of Scotland, and the Rev. Harold Roberts, M.A., Ph.D., D.D., Principal of Richmond College, London.

D.U.C.A.C.

We regret that in our report of the annual general meeting of D.U.C.A.C. in last week's issue we failed to mention the retirement of Captain Shaw from the Treasurership of the Committee. He has been Treasurer for over 45 years, and his retirement was noted with deep regret by the meeting, which passed a special vote of thanks for all he had done. He retains a connection with D.U.C.A.C. as Senior Hon. Treasurer.



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THE REV. MICHAEL FERRAR

The Warden is no longer with us. We shall never again see his tall figure stride across Front Square to the Chapel, or listen to him taking a Service. But those of us who lived in his "family" in the Hostel will always remember him with affection.

A shy, reserved man, Michael Ferrar had a deep affection for his students, and long after they were ordained he followed the careers of "my boys" with great interest. How proudly he displayed the Christmas cards he received from them, and yet how shy he was at the same time of revealing his deeper emotions.

His sense of humour was sharp and subtle. His great joy was to ask one of the more Loyalist Northerners what was special about a particular day. How he enjoyed telling him that it was such and such an anniversary of the Queen's Accession or Coronation, and how he chuckled at the

amazed look he received. He was a master of the vivid phrase, the pithy comment, and those of us who dared to cross swords with him at the dinner table usually regretted our audacity.

On the more serious side, his influence on our training for Ordination was profound. He had a special ability in explaining the Bible and the Prayer Book to us, revealing many treasures in them that we might otherwise have missed.

No matter what words one might use, they would be inadequate to describe the quiet greatness of this man who subjected himself to an iron discipline, and who was so steeped in prayer, that for him the things of Heaven were an everyday reality.

His life was devoted to the service of our Church, and he expressed this in training us to serve more fully.

Michael Lloyd Ferrar—A Saint.
W. C. C.

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TRINITY NEWS
3 Trinity College

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THURSDAY, 9th DECEMBER, 1960

**"A Merry Christmas
to All Our Readers"**

MR. O'CASEY's letter to Mr. Bleasie of the Fabian Society, be its style good or bad, gives much food for thought. "Why the hell do you all keep peeping out from the bastions of your Universities? Come out into the street to meet and get to know the workers . . ." cries the father-figure of non-conforming Irish letters, and away we all rush to pay homage to "the explosive character of the old master's prose" ("Icarus" editorial).

One's first reaction to the matter of Mr. O'Casey's remarks might, however, be that the old man didn't know what he was talking about. So many medics deliver babies there, so many Legionaries distribute pamphlets there, so many Dip.Soc. Stud. and Sociological Society students "investigate" there, that one might think that even the slums of Dublin were becoming the carefully tended hot-houses of "problems" and "disgraces to the country" that they are in England. Certainly the reception of the young hopeful from Trinity gets in his adventures towards "getting to know the workers" should only strengthen his impression that it has been tried, and tried too often, before.

But it's not really as easy as all that. Last week there appeared in the "Irish Times" a small item which should have shown its readers more of the truth about this city than any number of earnest chats with the boys with the forceps from the Rotunda. A charity which runs a night shelter for indigent Dublin men reported that during the year, 90 such men had been found dead and alone—having died without medical or spiritual attention, usually of starvation, disease or exhaustion, which proper care could easily have made impossible. Every single night of this year, the shelter—which is a large one—had to turn away indigents for whom beds were not available—men who, being homeless, can only have passed the night in the street.

This is the kind of situation—of which the shelter's figures can only have given some tiny indication—that really obtains within 100 yards of Pearse Street Gate; the researchers' accounts of shabby homes with tea and kindness (and the newspapers' unanimous gospel that the economy is expanding and everything's wonderful) do not even approach half the truth.

It is obviously pointless to suggest that we should all now take up our crosses and journey into the slums to find all out and put all right—because we know that won't happen. But there are publications and figures available which can tell us much of the story—and there may be more soon. The Fabian Society is planning an organised system of research into housing and living conditions in the city which, if it is properly organised, may reveal a good deal of what was not revealed before. If students here knew more about what was going on under their noses they might talk less speciously about what a wonderful place Dublin was, and more about the best way to make it so. If Trinity is to be more Irish there are some ways in which it must start by being less so.

Profile : D. De W. Rogers

Dan Rogers looks like Punch; is 27; can walk on his hands—and will do so with sufficient liquid and verbal encouragement at a party; hits sixes; lectures in Spanish, and is very much a part of the student social scene. Perhaps the main reason for his social "arrival" and his present unchallenged position as first ambassador for the cause of the promotion of amicable and unrestrained relations between staff and students, is that in 1957 a surprised Junior Freshman found that one of his National Service companions was to lecture him in Spanish. From then on there was no stopping this Lucky Jim (someone never very far away in Dan's conversation). However, despite his youth, he has managed all the time to maintain that slight but vital distancing between the teacher and the student—a very remarkable achievement.

He is a short, Celtic-looking man with a nut-cracker face, enormous glasses, a habit of violently wrinkling his forehead, and of slow, languid speech (his father is a British Army officer). He is strong for his size, but is generally too pacific to exert force. Fielding on the cricket pitch, he gives an impression of hunched menace—cap grimly down over eyes, hands tensed with almost comic earnestness. But when he is batting there is no hint of comedy (particularly for the bowler) when he strikes bad and good balls for six with affable impartiality.

After three other educational sallies he went to Newtown School, Waterford, in 1945. There he was happy in an easy-going, liberal atmosphere. He graduated to the hurly-burly of this College in 1950, and since then he has been here for most of the time. For two years he served the Queen in Singapore, but saw no action before he came home in 1957. In that year he was appointed assistant in Spanish.

Although out of lectures he is careful to conceal with a simulated irresponsibility any hint of academicity, he is, nevertheless, a stimulating and witty lecturer on 17th century drama. He prefers a witty, plain man's approach rather than comprehensive scholarliness. A drawn countenance, which may indicate that he is no more pleased to be lecturing to his students at 9 a.m. than they are to be listening to him at that hour, often inspires him to his most caustic

witticisms, which are almost invariably prefaced by an infectious gurgle which by its very oddity in itself provokes laughter.

Dan lectures on Don Juan; with great acuteness he reveals the real man behind the romantic myth. Paradoxically by exactly the opposite process, by accident or design, he has created a "Rogers' Myth"; his famous leer, his indescribable laugh, his innuendos, his translations set from "The History of Courting" have created an image which has



an element of Behan and Rabelais as well as Don Juan in it. But this creation has recently fallen in ruins as he has just become engaged to Susan Leonard, for whom he interpreted the idiosyncrasies of the Spanish language during a geography tour in April, 1959.

Dan has cut out a social niche for himself in College. Although basically reserved, he is the epitome of friendliness; although a sceptic and often wildly cynical, he is kindly and unselfish. He has gained social prominence—with his inimitable laugh he would surely describe it as notoriety—without sacrificing any essential part of his personality, or impairing his usefulness as a member of the teaching staff of the University. His approachability is something which students would like to see more widespread in Trinity.

May we wish him and his charming fiancée all happiness in the future.

**COLLEGE
OBSERVED...**

Has Trinity lost its sense of humour? Societies like BISCUIT, which existed for the promulgation of the cackle in society, have now altogether ceased to function. The rhinoceros in the zoology building, with his smug expression, his wry, sardonic grimace will feel safe, I'm certain, concerning his whereabouts during the next two terms. Ah nostalgia . . . I remember trying so hard to devise a way to remove him permanently from his prison and place him on the pedestal he deserved: the former Gough monument in the Phoenix Park. Have we, in fact, grown up? I'm not one to incite the riot, but honestly, the only spark of humour which I have seen made manifest this term is the carefully printed "Ban the Bum" which is like writing-on-the-walls everywhere, a self-conscious piece of perversion. "Sick" is a good term for the humour which permeates the atmosphere everywhere. Some are afraid to laugh lest they appear ridiculous in the face of "sober judgment" (I know that Trinity is noted for that particular thing . . .), others afraid to laugh lest their faces look peculiar.

Overheard while staring at a wall with no writing: "What are you going to do when you leave this place?" (with great solemnity). "I really don't know . . ." Well, methinks that you had better find out. Time, the most precious element in this age of fastfuriosity, is definitely on our (the graduate's) side. Glorious fat years lie before us, five or six of them; the lean years come afterwards when we begin suffering the consequences of an irrational, impulsive youth. If you don't know what you are going to do when you leave College, you belong here 'till you do. Some while ago a circular was passed around to Sophisters in all schools concerning the Appointment's Office. Since that time a veritable barrage of anxiety-stricken opportunists (and quite rightly so . . .) has pressed towards that open door. Let me add a plea, along with that of the authorities, for an interview early on in your University career. The absence of a directive has so often caused a completely wasted period of from anything like six months to four years. Remember that the world around us earns its living, from day to day, every day of the year. It is indeed a noble thing to work like cretins and peons for a few weeks during the summer, but will we always do that type of work? Conjugating Greek verbs on an assembly line is not my idea of a career; some poor fellow is working there because he has never had the opportunity to rise any higher, he may well have a brain as quick and clever as any of the best of us. It is up to us to fill the position society expects from us. Let me not sound too Communistic when I say that very few of us are worked to even one-quarter of our potential during life, let me sound positively Red.

I hear that a certain French lecturer refuses to discuss politics in a conversation class. Surely (if I remember my short days in Mod. Lang. French conversation) to provoke an argument, or at least interest of some sort, it is the very purpose of these lectures. One can become extremely glib, even in French, if one's beliefs are stepped on lightly. We expect Francoistic opinions from a visiting lecturer—if he comes from France. We are also very interested in what he has to say, and in what we have to say in reply (after we have thought out very carefully how to say it . . .) even more so. A stimulant, please . . .

One of the favourite occupations of Trinity students throughout the years has always been the purchase of "bargains" from book stores. Apparently one cannot do this any more. There are no bargains left, according to a large article in some evening paper here. What utter nonsense. The other day a friend of mine found a ragged, spare tome called "Historia del (?), Arte vol. xix." Now, to the casual observer this bulky book appears as nothing special. It was printed, as part of a very large set, in the early part of this century. However, for fifteen bob my friend made £28. Something to think about. If you are in doubt about the value of a book, you must spend some time in the National Library where for a minute's glance at Book Prices Current you will find not only the recent auction prices but something suggesting the price you should ask for the article you have.

I want to know something about the fellow who has these books in his shelf. What is he? Will the psychiatrists amongst you enlighten me, please?

It will soon be Christmas. Something urges the lot of us to peer through the more commercial aspects of the season, to make effort to see, through the tinsel and the gaily wrapped mullarky bathed in twinkling neon, the very Christian goodwill that must be in circulation everywhere.

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THE IRISH IN CAMBRIDGE *By One of Them*

The Irish in Cambridge are always on the defensive. We proclaim the culture of our land, the railways, and all the symbols of the post Stone Age era. But we always get that "Oh run off to your cave and play with the mammoth, there's a good fellow" look. Suddenly we are proved true, to our surprise. For an ironed-out and supposedly smooth version of Micheal MacLiammoir causes a first-night stampede in the Arts Theatre as Oscar Wilde, and the enthusiastic, near-hysterical audience rush away to look closer at their maps of the British Isles. Now, I suppose, we must make them believe in C.I.E., though we don't ourselves.

But the strain of staying sane and sober, to dispose of the theory that all Irishmen are as one with Brendan Behan, of standing more still than any Englishman during the National Anthem, to disprove the theory that every Irishman would kill the Queen for a "half-one," or Armstrong-Jones for nothing, and of remembering to say thruppence and not threepence, is bound to tell. This explains the thrice-yearly phenomenon on the Irish Mail. Who are these men in College scarves with an odd expression on their faces? Is the service so bad as to cause them pain? No. They are the devotees of the great God Cam practising their sad but sympathetic expression of those who say "I go to Trinity." "Trinity Oxford or Cambridge?" "Trinity Dublin." "Oh!" A long silence and the sad but sympathetic expression. It is our turn to be supercilious.

We have those who have risen from the ranks of the aristocracy, and those whose fathers are rich. Those who love their sisters and those who try to, those who are industrious and those who are too busy being idle to have time for work. Do we seem an indistinctive class? We are. Do we seem to be like those in Trinity? We are. (Sorry, I lapsed; read: Maybe we are, but we have certain advantages you know. I must get into practice for the Vac.) We are not divine by reason of the fact that we come here, and hate to be thought so. The only sincere reason for preferring to be at Cambridge then is that no University, to anybody, is as good as one's own.

Brian Pringle.

The Handelian Mausoleum
A CHORAL CORPSE

Of all the great composers, none would have profited more than Handel by following the Brahminism practice of pouring all the small beer down the sink. Handel has caused more numb behinds with nothing to show for them than any other composer I can think of; for one of his immense stature, he wrote an unconscionable amount of uninspired routine stuff.

Which brings me to the "Choral" concert on Tuesday. For all the hard work, ability and love Joe Grocock never fails successfully to lavish on his brood, Israel in Egypt stubbornly remained second-rate Handel. Two-thirds of it should quite simply be left in its shroud. There is a lot of good music here, and it is right that it should be performed. But that is no reason why we should sit through the rest. A pro-

cess of judicious excision could have given us the meat of two such oratorios in the same time, and for the same amount of work. "Israel in Egypt," after all, is not such a "unified concept" as all that. Given all this, it seems rather strange that Mr. Grocock should have thought it so necessary, for instance, to include the rather mediocre duet for two basses at the dire cost of having such essentially solo music sung by tenors and basses, messily at that. But I suspect I am cavilling too much.

The performance was up to the society's high standards, and was got through, with commendable economy, using only two soloists. Patrick Ring sang with a fine sense of drama, an erratic sense of pitch, and a very pleasant voice. Ruth Maher sang very adequately. An interesting concert, but frustrating.—W. M. O.

FOUR & SIX

On Saturday, an evening of unparalleled sordidness took place at the Boat Club. Competitors from the afternoon's regatta poured in to find Edward Holding and Giles Thallarsen behind the bar. The dance floor was occupied by Chris Green and Mary Young, to be followed by Gerry Blanchard and Dorothy Wilcox. Meanwhile, Simon Newman decided to have the bottom bar for his club only, and got bearded Mike Duncan to throw all undesirables out. Finding himself in this class, Jake Story, Trinity's own Missing Link, tried to break the door down, but failed (some door). Then Ewan Bird called a group of drunken U.C.D. men natives, and an attempt was instituted to beat his brains out. This was, I understand, unsuccessful. It took the form of a pitched battle lasting over half-an-hour, during which the Boat House was besieged, only to be relieved by several carloads of members of the Gardai. The severity of the situation can be judged from the fact that Gordon Rebbeck had to sacrifice his car to driving three of the worst troublemakers out of the place, while Tony Godfrey phoned up for more Guards.

Tuesday evening saw the refugees from Choral, the International Affairs party, Jazz Society, Art Society and the

wake at 58 Grand Canal Street gathered in the exclusive luxury of Donald Carroll's bachelor's penthouse at Prince of Wales Terrace. Across the wine-coloured, plush-piled Axminster, Diana Elkins, garbed in a Fath creation, glided gracefully into the arms of Arnold Lutton, who was drowning the memories of St. Andrew's College in a mixture of whiskey sours, tequila, and home-brewed hooch. Francis Giles, in an effort to forget the vagaries of the poker table, flung himself into the all-embracing arms of Germany's answer to Margaret Rutherford, Dolores Eisel von Hinter-tufting. Robert Buttimore played strip poker with himself and demonstrated his acquaintance with the more primitive type of Aztec two-step (called Montezuma's Revenge) with Geraldine Gerrard, the rubiobound damsel from Rathfarnham, taking advantage of her bearded bacchus. Russell Telfer, believing himself capable of assimilating a huge quantity of imported shrimps, slunk miserably out into the cold with David Elyan to look for molls with which to make Kennellyish entrances. While stereophonic music in four different languages from six different speakers pounded out an impelling tattoo, anybody who was anybody made violent love in the jungle of luxuriant furnishings.

REMEMBERED HOBBY-HORSES

Mod. Lang. Review

The second edition of the Mod. Lang. Review is still rather self-conscious about itself, and the Editorial bravely fights off the fly-paper tutorial essay tag. But in running away from obvious academics all the contributors have not necessarily run towards life. The two articles by James R. Kirkpatrick look at modern American literature with a magnifying glass and from it draw dangerously sweeping conclusions about modern life in general. Mr. Kirkpatrick's complaint is that contemporary writers have not sufficiently salted the tail of the scientific bogeyman. His depression about art's present moral irresponsibility is moving, but seems to base itself on the double fallacy that the search for scientific truth is of no moral value, and that books about puzzled people are necessarily puzzled books.

Art does not make itself Messiah by delivering neat social and spiritual solutions with Victorian lace edges. Its manner of reflecting current problems can be itself moral comment. It is inadmissible to praise "Huckleberry Finn" because the hero comes to some kind of terms, and to condemn J. D. Salinger because Holden Caulfield does not. "Catcher in the Rye" is one of the most moral books of recent years. Holden makes no kind of physical break, he initiates nothing, but he sees God in poet-glimpses and recognises truth and beauty where he finds them—in places where most people forget to look. At the end of the book he is absurdly

happy just watching his sister on a merry-go-round. There is optimism in his joy.

Still, an essay on general trends is an excellent idea and Mr. Kirkpatrick is always compelling. He contrasts nicely with the more specific fields covered by Michael Scott and Bruce Arnold. Mr. Scott (Editor) still refuses to go quite to that tutorial and the result is some rather irritating stylistic tricks in an otherwise interesting essay. Mr. Scott has not solved the Hamlet problem, but he has a better basic point than at first appears. Mr. Arnold did go to the tutorial and ironically produces the better if less appealing essay. He has a clear, peeled critical style. The most entertaining prose-item is Miss Richardson's imaginatively fictionalised account of how the Sir Eglamour-story evolved. It would have been easy to over-whimsey but Miss Richardson's wit is always lively and delicate. You will be unaware that you have learnt something.

The inclusion of poetry is a new idea, and stands rather uneasily on the threshold. In his Hamlet-poem Brendan Kennelly brings the "pale prince" disturbingly near our own hearts. Alan Millen translates a Michaelangelo sonnet into unjarring English and a coherent English poem.

This edition contains a few more seeds of maturity. There is scope for more factual articles; and more personal involvement in literature, more love, less point-of-view writing, and more fresh-air in the library would help to catch more readers in the rye.—E. M. B.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(To the Editor, "Trinity News").

Sir,—In the College lifetime of every student a Mission is designed to be held; not so much because the student is so basically un-Christian as to make a Mission imperative as the fact, trite though none the less true, that we are living in changing times. This being so, each Christian in his own particular generation needs to think out the practical ways in which his faith can best be worked out and lived in the face of such complex problems as the changing standards of morality and industry, racial differences and other day-to-day situations.

The Mission to be conducted by the Archbishop of York in February will offer invaluable help and guidance in just such problems. Trinity is extremely fortunate in securing Dr. Ramsay as its missioner. He is recognised as one of the greatest. Fear, however, has been expressed that this Mission may have a bias towards intellectual and ecclesiastical altitude. There is not the slightest need for such a fear. The fundamentals of the Gospel of Christ are the same for both "low" and "high," and it is about the fundamentals that the Archbishop is speaking. His Mission in Oxford, recognised as an outstanding success, proves that, scholar though he be, he can treat the deepest problems of the faith in a way which makes sense. A unique opportunity is being presented to the men and women of Dublin University.—Yours, etc.,

Ernon Perdue,
For and on behalf of the Deans
of Residence.

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of Suffolk Street
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Irish Democracy: Liberties and Rights

THEORETICAL arguments about a political system are neither vital nor essential to practical living under that system; there need not even be agreement on how such a system is to be defined. We believe Ireland must be described as a democracy and, no matter what our idiosyncratic notions of true democracy may be, it is our opinion that there occur in this country from time to time incidents which must inevitably lead one to re-assess such a description of this State.

The investigation and evaluation of such "test case" incidents by newspapers and interested parties we regard as essential to the protection of certain rights and liberties which are at the very foundation of democratic life. Such rights of the individual are the right of access to information necessary for a full appraisal of any act of the State which seems to him to endanger something which he regards as sacred, and the right, where there is no law constitutionally binding on the matter, to judge for himself the merits and demerits of any cultural or intellectual activity. A most important and indeed necessary liberty in a democratic state is the liberty to criticise the government and its organs—be it by orderly heckling at political

It is our opinion that the questions asked of the authorities were not unreasonable and that, considering the time taken up by our investigations and the courtesy and seriousness of our approach, we were entitled at the very least to some reasons for such official silence or a further recommendation as to where we might obtain the information desired. We cannot help asking ourselves the question: What if the "Irish Press" or "Irish Times" had been seeking the information? We can only hope that such suggestions of "second class" treatment are not true, just as we hope that the suggestion in "The Scatterin'" of "second class" police treatment for "teds." was not true.

Unofficial Censorship

Accepting Ireland as a democracy, one can have no quarrel with the censorship of literature and films as conducted under the legislation of the Oireachtas. However, with regard to the theatre, where there is no such State legislation, it is essential that the right of the public to make spontaneous gestures of protest (such as the recent walk-out from Behan's "The Hostage") should be maintained. The threat to this right does not come from official sources, it comes from unofficial pressure groups (usually with a religious background). When a play such as "The Ginger Man" is taken off due to "behind the scene" activities, audiences are deprived of the right to decide for themselves whether they approve or disapprove of the views expressed in a performance. Such action by unofficial pressure groups is much more insidious than that by any organ of the State; it is governed by no procedural checks or balances and is unpredictable in its acts, moreover it questions the adulthood of the individual as well as challenging the foundations of the State in which he lives.

Criticism Essential

To have the mechanism of democracy without the choice between alternatives which the mechanism was constructed to contain is not to have democracy. Where there is choice between alternatives there must be room for free, mutual criticism between holders of opposed views. It is our belief that heckling at political meetings is a part of such criticism and we are disturbed to compare the conduct of the police as guardians of public order at the two mass meetings by opposing parties which concluded the campaign prior to the recent referendum on proportional representation. There seemed to be a difference between the concept of public order which guided the police at (then) Mr. de Valera's meeting in College Green and the Fine Gael meeting at the G.P.O. We have mentioned our obhorrence of partiality by officialdom before in this article and here we must particularise and assert the right of individuals to criticise equally all institutions and views and point out the need for a careful distinction by servants of the State between the realms of public order and reasonable criticism.

In Britain there has been recent public concern because the closing down of a newspaper has meant that one party critical of the British way of life has been deprived of a very influential and widely distributed medium for expressing its views. Here there has been no closing down and yet we find ourselves of the opinion that our national newspapers do not provide between them enough constructive criticism of Ireland and its affairs as is desirable in a democracy. Not only do the political and social viewpoints of the three major newspaper concerns in this country differ little except on points of emphasis, they also neglect to comment on many matters which we feel should seriously concern them as upholders of the voice of the people—and here we mean the people as a whole, not any particular group or class. To refrain from commenting on matters such as those discussed in this article is just as perverting and dangerous as framing one's comments to accord with a particular ideology.



Oscar Traynor, Minister for Justice.
—Photo courtesy "Irish Times"

meetings or through the columns of newspapers and periodicals.

We propose now to focus attention on incidents which we believe illustrate cases where these important rights and liberties seem to have been challenged by official (and indeed also unofficial) pressure.

Information Please

When members of "Trinity News" staff were discussing what to deal with in this article it was thought desirable to get an authoritative official view on the incidents to be commented on and in particular of the factual background to the following sentence which appeared in the November issue of the independent socialist monthly, "The Plough":

"A Superintendent and two Inspectors of the Garda Siochana, accompanied by a local detective, made an official visit to the printer of 'The Plough' and requested copies of the paper."

"Trinity News" sent out a reporter to obtain the desired information: Last Tuesday week your reporter began at College Street Police Station and was recommended to telephone the Commissioners' Office, Dublin Castle. Believing that more might be achieved by personal contact, he went to the Castle himself and was shown from the enquiries office to an office which would deal with this "political" matter. Your reporter spent quite a while in this latter office. Refusing to be put-off by suggestions that it was only the law governing the actions of the police that he was interested in and that he should go to the Government Information Bureau, your reporter felt he was at last getting somewhere when the official in charge went to "see" about points raised regarding the visit to "The Plough." However, when the official returned, apparently his superior had merely provided him with a brilliant weapon of evasion: the visit was in Longford—we wouldn't know what goes on down there—perhaps the police were inspecting the premises under the Factory Act—try the Press Relations Officer, the Depot, Phoenix Park—sorry! And so the Press Relations Officer was telephoned. He would see what he could do and could "Trinity News" call back on Thursday afternoon. Your reporter called back. Try submitting a written memorandum to the Department of Justice and if it concerns the police the Department will get in touch with us! On Friday your Chairman delivered the memorandum in person. It asked four questions: (1) Under what circumstances can the police visit an newspaper? (2) What may they do if such a visit is made? (3) Who authorises such a visit? (4) Can such a visit be refused by the newspaper controllers? Later that day the following letter was despatched by an official of the Department: "I am directed by the Minister for Justice to refer to your letter of to-day's date and to say that he cannot undertake to advise on the points of law mentioned by you."

TO-NIGHT

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Rugby 1st XV

Harriers

Good Effort in Bad Conditions

While most of Trinity's sporting fraternity disported themselves at the Colours match, a strong Harriers team did battle in the Eire Novices' Championship. The course consisted of four laps round a one-mile track, which was a quagmire even before the 80 runners had started. Conditions worsened as the race went on and most competitors finished resembling their counterparts of Lansdowne Road.

Trinity fought well though the mud to gain third place behind the Donore and Avondale clubs. S. Whittome once again ran a fine race to finish 9th and was strongly supported by B. Roe and A. Sparshott in 12th and 19th places. Amongst the many keen Freshmen, P. Davey showed a great improvement, and B. Richardson and Ian Bray also ran well.

Next term the Harriers have a very full programme and it is hoped that members will continue their training through the vacation and successfully resist any tendencies towards dissipation during the festive season.

Swimming and Water Polo

Trinity avenged their defeat of last week by beating Clontarf 2-1 to record their first victory of the season. J. Lee played a very good game in defence. The goals were scored by R. Jagoe and M. O'Brien Kelly, both of whom played well.

In the Junior League, Trinity A were defeated 4-2 by the League leaders, Otter. P. Stead made a welcome return to the team and with D. McGilligan played well in attack. The defence, however, was weak.

Trinity B were defeated 7-0 by Dublin Swimming Club.

Ladies' Swimming

In an inter-varsity match last Saturday against London, U.C.D. and Queen's University, the Trinity ladies swam well, coming third to London and U.C.D. Yvonne Millson did very well to win the breast stroke, while Ruth Taylor came second to the world record holder, N. Ramey, in the butterfly event. In the men's invitation relay, Trinity narrowly defeated U.C.D.

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SPORTS NEWS

COLOURS MATCH

U.C.D. Worthy Winners

Forwards Give Trinity No Chance

Trinity, 3; U.C.D., 10

OUR very worst fears about the strength and potential of the U.C.D. team were fully realised at Lansdowne Road last Saturday. Far from rising to the occasion, Trinity fell well below form and were completely outplayed in almost every aspect of the game. The Trinity forwards were totally over-run by the U.C.D. pack and their speedy backs kept the defence at full stretch throughout the game. So one-sided was the game that one left the ground marvelling that U.C.D. had only managed to score 10 points.

Mercifully the heavy rain of the morning had ceased, and a stiff breeze dried the pitch sufficiently to make open rugby no great problem. From the kick-off, Trinity brought play right into the opposition's "25," but the writing was on the wall when O'Kelly lost his very first set scrum. It was fortunate for Trinity that the U.C.D. backs were having considerable difficulty with their handling, for they were soon setting up attack after attack. Trinity's reply to these mistakes was to take the ball upfield at their feet, but these rushes were often poorly controlled and rarely had U.C.D. in any trouble. A dreadful mix-up over a "25" drop-out almost cost Trinity a try and only Moore's fine covering relieved the situation. The mastery of the U.C.D. forwards was almost unbelievable, for they had a monopoly of the ball in line-outs and loose scrums, and time and time again won the heel against the loose head in the set scrums. Whenever Trinity did get the heel it was so slow that the U.C.D. wing forwards had a field day against the half-backs.

U.C.D.'s opening score was the result of a magnificent solo effort by their centre, Dillon. Receiving an inside pass on the "25," he weaved his way through the Trinity defence, beat several tackles and scored between the posts. The try was duly converted. At this stage, late in the first half, the Trinity backs had had no chance whatsoever to run with the ball. Dornan was having a most difficult and unhappy time at fly-half; constantly harassed by the wing forwards, his handling tended to break down, but his touch kicking generally was safe. The decision was made, however, to put him on to the wing and bring Lea to out-half. This is the kind of move which is rarely desirable and in this case scarcely warranted, and it is tantamount to telling the person involved that he is no longer of any use to his side. It is also calculated to disrupt the rest of the back division which, in fact, was the case. Lea, of course, was very sound, but had no scope whatsoever.

Trinity saw a good deal more of the ball at the start of the second half. Lea made every effort to get the backs moving, but they could make little headway against the sure tackling of U.C.D. Soon, however, the old pattern was re-established and U.C.D. were attacking again, first through their forwards and then through their backs. They were brilliantly served by their cool, efficient out-half, Murray, who invariably escaped the attentions of Trinity's wing forwards. Their most dangerous back, however, was Dillon, a delightful runner, with a very clear eye for the gap. He put U.C.D. further ahead with his second try. Thornton moved in from the left-



Clive Mumford, of the Boxing Club, whose photograph we were unfortunately unable to publish with his "Profile" last week.

wing, burst through the defence at great speed and passed to Dillon who went over beside the posts. Again the try was converted. At this stage one expected Trinity to go to pieces altogether, but to their great credit they stuck to their uphill task and fought back. From a set scrum in the U.C.D. "25," Robins beat several men and was held up just short of the line. Trinity were awarded a set scrum and with a truly magnificent effort the pack pushed the opposition back over the line and fell on the ball for a try, which not even the most ardent U.C.D. fan would have begrimed.

With about 20 minutes left it seemed just possible that Trinity might pull the match out of the fire. U.C.D., however, had very different ideas and proceeded to set up a fierce attack on the Trinity line. Their backs were in action continually, and if they did not score it was perhaps that they were attempting too many intricate moves. The Trinity defence was kept at full stretch, but held out, due to solid tackling and covering. It will be noticed that little praise has been given to any of the Trinity side, for little is due; they were simply outplayed by a superior side. It would be unfair, however, not to mention McMullen, perhaps the only Trinity player to enhance his reputation. As can be imagined, he had a tremendous amount to do and was rarely, if ever, found wanting. Surely he is consistently one of the best full-backs in Ireland to-day.

This is a match that Trinity will wish to forget as quickly as possible and there is little to be gained from analysing the defeat in detail. Certainly on the day, this was a very fine U.C.D. side indeed and there was no disgrace whatsoever in being beaten by them.

Colonel May Winds Up Successful Campaign

The Colonel nodded with satisfaction as he watched his fourth consecutive winning selection, Double Star, stroll home at Lingfield by 15 lengths. For his final selection this term the Colonel nominates Spring Brow. Spring Brow has already won twice this season and in the belief that she will chalk up another win at Chepstow on Saturday, the Colonel recommends her to his followers. The Colonel would also like to take this opportunity of wishing his followers a

happy Christmas, and he will be back next term to give them a "prosperous" New Year.

Selections so far:

Dairiflidian—Non-runner.

Fresh Winds — Fell when leading at last fence.

Branca Doria—Won, 5/2, f.

Farmers' Boy—Won, 11/4, f.

Double March—Won, 3/1.

Double Star—Won, 6/4, f.

Ten points profit or £10 to a level £1 stake.

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TABLE TENNIS

The club has had a very satisfactory term, due mainly to the Committee getting the balls rolling right from the beginning.

Four men's teams were entered for the Leinster League this year and all have done well in their fixtures so far. The first team, having been promoted to Div. II this year, are doing extremely well, against stiff opposition, to get five points from as many matches. The second team in the fourth division are doing well, both in their cup and league. The thirds in Div. V have a clean sheet (played 4, won 4) and stand a good chance of winning their division. The results of the fourths in Div. VI fluctuate between 12-0 wins and 7-5 defeats.

Both ladies' teams have acquitted themselves well in their league matches so far.

In the Dublin Junior last week, three members, Pat Barry, Stanley Birch and Diarmuid McSweeney, got to the quarter finals of the singles event.

Ex-Captain and club No. 1, Don Mahony, represented Ireland against the other home countries in Cardiff last week-end.

The first inter-varsity match of the season, Trinity v. U.C.D., will be played in the Gym. on Friday, 9th December, at 7.30 p.m. This match is the first round of the Wine Cup which has eluded the club for the last seven years. Your support is requested to help the team change this disastrous state of affairs.

CLUB REVIVAL

Last week-end the recently revived Trinity Gaelic Football and Hurling Club played and lost to a Guinness XV at Iveagh Grounds. This was the first fixture the hurling team has had this year, or any year in fact since the early 1930's, when interest in hurling finally died out in Trinity.

The revived team, under the captaincy of Sean Kelly, put up a fair showing against a stronger side and were also unlucky in so far as Trinity were without several of their best players who were engaged in other club matches. The score was 4-2 to 2-4, which shows that at full strength the Trinity side may yet prove to be a force to be reckoned with.

Next term the Club will compete for the Cavanagh Cup, and it is hoped that the revival of interest in Ireland's national game will get active support from College. Those interested should write to J. McHugh, c/o. Gaelic Society, No. 5 T.C.D.

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