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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Undergraduate Weekly

THURSDAY, 28th MAY, 1964

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censure motion withdrawn

S.R.C. DEBATES TRINITY NEWS

Apathy or sheer weight of counter attractions led to a meagre attendance at the S.R.C. Council meeting, held last Friday. The meeting only came to life when, in the closing minutes, Mr. Budd proposed the motion: "That whereas Council realises the value of the liberty of the press, we nevertheless feel that there should be a vote of censure on College publications for non-attendance at S.R.C. meetings and important public lectures and College society meetings. That the vote of censure be conveyed to Trinity News."

The motion was attacked by many of those present, including the President. An amendment to exclude "T.C.D." from the censure was defeated. It was pointed out that antagonising the College press would do nothing to secure its co-operation. Mr. Knott saw the motion as betraying an air of pomposity on the part of the S.R.C. and it was pointed out that Trinity News had always given fair coverage to the S.R.C. Mr. Budd then agreed that the motion was rather unfair and withdrew it.

The meeting, up to the proposal of that motion had been quiet and constructive. The President stated that the loss on the diaries had been paid off. Mr. Jacobson explained that the position regarding skipperies and meeting rooms in No. 4. Mr. Adams read the report of the sub-committee on diaries and it was agreed that those for 1965 will be of a similar high standard to those of 1963.

The report on faculty elections to be held in the Michaelmas term was read and adopted unanimously. The elections, which will be held by an Action and Planning Committee, will be held during the fourth week of term, nominations having closed a week previously. There will be at least two polling booths and students voting will have to produce some

sure means of identity. Candidates will be allowed to use posters, etc., for their campaign, though not advertising space in College publications.

This report was the most important single item of business at the meeting and it is a pity that it was not circulated to all Council members in advance so allowing time for thought on this very complex problem. The problem of what to do with the vast assembly when it is elected remains and it will be interesting to see how the S.R.C. will develop next term.

ELEGANCE QUEEN

As ever, the judges of the Trinity News "Elegance Queen" competition, Miss Gay Kenny (Irish representative of Helena Rubinstein), Mrs. O'Kennedy (Clodagh Boutique) and Ida Haynes ("Sunday Independent"), were hard put to it to choose the prizewinners.

Eventually they decided that the first prize of a dinner voucher for two at the Royal Hibernian Hotel, a free hairstyle by Peter Mark, a Helena Rubinstein beauty treatment at Brown Thomas, a bouquet from Floriana, two bottles of wine from Smyths, a bottle of champagne and a box of chez-nous chocolate should go to

ISOBEL BURKE

The second prize (dinner for two at the Red Bank, a hair styling by Michael of London, two bottles of wine from Findlaters, and a bouquet by Marie-Jeanne) was awarded to

GINNY MAHON

The third prize went to **FRANCES WHIDBORNE** who won a dinner for two at the Trocadero, a manicure by Michael of London, a bottle of wine and a bouquet by Marie-Jeanne.

LAURIE HOWES

as Mr. Elegant, received a box of cigars, and two dry-cleaning vouchers from Prescotts went to Miss Beatnik,

JUDY RUSSELL

An extra prize was awarded to **CAROLYN WOODHOUSE**

Trinity News wishes to express sincere thanks to the judges and the donors of prizes.



DR. D. A. THORNLEY and MR. J. K. WALTON, two of the six new Fellows elected on Trinity Monday.



SCHOL RESULTS

Is the Present System Adequate?

Mathematics: Armstrong, Michael John; Roberts, Prudence Gabriel Nesfield; Jones, Richard Patrick Lloyd; Winterbottom, Robert.

Classics: King, Ivan Brownlow; Griffin, Alan Howard Foster; Jacques, William O'Donovan.

Natural Sciences: Barklie, Robert Charles; Lamki, Abdalla Mohamed Nasser.

Modern Languages and Literature: Murtagh, Thomas Norman Francis; MacWeney, Susan Katherine.

Hebrew & Oriental Languages: Buckman, Rosslyn David.

Modern History and Political Science: Budd, Declan Nicholas Orford; Frame, Robert Ferris.

Economics & Political Science: Kevin, Anthony Charles Conwell.

Medicine: Nixon, James Robert.

No Scholars were elected in Ancient and Modern Literature, Legal Science, Mental and Moral Science or English Literature. This gives rise to the inevitable question: "How can candidates in such diverse subjects as medicine, economics and Hebrew be rated against each other?" Is the apparent discrepancy between the election of three Scholars in the relatively small School of Classics and only one in the much larger Medical School due entirely to a higher standard among the Classicists, or is there a traditional bias towards schools such as Classics and Mathematics,

and hence easier marking? If this is so, then the whole system of election to Scholarships on the result of an examination is grossly unfair and in need of radical revision.

It must be said, however, in favour of the present scholarship system that Scholars are generally the academic cream of College, and we congratulate heartily all new Scholars on their exaltation to so honoured a status.

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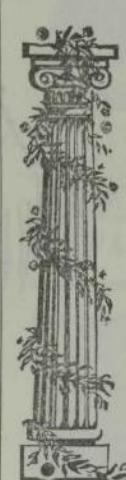
Two Trinity students, George Wingfield and Dick Benson-Gyles, have been sent down by the Board. On 14th May two charges against them of theft from College had been proven in the District Court. They pleaded guilty to taking 14 bottles of wine (value £11 5s. 0d.) from the Dining Hall in December, 1963, and 2,000 cigarettes (value 14 gns.) from the Buttery in January, 1964. Both Wingfield and Benson-Gyles confessed to the charges, and a police officer said that Benson-Gyles especially gave every co-operation possible. He went on to say that the drink had been consumed at a party in Merrion Square, and that the cigarettes had been taken to another student's house from whence batches were taken back into College. "He didn't stop for a moment to think of the serious consequences of his actions," Herman Good (defending counsel) said of Wingfield.

The Junior Dean gave evidence on behalf of the two students, and said that the College authorities would take into account the decision of the Court when considering what disciplinary action to take.

In his summing up, the Judge said that Wingfield had been well looked after "both by his solicitor and by the prosecution." Although the charges were found proven, both of the accused were dismissed on condition that they made restitution to College.

Last Thursday, another Trinity student had a number of charges against him dismissed on the condition that he underwent psychiatric treatment. This student has since withdrawn from College.

On 20th May the Board decided to send both Wingfield and Benson-Gyles down. The two are considering an appeal to the Visitors, Dr. F. H. Boland and Justice Kingsmill-Moore, whose decision will be binding on the Board.



TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Undergraduate Weekly

Vol. XI

Thursday, 28th May, 1964

No. 19

Chairman:

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Vice-Chairman:

Colin Smythe

Editors:

Douglas Halliday, Robin Knight, Mirabel Walker

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The S.R.C., that devout band of committee men, have hit the headlines once again. This time over a censure motion of Trinity News. Apparently we haven't been giving enough space to news of S.R.C. meetings. The obvious reason for this is that S.R.C. meetings are not only notoriously dull, but usually pointless—what other group could discuss lavatory seats for a large part of their opening meeting?

Until the S.R.C. becomes truly representative, evolves a blueprint for improving the students' conditions, firstly in College and secondly in Ireland, they can expect little sympathy from us. It is true that there is a massive attempt afoot to re-organise the S.R.C. and let's hope that this succeeds. As far as improving students' conditions in College goes, there is always the problem that we are regarded as "transitory" and, therefore, have little say in the general policy of the College. Two points need discussing.

Firstly, why is Trinity Week before most people's exams? Surely the sanest and most logical time to have the week is at the end of exams. Instead many are faced with the unanswerable problem of whether to cut out all social activities and work, or take a week off. A very strong case could be put for May exams and June festivities. But then tradition . . .

The other stronghold of tradition is Commons. There are an increasing number of people who due to various activities find it impossible to eat on either first or second Commons. And so they dutifully pay the allotted amount and eat elsewhere.

Isn't it about time that the heads of societies, sportsmen and anybody else who can present a valid case should be exempted on certain nights from attending Commons. How much better it would be to scrap the whole business and have a 6.30 to 8.30 set meal eaten in buffet style. Or is Commons carried on just for the beauty of the ceremony, rather than for the students' convenience? It seems so.

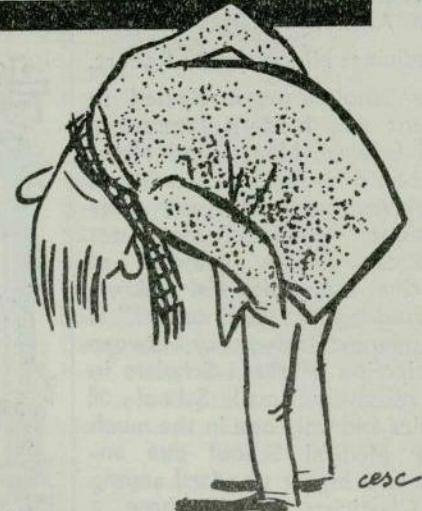
* * * *

The Board's decision to limit the entrance of English students into Trinity is beginning to take effect. Yet with it comes an interesting and somewhat disturbing corollary. The majority of the "Arts" societies in College are run wholly by English students. The reasons for this are numerous. They range from a less inhibited educational system—a system which above all emphasised the necessity for action of one kind or another; an instinctive realisation that University life is not made up wholly of work; or more probably that industrial jobs are won not so much by the standard of the degree but by how one's time was used in College. If the number of English students is made to decrease steadily in the next decade, is it going to mean a decline in standards of College societies? We hope not.

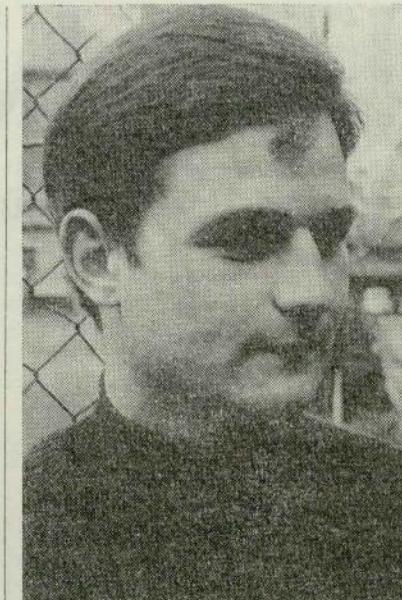
But the fact remains that although there are twice as many Irishmen as Englishmen in College, the work they do for societies, by comparison, is minimal. A University gains its reputation not only by academic standards but by the liveliness of its societies. After all, this is an Irish University and surely its success is near to the heart of every Irish student. Looking at the facts one begins to doubt it.

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MARTIN BAGLEY

years ago to read History. An Englishman born in India, educated at Cranleigh (Head Boy)—Well, yes, but only because I was there so long). The son of an East-Anglian Vicar, he soon made his presence felt by getting into the cricket and squash teams in his first year.

By nature an organisation man, by love a sportsman, he has succeeded in bringing his own particular brand of frankness to many committees. He has been on the Trinity Week Committee for the last four years, Secretary of D.U.C.A.C. and a Knight. He does not suffer fools gladly. He demands efficiency from himself and others, but his strength lies in promoting schemes than seeing them through from start to finish, though his work for D.U.C.A.C. this year may disprove this.

If he believes that a sportsman in College deserves recognition,

he will, himself, do all that is possible to bring it about. Often his loyalty and sense of fair play has been foiled by the pettiness and squabbling on the part of others, which he denounces in tones of such disgust that one just cannot argue.

His remarkable versatility at sport is shown in his record: cricket, hockey, rugby, golf, Eton fives, squash, skiing; there is hardly a game which he has not turned his hand to and mastered.

He has got to the top by pushing himself out of his comfortable world of Cheyney, Spillane, Mozart and endless chat, because he believes in himself, his ability to do well in many spheres; he set about achieving his ambitions in a friendly, realistic and dedicated way. But above all, he accepts the fact that he is a person who must be active without question.

Rather inclined to give "instant opinions" and be over intense about his activities (though only when he is exhausted or exasperated), Martin Bagley has played a big part in Trinity life.

This appointment to the production side of the B.B.C. has absolutely nothing to do with his dramatic talent or singing voice.

Whether you like him or hate him you've got to stand back and admire his drive an integrity.

THEODORA THRASHBINT

Helen Campbell, who was more obliging. Sue Garner didn't mind the holes in Robert Day's carpet slippers, but Peter Stocken's smooth get-away was spoilt by the holes Dinah Wood's stilettos made in his tyres. Martin Heaton played Tarzan to Angela Gibbon but the Conservatory's climbing plants didn't bear his weight as successfully as its sofa did that of Tom Haran and Bridget Byrne who were entertained by Paul Shepherd from a wheel-barrow. Tim Maloney thought he was awfully sexy till he was engaged in fisticuffs by a desperate Liz Bell. If Bim Hargrove looks down her nose any harder she'll squint, as did Patrick Szell anxiously at the butterfly progress of Julia Parry-Evans. Lord Sanning McCharged Sue into the shrubbery, Bobby Harris arrived a little late, but staggered in nobly as the Anthem was ushering us out. The "little girl" look is in this year according to Daniela Corbett who spent so long curling her ringlets upstairs that she couldn't get away before lunch-time. No hearts were broken . . . just one too seat.

The hosts were legion as we found to our cost when, about to stub out a fag on the carpet, an ash-tray held by Bill Fitzhugh suddenly arrested its path; James sported a Brown ale, charming Rachel Woods a sack, Angela Colhoun a lilac sprig, and Marianna Alexander her usual cherubic smile. Gloria Bolingbroke-Kent . . . er . . . Michael Short's peaches-and-cream complexion deepened when the electricity was found to be non-existent and the evening seemed to be turning into a lengthy cocktail party with polite conversation on Regency sofas until the dawn; however, he and efficient co-host Peter Knight organised legions of rustics to work a hand-generator all night, and the evening got off to a flying start with Dave McNeil asking the marble Venus to "get off that damned pedestal and shake." Receiving no answer, he turned to that other Venus, dazzling

To recover from all this, Theodora strolled through College Park hoping that the fresh air will cleanse her corrupted little mind. But O dear no! As the anti-joke that Tim Webb was whispering in Pat Stanbridge's pearly ear has it: "How did the little boy elephant find the little girl elephant in the long grass?" "Delightful." And how can one



ROSEMARY FISHER
at the Garden Party.

concentrate on the cricket when there is a free floor show provided by Roy Moore and his virile friends?

The first really drunken splurge of the week was given by Arthur Noble and Mike Stonor, raucously singing their swan song. There was a delicious selection of glamorous women, each one tighter than the one before. Mirabel Walker had a disease known as compulsive kissing which was unfortunate for her but delightful for those who reaped the benefit of it. Melody Green played tennis with encouragement from Tony Quinn, and Charles Day and Peter McCann-ed hiccupped off to go swimming.



BROWN'S

139 St. Stephen's Green

Reviews . . .

ICARUS

I can't deny that I share the general tendency to knock "Icarus"; maybe it's got something to do with the baffling incomprehensibility of the poems—see what I mean? Something about the thing stinks of establishment and stifling orthodoxy and all the other phrases that squirt iconoclastically from the pen of rebellious youth—look at me, I'm a rebel, folks, I'm aware. But let's face it, Dr. Van Voris may be American, but he lectures in English and, worse still, he's over 40; when a semi-senile pedagogue is the only source of wit in what is primarily a student publication, things are pretty desperate. I'm not advocating competition with "Beano" or "Private Eye," but why must our poets sound as if they're trying for the "Listener" or the "Sunday Times"—to learn from our predecessors is what we're here for—to emulate them is not.

"Oh, Tim, I've tried and tried with 'The Voyage,' really I have, but it's no good. Your structure is excellent, your metaphor profound, the classical analogy superficially intimates palladian sentiments—but then I ask myself, 'yes, that's very impressive, but what does it mean?' Well, I'm not at all sure. You start off comparing, picking up this bird with the Odysses which is fair enough, what with most birds being sirens and a golden fleece, the idea of western desire. Then you cut to an interesting examination of the nature and motivation of Odysseys in general and Odysseys in particular which dissolves to a middle-aged suburbanite wondering if he should Live Life More Fully. Are you a hesitant young lover, a hairy argonaut Gaugin? The impression you give me is of a desiccated scholar wearing emotions he feels he should feel into an arty pattern."

Two poems I really liked: Derek Mahon's "Memorandum in Spring" and Jeremy Lewis' which have the objectivity and humanity combined with self-knowledge for which I so like Graves. Michael Longley's "Personal Statement" is analysis of consciousness that many of you will like more than I did; you may also be inspired by Ireland's folklore and roll of honour which, well as I wish Erin, I am not.

Another S.F. titbit from Anthony Barton, much better than the last, and the three stories I enjoyed reading. Ian Blake's family at Endors are the kind of people I would like to meet and to be. What they do to the nasty, materialist bourgeoisie is a resounding victory for the Aware. This story is a delightful fantasy masquerading as the outline of a novel. It is told practically without dialogue which gives it a dispassionate air that would have been most effective had the telling been left a self-explanatory account. But he forces his points home for lack of barbs and seeks to add to our rage by giving us a character to identify with and failing to develop him sufficiently. I enjoyed this story because it appealed to my insufferable superiority, it rankled because the author would not admit me to the elect. He has tried to induce range where his technique would

allow only bitterness and by trying to take a short cut paradoxically overstepped himself.

I have called Dr. Van Voris an old bore of a wit who writes as an undergraduate should, which is contradictory, inhospitable and unjust to a man whose lectures are attended voluntarily, what higher compliment could a lecturer receive, and for lack of space I have not praised Cleopatra as she deserves, but I don't think I've knocked "Icarus"; I concede to the analogy of the critic and the eunuch, but reserve my right to opinions, anyway, there's something you'll all like somewhere—don't knock it—buy it.

Steven Mendoza.

Mods Rock System

The review began with a survey of lectures in the Mod. Lang. school, based on a questionnaire sent out to its members, showing that students were completely satisfied with the Spanish Department, less satisfied with some of the others. This survey was interesting, even if less constructive than the symposium held by the Joly Geological Society in which its members freely discussed the course and lectures with the staff.

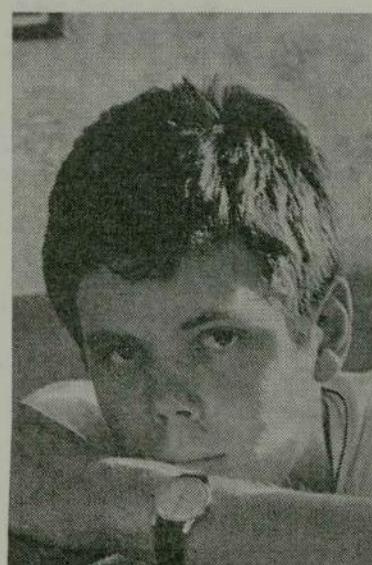
This survey was followed by a pretentious article on Brendan Behan by Rudi Holzapfel, and a pure translation from the Irish of one of Behan's poems. Derek Mahon's translations from Baudelaire were sensitive and flowing, except for a few clumsy expressions. Caro McDonagh's poems and Katherine Nesbitt's prose in French showed an ability and feel for the language.

I feel that the real function of the Mod. Lang. Review was realised in the articles on Omar Khayam by Ibrahim El Mumayiz, and on Michel Butor by Godfrey Fitzsimons. There should be more articles that supplement the courses, rather than translations of poetry on the syllabus; there should also be more stress on current thought.

C. W.

Film Scene

Alfred Hitchcock's *Rope*, made in 1948, is a remarkable film technically because of the "ten minute take," so that in the whole film we have only ten cuts, the first one being the only one that Hitchcock could have avoided. This technique leads to a total continuity—in story, since we are present for every second and, in fact, reactions are slowed down to give the camera time to travel to see them; in the lighting, for the curtains are opened after the murder and we watch the evening drawing in and the city lights coming on; in sound, for we are constantly reminded of the presence of the others during the party by their background chatter, even when we cannot see them; and in action



ROLAND BRINTON
who wrote and directed the Trinity film "A Free Little Bird."

and movement with claustrophobia gradually overtaking the film as the action is limited to the livingroom around the chest.

Suspense is always present and is magnified by the delays and everything builds up to the three shots through the open window when the calustrophobia is broken, the outside world is reached, and we await and hear others slowly approaching.

You may not think that *Rope* is brilliant, and it probably isn't, but it is a very good example of how to solve a self-imposed problem, of how to experiment in film, and of how to keep an audience watching attentively for 80 minutes. In the annals of thrillers, Hitchcock made another deep impression.

With *Rope* at the Ambassador is *Rififi in Tokyo*. This fails to be as good as the original *Rififi* and it is not much better than a good thriller. But it does succeed in its by-plot of showing the Japanese underworld with its vicious gang warfare—not the best advertisement in this Olympic year. The filming inside the bank, especially of the technical devices which, of course, ultimately foil the crooks is very good. Brutal, but since we seem to enjoy that, enjoyable.

The *Pink Panther*.—Down the road at the Savoy, Peter Sellers is back at his brilliant best, since he plays only one rôle and it isn't a serious part. The knockabout comedy that results as he, as Inspector Jacques Clouseau, tries to catch the master-crook is brilliant for much of the time, as good certainly as in Wilder's *One, Two, Three*. And the scene near the end with a drunk watching two identical sports cars driven by two gorillas (they've just left a fancy dress ball) race round the cross roads and round the square, and then followed by a zebra is one of the cleverest and funniest to be seen in the cinema for a very long time. In between there are a few flat parts, but there is also Claudia Cardinale and some very good colour photography to please the aesthetes. Penelope Powell.

Free Little Bird

The College Film Society has done itself well with its essay on Friendship, *A Free Little Bird*. The camera work and editing is good and unobtrusive, the acting is acceptable, and Nina Boyd succeeds with a difficult part—difficult because it has to be mimed until the last few moments. For most of the time

we know where the narrative is taking us: Roland Brinton rarely gets us lost even though films using this type of flash-back technique can be notoriously confused. Only in the sound department has the unit come a little unstuck; while the music by Francis Rainey sets the right atmosphere, the sound effects are for the most part superfluous and not very well recorded; and unfortunately the song is not easily audible. But this is a minor point and the film loses little because of it.

The main fault, I think, is in the rather dismal unhappy story. She might admit "that her lover has really gone," but she has still lost friendship and it will be some time before she is really happy again. With the obvious ability of this team to make a film—and more important—the possession of the equipment to make one with—I wish that we could have had something more lively and happy. Perhaps, and I hope, that is in the offing.

part of Alfredo, though his acting is still boyishly self-conscious. Giuseppe Taddei's Germont, dignified and splendid, added greatly to the whole, while the minor principals, especially Mary Sheridan, rounded off this memorable performance. Ferdinando Guarneri conducted the Radio Eireann Symphony Orchestra with delicacy and sympathy.

"La Bohème" disappointed—Ivana Tosini's Mimi lacked power, and Pavarotti's timid approach to the part of Rudolfo was almost genteel.

Carla Ferrario, in "Turandot," imparted to the name part much of Puccini's original barbaric splendour and cruelty. Eliana Sinone, as Liu, and Giannicolo Pigliucci, as Timor, were most moving, but Angelo Laforese's Calaf was uninspired. The whole action was sustained by Ping, Pang and Pong, sung by Alberto Oro, Edwin Fitzgibbon and Brendan Cavanagh.

During the next two weeks, Verdi 'Nabucco' and 'Otello,' and Giordano's 'Andrea Chenier,' if anywhere near the standard of the "Traviata" of Saturday, will be well worth a visit.

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Pauline Massey on Fashion



There's not much time left and you should have got the man by now—and so you will probably now be condescending enough to wear what he likes, in moderation. Most men have strange tastes and have to be shown first—they're always a bit inclined to say I preferred yesterday's garment, or your hat was nicer last week.

You'll probably have got through your range of clothes by now except for "the" Ball gown. However, here's our idea of what you can get away with. **A coat and matching dress**, but beware that you don't find yourself with a coat which matches nothing else, i.e., beware of buying one which has flowered lapels and cuffs unless you are sure the colouring matches your other plain dresses or skirts. Beware even more of buying one which has no collar, i.e., the collar of the dress serves for the coat as well because it will undoubtedly be useless alone.

A flowered shift for in between times—encouraging but not too definite—transparent arms and denude neckline. This will do for cocktails and afters. (The coat is not a topic of conversation to take with you—it's just a weakness on mine and the artist's part.)

Then for the Ball—simple but not necessarily denude. High waists are pretty, but make sure its flowing material—"stiff" high waisted dresses make you look pregnant. If you want to know the sort of thing that's really pretty ask Antheen—she's got a lovely one in white—and then there is always "that" Vogue pattern.

You need a hat—difficult. Spend lots of money—fabulous, and everyone knows it instantly and you'll probably hate it quicker. A Henry Street bargain, probably a failure from the first, so the final answer will be last year's or a flower—Switzers artificial or the real thing.

Shoes—Well, I know I would like new shoes and a bag to match, but I expect we'll all have to just clean and/or mend the old ones.

Gloves—I can't talk to people when I'm wearing gloves and as that's what we're here for, they're out. I don't expect you have the same problem, but if so tend to your nails.

Other wear (no, not underclothes, they're your own affair)—Uncrushable, simple and cheerful—and above all this is a week for clean hair and new stockings at the first sign of a ladder.

The Cream of Milk

JERSEY MILK

*Ask your Milkman for the
Bottle with the Green Top*

MIRABEL WALKER THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY

Nature takes it out on you in odd ways: some people are born with four eyes, webbed feet, or mange. For some dastardly enormity committed, unknown to me, by my forefathers, I grew up short-sighted. When I was young I didn't mind wearing those awful National Health flesh pink goggles because "men never make passes at girls who" are only seven and wear pig-tails and several layers of spots. It was only when I got older that the Great Dilemma which has ever since ruled my life, began. Is it better to dip into an ash-tray, mistaking the fag-ends for peanuts, enthuse over a fabulous reproduction of Soutine's "La Boucherie" on someone's wall which turns out to be a portrait of your hostess as a young girl, give the glad eye to a divine man in a restaurant who is, in fact, a be-trousered woman who irately demands of the waiter "what that young gal thinks she's doing?" or is it more worthwhile to put on your glasses so you can catch the right train (and not end up at Leek when you set out with your little picnic for Looe), and taxis which aren't engaged, and read your neighbour's newspaper in the Tube?

The great advantage of being short-sighted is that life is a continual Impressionist painting. Harsh twentieth century outlines are blurred-gas-works and soft black bubbles, railway trains hazy caterpillars winding into a misty distance. People's faces lose little ghastlinesses like pimples and perspiration; you miss the lecherous leer, the meaningful wink, the shifty glance, the undressing stare. You look at life as through a soft drift of summer rain.

When you do wear glasses they can be used with great effect. What better way to silence an argument than to slowly remove your spectacles, peer intently at the person, and say earnestly: "Really? Do you honestly believe? . . . Well!?" What better way to appear intellectual than to look up from the book you have been sleeping over, removing horn-rimmed spectacles from a furrowed brow? And how better to cut out this trying Trinity ritual of "Hallo . . . Hello . . . Hullo . . ." all the way across Front Square than simply to stride through spectacleless, freed from all social obligation because you are a known myopic? Ah, blessed are those who are short of sight!

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COME OCTOBER

By

MALCOLM REDFELLOW

The political warlocks of Tory Central Office, Transport House and Stewarts and Lloyd, their familiars Dr. Gallup, Colman, Prentis, Varney and all the lesser fleas, have convened in strange coven to loose upon the land the curse of electioneering. Election fever is psychosomatic; the electorate has no developed immunity. Between now and mid-autumn there will be an incubation period erupting into the most virulent form of the disease.

For the Tories the position can only improve, Rutherford, Bury and Winchester all showed the insanity of a May or June election. A warm summer, the staving-off of the hypothesised autumn payments crisis, and a mild and distant bother abroad could work wonders. Even a quiet spell of stolid and unimaginative laissez-faire, with the odd million spent discretely, could call the errant voters home to roost. At last the Home-spun personality cult might establish itself. God and the Queen, it is said, vote Tory; for the Gentleman's Party something always turns up. Now that the pacts have gone the Liberals could return with a Parliamentary Party well within the capacity of the mythical taxi. Their brief spell of popularity seems to have gone to the same limbo as their dynamic idealism. The Jo Group are well on the way to a sephological raspberry.

"How easy it would be to vote Labour—if only one wasn't a socialist." But Harold is still the best Leader the Labour Party has got. The loss of Bevin and Gaitskell within 18 months should have been calamitous. Wilson's achievement is that C.D.S. and the I.S. group found themselves too isolated in opposition to him to find common ground. In the House itself he has clearly avoided unnecessary clashing with Home, doubtless in the belief that any publicity he thus gives the Tories would be turned to advantage in the (predominately) Tory press. Home has, therefore, been put out to grass. But ideology in the Opposition has gone the same way. If the present Labour advantage is to be consolidated, much depends on Wilson's Moscow trek, and his general handling of foreign affairs questions, which are supposedly Home's forte and on which Home would like the election campaign to concentrate.

Given industrial peace, Wilson has it with jam on. The memory of the Tory junketings over the leadership, R.P.M., Profumo and living costs will die hard. If they fight the election on their record they deserve another '45. If they stand over a policy of cake all round to-morrow, we are in for the spectacle of the two major parties bidding for votes. Already principle has been eliminated by both sides. Out of every five voters one won't bother; who will say he's wrong?

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CRICKET

HALLIDAY'S HEY-DAY

The annual Trinity Week game against J. C. Boucher's XI on Monday and Tuesday took place in superb weather. The fast wicket should have been to the liking of batsmen, but with a few exceptions, no one produced any fireworks and both Trinity innings were something of a procession.

Due to exams and other circumstances there were three 2nd XI players in the Trinity side, Lane, a Freshman from Dean Close; Halliday, who won his colours last year and, in the event, played a major part this time, and Garst, the left arm spinner from America. Boucher's XI had first innings and Parry, bowling fast and accurately, sent both openers back to the pavilion with only 5 scored. The highlight of the innings was a fine display from the Irish internation O'Meara, who made 71, and a last wicket stand, worth 64 when the innings was declared. This perhaps was the crucial phase of the game, for instead of facing a modest total on such a wicket of around 190, Trinity found themselves up against a formidable 247. Parry took 4 for 36 in 21 overs, whilst Parker took 4 for 76 in 27 overs.

Right from the start Trinity batted badly and after 70 minutes the score was 44 for 6. Careless shots and lack of concentration, rather than lack of ability, seemed to be the cause, and when play ended for the day Trinity had staggered to 77. Halliday continued to bat well, showing a

refreshing desire to punish the short ball, but soon after 12.0 on the second day the University were all out for a meagre 107, Halliday making 34.

Boucher's XI didn't enforce the follow on. Instead they extended their lead to 245, leaving Trinity only three hours to make the runs, a tough task at the best of times and doubly so now after the first innings' display. Parry bowled especially well in this inning, taking 2 for 24 in 13 overs when Boucher's side were chasing for runs.

Lane soon departed when the Trinity second innings began, but Guthrie and Halliday batted attractively and added 31 before Guthrie was caught for 16. Thereafter, apart from an attacking 34 from Markham, Halliday held the side together and compiled a magnificent 78. After his dismal performances in the 2nd XI this season, this match was indeed a welcome chance for Halliday and he seized his opportunity brilliantly. Other batsmen in the side had less to congratulate themselves about — Murphy scratched around for nearly half an hour for 5 and both Parry and Labbett lost concentration at

Tennis

To-day sees the culmination of the term's activities with the finals of the College tournament in the Fellows' Gardens at 2.15 p.m. As we go to press the actual finalists have not been decided, but a pattern is discernible and in all probability the Horsley-Avory epic of last year looks like being repeated. However, Horsley and Avory have still to overcome those rapidly improving Freshmen Ledbetter and Graham.

In the men's doubles the holders, Horsley and Mackown, seem to be heading for the final if they survive a tough semi-final against Swerling and Bowles. Their opponents will be the winners of the Avory-Sprawson and Ledbetter-Haughton clash.

The ladies' title would appear to be a battle between the two Margarets, Beggs and Burns, but newcomers Gilda Emerson and Ann Lightfoot will make their passage as precarious as possible, as will old-stagers Veronica Williams and Heather Galbraith.

Margo Beggs and Maggie Sinclair are firm favourites for the doubles, but most interest will come from the mixed doubles final where any of the semi-finalists could succeed.

vital moments. The monotonous and dreary league cricket which Trinity are forced to play most of the season seems to have taken the edge off Labbett's batting. At any rate this year he has seldom looked more than a shadow of last season's fine bat.

Scores:
J. S. Boucher's XI—257 (O'Meara 71) and 105 for 5 dec.
Trinity 1st XI—107 and 181 (Halliday 78, Simpson 5 for 35)

Rowing

One of the hardest and most exciting races for many years was witnessed at Trinity Regatta last Friday night, when Trinity again threw down the gauntlet at Old Collegians. From the first stroke the crews went off neck-a-neck. Coming out of the first bend Trinity put in a spurt and strode past O.C. to lead them by 1½ lengths on entering the end-draws. Then disaster struck. While hardening on for the finishing spurt, No. 5's gate disintegrated—the engine room had blown its big end. Brilliantly coxed, T.C.D. desperately tried to keep their lead, but were pipped at the post by O.C. who had just scented our malaise and put in a final killing burst.

From this description it can be seen that the rest of the Senior VIII's draw was partially null and void, yet due praise must go to O.C.—it is only real results that tell the story. But for Trinity, this "moral victory" was a marvellous boost to morale, as well as showing the still unexploited potential of this crew.

For the rest of the Regatta, disappointment that the Trinity crew's further improvement, since the Liffey Head, did not produce any better results. Both the Junior and Maiden VIII's were knocked out in the first round, by the eventual winners, Garda and Commercial, respectively. Only two Trinity IV's reached the finals—both defeated by Garda.

Club IV's again proved star attractions. The "Highhats" repeated last year's success, while "Nigel's (naughtily clad) Nymphs" defeated "Bug's (bumptious) Bunnies." Your correspondent never did hear what happened to the mixed club IV's.

Bridge

Term is over. There is a sudden dearth of bridge partners. "Play on the beach—oh, don't be so ridiculous!" is the retort we may now expect for three consecutive months.

For those with the inclination, the time and the money, opportunities still exist; it will be my duty to mention a few of the more interesting and rewarding.

London — **Crockford's** (or **Blades'** if out of touch with reality). Minimum stake, five shillings a hundred. Entrance fee, a paid up member. If sentimental call in on Acol St.—sorry, Ian McLeod no longer plays there.

New York—Crawford's. Avoid it.

Lugano—The Hotel Cecil. One may double one's losses at the Casino across the lake; Campine. Avoid back to mirror!

Teheran—Contact Martin Benham, No. 2, 31.

Cochabamba—Leave discreetly, backwards!

Hammerfest—Learn Norwegian, play a system likely to deceive your partner—preferably the Oslo-Vienna or any equally unknown and useless sequence.

Hanoi—Never make side references to the fed suits, and remember they don't accept the "Geneva Convention."

N'Gaoundere—The Bridge Congress scheduled there for July 24th-27th has been postponed indefinitely.

Johannesburg—There is a certain degree of discrimination. Initial confusion may be caused by the novel calling of our club suit "hatchets," and the spade suit "Rands." Both suits are silver and, I understand, tend to be very relaxing on the eye. The majority of the populace with whom one will rarely have intercourse still look on the "British Pack" favourably.

Sailing

The annual Colours match v. U.C.D. was sailed off on Sunday with Trinity winning comfortably. The high winds made for much place changing, but with Williams and Stacey winning the first two races, Trinity gained 1st, 2nd and 5th places in the first race, and 1st, 2nd and 4th in the second. This victory ensured a clean sweep of home vents for the season, and augurs well for other meetings during the summer.

The Club championships are to be held this Friday at the Annual Regatta at Dun Laoghaire; there should be some good racing to watch, and all spectators will be most welcome.

Colours Team: J. L. Vernon (capt.), F. Williams, J. Nixon, P. Branigan, N. Prosser, B. Stacey.

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Elections Results

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PERSONAL

400 TRINITY BALL TICKETS for Sale. Apply J. C. Stevenson, 9 T.C.D.

* * *

THE Informal Group of Christian Scientists at Trinity College will hold a meeting this afternoon in West Chapel D at 4 p.m. All members of the University are cordially invited to attend.

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Letter

Sir, — Produced too late for much public discussion this term, the Report of the Mod. Lang. Survey of Lectures nevertheless merits consideration now, though it seem a pity that its generally high tone should be lowered by the gratuitous and unmannerly gibe at Mademoiselle Rollin. Perhaps, however, as a lecturer who appears to have scraped a Pass, I might offer some personal observations:

Of the nine recommendations, I agree with 1, 4, 5, 7, 9 and the first part of 8. Six is partly met already, and partly unsound. Two is mere dither. Three is not true: it is not true those doing English at Honour level "must do so without a foreign language," it is that a foreign language is no longer compulsory!

More than two-thirds of the French students did not answer the questionnaire. Should answering have been compulsory?

Many students want a compulsory term abroad. The present system of encouraging a voluntary term abroad is flexible and works well. Why the desire for compulsion? British students could get grants, I know, but Irish ones could not.

If term is really "one holiday with breaks for compulsory lectures"—and I would defend such a term as being quite fruitful—would non-compulsion make it less or more of a holiday?

Students sometimes fail to note that in universities where lectures are not compulsory, two sorts are attended: those which students deem "good," and those delivered by examiners.

More tutorials; yes, when staff-student ratios permit. Should they then be compulsory, or could anyone drift along when they felt like it? What is the attendance at Mod. Lang. groups where free discussion is encouraged?

Last term I attended an excel-

lent lecture on French slang by Monsier Jahier. Twelve students were there, out of 180. I heard Dr. McDowell deliver one of the best lectures I have ever heard when he spoke last term to the Hist. on Wolfe Tone. About 10 attended. More power to them! At the same society, 350 turned up to hear Randolph Churchill, who was, shall we say, less impressive. The other day a distinguished visiting historian gave a public lecture on a subject connected with France; I saw three French students there.

It may be, of course, that "the present system" with its 6-7 compulsory lectures a week for French students "suffocates rather than stimulates enthusiasm." I would agree that if as lecturers we fail to kindle student interest in French literature, we must take some share of the blame, but not all of it. I recall what Voltaire said to the lady who asked him to tell her what she ought to read: "To derive pleasure from reading, you must have some passion; some great subject which interests you, a definite desire to educate yourself . . . That is a difficult thing to acquire, and no one can give it to you. You are bored, you just want to be entertained, I can see that . . . You ask me what you should read, as the sick ask what they should eat; but you have got to have an appetite, and you have very little." — Yours truly,

O. Sheehy Skeffington.

25th May, 1964.

Answers to Crossword

Cross—1. Crossword; 6. Clout; 9. Units; 10. Insistencies; 11. Shores; 12. Purloins; 14. Palauilles; 15. O'mart; 18. Achée; 19. Shadowless; 21. Extrerrals; 23. Wins; 24. Hassay; 25. Wins. Down—1. Club; 2. Discrepancy; 3. Friend; 4. Friend; 5. Officer; 6. Mol; 7. Officer; 8. Treasurer; 9. Pleasantry; 10. Officer; 11. Officer; 12. Officer; 13. Officer; 14. Officer; 15. Officer; 16. Officer; 17. Officer; 18. Officer; 19. Officer; 20. Friend; 21. Officer; 22. Officer; 23. Officer; 24. Officer; 25. Officer; 26. Officer; 27. Officer; 28. Officer.

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Captain Becher

The considerable interest shown by people of every walk of life in the ante-post prices for the Derby is a good arguing point in favour of retaining the bookmakers. I cannot see a tote monopoly instilling so much excitement nor being capable of taking over and compensating betting shop proprietors without incurring unwarrantable expenses. On the other hand, the doping of Tragedy was no accident and some people may feel justified in paying any sum to rid us of bookies, but would they consequently succeed in eradicating their vices?

William Hill has offered 100/1 bar four for Wednesday's Derby, his four being Oncidium, Santa Claus, Corah IV and Baldric II. However, Harry Wragg feels confident about Balustrade and there has been a significant move for him in the market. If Santa Claus is the second Crepello the sages think he is, then anything over 6/4 is generous. However, Oncidium's two wins have been

so impressive that he must be regarded as a colossal danger and as for the merits of Corah IV ask my colleague Windsor Lad.

If you really want a gamble go out right now and back Anselmo each way. He runs to-night at Navan where he should win and he could easily go on to great things at Epsom. I shall have a little on him (Anselmo) and a lot on Santa Claus.

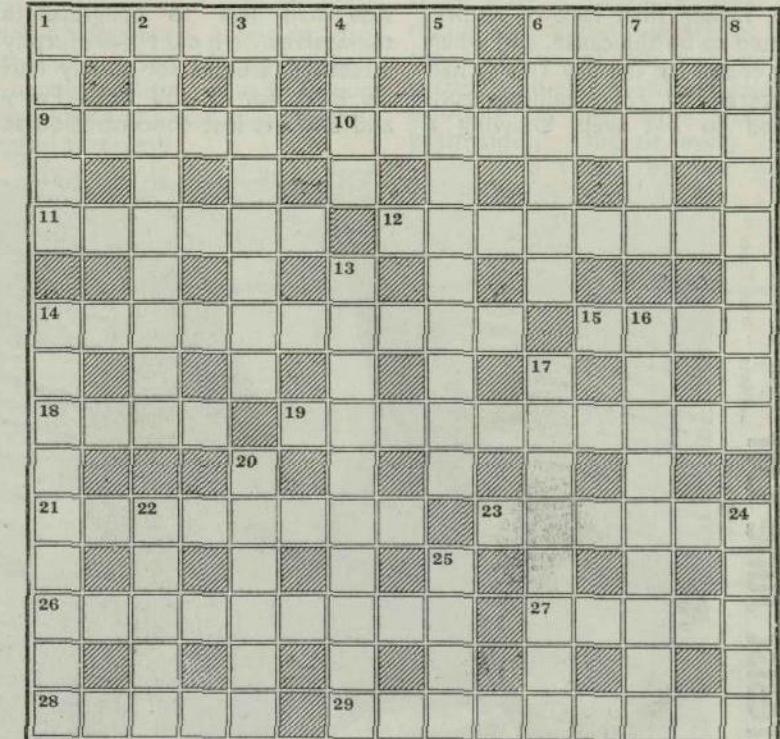
Another likely winner to-night is Merry Trix and for to-morrow night the Captain gives you a treble in the form of Black Star, Glenrowan and Foinavon. Fino should follow Glenrowan home. Ordenez ought to be well up there in the 3 p.m. at Phoenix Park on Saturday, assuming Trinity racegoers are not all still flat out by either from drinking the profits of my treble or from shaking and twisting for six solid hours at the Ball.

Other Selections.—Newbury, Friday, 5.0, Dunme; Saturday, 3.30, No Fiddling. Ashavan at York to-day.

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ACROSS

- Oath? (9)
- May be cast in June (5).
- In April somehow you'll have to wait (5).
- Serve you right to get food-poisoning, by the sound of it (9).
- Drinks for tennis-parties, maybe (6).
- Knit I litigate back round the forest (8).
- "All day long from — noon" (Yeats) (10).
- Poet in a dilemma about mother (4).
- Well might a bachelor's heart (4).
- Executes 18 with great ease (10).
- Always ten inside—no, outside (8).
- Fairly nice epilogue (6).
- Initial day, perhaps (3, 6).
- Re-employ at the Tate (5).
- What I draw is alive (5).
- Jam-time (9).

DOWN

- There are two ones here, but only one two (5).
- Quack to soap the bones (9).
- This is necessary if you're to 23 to 1 ac. (8).
- What makes your ears twitch? Nothing (4).
- Just throwing your money away. (10).
- For a back-seat driver? (6).
- Speak at absolute minimum speed (5).
- Gives a Cornishman a more certain job (9).
- Meadows in the larder? Just a trifle (10).
- Thin on the ground, maybe (9).
- Girl I disapproved of, but placated (9).
- Tracery made with tears and falsehood (8).
- John was infamous (6).
- Ye old stockbroker (5).
- Part to keep the pigs in, and part is half to stop them rushing out (5).
- Eye-shutter (4).