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Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

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THE BAN ON TRINITY

Rationed Reading

Perhaps the most noticeable feature of College this term has been the total inadequacy of the Reading Room to meet the needs of the University.

Since the closure of Regent House the Reading Room has been the only place of refuge for the diligent undergraduate and the 250 available seats there do not compare favourably with an undergraduate population of 2,800.

When the Reading Room opens its doors each morning at ten there is an eager queue of about 100 already waiting and some of whom have been there since 9.45. Each of these people has plenty of time to decide whether it is more important to get a seat or a book for the person who desires both will queue patiently till about 10.30. Anybody who strolls in after 10.30 is almost certain not to find a seat.

ADVICE TO READERS:

After much experience and contemplation your correspondent has discovered that the only way to get a seat and a book at 10 a.m. is for two eager undergraduates to form a partnership whereby one rushes in and bags two seats whilst the other rushes in, equally quickly, and joints the I-want-a-book queue. Other than this, the only way to obtain the desirables is to enter the Reading Room on the hour. (But not, repeat not at 10 o'clock when all is chaos!). This other plan of campaign is advised, frustrated reader, because most people leave their desks to go to lectures at five minutes before the hour, whilst it is five minutes past before those returning from lectures stampede indoors!

SUGGESTIONS TO AUTHORITIES

While your correspondent is fully acquainted with the lack of finance available to the authorities for expansionary purposes, he is firmly of the opinion that an extension to the Reading Room is vastly more desirable than an extension to the actual library itself.

He is also of the opinion that the Reading Room would better serve the needs of its readers if equipped with fluorescent lighting, some means of air-conditioning and above all, if it were opened at 9 a.m.

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Archbishop's Lenten Pastoral

THE necessity for Catholics to be given a "fully Catholic education" is stressed by the Most Rev. Dr. McQuaid, Archbishop of Dublin, in his Lenten Pastoral this year. The position regarding this College is made abundantly clear.

The general rules of the Church about education are expounded at length, supported by quotations from Canon Law. Having pointed out that "All the faithful shall be so educated from childhood, that not only shall nothing contrary to the Catholic religion and good morals be taught them, but religious and moral education shall have a principal place" (a quotation from Canon Law), Dr. McQuaid shows that this rule applies to University education as well as to other levels. The Lenten Regulations for the Diocese state: "It is a grave error to think that a Catholic youth, at the conclusion of secondary studies, is so mature that he or she may, without serious risk, be exposed to the formation of a neutral or Protestant University."

Accordingly, the Pastoral draws the attention of the faithful to statute 287 of the Plenary Council, 1956, enacted by the Irish Hierarchy and confirmed by the Holy See, which applies these general rules of the Church to the particular case of Trinity College, Dublin.

Its principal provisions are:—

"We forbid, under pain of mortal sin: (i) Catholic youths to frequent that College; (ii) Parents or guardians to send to that College Catholic youth entrusted to their care; (iii) Clerics or Religious to command in any way to parents or guardians to send Catholic youths to that College, or to give help or lend counsel to such youths to attend that College."

As usual the Pastoral has produced a spate of criticism and comment in College, some of it sadly ill-informed.

MISCONCEPTIONS.

Amongst Protestants, the usual misconceptions are given their annual airing. The idea that the ban is purely vexatious and imposed by a spiteful whim of Dr. McQuaid's, is surprisingly widespread, but the Pastoral itself takes a more reasonable line:—

"It is significant that just-minded Protestants, and they are many, have seen at once and accepted that this enactment is directed, not as an attack upon non-Catholics, but as legislation binding in conscience on Catholics. Some Catholics could with advantage imitate the balanced attitude of these Protestants."

Catholic objections are more weighty, and deserve a lot of consideration. The

chief one is against the failure to recognise the corporate identity of the Catholics who are allowed into College. The Board has offered all possible facilities to a resident priest, but none has been appointed.

It is widely felt that this denial of spiritual guidance is inconsistent if Trinity is indeed such a dangerous environment for a person's faith.

(Continued on Page 3)

Brendan for College



The "notorious Irishman" Brendan Behan is coming to speak at a meeting of the Gaelic Society on the topic—"Ireland and the United Nations." This meeting, which will be conducted mainly in Irish, will be held on March 7th. Prof. Green will be in the chair.

THE MACE AGAIN

After an incredibly complicated correspondence between the Union of Students in Ireland, and the National Union of Students (England), the Phil. have finally withdrawn from the "Observer" Mace Debating Tournament.

This decision was taken reluctantly, and only after every effort had been made to clear up misunderstanding. The situation now is so fantastically involved that very few people fully understand it although opinions are being expressed freely.

THE BACKGROUND.

An attempt to summarise it may be misleading, but must be made, so here goes:—

Two teams and one individual speaker from Ireland have always gone into the semi-final of the Mace Tournament. Usually, they have been the winners and runners-up in the "Irish Times" competition.

This year, N.U.S. (who organise the Tournament, since the Mace was originally given to them) asked the Irish entrants to go into quarter-finals.

U.S.I. protested at this departure from custom and N.U.S. proposed that one team and one individual should go into semi-final.

The Phil. team (winners of the "Irish Times" trophy) accepted provisionally, but Hallam Johnson, their President, and Dermot Bouchier-Hayes, Auditor of the Literary and Historical Society at U.C.D.,

sent a joint letter to the N.U.S. asking them to reconsider.

N.U.S. sent a really astounding letter in reply. It referred to previous joint actions by the U.S.I. and the I.S.A. The I.S.A. was, of course, the forerunner of U.S.I., and was disbanded as soon as the latter came into existence! The two never existed simultaneously. The letter also asked for a final decision from the Phil. by return.

The Phil. thoroughly puzzled, discussed the situation with U.S.I. The President of U.S.I. then arranged for a phone conversation with N.U.S., to clarify the matter thoroughly, but when he rang no competent N.U.S. officer was available to take the call.

The Phil. accordingly withdrew from the Tournament altogether, stating their case in a letter direct to N.U.S.

THE SITUATION NOW.

The general feeling in Ireland is that N.U.S. has treated Irish claims most contemptuously, and is woefully astray in its view of past procedure.

On the other hand, the Tournament is run by the N.U.S., and they need never have invited Irish entrants at all.

Similar awkward situations may be avoided in the future, since the competition is soon to be reorganised, and U.S.I. has sent some very reasonable suggestions to the "Observer." It is to be hoped that a definite procedure can then be arranged.

The Ghost of I.S.A.

U.C.D. Intransigence.

The name of I.S.A. has been heard again in the land recently. Firstly in connection with the unfortunate wrangle between U.S.I. and N.U.S. over the "Observer" Mace Tournament, and secondly, in a controversy over another debating trophy—the I.S.A. Shield.

I.S.A., as every student knows, means "Irish Students' Association," and used to be our representative body to the great outside world. It was dissolved when U.S.I., our present representative, was formed. As successor, U.S.I. took over all the assets, liabilities, and functions of I.S.A., excepting only one.

A debating shield was awarded annually by I.S.A. for a competition among its members. The year that I.S.A. dissolved itself, the shield was won by U.C.D., and, despite requests by U.S.I., it has remained there ever since.

At first it was held "for safe keeping" by Dr. Tierney, the President of the College. Recently, however, it has been handed to the S.R.C. Hopes that this might secure its return to circulation have proved false, and the S.R.C. seems just as determined to hang on to this emblem of past glory.

The legal position is quite clear—U.S.I. could recover the shield by an action of they chose. However, nobody wants to go to such ridiculous lengths, and it is hoped this fit of petulance will shortly pass from U.C.D., and Irish Universities will be able to compete once more for their own trophy.

"The Nature of Music"

On Friday, 3rd March, the Gramophone Society will be sponsoring a talk under this title by Dr. Brian Boydell. In his own words, he will "deal with the different forms of sound which go under the title 'Music,' examining their intentions, and suggesting what our attitude should be in each case. It will be illustrated by excerpts covering everything from Pops, Jazz, Folk Music, Commercial Music, etc. . . . to Bach Fugues and Beethoven Quartets."

Dr. Boydell is well known for his stimulating lectures on music, and this one, which starts at 8 p.m. in the G.M.B. will be open to all. During the coffee interval a collection will be taken for the National Concert Hall Fund.

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CINEMA OR
THE "PICTURES?"

In an earlier editorial it was stated that we would attempt to comment on the arts in Dublin by means of an increased number of reviews. We do not now wish to evaluate these artistic events which have taken place in the last few weeks, but rather to speak of those which have not. The very merit of so much that we have seen in Dublin makes all the more intolerable the restrictions from which one art—the cinema—suffers.

In English university newspapers, in the conversation of people we know who study in England we frequently come across a deep and serious concern with the cinema, not just as a means of entertainment but as an art form. Here in Ireland we are grossly ignorant about the cinema; no amount of enthusiasm and review-reading will cover up a plainly inadequate acquaintance with important modern films. How can Dubliners (we refer to temporary residents as well as natives) pretend to talk seriously about the cinema when only one Bergman has had a commercial showing in the city, and when avowed masterpieces like "Ashes and Diamonds" only arrive here four years after release?

The grim fact is that while the theatre in Dublin is crippled from lack of money, the Dublin cinema-going population pays thousands of pounds every week for the privilege of seeing a lot of commercial rubbish. In Ireland the habit of "going to the pictures," often on certain chosen pre-ordained days and to quite arbitrarily selected picture houses, is far too prevalent. Selection of films on the grounds of artistic merit is unknown to a large proportion of cinema-goers in Dublin. This situation has largely been brought about by the timidity of managers and, to a lesser extent, by an anomalous (violence—yes; sex—no) censorship. At the moment far too many Dublin cinemas cater for the lowest intelligence denominator of their audiences.

We at a university suffer most from this state of affairs. The consistently reliable—though far too small—Astor Cinema and the rather less consistent Corinthian are not sufficient to fully supply a large city with consistently worthwhile films. In Trinity an appalling lack of discernment about films prevails, and it is due, partly at least, to the fact that there are just not enough films shown in Dublin which promote serious thought about the cinematic medium.

Three remedies can be suggested for the situation. Firstly, some managers must make a stand and attempt to procure more films which are of real artistic worth. We all know that the cinema is a business, but it need not be quite such an artistically sterile one as it now is in Dublin. This will be by far the hardest thing to achieve as financial returns and artistic merit seem to go hand in hand. But even if one manager of a large cinema switched over to all-Continental programmes, a great deal would have been achieved. Secondly, a horizontal censorship must replace the present vertical one. Films should be classified as they are in England, with only worthless pornography and gratuitous violence being totally excluded. Thirdly, the standard of film criticism must be raised; the critics must approach their task more seriously.

Obviously none of these changes will take place overnight, and they will perhaps never occur at all unless we institute a vocal, fearless crusade which will demand urgently that this shameful gap in Irish culture be filled. Where better for a rallying ground than this liberal institution?

Sound and Fury

reviews

A Review of Icarus

Well, Well, Well! The Editor of "Icarus" this term is Rudi Holzapfel, and he has certainly bitten off a pretty large lump. Here is a choice extract from his Editorial:

"In the last two weeks it has become evident from talking to people and reading what they have written that there is a strong, fluent, centralised and fundamentally pure poetic movement right here in Trinity, and that it will spread elsewhere."

Now this is a pretty large statement. But if you think that's all, brother, you're wrong. Mr. Holzapfel goes on to give what might be taken as his manifesto:

"What is this 'new movement'? Briefly, it is a group of us concerned with love, society, nature and philosophy."

And we have now entered the realms of pure drivel. This statement could quite easily contain Donne and Keats as part of the same poetic stream of thought, and Mr. Holzapfel damages his case by it. Nevertheless, he has something of a case. This term's "Icarus" has poetry in it by at least three poets who have, broadly, the same base. The important thing is that they are practising poets with a fluency and style (in the real meaning of the word) which is peculiar to them and which is not a stereotyped copy of anything. This in itself is a lot to be grateful for. The three poets in question are Derek Mahon, Brendan Kennelly and Michael Longley, and their poems alone are enough to justify this edition of "Icarus."

Brendan Kennelly has a great feeling for the wider significance of a particular situation, a particular object, a particular social habit, and his power comes from his very considerable ability to effect the tricky connection between the particular and the universal without artificiality. His language in itself is not the essence of his poetry. His imagery is detachable from the thought it expresses; when he writes of

"..... black shawled women,
Trusting to the wind to blow their
prayers away,
Like swerving seagulls twisted on the
Tide,"

the language remains an illustration, rather than an epitomisation of what it describes.

Michael Longley, in contrast, relies much more on language. In his poetry, the imagery becomes inseparable from the essence of the poetic situation. For him, an image can be the poem as in "Albatross," or it can be stated once and take on a whole complex of new implications, which twist and gyrate in a constantly changing reflection of delicate and sometimes very lovely nuances of meaning. "Love Poem," for instance, has this:

"Greenness is the secret centre of
your heat
A mesh of big and small leaves turned
Silver by each very fine word
Bright in one surprise of all things
Many colours in the quick fall of a
silence."

The image and the thought are so closely interwoven that we cease to be aware of a conscious imagery at all.

Derek Mahon brings this consciousness back. He has a powerful and delicate control of language, an ability to contrast loud and soft, weak and strong. His language never lets one forget it completely, and this, I think, is a fault. He is capable of an image with the strength, for instance, of

"Parallel streets that say
Although the earth is square
Our histories never meet."

And we are aware of it as a good use of language. It is an obtrusive use of language; it is a mite too obtrusive. But there is very real poetry here.

Which brings me to Michael Leahy, represented in this issue by one poem.

Now let me make myself quite clear before I start on this little problem. I do not know what Mr. Leahy is getting at. I do not even know what the basic meaning of part of this poem is. I may, therefore, be very stupid. Nevertheless, certain things seem to me to be indisputable. The first is, that writing what is, for God's sake, nothing more than plain prose, setting it up in blobs of four lines, each with a certain number of stresses, and widening the margin, does not make poetry. Mr. Leahy's work may or may not contain interesting trains of thought, but it could all be done just as well in a hundred different ways. Which is a pretty good test of what is or what is not poetry. Or maybe I am just being dense.

For the rest, Grattan Puxon, Donald Carroll, David Elyan and Timothy Brownlow all have poems of varying interest.

The Prose contributions are a weird selection, varying from the very good to the downright awful. Most important is Ian Blake's story "Cat! Cat!" the most striking thing about which is the emotional power it achieves using starkly unemotional language. If only more "Icarus" writers followed his example, their prose would be very much healthier. Peter Bell's "Journey" is a self-conscious tour de force, and serves,

in a way, to emphasise how good Ian Blake's story really is. "Journey" is consciously "literary." It is well done, admittedly, but still artificial. "Cat! Cat!" is real, even though written in a consciously contrived style. Mr. Holzapfel himself is represented by a short story, which is barmy, quite, quite barmy. There is an article on Wagner by Christopher Nicholson which expresses a lot of truth very badly, and there is a strange effusion (the only word) by Walter Dain, which begins "O Blue depths, how I long once more to hear your jubilant booming voice," and goes on like that for pages.

A good issue. I end with another extract from the Editorial:

"We must do this ('Come to realise certain philosophical necessities') or suffer the insubstantial satisfaction of a Death-diagnosis as the dominant poetic fixation."

And what the hell is that supposed to mean, and where is it supposed to get us? This issue of "Icarus" contains some very good poetry and some good prose, and for heaven's sake why not leave it at that? The fact that there is too much blather floating around these days is apt to hide the fact that there is something, somewhere, worth blathering about.—W. M. O.

Theatre

Players Satisfy

THE LONG AND THE SHORT AND
THE TALL" (Players Theatre)

Director: Michael Ruggins.

This time Players have made a boldly commercial rather than boldly intellectual choice of play. In doing so they were guaranteeing themselves a wide success (given their usual standards of performance) but at the same time inviting comparisons — which may be invidious — with recent professional productions of the play. Judged by these standards Players only fall short in a few performances, and through unavoidable factors like age and the smallness of their stage.

The play is a miniature taken from the great universal canvas of war. A group of seven soldiers find themselves in a hut in the Malayan jungle; they are inexperienced, tired, disillusioned; they tease, banter, argue and fight with each other; they reveal their background and what they live for; they capture a Japanese prisoner. The decision of whether or not to kill him brings to a head all the conflicting qualities in the men; gradually they realise the hopelessness of their situation . . .

This is all; hardly anything decisive — except for taking the prisoner — happens before the end. Thus tremendous emphasis is placed upon dialogue; the dramatist must make the interaction of his characters consistently exciting and interesting. Willis Hall has risen to the challenge and has invested every apparently insignificant action with tremendous importance; the simple business of giving a cigarette to the prisoner produces the most revealing reactions from all the characters.

Thus in consequence Mr. Hall also puts a great burden on his actors. Generally it was soundly borne. Terry Brady as the cynical, barrack-room orator, Private Bamforth, captures the fundamental likeableness of the character in a lively performance. David O'Fee, as Corporal Johnstone, admirably created an impression of a man drained of all humanity; Bruce Myers cringed

superbly as the precious Private Whitaker; and Ian Blake (Private McLeish) was the most convincing soldier of the lot, and Ralph Bates as a Welshman provided his usual controlled performance. Private Smith, that monument to North country sympathy, and decency, was made a credible and beautiful character by a sensitive performance from Peter Gilchrist, and Aya Somekai (the Japanese soldier), without saving a word throughout the whole play, managed to express movingly the agonised incomprehension of the prisoner. Michael Bogdin had by far the most difficult part; he made a brave attempt to express the quiet authority of Sergeant Mitchem, but he only managed to convince us intermittently. His youth and physical appearance were insuperable obstacles.

Michael Ruggins made quite sure that the pace of the production did not slacken. This speed gave the comedy bite, but it adversely affected the tragic aspects of the play. The ending of the play is not satisfactorily written anyway, but a slowing-down, an increase in emphasis would have made it more pathetic. The sets by Roger Cheveley were ingenious in design and made the best use of the tiny space available.

I had too many memories of the London production to be completely satisfied with this one. Nevertheless this is a straight, compelling, very funny play which has been given a more than competent production.—B.R.R.A.

Films

"Ashes and Diamonds"

At The Astor

This Polish film deals in an unexpectedly anti-political manner with the 1945 fighting between Communists and anti-Communists. Maciel is a young man who, at the beginning of the film, lies happily summing himself while waiting to ambush and kill with vicious abandon. However, an error is made, and he must rectify it by murdering the almost noble and aristocratic Communist leader who is staying in the very same hotel as himself. He is so intent upon this that when the barmaid with whom he has been light-heartedly flirting, comes to his room he is more concerned with finding the lost piece of his gun than with making love.

But the brief happiness he experiences with her, and her horror at the sight of the bodies he mistakenly killed show him the value of life—his own life and that of others. The lives of his former comrades may have gone up in flames, but he now wishes to drain his to the full. It is, however, decreed otherwise — he must not desert by renouncing his undertaking to kill this man whose life humanity moves before him like a moth before a lamp. Escaping, he is wounded. The smell of his life-blood is on his fingers, and he dies on a rubbish-heap, kicking in agony and weeping like a child.

There is genius in the forcefully true use of contrast and symbol, complete sympathy in the acting. After "Black Orpheus" the Astor brings a film of at least comparable importance, if of a contrasting realism. The greatest film since the war? Perhaps.—D. W.

A COLLEGE JOURNAL

By Martin Marprelate

This column is suffering a sea-change this week, due largely to the fact that our critics have a tendency to write too much. Perhaps you could call it a Sabbatical or something. Whatever it is, I am going to give to the world a great and terrible prophecy, which is that very soon the sky will darken, a sound as of thunder will be heard, graves will open, and Regent House and all that therein is will crumble to the ground with shrieking and horrible carnage. I knew it from the moment it was discovered that the roof of Regent House had sunk four inches. I had been expecting something of the kind from the moment those ghastly "pastel shades" were revealed to humanity; "Mark my Words," I whispered, in a voice hoarse with emotion "there'll be a judgment on this." And here it is, Part I, crying out for repentance. The same thing will happen, unless something is done, all over College, until not a single building is left standing. If you

think this is a figment of the imagination, just wait until it happens, and then you'll be sorry.

*

Another little story of Adventure and Romance. A tutor of this University, on the way to his rooms, was soaked not so long ago from head to foot, by the contents of a bucket of water which just happened at that moment to be sailing earthwards under the force of gravity. The tutor in question, a just and normally even-tempered man, nevertheless resented this, and hopped sharpish up to the rooms from which the water seemed to have come, only to find it locked and in darkness. After knocking everyone in the block up, our vice correspondent informs me, one of those involved was found. But there are others still not brought to justice. One of them is, in fact, an important dignitary of one of our dignified societies, which just shows the moral decadence of us all.

ARGUS

Glances at People and Things

Sunday Sensation.

Archbishop finds Fabians more advanced in views than British socialists claimed the "Sunday Express." This didn't seem surprising.

Founded over forty years ago to rouse critical interest in social, economic and political affairs the Fabian Society has been a cover for almost any political activity in College. At one time it is said to have been closed by the Board for its Communist sympathies, in the past few years it became frivolous and almost Fascist.

New Left.

The 1961 Fabians believe these "Black Days," when the Society even subsidised the Tory party, are gone. They are left wing, serious, enthusiastic, and they have revitalised the Society by producing a more lively and provocative programme. Much of the interest they have roused is probably idle curiosity, but there is a nucleus of really convinced members. Instrumental in this "take over bid" were Rayner Lysaght, Barry Rogers and John Kingston, but the initiative came from Victor Bleasdale and Michael Downing.

Ringleaders.

Victor Bleasdale lives in the Black North; came to Trinity in 1959 on a Belfast grant and as the result, ironically enough, of £50 won in the "Empire" essay competition. He calls himself an incurable romantic and his fits of passion (never lasting longer than two weeks) are for history, philosophers, saints, composers, girls. His friends say he has the makings of an ideal revolutionary agitator, that he is Trinity's most angry young man.

Michael Downing, a senior freshman Historian from London, is quieter, more serious, more intellectual. Michael was a Liberal when he came to Trinity but after carefully considering politics, became a left wing Socialist. He deplores the state of the British Labour Party; is a "Ban the Bomb" man.

John Kingston is the only member of the Committee actively interested in Irish politics. Victor Bleasdale puts down the general apathy and disinterest of Irish Socialists to the educational system in this country. He believes that Ireland must become identified with a larger unit, either Britain or Europe, before she will become "politically aware."

"Bugs" Men.

Most of the Committee are keen fans of Tom and Jerry, and "Bugs" Bunny and they go regularly to the Grafton to see them. They agree that Trinity women are neither physically or intellectually attractive but submit that beggars can't be choosers.

It is difficult to pin these New Fabians down to any specific ideology. On the whole they adhere to the New Left in British politics; admit that they are not producing much original thought but reflect many of the views of the Oxford University Labour Party. Their main aim in the Society is to stimulate interest amongst those coming after them; if they can't do this they feel it isn't being a success.

Party Piece

On Friday evening Maddie Mod Langford entertained the Boat Club boys and waning socialites at Maison Bateau in Northumberland Road.

Here it was possible to talk without shouting, although Dick Longfield and Willie Dillon didn't seem to realise the fact. Bridie Tobin saw to it that Antony

Collins and Terry Ryan had something to drink, but Etain Yardley and Sue Rawlings seemed to think Tony Jamieson and Bernard Whelan were in training. Johnny Jefferes, Martin Hare and Erib Sansom heard about Galway Johnson's teething troubles and Bill Keatinge and Algy Rice discussed legal aspects.

Coming-of-age seems to be in the air. Later that evening it happened in Delgany, where freshman Dudley Guinness produced caviar and champagne. Here we spotted Russell Telfer with poetess Mary Fleck in the ballroom and Ewan Simmonds with Leslie Maxwell in the moonlight. Paddy Lyons, Sebastian Ballfour and Simon Quick spent the small hours sliding down the bannisters.

On Saturday Harriet Chance mitigated the responsibilities of being 21 by inviting her friends to share her champagne. Betty Evans and Tressan Deeny admired James Cormick's native costume and Elizabeth Morgan even danced with it. Tim McLoughlin and Paul O'Grady admired the eats while Sook Yee Chung and Maureen Sinclair took pity on Harriet's abandoned teddy bear. Juliet Love and Brian Bond danced the cha cha, but had fierce competition from Rosemary Bruges.

Stars and Stripes.

American tourists come to Trinity with the spring and leave with the departing summer. With sunny camera, Kelly's Book, Irish grandmother, they lap up misguided culture and go away

to forget it. But only a few Americans come to Trinity for any length of time. Some come for a year, on the whole tend to find it lonely and hate it; those who stay longer grow to like Dublin so much they are loathe to leave it.

Institution.

Dean White, who is writing a Ph.D. thesis on the Plantations has been here so long he has almost become an institution. His appearances in Trinity grow less frequent but he occasionally watches life go by from the Reading Room steps propped on his large and immaculate rolled umbrella. He's a keen member of the Georgian Society for whose benefit he wears his red tartan tie.

Some people consider Joe Starr, who comes from New York, the funniest man in College, and he can turn the dullest party into an hilarious occasion. Perhaps it's just his "teddy bear" look or his big cloth cap, but he is also an excellent mimic. Joe has been here almost five years and doesn't much want to leave.

Nice Guys.

Two nice guys who are everybody's friends are Paul O'Grady and Jim Madden. They met in the army and came to Trinity on the advice of the historian Toynbee whom they met in Tokyo. Paul does most of the talking, likes almost everyone, but hates phoneys. Jim is more reserved but can be most amusing,

he is a good athlete and keen squash player, he comes from California and hopes to go into the State Department when he gets back home.

Charlie Posner is the exception to the general quiet unassertiveness of Americans in Trinity. He's a fervent but good humoured "Band the Bomb" man, wears tennis shoes, jeans or chinos, seldom shaves, sleeps on any odd floor or sofa and spends most of his life painting posters. He was yesterday's leader of Disarmament March in Dublin and is responsible for organising the campaign in Ireland and for the affiliation of all Irish Universities. At a recent conference in London he represented Ireland and the United States, and almost France as well since he can claim continental connections.

WESLEY PATTERSON McVEIGH

Wesley McVeigh died on Thursday, Feb. 23rd, 1961. His many friends will remember him as a happy, kindly, unselfish person. His close friends knew his generosity and quiet sincerity, and his courageous attitude to his affiliation.

Wesley was an unobtrusive figure around College; he worked hard and played games as often as his handicap would allow. He was reluctant to talk about religion, but although he kept his beliefs very much to himself, beneath the surface lay a very deep faith.

Those of us who knew Wes. at school and College would like to offer our deepest sympathy to his family and relatives.—C.P.

THE NEW SUFFRAGETTES

Rumour has it that members of the Commission on Higher Education found it strange that Trinity lacked a Common Room where men and women students could meet together. It is sad to note that in his reply (see Letters) to our feature "One Major Society" the auditor of the Hist. completely ignores our correspondent's assertion that the college's debating forum must be open to all—male and female alike. One must agree that Mr. Francis is correct to apportion a fair measure of the blame for the present decline of the Major Societies to student lethargy. But this lethargy is not an entirely masculine phenomenon and the Major Societies between them, if they seriously intend to take an active part in rousing a spirit of discussion and inquiry in the lethargic, must be prepared to extend their mission to women also.

Some years ago the Phil. passed a motion to permit ladies to become members but the change in law was vetoed by the Board on the grounds that there were no suitable conveniences in the G.M.B. To-day the Major Societies have been instrumental in having hot-water and a scullery installed in the G.M.B. but they seem to have conveniently forgotten about the conveniences. However the Phil. are taking the initiative again. It is understood that in last week's private business a vote of thanks to our feature writer was passed by one vote, whilst a prominent Council Member and a back-bench revolutionary tabled a motion calling for the setting-up of a committee to investigate the possibility of closer relations with other Major Societies. It is sad to see the Hist. still reactionary when confronted by higher Phil. attendance figures; the latter almost certainly due to the Phil. policy of admitting women to their public meetings.

The Ban on Trinity

(Continued from Page 1)
This is what has prompted comment recently from the "Observer" and the "Times Educational Supplement."

Some Protestants and some Catholics (particularly from outside Ireland) find it difficult to see why Trinity should not be able to provide the "fully Catholic education" required for Catholics by Canon Law, since "mixed" universities all over the world are doing so, and the Board has proposed many guarantees to settle Catholic doubts. They feel that as it is impossible to exclude non-Catholic points of view altogether nowadays, a new arrangement now would be more realistic than the existing one.

For better understanding to arise, Protestants must bear in mind certain things — for instance, the fact that Trinity was founded as a stronghold of Protestantism, and continued to thrive as such for roughly 300 years, during most of which time continuous efforts were made, often forcibly, to eradicate the Catholic religion.

While it is ludicrous to suggest that any of this applies to Trinity to-day, it is only to be expected that some distrust should linger on amongst Catholics, particularly in this country of long memories.

If they make an effort to appreciate the reasons why Catholics are banned from Trinity, Protestants will have reduced the validity of those reasons.

Profile:

Prue Furney

— Eliz President

Prue says she has tendencies towards megalomania which resulted in election to the Presidency of the Elizabethan Society. She views any idleness of her Committee with placid impatience.

Prue never grumbles.

She lived in India until she was eight. This spoilt her as much as anything. She hates housework. An English education was followed by a year as assistant matron of a girls' school. When at home in County Wexford, she hibernates, picks black currants and climbs trees, with a marked preference for those which bear apples. For the record, she prefers Elgar and Holst, reads historical novels, is a novice skier, an accomplished horsewoman and plays squash, tennis and the piano.

Although she dislikes too much literature, she is in her third year of Modern Languages. She reads French and German to further her one ambition, to travel far and wide, but does not aspire to go into orbit.

Prue is a wonderful companion. She sees the funny side of life with a soft-spoken wit. Her sympathy is given generously with a very genuine smile. A slight reserve of pride prevents her seeking sympathy from others. She finds her courage in an unsophisticated faith. Prue is very social. But, though she likes gin (tomato juice in Lent) she is as bright by eleven o'clock coffee as during the last jive of a College dance. She is always pleased to see you, in the Reading Room or Front Square. But, do not tell her a doubtful story. She sidesteps vulgar undertones calmly and unobtrusively, saying — "I don't understand." Relate an amusing tale. She will sparkle and, with a quiet observation, make it twice as funny. As she flits

around the Reading Room and skips across the cobbles, Prue finds many things "super."

Nobody has cause to say an unpleasant thing about her. She is a good conversationalist, with a retentive memory of faces. Adaptability helps her to live



easily. She canned peas to pay for a month in Germany. But she still has butterflies when entertaining distinguished guests.

Prue has not found her man yet. She says she is intolerant. She has more friends in Trinity than most have in a lifetime. Easy-going friendliness, character and imagination are the qualities needed to be President of the Eliz. Take a girl like Prue.

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LETTERS —

... to the Editor

(From J. A. Francis, Auditor, College Historical Society)

Dear Sir,

Your article entitled "One Major Society?" cannot be allowed to pass without comment. Your correspondent suggested that Trinity's undergraduate population was not large enough to provide satisfactory audiences for two major society meetings each week. How does he then explain the flourishing and active survival of the Hist. and Phil. when supported by a much smaller undergraduate population before the "bulge"?

He then talks of a Hist. and Phil. meetings having little hope of success unless attended by some interesting visiting speaker, or unless the meeting is concerned with some vital or topical issue. The major Societies therefore must go for this and for many other reasons too lengthy to quote. He accordingly suggested the formation of a new Society to "meet the needs of all students, created with a close regard for the contemporary facts of undergraduate life." Since he omits to give any further detailed description of the facts of an undergraduate life I feel it incumbent on me to give some of them.

College to-day largely comprises of spectators, people who attend occasional meetings with a dilletantish interest. They watch the 1st XV. go to parties and the pictures and spend much of the rest of their time being harassed by highly specialised University courses which require so much time. They may possibly attend an odd meeting of the Hist., expecting to be electrified by what they hear and to have handed to them on a plate an evening's entertainment. They are perhaps disappointed and never return again. The Hist. is then criticised for its poor debates, its low standard of oratory and general frivolity.

Your correspondent omitted to state that whereas a good paper and an interesting D.V. are the only necessary ingredients for a successful Phil. meeting, this is just not so for a debate.

A debate is a collective form of meeting which needs the active participation of both House and Speakers. One good speech will not carry the evening. The standing orders of the Hist. are as acceptable and workable as those of any University debating society; its system of fines is one of the most superb vehicles of good wit and repartee. But, alas, for success this needs much practice and conscious effort by the speaker, without which the debate will fall flat. No amount of tampering with the constitutions of either major society will alter this prerequisite for a good debater.

I refuse to admit that debating has no place in this University; for if there is no such need it is a most damning indictment of the undergraduate body. For too long we have heard and read anonymous criticisms of the "Hist." in the College press as being no fit place for the more serious minded undergraduate, while at the same time they are content to allow debating in the University to be run by "lesser" persons, men of insufficient ability to master properly Standing Orders in both Public and Private Business.

I extend a sincere and warm welcome to men of all walks of College life to come and speak to the Hist. A fair and appreciative hearing is given to any speaker who is prepared to make the effort to put his views seriously to the House—where are the Fabians and the men of International Affairs? Or do you have to find people with similar sentiments in a minor society before you get a fair hearing? Perhaps you deplore the choice of motions in the Hist.? Remember that the General Committee only holds office for one year and that the Hist. elections are the most democratic of all elections in College. Are you prepared to come forward, sacrifice

some time and effort and make a personal contribution to debating in College? If you do, you will find that there is no more rewarding and absorbing form of entertainment, to say nothing of the great benefits one gains from it.

Yours sincerely,
Anthony Francis

35 Trinity College,
Dublin.

(From Anne Leonard, Chairman, Modern Languages Society)

Dear Sir,

With reference to the rather trite remarks published in your newspaper last week concerning the Mod. Lang. Society I would like to point out the difficulties faced by such a society when it does not have rooms in which to meet. It is a fallacy that there are rooms available in No. 35. They are class rooms not club rooms. If members want to meet they can only do so under the auspices of some other Society such as the Phil. or the Hist. or in the Coffee Bar. Requests for rooms have been frequently turned down with the reply that every room in College is in use. They may have been allocated but I dispute that they are all in use. There are several small societies such as the "Biological" which have rooms where no one ever goes. Does it not seem unfair that the Mod. Lang. with over two hundred members should have nowhere at all? I think it is time the Board distributed rooms more fairly.

It is also unfair to blame poor attendance on the apathy of the members of the Mod. Lang. School. It is ridiculous to suggest that people studying languages are totally uninterested in either Literature, Travel or Music (the subjects of most meetings). Attendance soars on the occasions when we can afford to hire other rooms—as for example last term when the G.M.B. was packed for the Inaugural Meeting.

Yours faithfully,
Anne Leonard.

College Historical Society.
Trinity College,
Dublin.

27th February, 1961.

Dear Sir,

I think that the comments of your Correspondent as to the terms of the Lane Agreement merit some further elucidation and correction.

The text of this Agreement appeared in the Annual Report of the National Gallery, London, for the year 1959-1960. These paintings are still the absolute property of the British Government, and at the termination of the present twenty year agreement, either a new agreement shall be made, or all the paintings will return to London.

An indication of the power and control that the British Government retains over these paintings at present in Dublin is illustrated by the section of the Agreement which reserves the right to demand the return of any of these paintings at any time, giving a certain period of notice.

Yours faithfully,
Angus Bainbrigge.

Our Correspondent comments:

I am grateful to Mr. Bainbrigge for his remarks, which support my basic argument more than he probably realises. The fact that the Lane Pictures are still the property of the British Government is apt to be forgotten. We have gained nothing legally and our case has lost a great deal of its moral force by this compromise.

The fact that legally the pictures must be returned after 20 years means nothing. If the British Government seriously thinks that the pictures would in fact be returned without a new agreement, it is stupider than I gave it credit for.

—Ed.]

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27th February, 1961.

Dear Sir,

In your last two issues correspondents, Catholic and non-Catholic, have railed against the Laurentian Society's decision to hold a meeting during Mission Week. They have accused the Society of disregarding the request of the S.R.C. not to hold meetings during Dr. Ramsey's stay and of showing a want of courtesy for the Archbishop himself.

For the sake of Messrs. Smith and Newcombe, I would like to point out that the position of the Laurentian Society in College is extraordinary. Its membership is open only to Roman Catholics—not to any undergraduate who has an urge for religion—and its prime concern is that they should have an opportunity of meeting one another.

The S.R.C.'s request was considered; its aim was to avert as many "distractions" as possible during Dr. Ramsey's addresses. The Laurentian Society decided nevertheless to hold a meeting presuming that a number of its members would not have more than a passing interest in the Mission talks. It did not consider that Dr. Ramsey's audiences would suffer for the want of a handful of Roman Catholics who would not have attended his talk anyway.

To be openly discourteous to the visiting Archbishop would be boorish and infantile. Many Roman Catholics enjoyed the personality and ideas of His Grace. None deserted him to show their allegiance to another flock.

Your correspondents, Messrs. Smith and Newcombe, will do well to appreciate before they criticise; after all the cock crows for a purpose.

Yours faithfully,
T. McLoughlin,
(Chairman, Laurentian Soc.)

40 Trinity College,
Dublin.

February 23, 1961.

Dear Sir,

Agreed that lecturers are approachable, but my main criticism was the length of time and the conditions of this approachability.

Had Mr. Dillon attended coffee mornings, and the meetings of the Economics Society last year, he would have been better qualified to pronounce on their

effectiveness. The proportion of the whole faculty which turns up for these gatherings and the comments on page six of the "Trinity News" of the 23rd, seem to justify my criticism.

There is a subtle difference between "spoon-feeding" and "compulsion" and "help" and "mental prodding" which Mr. Dillon might not be able to understand.

Yours sincerely,
C. Dunin-Borkowski.

16 Trinity College,
26th February, 1961.

Dear Sir,

The recent publication of Trinity's "nationality statistics" has stimulated many to ask the question: "Why do there appear to be more Englishmen in Trinity than is the case?" May I suggest a few reasons?

Firstly, a considerable number of Irish speak with a Southern English accent.

Secondly, many of the English have attended boarding schools (that they were mostly Public Schools is here irrelevant) where they have inevitably had good opportunities for organising clubs and societies before entering Trinity.

Thirdly, educational grants being much higher in England than Ireland, students from the former have less need to earn money during the vacation, can thus do more academic work out of term, and therefore have more time during the term to partake in non-academic activities.

Thus it is true, as Mr. Buttigore has pointed out elsewhere, that only one large society is run mostly by Irishmen, and I regret it no less than he. On the other hand, until the happy day when Irishmen have more time in the vacation for academic work, is it not better that societies should exist run by others than not exist at all? At least they will then be there for when those who must work hard during the term do have time to take part in them.

I think that most Irishmen are in fact aware of this situation, and possibly more appreciative of it than Englishmen like myself would be if the position were reversed. It is only when a few of us start thinking that we are in some way a superior race that they are, so very rightly, rather annoyed.

Yours truly,
Christopher Fettes.

Westward the Course of Empire

It was a chill-crisp afternoon, the sun burning through the metalled sky, and no clouds drifting by the peaks of those high grey sierras which in silence guarded Valle de la Trinidad from that wide world of reality outside. On Mount Campanile lay the last touch of winter snow, the rich green pastures of the backland were deserted, and in the passes dark the hunters and the hunted moved in fear, feeling the icy fingers of death within their throats.

He rode in by the pass of La Frontera, past Fort Lodge where the blue-coated troopers lingered away their border duty, to rein his horse on the rim of the valley. He was an ordinary puncher, no different from a hundred you might find in this valley, silent maybe, strong and honest in his thoughts, high, wide and then some. Half an eternity before he with those his lost friends had wended his way upon the drive to the watering place of Hoces Figis, by the river they call Dawson; and in his parting had told his sweet love to wait for him in this wind-whispering place where numbers made for safety and a woman's pride was her defence. But now as he looked puncherwise around he nowhere saw her; nor yet the gauchos and the peons there tightwrapped against the wandering wind would give him back his questions, no thoughts within their eyes from their stupidity or fear or hatred of the conqueror.

So off he hied himself across the cobble foothills to the dusty ghostwards town of Literatura City, his own resting place. Descended from his height he paced slowly up the steps into the bar, silent to swing the doors aside, to stand and contemplate the too familiar scene; in drunk confusion the cowpokes scattered round; the dancing girls sweet fingering playing with the greenhorns; the vigilantes ever watching the swinging door for fear of swift surprise, too late recovered wits; the old men lost to reality; the dusty dead of bottles all around silent witness to a dying way of life.

He crossed to the counter, took out a faded yellow dollar bill, slugged back the stiff three-volumed shot of Bourbon, leaned around. His girl had not been there, no-time, the barman polishing his glasses said, nor had she been, repeated half-dead friends, as round the room he stepped his questions. Then one old gambler, shaken from his dream of riches yet to come, mumbled his thoughts of having seen her riding out, sine

voluntate, across the sweeping plain towards the badlands weary of the north, within the company of one lone homine of the name unknown. Silently the puncher pushed his drink into the trembling hands, then, with the golden spurs of sophistry jingling, turned to the day, letting the door swing to, like happiness, behind him.

Across the gullied plain he picked his wary way, and past La Campanile, raised a gaunted hand to that lone man of law, the Sheriff in his dusty grey, riding on his epic of enduring bravery. Passed by the laughing gold-diggers with the burros trailing in mute acceptance at their rear; a herd of fine pure-bred American cattle on their way to slaughter at the railhead of Library Halt; a cattle baron with his wide sleeves of black silk from Camacumon, proudly still fighting the war of North and South though wounds had long since healed.

And when an eternity of sky had passed he came into the canyon of Coffiba, that last resting place of gamblers and homeless wanderers and farmers weary from the toil of poorsome plots of cruel revenge. Here in the gateway to the badlands was the brooding insolence of failure yet to come, and jealous looks from those who wore the chapareas to protect themselves from the tearing bushes of Life's range. There was no girl of his love's own repute there, but with a whisper he did learn from one lost caballera, crushed within the vice of boredom, that she had gone, ay unwillingly, with one bandito of the reputation hellwise, El Lobo, to the backwoods of Bahia, to her own predestiny. Silent, placed he on his gloves, mounted upon his horse, whipped to the wind.

No time ahead he saw them both, two contrasted figures walking into Hell . . . spurred he on, rode down, rode down, and called with speed, and with the courage born of honour came up, came right up. El Lobo of the reputation plainswide, turned, contorted, moved for safety but with instant did the puncher take him, cut him down with slashing look and killing words till that epitome of some passing age, was silent, lonely, dead for eternity.

Ran the girl to his own side, smiled kisses in his eyes, held hands in Life; so that togetherwise they rode down from the coldness of those watching lands, down to the sunset of the plain, and the redness there of Bovril on the distant hills.—Hugh Gibbons.

Lecturers on "The System"

SOME STAFF OPINIONS ON STUDENTS & LECTURES

Last week we printed a selection of student opinions on aspects of the academic system in Trinity. Three faculties were taken as more or less representative of the arts side of College—lectures in science and technical subjects cannot be viewed in quite the same light, as they must concentrate essentially on facts and practical work, although some of the comments made about arts lectures can with profit be applied to these too.

This week we offer some of the views of lecturers in the Modern Languages, Economics-Political Science and Mental and Moral Faculties. Not all the lecturers in these departments were approached, but presumably if members of staff other than those quoted had felt strongly enough about last week's article they would have let us know their views. We did not have the results of the student survey before us when interviewing most of the staff, so their comments were made independently, and do not necessarily form deliberate answers to last week's article.

STAFF DISSATISFACTION WITH THE SYSTEM.

The main assumption behind undergraduate criticism is that the staff approve wholeheartedly of the system, but the number and value of reforms made recently in the "Honours and General Studies courses alone show that this is false. All lecturers acknowledge, for instance, that the proportion of staff in relation to the number of students is far too low, but the reform of such a state of affairs requires money which the College cannot provide. Any problem which can be cured only by the injection of more money, tends to remain a problem until action is quite unavoidable.

Most of the lecturers disapprove of compulsory lectures as a principle; they would like some assurance of an audi-

ence, but few of them feel they would find their lectures unattended. The introduction of optional lectures would, however, mean that the few occasions when the student sees the lecturer would further decrease—a thing all decry.

LACK OF FREE TIME.

The principal cause for complaint amongst the staff is the lack of free time—and, in some cases, shortage of time even to prepare lectures as they would wish. Dr. Thomas felt he needed a full-time secretary to help him to deal with administrative work and individual student problems and enquiries. Prof. Edwards also felt he was called upon to do too much administration and suggested the possibility of setting up departmental administration boards to be put under the chairmanship of different senior lecturers in succession. He said he disliked the present "pyramidal structure" within faculties.

Most lecturers agree that the preparation and giving of lectures, administrative work, the answering of students' queries, etc., leave them no time to themselves at all. They can never take Sabbatical leave, and like it or not they must save time somehow—something must go; should it be lectures, administration, students' problems or research? To the lecturers' credit it seems usually to be the last.

RESEARCH.

Questioned about the role of research, Prof. Arnould said that it is the basis upon which a university's reputation must ultimately stand. Prof. Edwards felt that teaching and research must go hand in hand and are mutually beneficial. Dr. Thomas suggested that it is a matter of opinion; in Germany research is the main function of a univer-

sity. Prof. Duncan said that 90 p.c. of research, at least of post-graduate research, is twaddle, but that original teaching is of supreme importance.

MORE CONTACT WITH STUDENTS

All want to meet their students more, but they really do not have much time to spare. Most lecturers feel that, but for the inevitable lack of staff, they would like more tutorial classes. Many students have asked for this too, but Mr. Reid, interviewed on this matter, felt that under a tutorial system such as that operating in Oxford or Cambridge most Trinity students would crumple up. He said that what the student really wants is a cosy system under which he can remark to the lecturer "I didn't like your lecture" or "Have you read Heidelbach?" and the lecturer can say, "You have been drinking too much." It is indeed worth considering how students would react under a system which threw responsibility for essays and discussion more fully on to their own shoulders. Anyway, such a system would need more staff.

It should be noted that the staff/student ratio though everywhere disproportionate, is not everywhere equally so. In some faculties matters are more severe than in others. Prof. Duncan's school is the most in need. His staff has not been increased while the number of students has trebled. Next year, however, he will have two more lecturers.

Prof. Arnould was most eloquent on the subject of lectures. He complained of students not having read set books, not even possessing copies after a term's lectures. He found purely factual lectures humiliating and could understand the dissatisfied feeling among some of his students, but in the face of general apathy often had no choice. He thought a two-language course over-loaded and welcomed the establishment of separate French and English courses with an auxiliary language for language students. Apathy, lack of enthusiasm, obvious boredom—these, he pointed out, were passed on to the lecturer, as well as from him. Optional lectures would give him keener audiences, thus making better lectures possible.

MORE OPPORTUNITIES FOR DISCUSSION.

It is obvious from remarks quoted this week and last that both staff and students have some strong feelings on the matter of the academic systems. The question arises: Is there sufficient opportunity for the two parties to discuss such subjects to their mutual benefit? Some lecturers go out of their way to discover the views of senior students, but there are others who take no such steps, and it is possible that some organised, and hence non-personal, method could be found to bring students' ideas to their notice. Perhaps this could be organised through the faculty societies.

Would it be practical to hold annually or by the term some sort of semi-official meeting between the staff and some senior students of each faculty? It is, of course, not always easy for a student to voice strong criticism before his lecturers, or even for a lecturer to do so before his seniors—this is a problem we became acutely aware of while preparing this survey. However, there is a difference between a single student going personally to a professor to voice a grievance and the same student being called upon to express his views, as one of several representatives, before a group of lecturers who are free to discuss the point with him at once.

PASSENGERS ON THE FOOTPLATE

The lecturers themselves appear to be largely in favour of this plan, though dubious about its practicability. They emphasise that they cannot be bound by opinions expressed in such a discussion, and reserve the right to think that they know what is best for the student—as Mr. Reid put it: "You can't have all the passengers up on the foot-plate with the driver." On the other hand, some lecturers and professors have seriously considered the idea. Prof. Arnould suggested as a possible alternative that representatives elected from each year could give him suggestions anonymously—though this seems far less valuable than an open discussion.

Both the S.R.C. and the Scholars' Committee can carry students' complaints to the Board but their mechanism requires time and arrives eventually at the wrong level. What seems to be needed is discussion at faculty level. Is this practicable?

Rudeness . . .

— RATHER THAN REASON

The ungraceful repulse of Senator Sheehy Skeffington by Fr. Burke-Savage, S.J., at University Hall, has aroused lively, if not well informed, comment among academic circles in Dublin, and it was Fr. Burke-Savage, braving hecklers at U.C.D.'s L. and H., who pointed out, quite correctly, that comment was ill-informed. What he neglected to mention was that he himself had opened the question with rudeness rather than reason and was ipso facto responsible for the tone of nastiness and turgidity surrounding the dispute.

University Hall, a student home under Jesuit auspices, is under no obligation to receive Dr. Skeffington or any other outside speaker against its will. It is well to make this point clear from the beginning. No Buddhist monk has a right to preach in St. Patrick's or a Communist a right to join the T.C.D. Philosophy staff. University Hall, St. Patrick's and T.C.D. are corporate concerns guaranteed to have control over their domain and freedom to exclude the unwanted. There is no freedom to violate the free will and privacy of others.

Father Burke-Savage, speaking last Saturday evening at the L. and H. made the substance of this argument quite clear.

Only it is not the point in question.

The good Jesuit is at liberty to exclude whom he will from the Hall and, within

the limits of libel, to write what he will to Dr. Skeffington. It is not his freedom we criticise (this writer shares the Jesuit's faith and does not want a secular society rammed down his throat either) but his wisdom and his charity.

The rescinding of Dr. Skeffington's invitation demanded the honesty and exquisite tact of S. Thomas More. Fr. Burke-Savage seems to prefer the double-think and cudgels of Abbé S. Cyran. Unwilling at first to reply to Senator Skeffington at all, his later answer was surprisingly discourteous.

The motives behind Fr. Burke-Savage's attitude are probably two; certainly (1) he sought to protect the inmates of U. Hall from the "contamination" of agnostic Liberalism and possibly (2) he sought to discredit Dr. Skeffington (it is hard otherwise to account for gaucheness in so fluent a man). It was obvious from reactions at both the L. and H. and University Hall that the opposite effects resulted. Catholics were left doubtful about their mentor's intellectual equipment, non-Catholics were left with a knowing smirk, and Dr. Skeffington with his deserved reputation very much intact.

The whole affair might be described as sinister were it not so laughably incompetent and trivial. Coupled with the Archbishop's Lenten pastoral, the Skeffington-Burke Savage controversy is another twinge in the difficult labour of the Irish Church in a "pluralist society."

The Churches in Germany

West Germany is almost evenly divided between Protestants and Catholics. The slight numerical preponderance of Protestants is balanced by the organisation and concentration of Catholics in industrial areas. There is thus a need as well as a desire for tolerance and co-operation. Setting apart minor frictions, both churches get on well in the Christian Democrat Party. A careful balance in key appointments is the outward sign of this co-operation. While there is more of a conservative attitude among Catholics and a good deal of anti-clericalism in the Socialist Party, a Socialist administration has always had to work together with the Catholic hierarchy, and they have been successful. In high politics it is true that Robert Schumann de Gasperi and Adenauer were united by their common faith and that the concept of West European unity was largely shaped by Catholic statesmen. However, recent developments in France and the rapprochement between England and Germany have brought to the fore men and ideas that must be termed common Christian rather than Catholic.

The universities are of course secular institutions. But both Churches have student organisations on a national level that cater not only for spiritual needs, but take a courageous lead in the discussion of political, sociological and ideological problems and their relation to the Church. A case in point is the Evangelical Student Community in the Free University of Berlin that devotes most of its time to an intelligent attitude towards Communism that goes beyond the reactionary M.R.A. gibberish.

Thus, apart from bigotry on the local parish level both churches not only tolerate each other, and work together, but they are also keenly aware of the common values they stand for. In this they are helped by the memory of their common struggle with the State during the Third Reich and by the constant attacks on both Churches in East Germany. It is a little sad to see at times that tolerance and co-operation that lead to so many fruitful results seem only to be possible when there is a balance of power and a common threat to make the Churches aware of their basic unity.

—Martin Müller.



Not all who read The Times are gentlemen

THE NOTION that The Times is an article of gentlemen's furnishings, like a hat or an umbrella, is not quite apt, as our picture shows. For this young woman, in any case, The Times is a professional necessity as well as a personal pleasure.

On the law, as on other subjects, The Times speaks with authority. This is not the same as speaking for authority. The Times serves no cause except that of keeping its readers informed. It labours no argument, favours no group or region. It could not keep its readers if it did, for Times readers are alike only in that they are all different, and too critical to accept opinions clothed as news. Their quickness to spot humbug and their willingness to think for themselves are among the qualities which, so often, take Times readers to the top of the tree.

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Hockey**Boxing****TWO TITLES FOR TRINITY**

Last Friday, a team of six boxers represented Trinity at the Irish Universities' Junior Championships held at U.C.C.

Three fought in the afternoon. J. Deering at featherweight lost "a close decision" to an opponent who had done little except to floor him at the end of round one—after which the Trinity man returned with courageous and effective aggression. The verdict resulted in the retirement of one judge. Nor was J. Feeney (welter) — the captain — more fortunate; he won a fight although he neither punched straight nor kept his head up, nor was he successful at close quarters. Then the decision was changed—the incompetent organisation leaving Feeney the loser. R. Davitt then won his first victory for Trinity at light-welter. He boxed coolly but only just snatched the decision by using his right hand.

In the evening the organisation improved and with it the fortunes of Trinity. D. Singhalaka was eventually persuaded to use a little aggression and then had no trouble in defeating a U.C.D. opponent. Things went badly for P. H. Fanning who lost in spite of powerful left hooks in round two. When Fanning can win fights on points he will have little to worry about; until then he must be prepared to take the hard road and to realise that a knock-out is usually divinely providential. H. O'Callaghan then defeated Daly of U.C.D. with his back to the ropes, making use of Daly's inexpert boxing at close quarters to win a confident verdict.

The finals produced 3 knockouts—two being administered by Trinity men. First, Singhalaka, at flyweight, dissatisfied by his somewhat lethargic win in the semi-final, knocked out an opponent who had not laid a glove on him and had already hit the canvas twice. Robin David then consolidated his pyrrhic but prudent performance in his first fight by knocking out a bearded Galwegian, also in the first round, with a well-timed right. O'Callaghan, however, was exhausted by his strenuous first fight not long before and lost a tiring battle with a Queen's contestant.

Thanks must be given to U.C.C. who did what they could to make the tournament successful, to Frank Kerr who was bumped down to Cork in time for the evening bouts, and to John Feeney who did not allow his misfortunes in the ring to subdue his efficiency as captain outside the ring.

Swimming**Good Results**

Trinity, 3; Pembroke, 3.

In their first match of the Spring League Trinity played a hard attacking game which could have resulted in a win had the College team been fit enough to sustain their early effort. Scorers for Trinity were M. O'Brien-Kelly, R. Jagoe, and J. Matthews. D. Dowse played a good game in goal performing the unusual feat of saving a penalty.

The Junior team had a very fine 4-1 win over U.C.D. The Trinity team, playing one man short, gave a fine tactical display completely outswimming the opposition. R. H. Rooley and P. Stead each scored two goals.

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In the Spring Swimming League Trinity won their first match, against Half-Moon. O'Brien-Kelly and McGillican were first and second in the freestyle; Dempsey and Jagoe first and second in the breaststroke; and Rooley and Upton first and third in the backstroke. In the flying squad Trinity had an easy win.

The team must not become complacent over their victory as the next match, against Gormanston, will be the hardest encountered in our section of the League.

Colonel May

The Colonel is a little lost this week owing to an attack of gout and for this reason has been unable to contact his connections in England. He does, however, hear good things of Vivant for the week-end, but he has also heard even better things of Typhoon as an each way bet anti-post for the 2,000 Guineas. This should be backed as soon as odds can be obtained for he is just the type to win this first classic as he comes to hand early in the season. Finally for the record the Colonel would like to point out that since last term he is £2-4 up thanks to "Carry On" and "Hardy Boy" and after Fair Dymple's next race he expects to be considerably more in the money.

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Trinity win despite odds

DUBLIN UNIV. 2; U.C.D. 0.

DUBLIN UNIV. 1; QUEEN'S UNIV., BELFAST ... 0

IT was with no little trepidation that Trinity approached last week's Mauritius Cup games. The previous Saturday they had scrambled a 4-4 draw against a weakened Y.M.C.A. side and the normally sound defence had revealed themselves to be anything but safe on a bumpy surface. As it turned out these fears were groundless but it was only an exceptional effort on Trinity's part that made them so.

When the side assembled at Belfast on Tuesday to play U.C.D., the general feeling was that Queen's were sound favourites to win the trophy. Trinity's display against U.C.D. if anything, confirmed this. U.C.D. are not, at the best of times, a very strong side and this year they are probably weaker than usual. In view of this, victory for Trinity by four or five goals would have been a fair forecast of the result. This was not to be. Trinity scored twice in the first fifteen minutes through McCarthy (penalty bully) and Prestage but never looked like increasing this lead. U.C.D., for their part, fought hard but their forwards are weak and they never had any real chance of scoring. One of Trinity's two goals came from a rather harsh penalty bully decision, so that, with only one goal from play, Trinity had every reason to fear next day's encounter with Queen's.

Queen's came to Dublin with a rather awe-inspiring reputation. Their side fairly bristled with interprovincials, international Trialists and the like but, as is often the case, they never really combined as a team. Trinity played them on Wednesday and, even though the pitch had been rolled overnight, it was still very bumpy. The game itself was not a great spectacle. Body-checking and close marking were the order of the day and good hockey was never a possibility. Nevertheless, it was refreshing to see Trinity play in such a spirited manner. Even Richard Byrn, normally the gentlest of centre-halves, tore into the fray with great relish. As a result of this defensive attitude on both sides shots at goal were very infrequent and the amount of fouling that went on just at the edge of the circle tended to interrupt play far too much.

Queen's had much the better of the first half. Their halves linked up with their forwards thus giving them a very great territorial advantage. Priestley, their inside-right, nearly scored on a couple of occasions but generally speaking, the Trinity defence was on top and towards half-time Trinity were coming more and more into the game. The score was 0-0 at half-time but already Trinity had won a moral victory

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