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Trinity News

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Tracking The Manta Ray

Students Expedition To Persian Gulf

SIX students from this College hope to make an expedition to the Persian Gulf in the coming summer vacation to study and make a film on the behaviour and feeding habits of rays, with special reference to the Manta ray. The questions our reporter put to the leader and organiser, Chris Kendall, were: Who is going? Why are they going and why the tremendous interest in rays with so many other things to be investigated?

Underwater Adviser and Cine Photographer to Accompany Trip

Among others who will be accompanying Chris Kendall will be David Cabot (cine photographer), Jalick Kaulback (underwater adviser) and Martin Bennett (still photographer). At the moment the team is now undergoing training with the Irish Sub Aqua Club in the Iveagh Baths.

Aim of the Team

Of late man's horizons of exploration have been widened and he is no longer limited to land, for with the advent of the aqua-lung, he is able to probe beneath the surface of the sea with almost the same freedom of movement as a fish.

When asked by our reporter: "Why go on an expedition to the Persian Gulf, where the climate is the most unbearable in the Middle East?" Chris Kendall replied: "The Persian Gulf offers to an explorer advantages. No expedition has been there and so we will be the first in the field. The water is crystal clear, which helps both observation and photography. The sheltered waters are believed to be the breeding ground of many of the fish of the Indian Ocean and it is teeming with marine life."

As this is the summer, the expedition will be arriving at the best time of year for its purpose. These waters seem particularly attractive to the members of the shark family, of which rays are an important sub-group. Relatively little is known about rays apart from details needed to recognise them and even these are hazy. Unfortunately, the amount of information that must be gathered before all is known of these fish is unbelievably large and an expedition such as this can only skim the surface. However, it is hoped that what this expedition can find will be of great use to future teams.

When asked which route the team intended following, Mr. Kendall said: "We intend to fly to Khargo and from here hire a powerful Arab dhow so that we are free to move anywhere on the Sudanese Coast. Thus we will be enabled to find the most satisfactory spot from which to base our activities. We

shall remain in this chosen area for most of our stay so that we can become acquainted with the territories of local fish and establish whether they have any particular displays to warn off intruders, etc., etc. One sighting of a fish is comparatively useless, because scientifically we cannot be certain whether its particular behaviour was usual or unusual. At the moment we are working on the problem of marking rays. As they tend to be shy if attacked once, it will be extremely difficult to obtain their confidence and also be able to identify them every time we see them."

How to Deal with Sharks

Of the hazards the expedition are likely to encounter, the psychological factor is the greatest, not sharks. Sharks may have attacked ordinary bathers, but have never been known to attack aqua-lung divers. The team are bound to meet with them every day as they are inquisitive fish. However, they are also very timid and can be frightened by yelling in the water or making menacing movements towards them. If everything else fails, a good wallop on the snout will usually get rid of them.

The psychological factor arises from the unknown and from diving so deep that the nitrogen poisons one under the pressure experienced. Under these conditions the diver is inclined to lose his instinct for self-preservation and act rashly. The danger from sting rays need never arise with proper handling, for the sting is not at the end of the tail. Other rays are totally harmless and have been never known to injure man.

What is the Manta?

From Chris Kendall we got the answer: "The largest and most beautiful of the rays is the Manta. This huge fish is known to be at least 20 feet across its pectoral fins and it is with these magnificent fins that it appears almost to fly through the water. It might be mistaken for some giant prehistoric pterodactyl, though it does not possess an obvious head. Instead it has two protruding beak-like fins that help to scoop up myriads of small marine animals into its very large rectangular mouth. They seem to be gregarious and travel in pairs or shoals, swimming close to the surface of the sea and not moving far from the shore. An Italian expedition was fortunate in seeing them leaping while giving birth to their young at the same time. It is due to their fantastic size and strange shape and behaviour that our curiosity has been aroused about these fish."

"Beggar at the Gate"

"THE BEGGARS' OPERA," presented by the College Opera Society of Dublin University, and produced by William Scott.

Ambition could not be made of sterner stuff. What I saw this evening (Tuesday) was a slick, professional, impressive performance of an opera which could be far from attractive. No first-night nerves, no wrong notes, no stumbling of lines—a credit to a producer who had rehearsed to near-perfection. One can-



Barbara McCaughey, who appears as Polly in Trinity College Opera Society's production of "The Beggars' Opera" at the Gate Theatre this week.

not over-praise the drive of William Scott, who has conceived the Society, perfected it and housed the production in the pleasantest theatre in the city. With the Student Drama Festival taking place next week in the Olympia, Trinity's contribution to Dublin's theatre life enters a new phase.

As a first choice, "The Beggars' Opera" appears ambitious, but it was well within the capacity of the Society. Probably initiating the tradition of Drury Lane musicals, it sacrificed story for music and was a great success in its day, though it has stood the test of time only as a Chippendale chair which one values highly and does not sit on. In other words, a refreshing, if unusual, evening's theatre.

In any review of the performers, pride of place must go to the superb septet, under the direction of David Lee, and the oboe-playing of Andrew Healy. How ignorant audiences can sometimes be when their talk and murmur rises above the incidental music—even first-nighters! On stage, the outstanding performers fully deserved the parts they played—Brian Kealy, David Laing and Mike Duncan; Barbara McCaughey, Jay

Alexander and Ann Mahon—all gave of their best, but all also had unfortunate periods of bad diction which made the lyrics incomprehensible.

But no matter, the story was of no consequence and all that was required was good sound, and how the chorus gave it! A good idea to sing the National Anthem in Gaelic — helps Trinity's reputation with the Dubliner, and all that, but a pity that that, too, was not rehearsed by the producer. Anyway, to William Scott I convey congratulations on giving us an Opera Society of which a University three times our size would be proud. Needless to say, it is a must, and if David Lee can stand another, here's to "Tristan und Isolde!"

The End in Sight?

The eighty-one year-old Dublin University Experimental Science Association may soon be the victim of the modern trend for specialisation unless acceptable proposals are promptly put forward. Geologists have taken the lead in what might become a breakaway. Last Monday they elected an interim council to form the nucleus of a new society. Geographers are a little jealous and are contemplating similar action. Zoologists, Botanists, Physicists and Bacteriologists can be expected to review their position as well. There are already the Werner Chemical and Mathematical Societies outside D.U.E.S.A., whose membership has not shown an increase despite the bulge.

Geologists believe that one of their chief advantages in forming their own "club" will be in contacts with societies of similar interests and have made no hesitation in electing Prof. W. D. Gill their President.

Mr. G. L. Davies, President of D.U.E.S.A., and a Geographer, fears that D.U.E.S.A. will not be able to withstand the current trend, but hopes that it will be able to perform its functions as a parent Association to which others will owe allegiance. Their Chairman, O. H. Langley, is a worried man, but is trying hard to produce a compromise, for he feels that one large organisation can function better than a number of smaller "clubs." The question is: Just how large is D.U.E.S.A.?

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Those vile bodies

There is nothing in medical history, except the mechanical restraint of the insane, that is so searing an indictment against the triumph of expediency over common decency as the shabby tale of the "sack-em-up men"; there can be found no dealings so ruinous to the self-respect of its practitioners, no record so progenitive of a sickly inappetence in even the most hyperborean of readers.

Mr. J. M. Pegum, though suitably sympathetic to the cause of the 18th and 19th century medical schools, was truthful, so that from his paper, "The Body Snatchers," to the Bi. last week there emerged, with harrowing euschemosyne, the grim, sordid details. Four executed criminals yearly being unsatisfying to the hunger of medical progress, gangs of "resurrectionists" found a ready market for their wares amongst the schools of Dublin, London, Glasgow, and Edinburgh. Mr. Pegum told of deadnight fossicking expeditions to wretched star-spangled graveyards; of watchmen numbed with opiate whiskey, their unburied trust swapped for a coffin of rocks; of mourners and students in dreadful battle for the corpse; of murderers selling their bodies for the



TRINITY NEWS

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QUIS CUSTODIET?

FRANCIS THOMPSON wrote: "Once step aside from the ways of comfortable men and you cannot regain them. You will live and die under the law of the intolerable thing called romance." To draw any comparison between this and the regular spectacle of the near-graduate seeking work and undergoing interviews at first sight appears unreasonable. The paths of many of us have already been mapped out by thoughtful parents or an intense personal ambition. Those who take professional courses know that they will emerge as doctors, dentists, solicitors and the like. For them the future should have few surprises. But what of the rest?

Arts students, whether Honor or Pass, without the advantage of a family firm will have to dip into the bran-tub. They nerve themselves for their interview with Shell or I.C.I. and see themselves in the light of business tycoons. After all, the advertisements tell us that there is plenty of scope for Arts graduates. The average student under this category may possibly have no great feelings whether he works for British-South African Toothpaste or Manganese Copper Inc.—it is a job he requires. Entering for the interview he yet knows that it would be unwise to expect too much. The worst happens and he offers his services yet again. Eventually firm and Arts graduate find that they suit one another.

A business career, one would imagine, leaves little scope for a romantic, adventurous entry into life. As with most other facets, one's personal approach to a lifetime of 9 to 5 can go a long way into transforming a business career into an adventure. Many of our contemporaries, as we know well enough, have their heads set so firmly on their shoulders that the adventurous has little appeal for them. For the rest, there yet exists a way of life that can appeal to their one particular strand of unconventionality.

What is this hope? Simply that once they convince themselves that life is to be lived, not endured, and that they themselves are allowed a large measure of free choice in determining how and where they can do anything. If they elect to step aside from the comfortable ways of men, they will find that far from wrecking their lives they could well set in motion the most incredible and satisfying existence. It would be foolish to counsel all to take exciting part-time jobs in the South of France and awake at 35 with no security whatsoever. That way is only for those with private incomes.

We can, however, by taking sensible precautions, ensure that our future lies in paths that are both interesting and worthwhile. Yet how many will take these precautions?

PROFILE

RUSSI WADIA, Historian

Russi Wadia was born in Bombay twenty-two years ago and his home is still there, though he makes his headquarters while in the British Isles with a guardian resident in Sussex. A Parsee by religion, Russi has spent more than half his life in England. He received



Hist. and now and then the Phil., a reporter on the staff of "Trinity News" for two terms, while as a natural games player he has turned his hand to every sport. One of those people who never come fully up to expectations, his somewhat lackadaisical attitude to games has checked his progress to a certain extent. He has, however, represented the University at golf and last year went on tour with the Squash Club to Scotland.

As a "pop" singer, Russi has enlivened the annual Carnival of Nations, has sung with Group One and acted as M.C. at a number of College Balls. In this rôle his great charm and social adroitness have, perhaps, been displayed at their best. If the description were not open to the obloquy that usually attaches to it, Russi Wadia as a keen party-goer could well be called "Socialite."

Extremely pro-British in most things (!), he has been able to eye situations with an Oriental mind coupled with a Western education, thereby enabling him to be in the enviable position of seeing the conflicting East-West viewpoints.

His future career? Russi is rather vague about this and at the moment toys with the idea of going for a year to the States or the Far East before finally settling down. He has few fears for the future. A close friend once remarked: "He is a man who will always come out of a sewer smelling of scent," and indeed this dictum is not altogether unjustified! However, with his native charm and complete lack of inhibitions, the subject of this Profile seems suited for a nomadic life rather than catching the 8.30 to town—an undertaking the writer knows he will never punctually fulfill!

Duck-shooter in Delhi, gambler in Las Vegas, whatever Russi Wadi does eventually do, it will certainly not be dull and his many friends will wish him every possible success.

Record Review: ELUSIVE ALLUSIONS

"The Future Lies Ahead." Mort Sahl, Iconoclast. (Verve Series; CLP 1252.)

Almost 40 minutes of monologue, in what is often an alien tongue, involving subjects which are quite unknown to many European ears . . . not a very heartening prospect for discussion but, I feel, one that is worthy of some attention, especially to those who take an interest in American affairs.

Tom Lehrer and Jules Feiffer are among us, and have aroused either sympathetic appreciation or withering contempt. This record is for the former group. Mort Sahl is comparable in his general outlook to Feiffer, though his medium is a night club microphone in San Francisco, among an audience who seem to conform neither to "Babbit,"

nor "The New Yorker." He comments on politics, psychology, big business and religion, from a viewpoint not familiar to many of us, with a wit certainly not familiar to those of us who learn about the United States through "Time" magazine. The monologue is sprinkled with pat phrases which are obviously clichés similar to our own: "You've never had it so good." One of the more internationally recognisable slogans is: "... you call it colonisation, but I say we brought roads and schools, too!"

Don't get straight out and buy this record. Do listen to it at least three times until you have fathomed the often puzzling Americanisms. By that time you will either want to throw the record out of the window, or you will be a convinced member of the cult.

DEATH of a Tutor

PART 5 — ON THE SQUARE

usual Friday issue of the Trinity Ku Klux Klan, while I went in search of my bicycle which I had left in College for a few days. I found it in No. 10 and, wheeling it over, I saw Jane talking with two familiar figures, Superintendent Murphy, still smoking his pipe of semi-peace, and Dr. Gerrard, still there, like the Pillar. They all smiled at me and said my bike hadn't been stolen, and I said "No, it was in No. 10," and Dr. Gerrard remembered seeing it there.

Jane suddenly looked more worried than ever. Then she turned to the Superintendent and said, very earnestly: "Do you know that yesterday I was sitting in direct line with the doorway and Richard Mather—I nearly got hit when Smythe fired. Well, I don't think that Smythe was aiming at Mather; he aimed for someone else, only Beth put him off his aim by throwing her handbag. I think he was going to shoot someone else—the real murderer of O'Byrne; the person in whom Smythe had confided about being blackmailed, both times; the person who killed O'Byrne, knowing where he would be on Tuesday, knowing that Smythe and O'Byrne were having a rendezvous that night; the person who rode to do his crime on a bicycle because he knew that to ride a bicycle was uncharacteristic and therefore he would not be recognised. That is what I think happened. O'Byrne was killed not by Smythe, but by another blackmailer—and I know now who that is."

The Superintendent chewed his pipe for a few moments. There was complete silence except for the vague sounds of a pipe band outside in College Green, and the dull roar of traffic miles away.

"This is very interesting, Mrs. Medick. You say that Smythe did not aim at Mather? Then who did he aim at?"

Jane turned slightly to her left, gave a graceful stab with her hand and said: "Him."

Whereupon Dr. Gerrard did a very uncharacteristic thing. He grabbed my bicycle, leapt aboard and began to take off, pedalling furiously, through Front Gate, in the general direction of Gone.

(To be Concluded).

Peter O'Sample in London

(With apologies to "The Daily Telegraph".)

Many a time and oft have I enjoyed walking down the Old Kent Road, but never more until a friend pointed out to me a rather stubby Irishman selling a nationalistic newspaper entitled "United Irishman." One expects in such an area anything from "Tribune" to the "Educational Supplement," and I was prepared for even more, but the stark realisation that this beloved quarter of London was the remaining outpost of the Hiberniaphiles (some even having been born in Ireland) was to me a new reason for hope. Amongst baskets of grapes and packets of do-it-yourself-with-water-cakes were Madonnas and Christ-like (?) figures. Had it not been for the relatively poverty-stricken look of the vendors I might have been back in Moore Street. Surely England is sorry it ever let Ireland go? *

The "Tea-shock" is one of the nicest hotels in the East End, and is the only one I know of in the world (outside the Twenty-Six Counties) to have Shamrock growing in window boxes. The manager, a bouncy, red-faced Dermot O'Toole, fought in 1916 and again in 1922, was a conscientious objector in World War II, and made his money by being the Board of Fault's representative in London. For the past twenty-five years he had run his hotel business in conjunction with having to meet the Irish Mail at Euston at six every morning to make sure his young compatriots were introduced to the right people. Dermot takes a just pride in his work and has only one regret in life—that the young Irishmen these days do not bother to reach his own Grade A (1st Class Hons.) in Gaelic.

* * * * * Girl Brutally Stabbed in Southampton," "Welsh Father Charged with Murder of Wife and Child"—thus run the newspaper banners. Read all about it, in the "Greatest Daily Sale on Earth," and the "Largest Sunday Sale in World." Are we Irish naive, innocent, or should we sack our journalists and their advertising agents? *

On a no-passport trip to Calais an Englishman mentioned to the Chief Constable of Westminster that he would like to portray the stock Englishman on a French beach. The Chief advised against this, suggesting that the old concept of an Englishman with a walking stick, a pint tankard, a belly wider than a horse's and a top hat covered with a Union Jack did not hold good in the nineteen sixties. Rather should he take an umbrella, a liqueur glass, hips, that the Venus de Milo would not wince at, and a lone-Ranger hat supported in the front by the nose. Our friend spent his holiday in Southend instead.

* * * * * Any visit to London by an Irishman would be incomplete without a visit to a meeting of the Young Conservatives. Here one can see how earnestly an Englishman takes his politics. In one room a whist drive was in progress, in another two snooker frames were reaching a decisive stage, and in the main hall a small dance was being held in aid of charity. More cultural activities had been planned for the future, including an inter-debate with the Young Socialists on the motion "The spade is mightier than the tooth-pick," and a lecture from a visiting Irish Professor of Agriculture on "The case against inoculation." On leaving I was convinced how dull an Ard Fheis can be.

* * * * * As an Irish journalist I was honoured at being invited to inspect the packing of the Lane Collection at Tilbury en route to the North Wall. Soon our country will have the nucleus of a superb art collection, due to the sense of a handful of unpaid diplomats who have made the return of these priceless treasures possible. This is a small example of how our great nations could co-operate if there was more goodwill in higher circles. Why is our porter, drugs, precision instruments and our greatest export, people, taxed so heavily and swiftly? Will this campaign of buying non-Irish goods lead to the eventual collapse of Britain? If so, it would be a sorry day for the Republic and with such national pride, Britain would never accept a loan.

* * * * * With the British Royal Family being the centre of such interest at the moment, I was curious to know what the average Londoner knew of our leading citizens. I pushed my luck a bit too much in asking for the present inhabitant of Arus an Uachtarain, and received no correct replies. The simple "How many Irishmen do you know?" question revealed that seven out of ten knew of Brendan Behan, two of Mr. de Valera and one (a "Times" reader) of Mr. Lemass. At last I became convinced that however much the English lag behind, in propaganda they beat the Irish hands down. For most Englishmen the main event in Ireland since 1922 was the assault on a B.B.C. camera man last December. Shameful! I never was one to suffer fools, and I clutch my return half to Baile Atha Cliath which I shall use with relish to-night. A. C. G.

The Fable of the Three Bears

There is, as you probably know, a University for Bears in Bearland, called Bear College. At this College young bears come to learn the various arts which a bear needs to know—like hunting, running and jumping, and, of course, how to capture she-bears and give them bear hugs in the proper way.

At Bear College there was a professor called George James Bear. He was a very distinguished don who was justly famed for his inspired organisation of the annual Abominable Snow-Bear hoax in the Himalayas. Now George James Bear, Professor of Dermatology, and a particular expert on Bearskin, had two very promising students — Morris, an English bear, and Brian, a bear of ancient Irish lineage. It happened that these two came into rivalry over a very beautiful she-bear, called Margarita. Both spent enormous amounts of time and money on this she-bear — for she was indeed beautiful, with soft, silky fur and a devastating grunt. Both Morris and Brian took her to the Honey Bar where all the best bears congregated and growled loudly and socially at one another. Each of them in turn took her out to the Bear Theatre to see such classics as "The Bears' Picnic."

So intense was their rivalry that they began to neglect their studies. They became so inattentive that eventually George James, who had their interests at heart, began to question them. Nervously clasping their paws behind their backs, they told him about it in low earnest growls, and asked his advice. George James Bear's fine clear mind sized up the situation immediately. "Tell the young lady in question to come and see me in my den at 3.30," he said. With an intense feeling of relief the two young bears went off to tell Margarita.

* * * * *

At 3.30 p.m. Margarita knocked on the door of the distinguished professor's den. She was warmly welcomed and told to sit down. The professor selected a Rabbit Cocktail from the extensive range in his cabinet, and said "Now, tell me about . . ."

Three months later in the social column of the "Bear Times" the notice of the engagement of George James to one of his students, Miss Margarita Bear, created a minor sensation. The wedding was the social event of the year. Brian and Morris Bear put up with it as best they could. After at first being puzzled by the strange course events had taken, they began to see Professor George James in his true fur.

Shortly after the interview with Margarita, Morris and Brian Bear had been called to the den of the great Bear. Stretching himself to his full height, and in his most dignified manner, George James had said to them: "I think the little difficulty has been removed. There has certainly been a most gratifying improvement in your work. A mature and experienced mind is what is required to solve these problems. In fact, everything is most satisfactory." And with a glint in his handsome eyes he left them . . .

* * * * *

Moral:
Trust not in professors
For they are possessors
Of exactly the same instincts as you.

FOUR & SIX —finally in conclusion

"I like a nice cup of tea . . ."

Saturday: At fabulous expense Mike Connor threw a party for his friends—all six of them. We arrived to find the host absent—some said in the local—and the guests busily engaged in consuming their own wine. Through the smoke illuminated by the dim glow of a candle we saw a ghostly Dave Pearson drinking from a jam jar (no glasses). Tony Moran (q.v.) was being serious with Pri Ferney, Gregory-less Tolstoy gazed mournfully into a tiny electric fire and enquired whether the wine was '47 or '48 vintage. Surprisingly this party had crashers, but did all those invited come? That's what the guests wondered.

The Battle of Cold Harbour

JUNE 1—3, 1864

Not far north of the Chickahominy River lies a small, dingy tavern. At the beginning of June, 1864, this tavern was not of much importance, nor indeed would it ever be of any real importance, but it could be of very great significance, for it was sited at an equally small cross-roads, for possession of which the Union and Confederate armies were massing. Indeed, had the tavern had eyes it would have witnessed as bloody a battle as was to occur in this war, which would go down in history renowned for the gruesome fights. The war was the American Civil War, and the battle Cold Harbor.

It was in this area that Lee had met McClellan two years earlier at Antietam, and where Porter had temporarily halted Lee at Gaines' Mill, and allowed McClellan to retreat in orderly fashion. Now, on the same ground, Grant was to try once more to smash the brilliant Lee and his elusive army of Northern Virginia. He would not attempt it by employing any marvellous strategy or revolutionary theory, for he already knew his strategy and his theory. Lee knew it too, but that would make little difference, for Grant was a driver and had lives to spare, whereas Lee had not. The attack, when it came, would be a straight-forward frontal affair by Grant, and Lees' men would be sitting behind their earthworks waiting, and praying that they would be able to drive it off.

Gleaming muskets glinted in the sunlight as the Southerners poked theirs through their earthwork on the morning of June the 1st. Still more glistened as the Northerners rose from their trenches and prepared to make the charge that Grant hoped would at last crush Lee and his stubborn followers. Tattered regimental and brigade guidons rose into the still air and stirred a little as the gentlest of breezes passed them by. Ahead of the Northerners the Rebel "Stars and Bars" hung limply. The Northern cannon ceased their bombardment, and the Confederate cannon worked themselves up to still greater fury, and the gunners saw the enemy fall as their shots found their mark.

Then, of a sudden, the Union line was moving forward, and as fast as one line advanced another came up behind it, for there were Northern troops aplenty here at Cold Harbor. Then it was the turn of the Rebel riflemen to show their spite as they opened fire on the ranks of blue-coated figures advancing on them. Sheltered behind their earthworks they could hardly be hit themselves, yet could scarcely miss those coming towards them, so many of them were there.

The Union casualties were enormous. Some insignificant patches of ground were, however, claimed from the Confederates. Very little it is true, but enough, apparently, to give Grant hope pressed home. His men had fought

enough for one day though, and they slept that night in an uneasy peace, while, in the space between the two armies, the wounded cried for the help the sharpshooters denied them, and the dead gave off a stench that wafted over the battlefield.

On June the 2nd the rival armies rested. The sun scorched the soldiers as they cowered from it as they would not have shrunk from any man. The cries of unattended wounded continued to rise into the still air; the bodies of the dead turned purple as they blistered in the full glare of the sun's rays, and all the while both lines spurted flame at one another. In this way the day passed, and the dawn of a new day came into being; a day that history will not soon forget.

The sun looked down again on the two armies as they prepared for battle on the morning of June the 3rd, and bathed them with its unwelcome heat. It was merciless in its intensity, and the hundred and fifty thousand men began to swelter and sweat beneath its glare; the Union troops used their greatcoats to shield them a little from its sight, but the Confederates could not even do that for they did not have greatcoats; indeed most of them did not even have uniforms for they had long since been lost. Thus it was that the two armies prepared to do battle once more.

June the 3rd was not forgotten by those who fought at Cold Harbor. It was a day when war was turned into a massacre; when men on one side had to stop firing so as to cool their musket barrels, and when Northerners had to climb over the bodies of their comrades in order to advance. Grant had ordered a renewal of the attack on the Confederate emplacements, and hoped that the day would at last bring success. It was a fated charge, and was stopped almost before it had got under way. In one dreadful hour over eight thousand men were killed—less than eight hundred of these were Confederates. Grant had not just been beaten, he had been completely whipped by a force terribly inferior—in numbers—to his own.

The only result of this second forlorn charge was that the ground was littered with still more unburied bodies. The only thing it proved was that the Confederate emplacements were completely invulnerable to frontal attack. Now trench warfare sprang up along the entire front, and the armies would not move for some time yet; instead they would sit where they were for day after agonising day; the soldiers at both sides would continue to blaze away with their muskets, although the Confederates were secure behind their earthworks, and the Northerners safely hidden in their trenches. Thus sunset of June the 3rd really was the last chapter of Cold Harbor.

FOUR & SIX

OR WHICH PATH TO THE BALL?

Soiree at Streather's

First stop last Thursday was at the party given by John Streather for Mod. Lang. friends and a sprinkling of socialites. The cup was sophisticated, the sherry good and the food abundant. Despite a harassed look, Gillian Howe (all those rehearsals!) managed to talk and do good justice to the food; John Wilkins (Hist.-harassed) proved himself a social lion, while Richard Fletcher plunged into conversation with Charles Mulraine and glamorous Margaret Kingston. Quickly grabbing Bridget Cobalt before she got too settled with Chris. Fettes, we progressed to No. 16. One down, three to go.

Lethal Drink Slays Many

Mike Duncan and Johnny Collins are two souls who obviously believe in the old maxim, "If you are giving a party, make it a good one." Filling three rooms with a very hearty crowd, they dealt out a lethal brew of their own concoction which had nothing on Macbeth's witches. There were too many people in all the rooms for Neil Raymond and Daphne Elwood. Hugh Campbell kept a fatherly eye on Heather Cox, though she didn't think she needed it at all. Edward Clarkson looked happy and waved cheerily to his friends, but did not impress Deirdre Batchen. Michael and Angela, a happy pair, gave a sense of stability to this world of change and inspired Chris. Kendall and Sue to attempt an imitation. Russi Wadia, arriving late, was promptly whisked off to Sandycove. (See party 5.) The fancy of Ian Foster as taken by delightful Amalda Stewart-Moore, while lots of other lovelies cheered our existence. Some people tried to tell us that George Patrikios was being an exhibitionist but we refuse to believe this. There was some confusion as to who was to leave with who. This involved Greg MacCambridge, Michael Alf. Harley, Caroline J-P., two Swedes and Michael Orton-Jones. Anyway, Greg and Caroline settled for each other. They should have invited Michael Harley which would have saved him a lot of trouble. Eventually we poured out into the night as fast as our legs or gravity would take us.

21st at Sandycove

The path to the Engineers' Ball was paved with many good parties, but none better and more civilised, and less dangerous to general health, than the 21st celebrations which Tony Moran's parents gave in their home at Sandycove. Refugees in various stages of consciousness, from David Leonard's cheerful "I can drive fine," to Maureen Hughes' rather impressive lying-in-state upstairs, arrived from College parties to be greeted by an elegant Bachman, whose other half was studying for Half and not seeing the evening through to its bitter conclusions. Larry O'Shaughnessy ("I'm going stag man") sought out friends who were not too keen on their partners, and some that were—but Russi (see page 2) was not worrying. Interesting comparisons in the time

taken for preparation for these events could be found in Jane Buchanan's clothes and Jeremy's, and David Pearson's hair and Ingrid's, not to mention the peanuts in the lounge and the superb food in the dining room. Once is quite enough, though, eh — Mr. and Mrs. Moran?

Bridget and the Sausage Sticks

Terry Samuels was yet another party-giver that night. How did Julian Hartly get an invitation? Green and red sausages were served, both equally palatable, as Mike Hughes discovered when Teresa Smith put one in his pipe. Martin ("Call me Jim") Moorhead stuck sausage sticks in Marie Brown, failed to put one down Bridget Cobalt's neck and ended up attempting to look debonair. Don Corry headed for the sofa. Tony White ogled Maureen Robinson, while Rory O'Moore consumed gallons of sherry. Again we poured into the night. Four down, one to go.

Drawbridge to Gilmartin House Lowered

Hist. predominated among Dublin socialites at John Gilmartin's sherry party. In the background a Spanish singer sang. Felicity Finlay arrived from Party No. 2 and talked brightly to Tony Francis; Raymond Kennedy, Lisa McKenna and Patsy Johnson chipped in now and then. I'm sorry to report that the Hist. talked Hist. and the rest of us thought about the Ball.

Great Evening at Engineers'

Excelsior! David Barrett found that liquids still flow outside hydraulics lectures. The big end of Henry O'Clerk rotated rapidly—no such exercise for Tony Francis who looked exhausted. No such fatigue worried Neil Keatinge who steered Di Douglas among the dancers but found that a beard can cause friction.

Teddy Blair and Cinney Bailey were a lively couple as always, but Chris. Bolland preferred to turn his partner more sedately as he plied his way around the floor. Ursula Staines and Norman Gillett had their moments. The Dance Secretary, Ivor McIlveen, is to be congratulated for ensuring the smooth running of the whole evening.

We shall ne'er forget thee,

Our golden College days.

The sherry party which Valerie Barnett gave in Monkstown on Friday if it did nothing else gave Nick McIvor an opportunity to meet J.F. Mary Strelley. The rest of us were too worn out after Thursday. Hugh Gibbons made a great hit with the hostess, but Philippa Brownley upset Charles (Laughing-Boy) Maxwell by just disappearing.

A Last Fling

Just to make sure they were not overlooked, most of the Freshmen guests at Doonie Townsend and Harriet Reilly's party yelled out their names. We stayed around from 9 till 2 in Sandymount dancing, eating and drinking. Red-haired Gordon Neil proved sociable and charming. Mary Strelley looked merely lost. But none of all this was the fault of either hostesses who are to be congratulated on a very pleasant evening which was proved by the presence of Freshmen crashers.

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How the College Jazz Band began

The wide end of the Mississippi was pregnant with a great musical potential for a long time before it finally gave birth to a style of music which at this stage of the 20th century is still deservedly loved by those who play and listen to traditional jazz.

The idea was conceived, during the last academic year at Trinity (1958-1959), of forming a band to play music in keeping with the styles of the early jazz bands of New Orleans, whose music was first brought to these islands by the Original Dixieland Jazz Band in 1919. Lack of personnel, however, held up the developments of the band, no amount of enthusiasm being able to make up for this. A band was, nonetheless, formed in January, 1959, after the two founders, Martin Bennett and Mike Bullock, had met on the B. and I. boat while returning home for Christmas, 1958. Martin was at that time playing banjo and Mike clarinet, a combination which served as entertainment for passengers who appreciated their spontaneous effort.

The band which was formed as a result at the beginning of the following Hilary term, laboured under the difficulties already mentioned, but managed to provide the players with a certain amount of satisfaction, and the experience gained was no doubt, beneficial.

At the beginning of the present academic year two new musicians arrived at Trinity—Victor Poots with a cornet and Trevor Crozier with a guitar. Fred Gamble replaced the previous

drummer (who had gone back home to Munchen Gladbach), and Martin had by this time taken up the trombone. At the beginning of this term a new member, Dick Crampton, joined the band to play a box-bass, thus adding strength to the rhythm section.

The band, however, is still in its infancy, and would be most appreciative of all support and encouragement from members of the University, and particularly from followers of traditional jazz.

Jazz bands, perhaps in particular New Orleans jazz bands, have always enjoyed playing their music, and the Trinity College Jazz Band is no exception—it hopes that this enjoyment will also be shared with all who listen.

50th ANNIVERSARY

The fiftieth anniversary of the Dental School will be celebrated in early May, when the Director of the School, Prof. E. S. Friel, returns from a visit to America during which he will receive the Ketchum Award for outstanding work in orthodontics. A portrait of Dr. Friel by Mrs. Ganly (Brigid Ganly, wife of the Lecturer in Dental Prosthetics) will be presented to the College at a special ceremony to commemorate the event. Dr. Friel was one of the members of the School's staff at its foundation.

In June, the School will be one of the hosts to the Annual Conference of the Federation Dentaire International, meeting in Dublin this year.

Careers in Agriculture

By DERMOT MONTGOMERY, B.A.

TO put it very simply, there are four main types of employment for agricultural graduates. A man can farm himself or run a farm for someone else; he can teach or advise other people how best they can run their farms; he can sell things to farmers; and, finally, he can engage in research into agricultural problems.

To farm oneself requires, of course, not only ability but capital. If one is not fortunate enough to own or inherit a farm, it may well be a long, hard grind to eventual ownership. Experience, too, is very necessary, if one is to make a success of things. Quite a few agricultural graduates obtain this experience and the necessary capital by running other people's farms for them. There are a certain number of jobs available as farm managers, agents and bailiffs, but not a sufficient number to meet the demand for them. This makes it possible quite often for the employer to ask for and obtain people with some years' experience after graduation, as a "pupil" or personal assistant on a farm—jobs which are frequently paid at subsistence level. In addition to openings on ordinary farms in this country or Great Britain, agricultural graduates are sometimes recruited for posts overseas running tea or rubber estates. These positions are good ones, provided a man is willing to make his career in a foreign clime. As former colonies achieve self-government, however, and as the indigenous population of the countries concerned advances in expertise, fewer jobs are being offered to expatriate Europeans.

The second broad classification of employment I made above consists of posts in which one does not actually farm oneself but rather passes on one's information to others. It may be formal teaching in a university, or school; it may be as an adviser employed by a central or local government agency; it may be with a commercial organisation as a technical adviser; it may be with a farmers' association; it may be in journalism.

It scarcely requires mention that the majority of agricultural graduates who do not farm themselves are employed in such work. In this country they may be County Agricultural Instructors or Department of Agriculture Inspectors, they may teach in agricultural schools or colleges or in vocational schools, or they may work for firms like Gouldings, or Albright and Wilsons as technical advisers. There are a few openings with farmers' organisations from time to time and one or two posts in agricultural journalism for people with the required flair.

In the United Kingdom, roughly similar opportunities on a larger scale occur, and there is a steady demand from the National Agricultural Advisory Service, the Provincial Agricultural Economic Service (for those whose main interest is economics), the Marketing Division of the Ministry of Agriculture, and many industrial or commercial organisations. Further afield, there are appointments with the Overseas Civil Service as General Advisory Officers, or again with public corporations and private firms in almost all the countries of the British Commonwealth outside the Dominions.

The qualities required for this very wide range of jobs varies quite a lot. The man who is a success in Tanganyika may not set the Shannon on fire with Macra na Feirme. Basic for them all, however, is an ability to put things over to other people, to know one's subject

thoroughly and to be able to deal with all types of human beings. The farmer's job is to cultivate the land, the agricultural adviser's to cultivate the farmer.

At this point, perhaps it should be pointed out, too, that people who give advice seldom make a fortune. In almost all the openings mentioned above, remuneration is by way of salary, in most cases with fixed increments. The ultimate material rewards vary, of course, with the job and the country; in most cases they will be roughly parallel to the salary scale of the civil servant and the teacher rather than the businessman or doctor.

The third type of employment I mentioned, that of selling, is in many firms closely bound up with advisory work. It is, however, I think, worth giving it a separate paragraph, if only to suggest that "straight" selling does require a slightly more urgent outlook than pure advisory work, and that the rewards for the good salesman are probably that bit more ample than those of the government instructor or the teacher of agriculture. Many breeds of farmers will not, however, stomach the high pressure salesman, and I have no doubt that honesty, reliability and thorough knowledge of one's product are as important in agricultural selling as they are in any other sphere. Such jobs may lead in time, of course, to sales management or even into general management. The proportion of managing directors who started "on the road" is a large one.

The final general field of work I mentioned was research. In general for this one requires to be good academically, in addition to having the other qualities which make a research scientist. The opportunities for research, both on temporary grant or in permanent employment, are growing all the time, and no one of the proper calibre should find himself without employment. In this country there are openings in the universities, in industry, in government departments, in the Agricultural Institute.

In the United Kingdom, most agricultural research work is co-ordinated by the Agricultural Research Council. The Council has the oversight of some 26 Research Institutes and in addition sponsors research units in the universities and makes short term grants for particular investigations. In industry, many firms, such as Shell, Fisons, Unilever, to take but three examples, have their own research laboratories and stations.

The material rewards for the man who makes a good research scientist are very high, particularly in industry. Success in this field, however, requires a flair quite out of the ordinary.

To sum up, the demand for agricultural graduates will never reach the feverish pitch of intensity observable in one or two other faculties. There is, nevertheless, a fairly steady requirement in the various lines I have mentioned. I cannot see any likelihood of this requirement diminishing. In many parts of the world it is likely to increase. In this country, in particular, I think it is safe to forecast a greater use of skilled and trained personnel of all kinds.

LAW, BUT NO ORDER

As could have been expected with the motion that "Unionism and Catholicism are incompatible," the Law Society's inter-debate with Queen's University, developed into a spirited free-for-all. Unfortunately some of the visitors overdid it slightly, and the ending of the meeting was unpleasantly abrupt.

All the old familiar phrases were trotted out by A. Comerton of Queen's Law Society, who proposed the motion. He made it quite clear that the Unionist party was purely sectarian, and considered any relaxation of this position to be treachery.

Nationalist leaders, both North and South were blamed by N. Cronin, opposing, for much of the bitterness. With all his usual persuasive urbanity, he appealed for someone to break the vicious circle of religious bigotry, which he castigated as quite un-Christian.

R. Shilling, of Queen's Literific Society, was cogent and brief as he seconded the motion, stressing that since bigotry did in fact exist in Ulster, it was pointless to ignore it and pretend the two sides were compatible.

The Left-wing point of view was put by A. Jones (Portadown's answer to Michael Foot), who began by quoting Macmillan, and ended with a eulogy of the Labour Party. In between came much good sense, and some good cross-talk with hecklers.

When the motion was thrown open to the house, plenty of Queen's speakers

were anxious to oppose it, either in their own speeches or, more energetically, during someone else's. M. Dowse was all for the brotherhood of man, and urged the house to abstain. A hilarious description of a battle at the River Boyne some time in the seventeenth century gained close attention for I. Oswald, who then delivered an eloquent and sensible plea for the Liberals. Only J. Murphy toed the Unionist Party line.

Of the Trinity speakers, J. Hunter was eminently practical and provided valuable common sense advice. J. N. Watt's speech was remarkable for a spirited choral rendering of "Land of Hope and Glory" by all present, and H. Gibbon's was just remarkable.

The Chairman, Mr. Connolly Cole, was interrupted so much during his lucid summing-up that he was forced to close the meeting rather abruptly. It was a pity that such a lively meeting should thus have got out of hand, for despite the robust, sometimes raucous, behaviour which we can only suppose is the custom in Belfast, it was very refreshing indeed to hear so many voices expressing dissatisfaction with the state of Ulster politics, especially coming from people who might have been expected to take the opposite view. We can only hope that this more liberal attitude is evidence of "a wind of change" blowing through Ireland.

To-morrow the Law Society, ever adventurous, are holding a moot, or mock trial, which should prove entertaining.

ADDITIONAL STAFF

Since the beginning of this term, Trinity has had two new professors. They are Dr. John A. Nicholson, Ph.D. (Contab.), M.Vet.Sc. (N.U.I.), formerly Principal of the Veterinary College of Ireland, and Mr. F. St. G. Sleath, M.A., who are now the Professors of Pre-Clinical and Clinical Veterinary Sciences, respectively.

Seven other appointments have been made to Lectureships in the recently re-organised Vet. School. The new lecturers come from various backgrounds—Liverpool University, Durham University, the Veterinary College, the Irish Dept. of Agriculture, the Medical Research Council, and the Northern Nigerian Ministry of Animal Health have all contributed their bit to the staffing of the new school.

From now on, Veterinary students will receive instruction in all subjects from the Professors and Lecturers on the T.C.D. staff and not as in the past from officials of the Veterinary College in Ballsbridge—the staff of which has now been absorbed by the new Trinity and U.C.D. Veterinary Schools. However, students will still do most of their practical work at the Veterinary College, in the same way as Medical students work in hospitals which are not part of the University.

Overcrowded German Universities

When I came to Dublin last October to spend two terms at Trinity College (I had been studying law at Heidelberg University before), one of the first things I had to do was to go to the Bursar's office to pay my fees. I was surprised to be let in at once and to meet a friendly girl who said "Hallo" and "How do you like it in Ireland?" before she took the money and handed me the receipt. The whole procedure did not cover more than five minutes.

To pay my fees in Heidelberg used to take me at least one hour, provided that I got up in time to join the long queue in front of the bursar's office not later than half eight. I had to fill three forms, hand them in to a man behind the desk and then pass on to another man who hardly looked up but took the money, counted it at the same speed as a bank cashier and finally banged a stamp on one of the forms which served as a receipt.

When I went to my first lecture in Trinity College not more than twenty-five students were in the lecture room.

In Heidelberg, I had to be in the lecture room at least ten minutes before the professor entered unless I wanted to stand during the lecture. On his desk the professor had a microphone and there were two loudspeakers in the lecture room so that even the last of the 300 students could understand his words.

It was very easy to find digs in Dublin; in Heidelberg some students had to sleep in tents or old cars because they could not find a room.

This may be enough to illustrate the fact which at present is worrying many people in Germany; the German universities are utterly overcrowded. Although Heidelberg is not an especially striking example (you would find nearly the same situation in almost every German university), still the comparison is, naturally, over-simplified and in some ways even misleading because I compared two completely different university systems and because the distribution of students in the German universities is different to

the different subjects. For instance, in a lecture on advanced mathematics there would never be as many students as in a lecture of a first year law course. However, the comparison shows some aspects of the truth about the general situation in the German universities. The inherent danger has only recently been recognised to its full extent.

In November, 1959, the German Federal Ministry of the Interior issued an investigation concerning this problem and the figures which it revealed were most alarming. A few quotations will prove that: In 1958 there were 165,000 students in German universities; in 1960 this figure has risen to 200,000, and five years later, in 1965, it will be 260,000. The present capacity of all German universities, on the other hand, is estimated at 140,000 students. In other words this year there will be 60,000 students more than could study under normal conditions. The reasons for this rapid increase is primarily the high birthrate in the years 1934-1941 and the growing prosperity of the country which enables more and more families to have their children educated in a university.

Two measures will have to be taken simultaneously to cope with this problem—the capacity of the universities must be increased very quickly (e.g., for the coming four years the cost of new university buildings is estimated at a minimum of £170 million), and the number of students must be decreased (probably by stricter examinations). If the German public and government do not react instantaneously and efficiently to the challenge, a disaster will be unavoidable.

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"REHEARSAL"

No. 4 is probably one of the most frequented doorways in College, and I suppose that most of us have at some time or another cast a casual look leftwards as we hurry to answer nature's call. Yet how many of us have actually approached that other door to read those little notices stuck on it? Should a casual student do such a rash thing, he would be faced by perhaps a string of names, half of which at the most he might recognise, and a list of times and places. Casting his eyes upwards to the words, "Stage Door," he might put two and two together and conclude that the notices were in some way connected with players, thereupon promptly losing interest and returning to the Reading Room. But let us suppose that our man is suddenly taken by an uncontrollable fit of curiosity, and opens the door and walks in.

He finds himself in a grimy passage; to his left he sees a deserted room, littered with old clothes, pots of paint, and empty cigarette packets, rather like an indoor rubbish dump; to his right, well it's rather dark and uninviting; and in front, another door, with another notice, ominously stating that only those actually involved in whatever is going on inside are permitted to enter, but having come this far, to turn back would be out of the question, so our student quickly pulls back the door and slips in.

It takes him a minute or two to acclimatise himself to the semi-darkness, then he begins to distinguish things more clearly. Yes, he recognises it; it is the Players' Theatre. Wasn't he here

for a reception or something last October? Suddenly he realises that people are looking at him, not, as he first feared, with malice, but with a kind of disinterested questioning; then he is accepted, and ignored. At the back sits Brian Osman, blowing mushroom-shaped smoke rings. Brian Eardley, despite a Boer War greatcoat, two sweaters and a muffler, is sitting on a radiator. The stage itself is bathed in what the electrician fondly hoped was "a pool of light," and two or three people are doing their best to read scripts in it. Suddenly a voice from the darkest corner of the theatre booms out: "Right, everybody. Act one, scene two," and the whole atmosphere changes. The lights on the stage brighten, Brian Eardley discards his muffler, the murmur of conversation from the back dies down, and those on the stage come to life. Line follows line, punctuated only by comments, advice, orders, and pleadings from the voice of authority in the dark corner. "Once more, please," it repeats for the third time, and our student wonders at the infinite patience of the poor fools. After all, who goes to see them anyway? He turns to go, but a fragment of a line catches his ear: "... group struggle, group toil, group artistry . . . all wasted," and he stops a little longer, to marvel a little more. "Same time tomorrow evening, everybody. Julie, I wonder if you could manage to drop in about three o'clock? I'd just like . . . oh, what can I do for you?" "Well, nothing really. I was just wondering . . . could you use a stagehand?"

Who Shall Survive?

The Economics Society decided at their meeting last Monday that Adam Smith (Mr. Michael Topping) should be allowed to remain in the Balloon. The passenger to remain was chosen by the system of proportional representation at the suggestion of Miss F.-J. French, after the Secretary, Mr. P. J. de Veulle, had made a plea for the least desirable occupant of the Balloon to be allowed to remain, saying that those cast out would have a chance of survival.

The original occupants of the Balloon were Adam Smith (Mr. Michael Topping), Karl Marx (Mr. G. E. Majeed), Beatrice Webb (Miss Juliet Warren), Rostov (Mr. Jan Kaminski), and Lady Docker (Miss Tara McCarthy).

Mr. Topping, who spoke first, made the most serious contribution and was

justly rewarded with the Balloon to himself. Mr. Majeed, who spoke at short notice, made a very conceited Marx. Miss Warren was a delightful Beatrice Webb, who made several references to "Dear Sidney," being inspired by her visions, brought on, she told us, by starvation diets. Mr. Kaminski marred Rostov's chances of survival by getting entangled in his own views, which was a pity. Miss Tara McCarthy as Lady Docker was undoubtedly the best presentation, although she found few supporters.

As balloon debates go, this was a good one, which all those present genuinely enjoyed, not least the Chairman, Mr. Dean White, an American post-graduate student, who told the meeting that balloon debates were not known across the water.

LOOK AT LIFE...

Take a walk down Inchon main street. It is dirty and stinks. Go past the church on the hill, under the railway bridge and turn left. At first this street looks like any other. A row of stalls on the left sells decaying fish. A buzz of flies hovers over an angry dog. Some people are shouting, others are eating kimchi. A Chevrolet trundles past, pumping dust over fish, dogs and people. Naked children play in the drains.

A crooked sign on the pavement reads: "Oe Limits to United Nations Personnel." This is Korea. Ahead of you there is possibly a man in khaki, weaving through the fish vendors, keeping to the shadows. He is wearing the uniform of the British Army, and has no rightful business in this street. In his right hand there is a small suitcase. His destination is a narrow doorway

between a foodshop and a stack of earthenware pots. The dim interior is lit by a rusty oil burner and a home-made candle. An old man dressed in white, with a beard, greets him and takes the suitcase. Inside the counts 40 tins of black boot polish, and 4 dozen bars of soap. At the bottom are three large tins of face cream. The old man is pleased, and draws out a wad of paper money from beneath the room's only seat. He counts off 30,000 Hwan, and hands it gratefully to the nervous soldier. Business is over. The soldier leaves by the way he has come. Perhaps he does not know that the soap is exchanged for dope, and that the face cream and boot polish are used in the manufacture of illicit whisky. This whisky, selling as Scotch, will kill.

"Lonesome Traveller."

"Whither Revival"

Unknown perhaps to many, the Irish Theological Colleges Conference took place here in Trinity last week-end. Attending it were Methodist and Presbyterian Divinity students from Belfast, as well as those from College. The subject chosen for this year's conference was "Whither Revival."

On Friday afternoon, David Kerr, B.A. (Mod.), chairman of the Union, introduced Dr. Davies of Trinity, who read a very well balanced paper on the history of Revival. After this lecture, as after the others, the conference divided into small groups to prepare questions for later discussion.

Later that evening Dr. Fulton, Moderator-Designate of the Presbyterian Church, gave a scholarly address on "The Theology of Revival," forcefully stating that Revival may be said to be

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the work of the Holy Spirit, whereby he brings about a renewed awareness of the Person of Christ.

On Saturday the Revd. R. G. Livingstone, Principal of Gurteen College, delivered the final paper, in which he emphasized the distinction between revival and renewal, saying that man could provide renewal, but only God could bring about revival.

Following the last paper, Dr. Hartford was the capable chairman of the panel which answered the questions raised at the discussion groups.

Altogether the week-end, the third of its kind, was very successful, and everyone gained fresh insight into the views of the different traditions.

Geological Society

The founding meeting of the Joly Geological Society was held in the Geology Department on Tuesday, 1st March.

The Society's aim is to encourage the association of members of Trinity College who are interested in geology.

Membership is open to all members of the College.

It is hoped to have at least three meetings and one field outing per term, dates and venues to be fixed by the Council.

A ballot for the election of a council also took place.

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SPORTS NEWS

Rugby

FESTIVAL RUGBY

Ex-Scottish Three-quarter Has Too Many Guns

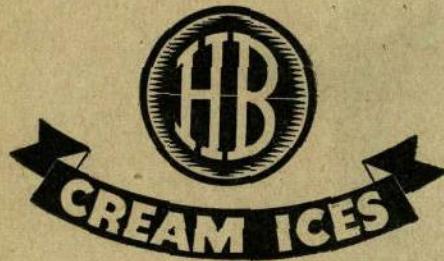
I CANNOT make up my mind whether the large crowd gathered in College Park on Saturday morning had come to watch rugby or to greet a host of long-lost friends gathered in Dublin for the "other" match. If they came to see rugby, they were far from disappointed by two teams who at all times endeavoured to play an open and enterprising game. The visitors ably lived up to their reputation of being one of the strongest sides in Scotland. Trinity played well to form, but could never quite master their more polished opponents.

The Academicals took the lead in the opening minutes, when their international out-half, McClurg, made a break to send his wing over near the corner for an unconverted try. For some time it looked as though Trinity might be over-run, for the visitors' backs had a constant supply of the ball and always made good use of their opportunities. McClurg at out-half and his brother in the centre were always very dangerous in attack, and in fact proved to be a match-winning combination. Though playing well in the loose, Philp was badly off-form with his hooking and often lost the strike when it was most needed. The Trinity backs had to exert themselves to the full in defence, but they were found wanting when McClurg again sent his wing over in the corner following a scrum on the "25."

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Hockey—1st XI.

A RETURN TO LIFE

At Last a Game is Played

Trinity, 3; St. Ita's (Portrane), 2

AFTER a period of inactivity, the hockey team returned to action last Saturday with a league match against St. Ita's at Donabate. Despite the previous day's heavy rain, the pitch was in excellent condition. Both sets of forward lines played good hockey and the result was a thoroughly enjoyable game.

Trinity started slowly and Portrane had the better of the first 15 minutes, but failed to score. Then the Trinity forward line began to penetrate and Findlater stopped a cross from Lavan on the edge of the circle, and beat the goalkeeper with a quickly taken drive. A little later Rice put McCarthy through and the latter put a fierce first-time drive out of reach of the defence.

Trinity began the second half in an extremely lethargic fashion and for ten minutes the Portrane forwards had control of the game. Had the other forwards backed up Neville, Trinity must have lost their lead during this period. As it was they didn't and after a fine solo run McCarthy made it 3-0 for Trinity.

Ladies' Hockey

WELL, LADIES

A Game in the International's Shadow

Trinity, 0; Maids, 4

This was a desultory game. Both sides, particularly Trinity, seemed to be thinking more of the rugby international to come than the hockey match in hand. This was also the first time Trinity had played for three weeks, because of the weather.

The preliminary exchanges were lively enough, but Trinity's attacks tailed off before a vigorous Maids' defence. Just on half-time Maids scored twice, much to Trinity's surprise. In the second half Trinity displayed a beautiful resignation to the inevitability of defeat. They did make occasional spurts, but Maids were always quicker on the ball, and their passing was long and accurate. They fully deserved two more fine goals.

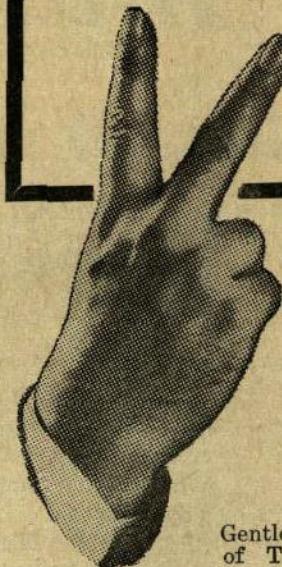
This defeat was disappointing in view of Trinity's recent good display against Old Alexandra. A. Jessop and P. Ruddock, playing with their usual determination, were the only bright spots. Trinity have lost both fire and fitness during their three-week rest. They were lamentably slow in some key positions. Perhaps to-day (Thursday) they will be shocked into life. They are playing the Men's Hockey Club at 3.15 at Trinity Hall. This encounter should teach them to be a little more brutal.

Then the effect of the long lay-off became apparent and Trinity were driven on to the defensive. Steepe was playing very well and Portrane were held for a while, but eventually they forced a short corner and Neville scored. Five minutes later he scored again, having run right through the Trinity defence. This goal was largely due to bad positional play and a weak tackle by the goalkeeper.

After this goal the game became rather hectic, with the Trinity defence under severe pressure. Steepe, Blackmore and Varian emerged from this with credit. Neville, though still menacing, was fairly well tied up and the remainder of the Portrane forward line never looked really likely to score. Trinity did not score again, but Lavan and Keely had several dangerous runs before the end. On this note a very satisfactory game ended.

This win was encouraging, but some members of the side, notably the inside forwards, must get fitter. In this game, though both distributed the ball intelligently, neither of them really lasted through the full game. Trinity must train hard between now and the 8th of March if a reasonable attempt to retain the Mauritius Cup is to be made.

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