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# Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER

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## THE EVILS OF DRINK

### FOCUS ON MEDS.

From a Correspondent.

EVERY year about 50 medical students pass out of these gates with a sheet of parchment giving them the right to heal. Their life of duty lies ahead, their wild oats strewn behind them. Are they suitable people to be let loose upon an unsuspecting public?

The corporate student body of the Medical School runs on a well-worn circular track; from Buffet to Back-End, through Lincoln Place to Sir Patrick Dun's, and careering back through Front Gate at reckless speed in the early hours of Sunday morning. It is very much a closed shop, but a mobile one, whose incursions into Front Square are disturbing and not infrequently destructive. Our terms may sound harsh, but not too harsh for the truth.

#### Medical Motoring

During the past year the number of Meds. involved in court cases has been startling; to cite but one example, two were prosecuted on the same morning for dangerous driving. Trinity as a whole is condemned for these chronic exhibitions which too frequently catch the public eye.

#### General Paralysis

How many of them have been in the dock? How many are constantly drinking, wenching, speeding and gambling? How few contribute anything to the University other than their money? How many gain anything more than a technical training?

College balls are defiled by the rowdy presence of the gin-crazy Medical gigolo and his woman. At 10.0 p.m. on Saturdays, a certain pub belches forth towards the Dixon its noisy crew. Robbed of the delights of his Dixon dance, the Arts student retires sadly to his chambers, and reappears on Monday for Buffet, only to be elbowed aside by amorphous hordes whose appetites have been whetted by a morning in the dissecting room.

#### Obstetrician Conversation

Inside rissolles are munched to a chorus of anecdotes suggestively obscene by their very incomprehensibility. Even our quiet evenings at a certain underground restaurant have been sullied by erotic antics and oaths un-Hypocratic.

#### Audi Alteram Partem

We do not suggest that all medical students behave this way, the percentage of those who do is in fact quite small, but it is that small nucleus which receives the unfavourable public attention and the outside world is liable to judge the whole from a single instance "ab uno discit omnes". . . .

The majority of Meds. are hard-

"Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the Party."

A famous man (probably from Trinity) said this sometime or other, and due to the appeal or maybe the rhythm of the remark it has become the "Test piece" for trying out all good quality TYPEWRITERS.

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## AUGUSTUS BOASTED CHEAP LAW



Left to right: Sydney Silverman, M.P.; Mr. Justice Murnaghan, Hon. William Black, S.C.; Sir Lionel Heald, Mr. Nicholls and Mr. Justice Kingsmill-Moore.

Photo courtesy of Evening Mail.

"HOW can we cut the cost of justice?" asked Mr. Clive Nicholls, Auditor of the D.U. Law Society at the Inaugural Meeting in the Dining Hall last Friday. The main theme of his address, "The Boast of Augustus," was, it appeared, the reform of the law. However, the magnitude of this task forced Mr. Nicholls to deal only with one aspect of the law—that of procedure, and to jettison the more attractive subject of the reform of substantive law.

This was a lawyer's paper, written by a law student in legal terms on a technical subject. Mr. Nicholls' delivery was clear and confident, but on the whole the paper was marred by a heaviness of treatment, not relieved by a touch of humour. However, the Auditor is to be congratulated for putting a great deal of thought and research into a subject which all too seldom occupies the attention of lawyers in Ireland.

Mr. Justice Murnaghan, admitting that lawyers were notoriously conservative, was quite satisfied with the present state of the law.

Sir Lionel Heald, P.C., Q.C., M.P., the British Attorney-General, said that 100 years ago the Attorney-General was regarded as a species of superior spy. He was grateful that this was no longer the case. As regards nationalisation of the legal profession, both sides of the House agreed that that would be a "disaster." No one could imagine Mr. Sydney Silverman being nationalised!

Mr. Silverman lived up to his reputation of being one of the most skilled debaters in the Commons. His forcefulness and wit were apparent at every

## KENYA ENSLAVED

### The Black and the White Keys

Filled to capacity and overflowing, the G.M.B. Debating Hall last Thursday was the scene of the "Phil" meeting where Mr. D. W. Pritt, Q.C.; Major H. E. McClenaghan, C.I.E., and Mr. Eoin O'Mahony, K.M., spoke to Mr. Razak's paper, "Kenya Enslaved." The paper was a brave attempt to put forward the case of the Africans, whose lot Mr. Razak maintained, in Kenya, was one of continuous bondage under Europeans. He complained of the unjust position of the Africans as compared with others in that country. His thesis—Kenya's political and economic enslavement—was based on statistics, which were later questioned and proved not to be strictly accurate.

Major McClenaghan stated that the Africans held some of the richest land in Kenya and, after defending the British soldier, closed by calling upon all present to do everything within their power to remove the colour bar.

After discussing the colour bar too, Mr. Eoin O'Mahony proceeded to disregard Kenya, and told of the similarity of a Judicial Commission to a water closet.

Then Mr. Pritt stood up to receive sustained applause. He spoke of the fact that the European is guaranteed a higher price for the same product than is the African. He continued also in a pro-African vein, criticising the theft of

land. ". . . the European introduces the African to his God, teaches him to pray to Him with his eyes closed, and when the African opens them again his land is gone!"

The Hon. Secretary condemned everything British and wished us to go back to a Garden of Eden—without Eve.

Mr. Owen Flood maintained that it was only the British Empire which preserved the Kikuyu, while Mr. Otter thought that Mau Mau wished to stop the whites introducing Socialism. Mr. Walter Payne provided us with some amusement by use of his clever parody.

Mr. Williams assured the House that "the Africans are fighting for a place under the sun; and they will get it!" He quoted that leader who said, "You can play a tune on the white keys; you can play a tune on the black keys; but for perfect harmony you need both black and white."

### "Trinity News" Literary Competition

Write a short, preferably humorous, article of not more than 600 words on any topic. Signed contributions should be submitted to our box in No. 3 College or by post before the 25th of February, and if desired they may bear a nom-de-plume. All contributions will be judged by the Editorial Board, whose decision is final, and who will give a prize of one guinea to the author of the winning article, which will be published in our last issue of term.

The Editorial Board will publish the names of the authors and the titles of other entries considered to be of a high standard. They also reserve the right not to make any award in the event of there not being an entry of sufficiently high standard. Those entries which are accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope will be returned.

### PHIL. WOMEN

From this evening women are invited and encouraged to attend "Phil" meetings. The Society has at last taken this move, and although they are not members officially, women will be invited to address the assembly if the House can be persuaded to suspend standing orders.

### "HIST" BIENNIAL

The "Hist" hope that the President of the Oxford Union will speak at the Biennial Inter-debate on Wednesday, 24th February, in the evening. The Auditor and Treasurer will represent the "Hist", and other speakers will come from all the other usual debating societies, including Cambridge.

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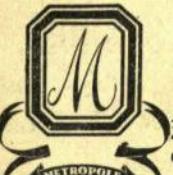
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THURSDAY, 18TH FEBRUARY, 1954

JUNIOR FRESHMEN are by now beginning to find their way around College and to become settled in their routine. Some will have joined "Players", others with "Hist", or perhaps the Rugger Club, but all with the best intentions of acting, bandying words, or playing. By next term the majority of you will be the very familiar "hangers-on" who just did not quite get round to attending auditions, debates or trials and have since fallen by the wayside.

Freshmen, NOW is the time to make an effort before you turn into mere lecture attenders and too degree conscious. Trinity offers a wide variety of extra-scholastic activities. Why not take advantage of them? It is fatal to be dashing for the "Enterprise" every week-end; after all, T.C.D. is a Residential University not a Technical School. We feel most strongly on this subject and wish all "jibs" would bear in mind that if they do not join in College life they may do down with a degree, but they will not have had a university education.

The halcyon days of immediate post-war student activity, composed almost entirely of men and women with personalities and characters matured by their war-time experience, are regrettably and irretrievably gone. A little bird (with a receding hair-line) tells us that the average age in College is getting lower year by year. An obvious statement you might think. Perhaps, but even you, dear reader, would have been moved by the break in his voice when he told us. Yet taking into account this fact, we feel we are not being unreasonable to expect some more mature standards of thought and behaviour than have been revealed during the past six months in the Major Societies, on Commons and elsewhere.

Our complaint about Commons has nothing to do with the food, which we feel is very satisfactory considering the old-fashioned kitchens and the number Miss Stevenson has to cater for, but the table manners of those eating are often deplorable. Surely a large portion of College must realise that throwing food and sniggering during grace is a little child-like for supposedly intelligent men. Remember, by your demeanour on Commons are you judged by most visitors. Let's use some Commons-sense.

We began this jeremiad as a warning to Junior Freshmen, but, apathy being what it is (yes, even we are not untainted!) we shall end here.



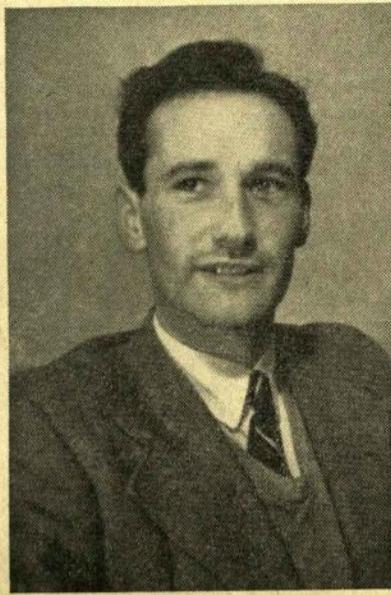
## AN TOSTAL

A slylon for College Park and a historical pageant of Trinity were two of the imaginative proposals put forward last Monday at the first meeting of the newly-formed Student An Tostal Council. It seems a pity that unless there is a far larger attendance and far more persons willing to play an active part in this new Council that Trinity will not be able to have an An Tostal Week, May 2nd-9th. The An Tostal Council will be meeting again on Monday, 8 p.m., in the S.R.C. room, 4 College, to decide whether indeed it should carry on in College, or whether it should close down owing to the apathy of fellow students. It would be a great shame if Trinity students were not capable of running their own Tostal week.

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## Profile:

THE CAPTAIN OF THE D.U.  
FOOTBALL CLUB  
George B. Wheeler

No one who saw it will easily forget George Wheeler's performance in the Collingwood Cup at Cork last year. Handicapped by toothache, he sustained serious injuries in both matches, yet on each occasion returned to the field to play inspiring football. There were no dissenters when Dr. Hooper, of U.C.D., awarded his annual "Oscar" to the Trinity captain, and paid tribute to his "magnificent display of courage and skill."

Twenty-one years old, Wheeler was educated at Mountjoy School, entering Trinity in 1949. While at school, he was a member of the rugby, cricket and hockey sides; in the latter he represented the Leinster schools at left-inner.

Quickly coming to prominence in College sport, he was first awarded his "Pink" four years ago, for soccer. The present season is his second as captain, and the club has rarely had a better one. Under the expert tutelage of Bruce Shiells, he developed into a powerful and penetrative half-back. In the College's league side and in the recent floodlit charity match he represented Trinity, and seems a sure starter for the Irish Universities' team to play the English in March.

George was awarded his hockey colours in 1951-2 and 1953-4. In the intervening year, playing on the 2nd XI, he won his place on the Leinster junior team.

A graduate in Commerce and Arts, he does not confess to any notion of the form his future career may take, except that he will "probably try LL.B. and has no (quotable) ambitions as yet." Though a staunch Presbyterian and abstemious beyond words, he is often the life and soul of the party and can, with little effort, in a moment become intoxicated by his own exuberance. The same enthusiasm is marked in his football, which is of a uniformly high standard. If he has a fault, it is, perhaps, that he will never believe he is beaten, and frequently works himself to the point of exhaustion in a lost cause.

## £75 MILLION FOR A DAM

In seven years' time Central Africa will have the largest dam in the world if the Federation decides to spend £75 million on a scheme under consideration at the moment.

Mr. Tony Jennings, reading a paper on the subject to the Engineering Society last week, told us that the proposed site for the dam is the Kariba Gorge on the 2,200-mile long Zambezi River. The Gorge itself, with towering hills on either side, is 17 miles long and comparatively narrow, but if the dam is built it will hold back a small sea about 150 miles long and 30 miles wide at its broadest point. It would contain 27 cubic miles of water—more than the total capacity of the four largest dams in America.

Should the scheme go through, apart from being able to provide irrigation for an area half the size of Ireland, and electricity at the phenomenally low rate of a fifth of a penny per unit, it would undoubtedly pave the way for tremendous development in the Young Central African Federation.

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ONE of the most widely circulated of house journals is "Progress," the magazine of Unilever, and it has, for a long time, been especially valuable to the undergraduate who wants quickly and easily to collect information about opportunities in industry and commerce. Most senior members of the University receive a copy, and undergraduates will find it easy to beg, borrow or steal the latest issue. (Copies on loan in my office.) In it Dr. Eric Ashby has a most valuable article entitled "Seller's Market for Brains."

Of course, it is a caricature, but like all good caricatures it may have some truth in it. Yet it were a pity if such an excellent article were to mislead graduates of Irish universities, at a time when more of them are beginning to look towards business. The graduate has too long been conscious of his brains and this self-consciousness, much more than his suede shoes and hypercritical comments, has created difficulties for him in the office or factory. His own estimate of the value of his brains has kept him away from business and there has been a mutual distrust. Something has already been done by way of vacation jobs, talks and visits to bridge the gap, but parents and an older generation of advisers who may maintain a prejudice against business and call it "wasting one's degree" create far greater problems than Dr. Ashby's cleverly distorted picture suggests.

Brains are certainly needed in business. Few will get far without using

them, but character, ambition and an ability to work effectively with and through one's colleagues will play no small part. These qualities, too, are at a premium in business, but the universities have no monopoly. There is competition in business and brains alone are not enough to secure success. Again, Dr. Ashby's outline is unhappy when it suggests that the same graduate can go into the Treasury, business or the Colonial Service. It is well to remember that not all selection boards are looking for the same qualities.

Nonetheless, Dr. Ashby puts it succinctly when he says that industry must look to the graduate to be among the future managers because universities may soon be the only sources of the right kind of talent. In this there is no less a challenge to universities to be informed about this talent and its characteristics than to business concerns to explain their problems and requirements. It is a pity Dr. Ashby implies that graduates are the most precious of our natural resources. Just this kind of conceit has created the problems we are now trying to solve. Plain speaking and not glossy little pamphlets seems the only answer.

But, as I said at the outset, it is a caricature and a delightfully provoking one which ends with a sentence which urges me to by next task, "A booklet to tell the industrialist how to make the best use of a first class graduate if he is lucky enough to get one."

A. H. B. McCLATCHY,  
Appointments Officer.

## A WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW



All this feminist talk that has of late been current around Trinity is beginning to make me slightly sick. First and foremost, I believe it has a phoney ring about it. Some women always wish to have recourse to certain well worn assumptions, one of these being that the male sex are selfish brutes who, whenever possible, will try to do them down. For this reason the sex war must be kept up and artificially stimulated at intervals. Here we come across the cause of the women's magazine, the women's club, or even the women's column. Women en masse are a mistake anyway and I shudder to think of the result if any of these mass projects was energetically pushed through. I do not believe that the women themselves actually visualise this; it is merely a game played to keep up the myth.

The men, on the other hand, also have an assumption, that bearing on the queer nature of women. By this, women cannot be expected to take matters as seriously as men. They must have their light relief whenever possible. If they come to a big College meeting it is to get a good eyeful of male beauty. If they buy a College weekly it is to look at the gossip column or the section marked "Strictly Feminine."

By now you are quite convinced that

## THE BIG STORE

This week I decided to concentrate my attention upon Arnott's of Henry Street, where one is always sure of finding an interesting selection of clothes and trimmings. They are now displaying their new spring stock, and are showing well-cut Donegal tweed suits from 11 guineas upwards. They also have fashionable and practical dresses in fine wool at five guineas. These come in a varied range of colours and have three-quarter length sleeves and give the illusion of the new high-waisted line, the bodice being draped across the bust and fitting closely beneath it. The skirt is slightly draped, with two unpressed pleats which give a peg top effect.

In the sportswear department I noticed useful three-quarter length proofed jackets by Londoners, in scarlet, emerald and black cotton. Priced at 89/11, they hung straight from a shoulder yoke — a more elegant style than the usual elastic-waisted skijacket.

Arnott's are featuring beautifully-coloured handwoven stoles, from 21/11. These would transform a plain black dress. To wear with a vivid cocktail or evening dress, I saw a triangular black velvet shawl, with a long silvery white fringe.

In the fabric department, a Ferguson cotton material with a trellis pattern of roses is priced at 5/11 per yard, and I noticed an attractive design of widely placed white spots on pastel grounds which would be ideal for a formal cotton dress, or for a summer coat lining with a matching cravat.

For the knitting enthusiast, there is a silver tinsel and wool mixture at 3/6 an ounce, in many colours, including lemon, flame, blue, emerald, rose and black.

## POETRY GROUP

It is always pleasant to leave a meeting so stimulated and with one's former opinions so reversed that a re-reading of the particular writer seems an absolute necessity.

After Mr. Jonathan Warner's talk and his reading of George Meredith's poetry last Thursday night that appeared to be the case with quite a few of the audience. His reading of "Modern Love" showed an obvious appreciation, and it was most interesting to note the intellectual content of a poet whom one is apt to regard as purely romantic. The psychological realism of this poem, written in 1862, has a particularly modern ring about it and makes impressive reading.

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# FOUR & SIX

Phil President Joins Hist.

DROPPING in at the Hist. debate last week we were just in time to hear Dr. Allen cracking a few jokes. His account of the Degree ceremony at Princeton when he received his Ph.D. was rather amusing. It would appear to a casual observer at the ceremony that the audience had an excellent knowledge of the classics for they applauded and cheered at just the right moments during a long Latin oration. A closer examination of the printed programme, however, revealed the fact that the cues for claps, etc., were included at the appropriate places. Ah, well! We can't all have the advantage of an American education.

Staying for private business, we voted for J. Anderson for membership of the Society. To our amazement this innocent looking name was a subtly muted form of Anthony John Garrett-Anderson, and so the President of the "Phil" attains his ambition after many unsuccessful attempts.

## "I MUST SAY . . ."

ALL the world's a biscuit-box—or so it seems to one in the final stages of a cold in the head, when the whole of his existence is permeated by the aroma of old crumbs. Just now, I occasionally catch a sulphurous whiff of burning anthracite, or the tingly fumes of ammonia, but for the most part I am wrapped, like a classical divinity, in a cloud—of ageing goldgrain, and decrepit cocoanut crinkle. In matters of taste, nothing short of curry-powder or oil of cloves will impinge itself upon my consciousness. Even a visual communion with my surroundings is all but denied me (Latin gusto may be splendid for polishing lenses—"flegme brittanique" is worse than useless).

Then there is the awful indignity of losing all one's nasal resonance. If Mark Anthony himself had addressed the Roman populace as "Freds, Robads ud Coudtrybed," and interrupted every period with a hacking cough, he never could have touched them for their ears. If the old owl who lived in an oak had had to breathe through his open beak until he dribbled, his silence would have been attributed rather to congenital idiocy than to wisdom.

What defensive measures am I taking in this Cold War?

I carry packets of paper handkerchiefs, suffering agonies of embarrassment from the constant companionship of the Venus de Milo. I nightly sniff an aromatic ointment up my nose and daily blow it down again. I rub it thick on my throat and chest, so that my pyjama jacket has come to feel like a mechanic's overalls. I gargle. I am an expert goggler, so that, although I have recently discovered that it is not strictly necessary to gargle aloud, I still swallow sickening mouthfuls of pungent disinfectant, and still awake with ears itching from the inflammation in my throat. In fine, I am not happy in my biscuit-box.

I feel grateful neither to the little old lady who snuffled self-consciously into her saturated inadequate "hankie," frilly and silly as a Valentine, nor to the school child coughing its tongue out at me in the bus.

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To be seen here were Colin Ross and Jill Robins (steady for some time now), and Henry Blackburn with Daphne Smith. During the interval we were pleasantly entertained by Ivor McCarthy at the piano and Dixieland drummer Brian O'Regan. After the hop we joined several hundred others who were bound for Aylesbury Road. Sweeping past our bewildered host, we were just in time to witness a dangerous moment involving John McIver, Tony Wilson and Valerie West.

### Odds and Ends

At Brian Tower's party in Baggott Street there were drinks over the Bank counter, and Lecturer Jim Bennet was to be seen with Valerie Morrison.

Popping in to the Clover we saw Paddy Burges Watson dragging Stephanie De Renzy over tables.

Fergus Pyle has given up his water pistol and has returned to his clarinet. We are glad that we do not live in No. 2.

## IN COURT

(By "MARK TWAIN")

(Ezra Quid, well-known poet, critic, novelist and elbow bender, is suing *The Follower*, a New York newspaper, for alleged libel in an anonymous article about him. Counsel for the defense is Harry S. Truman, former President of the United States. Herewith is presented an excerpt from the case).

Mr. Truman—Now, sir, as I understand it, you do not consider the first paragraph in *The Follower* article fair criticism. Mr. Quid—it's a foul attempt to take the yeast out of my Guiness.

Truman—Sometimes it's better without yeast. Counsel for the plaintiff—I object. Guinness without yeast is like Tio without Pepé. Judge—No sour grapes, please!

Mr. Truman—To continue, the sentence to which you object reads: "When lying on the floor of a pub with his legs wrapped around his head in a drunken stupor, the lop-eared Mr. Quid looks like a pardoned doppelganger." What, pray tell, is objectionable about that? Quid—My ears are not loppy. It just happens that my left lobe is a bit thicker than my right one. Tragic deformities like that are nothing to make fun of.

"Fun of, eh? Would you say that was good grammar?" Quid—You are taking it out of context and one can become quite neurotic taking things out of context, especially when the context is contestably contextual!

Truman—Contestual, eh? Having read a good bit of poetry myself, Mr. Quid, I happen to know that contextual rhymes with sexual, and it is not true that last year one of your books was banned for being pornographic? Quid—It was not pornographic! I merely described the mating of chimpanzees in medical detail.

Mr. Truman—Yes, but did you not call your chimpanzees T. S. Eliot and Gertrude Stein? Mr. Quid—Of course. Those were as good names as any.

A good explanation, but do you think your works are equally clear? Quid—&%!!

Truman—Bad syntax again. Counsel for the plaintiff—I object. Quid—Oh, shut up!

Mr. Truman—Now then, allow me to quote a passage from your own work which you might agree contains a bit of libelous writing. It is in Canto MCXLVIII of "Poems from Hunger":

Hinkle, dinkle abdul neck  
Wing-ed birdie chirp—  
Pax Romana, auto wreck,  
Marcaroni burp.

Do you not agree that you are accusing someone of being a pardoned doppelganger? Quid—Aaagh, vesti a giubba. Truman—And a largo al factotem to you, too!

Mr. Truman—Do you know a man by the name of Joshua Quid? Mr. Quid—A wretched, contemptible scoundrel. A louse, debaucher, two-faced, crab-eyed, opium-glutted beggar. A moacher and bar-room sinner . . . No, never heard of him.

Is it not true that he's your father? Quid—No! Truman—Do you have a father surnamed Quid? Well, yes. Truman—Is his first name Joshua? Mr. Quid—Yes. Truman—Is not, then, Joshua Quid your father? Ah, yes. Dear old slop-sipping daddy!

Mr. Truman—Did you not once tweak your father's nose because he criticised your work? Quid—No. Truman—After leaving your flat one afternoon, did your father not have to go to a hospital to have his nose bandaged?

Truman—Would you say that was a clear report of the incident? Quid—I always speak, talk, orate, babble clearly, lucidly, candidly!

I maintain that it was quite complimentary to you. Can you find anything wrong with the following sentence which lauds you to the sky? "A few of his whiskey-sodden, decrepit worshippers call Quid the greatest poet since Shakespeare." Quid—An outrageous libel! A vile calumny! How can anyone compare me with that snivelling versifier who is not fit to pull my plow? My genius rightfully can only be compared with as late a poet as Ovid!

Truman—Modest, aren't you? Quid—Well, actually, if you press me, I might admit to being the greatest poet since Muk Mookluk.

Mr. Truman—Who? Quid—Ugh! You're obviously a Philistine! Truman—No, I'm from Missouri. Independence, about 100 miles south of Kansas City.

Quid—Well, for your information, Muk Mookluk was the great caveman poet of 10,312 B.C., or thereabouts, who spent twenty years chiseling his immortal poem, "Ub Glub" on the wall of a cave in southeastern Afghanistan. It is a simple quatrain, but his chisel was dull and constant re-writing of it was time consuming.

Truman—Interesting. One learns something every day. Quid—Only fools learn. Poets absorb by osmosis. Muk Mookluk's poetry has inspired all my great work. I shall now recite it for your edification.

Judge—I object. Quid—Oh, you shut up too! And now, "Ub Glub" by the bard Muk Mookluk:

Zulu, bulu, dinosaur  
Mesozoic strata  
Mastodon pub room floor  
Palindromic ata.

Truman—Truly a significant poem. Quid—A GREAT poem! Judge—Baliff, open the window. Case dismissed!

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## COLLEGE ROOMS

There is room for another eleven students in rooms at the moment, and anyone interested should send in an application through his Tutor and call at the Registry of Chambers in the West Theatre Building. Three treble sets are now available, in No. 20, No. 37 and No. 40; and two men in double room, K. Warwick (No. 12) and J. Twigg (No. 19) are looking for partners. Another treble set, in No. 7, will fall vacant on 1st April.

Students whose two years' residence will have been completed next October will receive a reminder before the end of the present term. They may then give notice of their intention to vacate at the end of June or at the beginning of October, or they may apply to the Senior Dean for an extension of time in rooms. The number of extensions granted will largely depend on the number of fresh applications for rooms received by the end of June. So students wishing to enter rooms in July or October should get busy now looking round for prospective partners.

W. F. PYLE  
Registrar of Chambers.

## THE PARISH PUMP

The College Historical Society showed its confidence in the present administration of the University by 23 votes to 12, during a debate last Wednesday. Unfortunately the evening was spoilt by trivialities—increases in fees, littlego, bathhouse hours—and few speakers spoke in general terms. The opening speakers, Messrs. Cooper and Etti, were rather muddled, but then came a fine considered speech by Mr. Studdert. "In 1952," he said, "the last bastions of independence we swept away. We have untried men at the helm and miserable lack of research. We now have to beg at the door of Dail Eireann and it is regrettable that the Board has become involved in politics."

In reply to the Corr. Sec., Mr. Jetha said that the Board had made mistakes and will continue to do so, but it had done good work.

Then came a shouting outburst from the Librarian, Mr. Underwood. He made some fiery remarks about our debt to the Anglo-Irish and Protestants, but said little about the motion. After the storm, Mr. Otter spoke in a quiet and unconvincing manner, followed by Mr. Meacock, who was even less convincing.

The debate was revived by an impromptu speech from Mr. Riddell. He took a broad view of the motion and with sound reason defended the Board. A little fire from Mr. Owen-Flood and a few words from Mr. Pyle concluded the debate.

In summing-up, Dr. A. C. Allen, F.T.C.D., made a plea for a readable College calendar. He said our tradition was so strong that a new Board would make little difference and we could expect Trinity to be the same in a hundred years' time. Our tradition is worth a lot and £50 a year is not expensive for what Trinity offers.

## WOMEN AGAIN

Miss Alison Kingsmill Moore, President of the Elizabethan Society, will deliver her inaugural address, "Women's Education under the two Elizabeths," on Wednesday, 24th February, in the Regent House. Speakers will include Mr. Sean Moylan, T.D.; Dr. D. W. Warmell and Dr. F. E. Moran.

## ON MEETING:

MR. D. N. PRITT, Q.C.

As we waited in the warm lounge of Collinstown Airport drinking coffee, we tried to frame a picture in our minds' eye of the man for whom we were waiting. Knowing him to be a barrister of international fame, we expected Mr. D. N. Pritt, Q.C., to be a man impossible to be at ease with.

When Mr. Pritt arrived, we soon learnt that our preconceived ideas were far from the truth. Not only was he most friendly from the start, but he even insisted on pushing our motor-car when it refused to start, though there were many other willing hands.

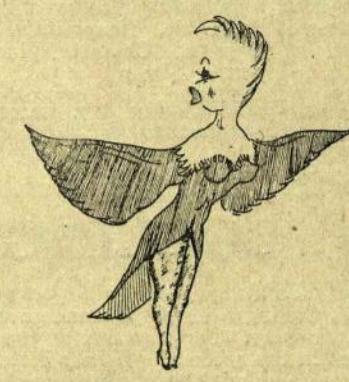
Over a glass of gin, we discussed the position of Kenya to-day. He thought the country was quieter now than it had been, but he felt this was only temporary. "The day," he said, "that the black man decides he will not fight against his fellow blacks, the white man must get out by the next plane, because the one after will be too late."

When asked if he had ever been in Belfast during an election, Mr. Pritt replied: "No, only in times of peace." When we began to talk about the College Miscellany, Mr. Pritt remarked: "T.C.D., it sounds like a chemical insecticide."

Though a confessed Marxist, Mr. Pritt is not a member of the Communist Party, but he could not be persuaded to say more on the subject. He was also very reluctant to talk about the Jomo Kenyatta case, for which he was leading defence counsel, but he assured us that the fight is by no means finished.

## COMMON TRINITY BIRDS

No 3



THE PAINTED MANCATCHER  
(or Gold-digger)

DESCRIPTION.—Red-billed birds with multi-coloured plumage which change their hue and texture frequently. Fanciers like particularly those with off-the-shoulder plumage. Vary in size and shape, but most of them manage to attain certain specified dimensions when hunting or acting as decoys. Delight, like jackdaws, in trinkets and find it easy to come by these. Their nests are frequently lined with mink.

SONG.—I THINK YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY WONDERFUL OR ISHOLDN'T REALLY HAVE ANOTHER ONE. Uttered in various accents and tones, but always accompanied by fluttering eyelashes.

HABITS.—Hopping at the Dixon, strutting in Front Square, meandering round the Reading Room, pecking at coffee in Switzer's. Out of term some are to be seen perched on straws in milk-shakes at milk-bars, using them as pivots for their eyes.

Their main reason for existence is, however, their undoubted ability at annihilating or capturing the type of grub known as the mere male. This they do with alarming ease and subtlety so that the grubs believe that they themselves have effected the capture and don't realise otherwise until they find their butterfly wings are clipped for ever.

## D.U. Experimental Science Association

A public business meeting was held on Monday, 15th February. Mr. F. G. Laramine (Sch.) read a paper entitled "Igneous Intrusions in the Earth's Crust." The speaker began by describing granite as the most abundant intrusive rock and basalt as the most abundant extrusive rock. He explained how the origin of the granite is the subject of much controversy among geologists and how metamorphosis of the country rock gives a clue to the matter.

An interesting and informative discussion followed. The meeting then adjourned.

On Tuesday, 23rd February, at 4 p.m., the President, Mr. H. P. Hutchinson, M.A., will read his paper on "Nitro-bodies and Hydrocarbons."

## COLLEGE QUIZ

- 1.—When was the present Library opened?
- 2.—What was the name of the Augustinian monastery on the site of which the Campanile is built?
- 3.—What is the Book of Armagh in the Library?
- 4.—Why is the Examination Hall called The Theatre?
- 5.—When was the "Phil" established?
- 6.—What year was the Royal Charter founding College dated?

(Answers on Page Four).

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# Trinity News

## THE WEEK IN SPORT

SOCCER

### COLLINGWOOD CUP

Trinity, as always, rose to the occasion in the Collingwood Cup, and gave a gallant display. For a period of twenty minutes in the second half, they dictated the game and might well have scored a winning goal.

In the semi-final, Trinity were playing U.C.D., who had defeated U.C.G. the previous day, only after extra time. U.C.D., who might reasonably have been tired, played lovely football in the first half and Duffy scored, giving Kendall no chance with a powerful drive. David, at the other end, went close to scoring for Trinity, his shot being smothered by the goalkeeper. U.C.D. led 1-0 at half-time and soon went further ahead when McCarthy scored from a penalty.

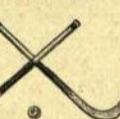
Then came Trinity's revival. Hannigan was switched to centre-forward, and Trinity, with new life, surged to the attack. A missed penalty might have shattered them but they plugged away, and equalised through two goals from Hannigan and Kennedy. Trinity were on top, but U.C.D., with admirable resource, came right back into the game. The pitch was a gluepot and the ball

heavy and slippery. Neither side scored again before the end of 90 minutes. One period of extra time was played, still without result. Just after the beginning of the second period of extra time, Obiakpani, U.C.D.'s Nigerian winger, scored two goals. The strongest team won, but Trinity unreservedly gave of their best and it would be invidious to mention individuals. Congratulations to U.C.D., who retained the Cup by beating Queen's in the final.

Team:—J. Kendall; S. Hannigan, J. Brennan; N. Prendergast, D. McAuley, G. Wheeler (capt.); K. O. Bello, M. Kennedy, C. Davidson, A. David, J. Hyland.

### AROUND THE CLUBS

The Women's Hockey team were leading Loreto 1-0 at half-time, but at the end of the second half, which produced much better hockey, lost 3-2. We would like to apologise for some nonsense we talked last week about the Chilean Cup. The cup games will take place in Belfast on February 26th and 27th — or are we wrong again?



The junior sides of the Rugby Club have been playing successfully recently. The 3rd XV have not lost a game since Christmas, and on Saturday beat Old Wesley 16-0. The 2nd XV have distinguished themselves in various ways. A few weeks ago, they paid a whirlwind visit to Derry to play Magee College in their Colours match and are now reaping the consequences in a number of invitations to Derry High School's Annual Dance.

The invalids from the 1st XV progress. We are glad to see Ivan McClean fleetingly fit again. Billy McVicker hopes his hand will be alright for the Cup games — some pessimists might say game—but after all, St. Mary's did it, why not Trinity?

The Sports Editor would be glad to receive reports of club activities and fixtures from club members. Reports may be dropped in the "Trinity News" box in No. 3, preferably before 6 p.m. on Sundays. He would like to hear especially from the smaller clubs.

### Dublin University G.F.C.

The above Club are fixed v. Veterinary College in the first round of the P. Y. Duke Cup, to be played at Belfield on Saturday next (26th inst.) at 3 p.m. Owing to injuries to some of the players it has not been possible to select the team before going to press and the following are requested to attend at Belfield at 2.45: P. Brennan, M. Conway, P. Corr, G. Dawson, J. Finnian, O. Gallagher, F. Gaughan, G. Guidon, S. Hannigan, K. Heffernan, C. Kennedy, S. Murphy, J. O'Brien, G. O'Byrne, T. O'Donoghue, R. O'Driscoll, M. O'Riordan, A. O'Rourke, N. Palmer, N. Prendergast, M. Scully, M. Walsh, M. Weir.

Last Saturday the team defeated a team selected from past pupils of Synges Street Schools. On that form the full College selection must stand a good chance in future games. It is hoped to run a league competition between the Dublin colleges before the summer and we have already agreed to compete.

Congratulations are extended to Kevin Heffernan on his selection on the Combined Universities' team to play the Rest of Ireland. We are surprised that Colm Kennedy was not similarly chosen, but it should be noted that the team was picked without reference to the Trinity officials.

### TOWN AND GOWN

**Theatres and Cinemas**

GAIETY.—"The White Countess," with Viveca Lindfors (World Premiere). Nightly at 8 p.m.

OLYMPIA.—Jean Kent in "A Call on the Widow," by James Doran. Nightly at 8 p.m.

ABBEY.—"The Righteous are Bold," by Frank Carney. Nightly at 8 p.m.

ROYAL.—"The Jimmy O'Dea Show," at 3 p.m. and 8 p.m.

STUDIO THEATRE CLUB.—"The Slaughter of the Innocents" (World Premiere), by William Saroyan.

GATE.—Micheál MacLiammóir in "Tolka Row."

ADELPHI.—Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon in "Scandal at Scourie."

ASTOR.—"The Razor's Edge" (retained).

METROPOLIS.—"Julius Caesar" (retained).

CAPITOL.—"Roman Holiday" (retained).

REGAL.—"The Big Heat" (retained).

CAMEO.—"Limelight" (revived), with Chaplin and Claire Bloom.

GRAFTON.—"Tales of Hoffman" (revived).

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18th

8.0 p.m.—U.P.S.: "Women and Love."

8.0 p.m.—D.U. Theological Society: Organ and Vocal Recital in St. George's Parish Church.

8.0 p.m.—U.C.G. Players in "The Crucible," by Arthur Miller (European Premiere), in Aula Maxima, U.C.D.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24th

8.15 p.m.—C.H.S. Inter-debate: "Principle or Expediency."

8.15 p.m.—D.U.M.L.S. Spanish Play, "El Sombrero de Tris Picos," in Players' Theatre, No. 3.

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### SPORTING STINT

"Effort, St. Swithin's, Effort!"

"The rigour of the game"—Lamb cared for nothing more. (The game was whist.) I wonder why do you play games? To win—or to amuse yourself? Or is it something else altogether?

When I was very young (I quote) my Bumper Story-books told me, with depressing firmness, that the Last Great Scorer, when he came, would not ask if I won or lost, but how I Played the Game. I refused to credit it. Heaven lies about us in our infancy; the notion seemed unnatural. When I won, I was happy; when I didn't, life was barely worth the effort.

The onrush of manhood, the balm of culture modulated my enthusiasms. I don't really know why I play nowadays; frequently I am bored to tears, and I certainly couldn't care less, for myself, whether the team wins, or loses. Yet I don't think of giving it up. Why?

Sports writers are either dull and prosaic, funny and trite, or downright and original. One of the last sort said, of a sport well-known in Trinity, that it is "the primeval urge for slaughter satisfied without (much) bloodshed." I think he was very nearly right. About the primeval urge, especially.

Every game had its primitive antecedent. Huntin', shootin' and fishin' stemmed (with apologies to the county) from the simple need for food. Does golf, which the Scots invented, the English talk about, and the Americans alone can play, seem to you more than an elaboration of hitting a stone with a stick? And cricket! Cricket which is a poem, a delight, an ecstasy of refinement, the embodiment of all that is civilised and therefore British; did a Neanderthal wife pause, as her hairy husband adroitly glided a well-aimed rock away to fine leg with his club, to murmur, "Shot, sir!" before she hurled the next? I shouldn't be surprised. From that rude beginning, to the Long Room at Lords!

Between you and me, the game is far better fun—when it's over. When you sit in the "Lincoln," a pint of draught before you, cronies around you, breathing air no longer fresh and bracing, thanks be, but turgid with tobacco smoke; and someone says, "Oh, forget the post-mortem; let's talk about women!" There is peace, and the game is worth playing. Think on these things.

### Answers to College Quiz

- 1.—1732.
- 2.—All Hallows.
- 3.—Latin version of the New Testament, written 807 A.D.
- 4.—It was originally intended for public meetings of the University.
- 5.—1853.
- 6.—1592.

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