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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Weekly

THURSDAY, JUNE 7th, 1962

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Geology Expedition to take part in World Research

THE three Trinity students who are going to Kharg Island, in the Persian Gulf, leave Dublin July 9th. Chris Kendall, the leader; Jalik Kaulback and Patrick Skipwith, have been arranging the expedition for three years, and its findings will be Trinity's contribution to an international research programme planned by, amongst others, Imperial College, London.

The principal object of the expedition is to ascertain the age of the island. There has also been a significant drop of sea level, and the expedition hopes to discover whether this is due to "a tectonic rise of the island, or an enstatic fall of sea level."

Pearl Beds and Crusaders.

The expedition is not confined to geological aspects of Kharg island. The team will be there for three months, and in that time they hope to learn more about its history, the underwater life around its coast, and the traditions of its inhabitants. Kharg once had world famous pearl beds; in its time it has had colonies of Zoroastrians and Nestorian Christians; there are Crusaders tombs on the island. Until this decade the islanders had never seen wheeled transport of any kind. Its potential importance

is as fantastic as its history. It is scheduled to become a vital deep sea harbour for extensive oil tanker traffic from Persia and Iran to the rest of the world.

Manta Rays and Sharks.

All three members are experienced aqua lung divers, and will spend as much time as possible studying underwater life there. Jalik Kaulbak, the expedition's cameraman, knows the island, and he believes that the waters around its coast may hold many unidentified species of marine life. He also hopes to make extensive films of sharks and rays in the vicinity.

At the beginning of next term there will be a number of vacancies on the staff of "Trinity News." Students who would like to acquaint themselves with practical newspaper work should contact any member of staff, or leave a note in the "Trinity News" box in No. 3.

Believe it or Not Department

The mummified body of a youngish, fair-haired man, clad in khaki trousers and shirt of the type worn by members of the British Army around 1920, was discovered by turf workers between two and three feet under the surface of Mounttown Bog, Geevagh, Co. Sligo.

The body is believed to be that of John Watt, an Englishman and a member of the British Forces, who was captured by the I.R.A. in Geevagh district around 1920, court-martialled and put to death for activities as a spy.

"Irish Times," Wed., June 6.

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Ushering in Trinity Week—an impression of that climax of the Summer Term, Trinity Wednesday.

Photo by D. Harman

JOYCE HONoured

THIS month Ireland will, for the first time, honour her famous writer, James Joyce, when the Martello Tower at Sandycove, in which the first scene of "Ulysses" is set, will be opened as a commemorative museum.

The opening ceremony will be performed on Saturday at 3 p.m., by Miss Sylvia Beach, who published Joyce's "Ulysses" in 1922 from her Shakespeare and Company publishing house in Paris, and who is coming over specially for the event.

The Tower Museum will have a number of Joyce mementos on display—among them the deathmask of the writer which was made in Zurich 21 years ago. There will also be a number of portraits and drawings of Joyce. There will be some first editions, a number of personal belongings and, it is hoped, at least one manuscript of one of his major works, which has

been promised on loan from the United States.

Later in the evening, and for the week following, "Bloomsday," an adaptation of "Ulysses" by Alan McClellan will be staged at the Eblana Theatre, Dublin; a week's series of lectures on Joyce will be given at the Building Centre,



James Joyce in Paris at the turn of the century.

Dublin, by Professor Richard Kain, Paidric Colum, Niall Montgomery, John Garvin, Dr. A. J. Leventhal and Dr. Eileen McCarville.

During the week students from U.C.D. will pay tribute to their college's famous graduate by giving readings of selected passages from "Ulysses." The well-known Irish actor, Cyril Cusack, will also give readings from "Finnegan's Wake."

Fashion Winners

June 6th was the sunniest Trinity Wednesday in years, and whilst the hats were affected a little by a fresh wind, the afternoon was sartorially spectacular.

Chris Lea (see this week's profile), as Secretary of Trinity Week, welcomed the President, Mr. de Valera, and other distinguished guests in the exclusive Pavilion.

Hats this year were generally larger, and had brims, as opposed to last year, when hats tended, so to speak, to the conical.

The winners of the competition were:—

- 1—Etain Yardley.
- 2—Rosemary Fisher.
- 3—Catherine Nesbitt.

The 1st prize is a 3-month modelling course at Charles Ward-Mills Modelling Agency; 2nd prize, dinner for two at the Royal Hibernian Hotel; 3rd prize is a beauty treatment by Helena Rubenstein at Browne Thomas.

The competition judges were:—Miss G. Kenny, Charles Ward Mills and David Butler.

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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Weekly

Vol. IX

THURSDAY, 7th JUNE, 1962

No. 18

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OUR OWN TRUMPET

Impasse. The last week of term, and it would be unwise to write on a subject which would wean people's interest too far away from parties, the Ball, tickets and sunshine. More than that, it would be impossible. So, having plunged recklessly into the Hist. affair, Trinity and Ireland (an editorial favourite for years), and Secondary Education, we offer no apologies for writing about ourselves this week.

"Trinity News" is nearly 10 years old. It was founded, in the words of one of the original members "... because T.C.D. (that is, the Miscellany) was just a string of bright young names." In all fairness, it is obvious that Trinity needs a newspaper, as opposed to a weekly concentrating on news comment. Regular readers may remember a confusing correspondence earlier this term evolving around "Trinity News," a sum of money, and the S.R.C. Nothing very conclusive emerged from all that, apart from the fact that "Trinity News" is quite independent. Each Chairman is entirely responsible during his term of office, there are no powers behind the throne, and apart from a normal respect for the laws of the country and of the university, he may print what he chooses. A change of approach and attitude is discernable from term to term.

This situation is not quite as commonplace as it sounds. In other, much larger, universities the S.R.C. very often sponsors or dominates the newspaper. It also appoints the staff, and the newspaper is usually the only weekly in the university. One weekly version of opinion and news is produced by one relatively restricted group of people, who are in turn subject to a semi-permanent administrative policy. There is, in fact, a perfect monopoly, incorporating most of the disadvantages of monopoly. David Butler, in a "Trinity News" article this term, pointed out the dangers which can arise.

"In provincial universities the S.R.C. usually controls the student newspaper, which endlessly grinds away with pictures and headlines of the tiny doings of some bureaucrat manqué."

There is no suggestion here of self-satisfaction. "Trinity News" is a newspaper for, and completely run by Trinity students. Any member of College can join the staff, and any Chairman can make of the paper exactly what he—or she—decides.

Union of Students in Ireland

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Review: Icarus

THE editorial for this term's "Icarus" is full of good ideas. As an introduction to an illustrated edition, Richard Eckersley analyses lucidly the function of the illustrator and his relationship to the writer, and discusses magazine design and layout. In practice, however, things do not work out so well. The drawings by Diana Horsfall come nearest to fulfilling Mr. Eckersley's ideas. They have a liveliness and sly observation which complements well the freshness of the story they illustrate. The various fish, seagulls, etc., scattered over the pages are usually satisfying in themselves, but in fact all they do is fill up spaces that were blank in previous "Icarus." Surely the layout and typography needs to be thought out afresh and as a whole?

The drawings by Fred Middlehurst are unmitigatedly dreadful.

Ironically, they illustrate Mr. Eckersley's short story, which I enjoyed for its disturbing picture of a mother-son relationship. Both it and "Chingo" steer well clear of sentimentality to which their subjects make them particularly liable. Damian Ryan's "The Affair" depends almost entirely on tension between subject matter and style and makes you wonder whether this sort of thing is not a dead end, but its effect on the reader is certainly spectacular, it is beautifully balanced and is in some ways the most perfect thing in the magazine. There are two articles: The one on Hollywood by Charles Barr is interesting and readable, but "Image And After Image," by Peter Stone—a hectically rushed guided tour of English book illustration which manages to mention "Punch," The Folio Society, Blake, Picasso, Alcuin of York and many other wonders—is too general for anyone who is already interested, and assumes too much for anyone who is not.

The poetry is a very mixed bag as usual. Neither of Brendan Ken-

nelly's two pieces seems to me to hit off the quintessential note which he is trying to strike. "Good Friday" was written with conviction but the words fail to come alive. The middle section of Gerald Cohen's "Final Solution" hangs fire in the rhythm, but the poem goes out in a blaze of glory in the last four lines. "Stone Throw" by John Stevens Wade is a much more modest poem; quiet, controlled and well judged, with an echo of Eliot in the last line. I found Deborah de Vere White's short story undistinguished, but her poetry is largely the genuine article. "Death of Pompey" is written with a fine feeling for the overall movement of a poem, the last two stanzas rising to a climax which is very satisfying to read aloud. The opposite is true of Michael Longley's "In Touch" which seems to lose assurance at the beginning of the last stanza. "Completely," however, shows him at his best. Derek Mahon's contribution is uneven ranging from a translation of Corbiere which reads magnificently, through "Poete Maudit," which only just avoids caricature in spite of its sense of humour, but is powerful all the same, to "Out of the Depths" which is technically sick unto death in places: "And also the dull cancerous fear In our bones of being left with Nothing to think about but our Bodies and how ugly they are." But in spite of all its faults, the current "Icarus" is sensational in terms of value for money.—G.S.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

Here I have been for nearly five years spooning apathy into the coffee of my ennui, when last Thursday Mr. Michael Newcombe's toothy letter marches up, climbs into my awareness and stamps around there spreading incredulity and satiric laughter at surely the most conscientiously daft load of codswallop ever published.

Mr. Newcombe's homely sense of fun has run amok, and as champion of the virginity (misplaced) of his society, he has flung the gauntlet across the fried bread and bacon of female aspiration. Turning a correctly blind eye on the 20th century, he shows the unshakeable confidence of Canute wearing waterwings, and argues on the lines that we shouldn't join the Common Market because it wasn't mentioned in Magna Carta. Truly he is, as Edmund Burke threw out, "not merely a chip off the old block; he is the old block itself." This progenitor of a long line of Burkes also said that "the age of chivalry is gone; that of sophisters, economists and calculators has succeeded." But then there were no women in college in his day, only gentlemen.

And now his society is wan and low with ostrichitis, and the incur-

able disease of self-importance. And Mr. Newcombe insists that either we are heartless or troughing around in apathy. Maybe we are not interested because the tinpot, mayfly, sniffy affairs of the Hist. don't really matter. Maybe some of us have life in roughly the right proportion. Maybe some of us are ill at ease, and looking for

progress rather than a magnification of dust.

I'm sorry I won't be around next year to see how Mr. Newcombe makes out, if he can manage to lift his sandalled mind out of the way of high-pitched maniac laughter. But maybe I would just go back to my oblivious siesta again, pull my sombrero over my bland Welsh face, and let someone else swat the flies.

Yours, etc.,
Hugh Gibbons.

A career is what it's worth

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THE PLAGUE HITS PARIS (2)

Last term the author published the first part of "The Plague Hits Paris." This article develops the theme, and takes into account events that have taken place in the country more recently, particularly the Salan trial. (The author's name is withheld for censorship reasons.)

"Le mal qui est dans le monde vient presque toujours de l'ignorance, et la bonne volonté peut faire autant de dégâts que la méchanceté, si elle n'est pas éclairée." (Camus).

ONE has the impression in France these days that history is being made, that one is living in the midst of vital events, but the speed in which they follow one another and the reaction of different political parties as they take up new positions, leaves one breathless and still uncertain as to the future. Much has happened since I last wrote and once again I must be careful to distinguish between a purely personal despair at the bloody mess in Algeria, the daily political verbiage in the newspapers, and the reality which is somewhere underneath. It is not easy. The government official who showed me round Algiers in January was shot last month, and the earnest Moslem nationalist who stood me a Phoenix at Blida, and insisted on talking about Huxley's Counterpoint, is dead. O.A.S.

The hairdresser in this small provincial town gave me his definition of the Moslems the other day; his cousin in Algeria told him and he should know. They are people who wash their feet and then their faces in the same water... they're not even civilised. And the chef at the restaurant where I eat on Sundays described the Algerian colons as a Fabian might describe the Anglo-Indians of Kipling's day; but with the odd difference, as he said, that they don't smell the same as other Frenchmen. These two slight examples emphasise the distance between Paris and Algiers, as the English papers proved last week the distance between Paris and London. Mentally the Common Market is a hundred years away.

Apart from anything else, the Salan verdict produced a crop of blood curdling editorials that made one blanche for the human race. It was as painful to see the "Daily Telegraph" demanding the death penalty in the name of all Frenchmen, as the "Times" stating that O.A.S. is not sufficiently understood in France! The "Guardian," "Herald" and "Mirror" followed suit. In fact Salan's death would not make the slightest difference to the present situation — O.A.S. would welcome a martyr—and the general failure to grasp the significance of the verdict, as well as a total ignorance of some of the factors, is disturbing to say the least. Then there was the Joycean description of the trial by Claud Cockburn in the "Sunday Telegraph," a nasty piece of calculated inaccuracy with little fact and no logic; and finally there was an earlier article on Capital Punishment in which Giles Playfair had Salan sentenced to death and waiting for the guillotine a fortnight before his trial.

Press Agencies Reliable?

This proves what I have long suspected: the danger of newspapers relying on the services of a press agency, that foreign correspondents accept too easily the official government line, and that the tone of some articles is more important than the facts—that is the nicest thing one can say. This is not the place to wonder whether

the English public gets what it wants or what it is given, but certainly it ought to do more than thank heaven there is one stable Frenchman left—he spent the war in England you know—or to feel slightly sick about the O.A.S. Occasionally the Beaverbrook press finds 40 blood-drained European corpses in an Algerian knackers, but that is not enough. There is more to it than that on both sides, and it is time that people woke up to the fact that General de Gaulle is no longer the burning light of Free France, and that a clear understanding of the Algerian problem must form part of the individual's approach to the Common Market.

I can only give here my personal opinion, biased of course after eight months of French newspapers and a brief visit to Algeria; but you are warned. I am not quite convinced that Independence in its present form was the right solution for Algeria, but I am sure that this noble ideal has not justified the methods since used. It seems to me more like a preconceived disengagement carried through at all costs. No one would deny that de Gaulle was the only man capable of giving this country a sense of direction, but he has given it his direction, and at the expense of antagonising and not uniting the democratic currents at work in 1958. Political parties here have fought bitterly against being led from way out in front, and the danger after his departure... is precisely that of his vaunted "trop plein." The mass of the population is depoliticised and happy to see the General at the helm; more interested in le sport, les prochaines vacances, et le coût de vie. Yet it is still there, and though sceptical of all official information (the latest attentat against de Gaulle is said to be by kind arrangement with the Police, or O.A.S. — it has almost immunised itself on the surface anyway) against the excesses in Algeria). "Oh ca! c'est tout pourri." And that is that. The most striking result of the endless arrests, the massive conditioning by radio, television, official information, seizure of books, magazines and newspapers, and censorship in Algeria, is the emotional reaction to O.A.S. which helped to win the last referendum. I mean win. Blackmail perhaps, but the alternative to de Gaulle was O.A.S., and the people reluctantly chose de Gaulle. Note the reluctance, because not to realise the strength of the political opposition and the unwilling support given to him is to miss the significance of the Salan verdict, and the shaky future.

Salan Misled

The trial was designed to be a routine affair, carefully overshadowed by the President's tour

of the West, and the verdict after Jouhaud's condemnation to death seemed a foregone conclusion. But Maître Tixier-Vignancour accepted the defence brief from a personal hatred of de Gaulle — "il est l'expression d'une certaine forme de la malediction divine... eleve chez les jésuites et un képi de général sur le crâne" — and he fought the trial for the personal satisfaction of exposing the machiavellian character of Gaullist politics, and not as a partisan of O.A.S. or a friend of Salan—whom he hardly knew. The verdict which caused so much blood pressure found Salan guilty of all five charges; guilty of treason, promoting civil war, and common murder; enough to kill any man if you hold with capital punishment. But it was precisely the weight of the extenuating circumstances that saved his life; the defence had proved that Salan was deliberately misled by de Gaulle as to his real policy in Algeria; and it was a judgment of motives — a crime passionnel—rather than of his acts.

This is a straight judicial condemnation of Gaullist policy since 1958. Take one single fact: On 24th October, 1958, de Gaulle wrote to Salan that Algérie should remain française; yet two months previously his representative had begun talks with the G.P.R.A. on a cease-fire, and its future political position. So it is both credit to the French judicial system, and a sign of de Gaulle's real weakness that such a verdict can still be passed. This is all dead ground now, but it may serve a useful purpose here to remind people that survival in French politics requires stamina, a realism unimpeded by moral glasses, and the art of saying yes and no together. Which is why English politicians must keep on their toes and the Liberals should stick to the Boy Scouts, if England is to join the Common Market.

"Avec Son Sang"

It was unfortunate too for de Gaulle that he should have spoken so warmly at his press conference about the present economic and political stability in France, and her right to possess an atomic bomb, when this was concluded by the resignation of five ministers. National strikes, the Algerian problem reaching a crisis, daily arrests, the country still riddled with activists, and the morale of the army far from good, leads me to think that perhaps Macmillan and Kennedy are right about the French bomb. It would be worthwhile considering here the problem of the army as embodied in the Salan affair, as this is still an important factor, it is the Salans of the future who will control the French bomb. Maître Tixier-Vignancour emphasised the difference between the soldier and the politician in the trial:

"L'homme d'état écrit sur du papier avec la plume et l'homme d'armes écrit dans la poussière avec son sang et celui le ceux dont il a la charge." (after de Vigny).

Despite its romantic imagery this quotation still summarises the core of the military problem, and the most important factor in Salan's career: the relation of the Army to the Nation. The soldier is not merely a civil servant, he has the moral right to know who and for what he is fighting; otherwise he is a mercenary. The moment this confidence is lost the Army becomes a double-edged instrument and no longer the arm of the State. The separation of the Army from the Nation dates latterly from the period of war in Indo-China. Here it was the victim of successive weak governments at home, an antiquated staff system commanding from Paris, a bad appreciation, and a nation that never really accepted the war. The result: a humiliating defeat. The following year it moved to Algeria, where it was ordered to fight a counter revolution and to win the Moslem population to an integration with the Metropole; though Algeria was already a department. Certain units conscious of the reason for their defeat in Indo-China reorganised themselves to meet the F.L.N. on an equal footing, with tactics suited to the new conditions.

Patrol action and subversive warfare went hand in hand with

an attempt to remedy long standing welfare, educational and medical deficiencies, and a close co-operation with the Moslem population was effected in exchange for protection in the name of Algerie Française. By May 1958 it looked as if the chances of success were more than a possibility, and the coup of 13th May that brought General de Gaulle to power seemed to General Salan and his successor, General Challe, to be the means to confirm this promise. But in spite of ratifying the principle of Algerie Française, the Gaullist government began the disengagement of the unsuspecting army with a secret re-orientation of Algerian policy. It was not until after his retirement that Salan really understood the change in policy that had been slowly crystallising, and it was his successor Challe who made the first protest with the putsch of 1961. Finally the government's determination to negotiate with the F.L.N. rebels without consulting the European population of Algeria produced O.A.S.

Perjury—or Honour

In taking control of O.A.S. and holding himself responsible for all its subsequent acts Salan took the next logical step in his career; it was the same step that de Gaulle made after the fall of France. There can be no outward comparisons here but I suggest that the inner motives of conscience and honour are the same. "Je vous remets ma vie, pas mon honneur," said Petain, and Salan said the same thing. And in making this step Salan had no illusions about his ultimate fate: he expected like all the leaders of O.A.S. to be caught and shot. Like many officers he had had to make the painful decision between perjury and personal honour; on May 13th, 1958 he had formally promised the Algerian people that Algeria would remain French. He could not accept that de Gaulle should have negotiated secret peace terms with the rebel government while nominally supporting Algerie Française, and that the army should have been tricked into making this policy possible; and he could not accept that a French department be handed over to what virtually be an F.L.N. dictatorship, with only paper assurances for the European and pro-French Moslem population (who had committed themselves in fighting under his

command against the F.L.N.) and without being consulted in the negotiations.

Une Feuille Morte

To understand this action you must try and understand the fanatical conception of honour in the French army; in particular among those branded by captivity in Indo-China and a practical experience of Communism—it was often all they had left. This group which includes Godard, de Saint-Marc and Argoud are convinced that Algeria is a key-stone in the defence of the West against Communism, and their military aim of O.A.S. is to maintain by fear the European influence until and after Autodetermination; they have learned to distrust de Gaulle, and to achieve their aim they are prepared to go to the bitter end. But before dismissing them as a bunch of mad cranks — remember some of the people associated with them: M. Bidault, former P.M.; Marshall Juin, over a dozen generals including two former commanders-in-chief in Algeria, and a great number of officers in prison or hiding, most of them sane balanced men. And remember their medals. As the most decorated officer in France and after 40 years of loyal service, Salan represents personally the major part of French military activity since 1945; and each medal is for an unpleasant job well done, rather than a glorious victory. (One cannot forget the Croix-de-Guerres parachuted into Dien Bien Phu...) Perhaps, one should also remember that he belong to the promotion of 1918, that saw two world wars and has had to witness "un Empire transformer en peau de chagrin et puis s'envoler comme une feuille morte au vent de l'histoire." But his rebellion is essentially the final revulsion of an army that sees itself disowned by the people, betrayed by the politicians, and forced to abandon "... ceux dont il a la charge." O.A.S. is the positive counterpart of a malaise that has its roots in the passive mass of the people; in other words the plague. I have said nothing about O.A.S. crimes mainly because if a "moral responsibility" exists in this war it no longer exists in the minds of the F.L.N., O.A.S. or French Army, but elsewhere. This is not to condone these acts nor is this article an apology; it is an attempt to approach a very complex disease by examining some of the symptoms.

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VILE BODIES

Once upon a time, nearly two weeks ago to be precise, the Naismith's had a party in Castle Park. We were delighted to be welcomed with a hug and a kiss before going out into the marquee to be observed by all those early birds who huddled and whispered in groups and clutched their worms. It wasn't long before the band started playing. Rosemary and Leslie began to make themselves heard (as usual), Marion Hall dropped spoons, Hilary Twisterington twisted and Nial and Penny fought. Chris Lea disappeared but was found many hours later asleep on a doorstep. Quiman Sick left early. Sybil Ennis stayed on and crooned, Meriel McHugh looked lovingly at Peter Whiteside, Shirley met Mr. Naismith, Jill East, ever a lady, danced sedately onwards and, before we knew it, the clock struck midnight. We passed out unnoticed.

Last Tuesday, John Clarke and Brian Glass at home in 36 with wine and cheese for everybody. Big Andrew Whitaker fed Little Mary with cheese-sticks in a large arm-chair, Chris Bielenberg talked loudly about Glengarriff with an inebriated (?) J. D. Chris James met that delightful lady called Joyce and your column passed out again. Then Thursday brought College poets and literati to No. 6 for the annual "Icarus" get-together. Dick Eckersley gyrated and poured out his love potion. Raf Nicol talked about barbecues with Sebastian Balfour, Mike Nesbitt chased birds with no small success and Russell Telfer renewed his friendship with Sheila Kirwan. Julian Reeves grinned benevolently at everyone, Penny Gibbon looked really lovely, Katherine Nesbitt met David Elyan, Ian Dunlop

arrived and everyone went out into the night.

Same day, years later, Everybody went to Mount Ararat to the fourth annual barbecue of Messrs. Telfer, Elyan, Guinness and Lyons. And a good night it was too. Fires roared, jazz band blared, Christine Harold Barry played bridge with Charles Russell and others. Robin Clapham and Jackie fried sausages, but Tony Godfrey and James Stitt ate them (i.e. the sausages). Ivor McElveen and John Cleeve kept a fatherly eye on most people but they didn't see Joe Boulthbee—or Noel B.-K. or Jane G. either! Noel Jameson made the acquaintance of Dina Wood and Mark Deverell was seen with Jenny Grange, but who was Johnny Watt with (too dark to tell); and Fiona Pilkington?

Mister Osgood Noon got tight and very nearly killed himself by falling over the edge of the mountain. Peter Bunbury thought he'd been invited to a dress dance and came suitably clad but Rodney Ging knew better and brought along his drinking cap. The sun came up and sleepy bodies hoisted themselves and made off, to swim in Killiney, so they say.

On Friday, Sally Mackfie, Chris Rahilly and Graham Jones produced large quantities of high-octane gin and martini in Liz rooms. Harry Carson-Graham was there of course and wanted to know why Nick O'Brien wore a scarlet carnation in preference to his usual green one. After several drinks Linda Crammond decided she was not yet in a fit state to become a blood donor and all the while Tigga Day, Bobby Chance and Zaz Shackleton demanded more and more gin. A terrible catastrophe befell Minty Crunch. Alan More-Nisbett, George Harris and Mario Pampanini circulated suavely in penguin suits, dropping sinister hints that they were "going on" later. Fiona P. (see above) let her

hair down, met hordes of slobbering unable-to-stand-upables and the rest of the evening was swamped in oblivion by the lotus-like effect of true gin.

Last Monday, Simon (Moneybags) Morgan and partners took over the Four Provinces ballroom to run a twist competition. Without a doubt it was a resounding success in the manner of his pocket parties. And no doubt, too, he made lots of lolly which goes to pay for his Mediterranean holiday this summer. It is good to see such initiative and ambition in one so young but your column believes he will one day grow up and realise what an absolute ass he is being. But then, perhaps he will take over the running of Trinity Ball next year and win the accolades of all; and what about organised totalisators at next Trinity Races?

Went to No. 10 on Tuesday, where Paul Leppard and John Clapham entertained a hectic nautical singing-chorus (or musical sailing-crew, whichever you prefer.) Gingerly raising the sherry to our lips and watching people's elbows in transit, we heard Charles Jordan shouting (possibly animal grunts of pleasure) and scuttled to shelter in the lee of Ursula Staines. Walter Bivens (wearing a rather smart red rose) tried to muscle in on Peter Vernon Hunt and Diana, but couldn't. Chris Havilland had to dash out for some Players tipped, but soon made up for the lost time, and Gay Morgan stood quietly smiling; cool. Two incredibly scruffy characters in corduroy coats left early....

In conclusion, we take leave to wish our many readers an enjoyable week-end, an eventful vacation and a jolly merry Christmas, too. We hope you have enjoyed reading about the petty trials and tribulations which filled our columns, as much as we have enjoyed watching and writing about them. (It is not my fault if you weren't mentioned Madam. Maybe you didn't go to any parties.)

Profile:

THIS year's Secretary of Trinity Week is Chris Lea and the post could hardly have been filled by a more industrious or likeable person. He has probably contributed as much to the organisation and participation in College activities as any other person now at Trinity.

Chris was born in Birmingham in 1940 and having been educated at Solihull School in

his "Pink." Chris has also been a regular member of the Cricket XI for four years where his fluent and stylish batting has been an invaluable asset to the side. Remarkably enough he was a member of the winning Leinster Cup side last year—a unique "double" in College and a rarity in Ireland. His other sporting interests include squash (where his favourite match is against Guinnesses away), tennis (social other than serious), shooting (bad) and golf (where his 24 handicap is a fair reflection on his style).

Although sport has taken up a good deal of his time in College Chris has been able to devote his time to other activities. Last year he was Secretary of D.U.C.A.C., a post which involves a lot of arduous work and he was instrumental in the introduction of the bar in the Pavilion — to which we are all eternally grateful. He was elected to the Council of the Philosophical Society last year having previously delivered a paper on "China" for which he was awarded the Society silver medal in 1960.

Behind this veil of responsibility which appears to surround him Chris has a mischievous nature to which those who lived in Botany Bay last year and the parties will no doubt testify. He also has an eye for a pretty girl, but after being a firm advocate of blondes for years his view on the gentleman's preference now appears to be less biased.

What of the future? Well, Chris has been teaching at King's Hospital for the past year and he intends to remain teaching in Dublin for another year before going to Oxford in 1963 to read for his Diploma of Education. However, at the moment he is busily engaged in completing the arrangements for Trinity Week. We wish him good weather and every success—he certainly deserves it.



Photo by D. Harman

CHRIS LEA

Warwickshire came to Trinity in 1958. He is now in his final year reading Honors History—a subject which he enjoys, though he has yet to rise to the Second Class bracket.

His sporting achievements in College are many and varied. He is captain-elect of the Football Club for the coming season having played for the 1st XV in most positions behind the scrum for three years. He was a member of the winning Leinster Cup side in 1960 after which he was awarded

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POLL RESULTS

IN surveys based on small samples the findings must be regarded as broad indications rather than as minutely precise measurements. The survey recently carried out by the Department of Education in conjunction with "Trinity News" did not hope for any startling revelations. It sought rather to outline the pattern of life of Trinity undergraduates — how much work they do, whether they are satisfied with the conditions under which they have to work; what extra-curricular activities they take part in; their reading habits; whether they receive grants or have to earn money in the vacations.

For this survey every tenth name was taken in the current College calendar — thus no Junior Freshmen were interviewed; in addition all overseas students were omitted.

One hundred and fifty forms were returned—unfortunately to add to difficulties of assessment, not everybody answered all the questions.

There were rather more than two interviewees from Britain and the Six Counties, to every one from the Republic. Ninety-nine of the interviewees professed Protestantism (mostly Anglican), many of them added "not-practising" or "non Church-going," to 22 Roman Catholics while only fourteen persons admitted to being agnostics or atheists. It is these two facts (nationality and religious beliefs) and the fact that over one-third were female that must betray any claim that the one hundred and fifty interviewees were a "representative cross-section" of College. They were, however, a random sample.

Twenty-six questions were asked, some of them in many parts. Many of the questions produced responses of only limited value and interest, and because space is limited I want to look only at the questions of more general interest.

Thirty-six people asked for more and 26 for fewer lectures—a very large number would like to see the compulsion removed. There was unanimity on tutorials—94 voted for more and nobody for less.

As to "how far ahead do you start working for your exams?" the majority (93) replied a term or two months, ten said they worked hard all the time, and one confessed to not working for exams at all.

The question "How often do you attend the following — films, concerts, parties, society meetings, dances, plays, debates?" produced the results set out in the table below:

	PER WEEK						PER MONTH					
	Once	Twice	Three Times	Four Times	Five Times	Six Times	Once	Twice	Three Times	Four Times	Five Times	Occasionally
Films ...	43	15	5	3	1	1	24	27	15	7	3	
Concerts	3						46	12		23	61	
Parties ..	47	6	1				33	30		13	17	
Society Meetings	26	29	6	1		1	11	19		10	43	
Dances ..	21						42	28		20	34	
Plays ...	17						51	29		26	21	
Debates ...	1						24	8		11	95	

The questions asking which Sunday papers and weekly periodicals students read regularly (defined as 3 weeks in 4) brought the following polls.

Sunday papers: "Sunday Times," 96; "The Observer," 78; "Sunday Express," 49; "Sunday Independent," 21; "Sunday Telegraph," 12; "The People," 9.

Weeklies: "Punch," 27; "Illustrated London News," 17; "The Economist," 17; "The Spectator," 15; "Time," 14; "New Statesman," 12; "Tatler," 7; "Time and Tide," 5; "New Scientist," 5.

Ten read no Sunday papers and fifty no weekly. Concerning the Sunday papers, it was noticeable that those who read the "Observer" usually read nothing else, while those who took the "Times" also read another.

In addition to the weeklies mentioned, there were also an enormous range of items reflecting hobby interests.

"If you had a vote in a general election in (a) Ireland, (b) England to which party would you give it? brought the following response: (for (a), 46 Fianna Fail, 9 Fine Gael, 8 Labour, 3 N.P.D., 1 Clann na Poblachta and 83 who said they didn't know, didn't care, weren't interested or claimed that "they're all rotten."

In England, the Establishment need have no fears from T.C.D.

Conservative scored 73, Liberal 38 and Labour 11. 28 were uncommitted.

Almost exactly half the interviewees were on a grant or scholarship of some sort — the average figure for a grant was about £200 — although 24 received less than £100 p.a.

Of the half who received no grant, 28 earned no money in the vacation. The remainder did paid vacation work, averaging about 4-8 weeks per year. However, 16 people did at least three months vacation work a year, and five of those who did not receive a grant did paid work in term-time — one with a full-time night job, one working every afternoon and the other three working part-time.

In reply to the question on smoking, over half (79) of the interviewees said that they never smoked; 27 smoked less than 40 per week and a further 25 between 40 and 100.

Of the heavy smokers, twelve got through about twenty a day, four between twenty and forty a day and one character banged in 300 coffin nails a week.

Finally 37 men and 7 women thought that they could do more work if married while 55 men and 37 women thought otherwise. Some preferred not to entertain the prospect at all.—D.R.D.H.

Petronius

TIME and a day or two left, and then all is over. Ochon, aie, oh lament the end of the thread! The warp, or is it woof, of Trinity is knotted off the tapestry of some lives, my own included, and we go on to the dull shades of afterlife. Well so, a rapid recapitulation of my poor four years in this decaying pile is in order, do you see. A project as impossible as answering in ten hours the full total of four years' work, I will compress the vintage of experience into a wine of modest character and few pretensions.

First impressions on staggering through the grey portals with £6 of excess and useless baggage and the fatigue of the run from Euston; "What me, here, a University, ha!" The discouraging search for someone who knows what, where, how, who, is to be seen about wither whether . . . Ugh. Combine this with a crone of a landlady muttering incomprehension, and putting the ash from her fag in her shoe. Vagueness, all around and not a firm fact to clutch.

After a bleary glance around the cosmos, there came the idealistic drive to assert the rational application of man's uniqueness, to imprint exactitude on this ephemeral scene. Camus, Sartre, existentialism, Buddhism, the Bhagavad Gita with Krishna and all weird and wonderful systems, none of them would fit. And so the hard and soft lesson was learnt; with this dump, you cannot mould it into order; the reverse, the place shapes you to its whim and whimple.

So one entered the second phase, diffusion inculcated by the destruction of ideals and alcohol. Made

malleable by the sweet persuasion of Bacchus, the soft persuasive pressure of the place changes the self-conscious ego into a prostrate unconscious drunk. In this well watered soil, the seeds of learning strive towards the sun, surface, the retreat from the grey clouds that usually blanket this jewel of Eire, and hover over the frontal lobes.

What is memorable but never remembered is the emergence of personal idiosyncracies, phase three. I don't mean the postures and poses of the complex inferiors, but the innate and essential qualities of you. A catalogue of types:

Those with the coronary tendency to heartiness;

The bucolics with bias to booze;

The stringy long hair aspirers to intellectualism;

The nonentity.

The final one is me, not a mass of muscle bestriding this tiny world like a colossal misconception, nor a black garbed beat carping with pinpricks against acceptance. No, I leave no mark on this grey institution of education, no record, speech or broken bottle. No bang or whimper, just the sad sigh of a will o' the wisp.

Oh Paddy tattie land and Trinity College, the heathen departs, the interloper leaves, and you stay the same. He takes away the imprint of your essence, an aroma of turf and the bog, a taste for the hard stuff, and the habit of always avoiding the issue.

TWISTIN'

THE weirdest ensembles turned up to it—winkle-pickers with straps, hair-bands, hip-pleats, above knee length skirts — all the very latest twisting outfits, in fact.

Mr. Morgan, looking stunning in a technicolour fluorescent red shirt, importantly announced the beginning of the competition. The band blared, and we all got going. The familiar beat thumped out, everyone gyrated violently in all directions, and the judges started their work. Fantastic energy was shown by all — particularly Rosemary Gibson, who seemed quite tireless.

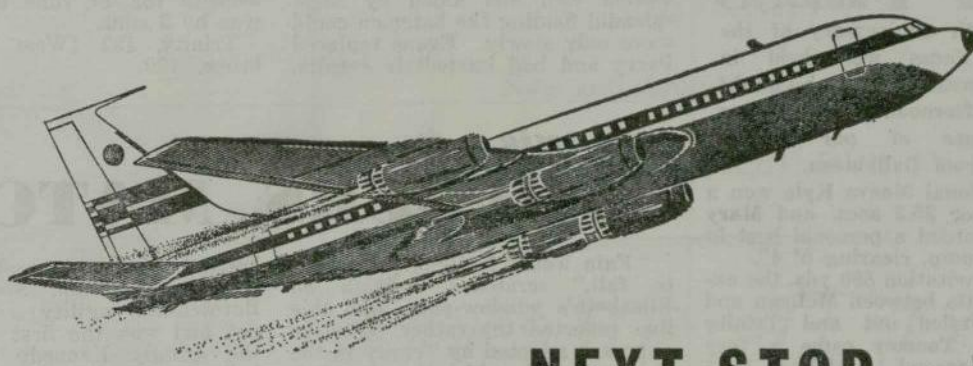
Elimination of couples was quickly done, and the semi-finals and finals soon reached. The beat was relentless, and the numbers

went on far too long. The dancers were spot-lighted in turn, the best in Irish press-men were there to click enthusiastically at the frantic contortions of the more ambitious twisters. They were back-bending, writhing on the floor, leaping in the air . . . but the £5 prize (not £10, as advertised) finally went to a Dublin couple, who lacked gimmicks but who were the only ones who danced together in complete harmony.

The presence of Trinityites was noticeably lacking — only about 20 turned up, including Hugo Thompson, Adrienne and Hamish Riley — and, of course there were far too many girls (this was a Dublin dance-hall, remember).

Two Trinity couples were in the runners-up so we weren't too disgraced.—R.N.

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FESTIVE CRICKET

Athletics

The past week has seen a turn very much for the worse in the fortunes of the Athletics Club, which last Wednesday lost to the Rest of the A.A.U.E., and on Saturday were beaten into third position by Donore and Crusaders in the George V. Ryan trophy, which the Club have won for several years. In these meetings, however, Trinity were badly hit by injuries, and absenteeism owing to exams.

Having beaten the rest of the A.A.U.E. last year, D.U.H.A.C. came down heavily on Wednesday last, to a team that got maximum points in the 100 yards, 880 yards, mile, 3 miles, long jump and pole vault, and that gained first place in the 220 yards, 440 yards, hurdles, the relay, javelin, shot and discus. In this meeting, Shillington could not compete, owing to injury, and Lunde and Snow had to retire after only one event each. Middleton and Scott gained 1st and 2nd places in the high hurdles, after three false starts, the former equalling his own College Record of 15.7 secs.; Francis won the 440 yards in 50.4 secs., and Russell was the only man to clear 5 ft. 10 ins. in the high jump; S. Austen made a useful debut for the Club in the 100 yards, 220 yards, in the relay. Apart from these, however, performances were not high, though it is probably true to say that had D.U.H.A.C. been at full strength they would not have lost by more than 10 points.

Once again Trinity felt their losses on Friday and Saturday in the George V. Ryan trophy; this meeting is open to all the Dublin Clubs, and is one of the highlights of the A.A.U. season, always being very keenly contested. Once again, good hurdling by Middleton and Scott, who came 1st and 3rd in the high (Scott also came 2nd in the low hurdles), Russell's triple jumping, a fine 880 yards by Toomey, and Lunde; 1st place in the high jump, were features of a rather uninteresting afternoon. Francis performed strongly in the 220 yards and Lunde and Snow came 2nd and 3rd in the javelin. Perhaps the outstanding performance of the afternoon came from Whittome in the mile, although he only gained 4th position. Sticking with the leaders throughout, he covered the distance in 4 mins. 16.7 secs.—1.8 secs. outside his personal best—with a 62.7 sec. last lap, and he should improve on this time before the Athletics season ends.

STOP PRESS

The 99th anniversary of the College Races was held in glorious weather. The highlight of the afternoon was the fine performance of our female visitors from Ballymena.

International Maeve Kyle won a good 220 or 25.2 secs. and Mary Peters recorded a personal best in the high jump, clearing 5' 4".

In the Invitation 880 yds. the expected battle between McLean and Clifford fizzled out and Trinity man Paul Toomey came a very creditable second to McLean in 1 min. 53.6 secs.

Your correspondent unfortunately missed some of the earlier events owing to a vital engagement at Epsom, but he did see G. Flood and Brendan O'Reilly performing well in the 2 miles and high jump respectively.

The Walk was again great gas and with a furlong to go, Colonel May was observed to be offering 20/1 against W. Young. As on so many previous occasions, the Colonel was proved right — W. Young being disqualified. M. Smith walked extremely well but, to use racing parlance, he was carrying several pounds overweight in the shape of a ban-the-you-know-what poster.

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Rice hammers bowling

THE annual match in College Park between Trinity and J. C. Boucher's XI got Trinity Week off to a good start by producing some festival cricket in perfect weather conditions. Although Trinity were a little lucky to hold out for a draw in the end it was their most impressive performance this season, and some of the individual displays are certainly worthy of note.

Larry Warke won the toss and on a very easy paced wicket elected to bat. Hughes, whose bowling throughout the match was always hostile, tireless and accurate, was unlucky not to get a wicket in his first over when Pigot was dropped in the slips. Runs came steadily despite bowling changes and the fall of the first two wickets for 50. Harvey and Lewis hit the ball hard and adventurously and but for some good fielding the score might well have been more than it was.

After lunch Warke and Lewis and 129-8 dec. (Evans 7 for 50); Corkman lifting him over mid-wicket for one enormous six. Only Hughes was able to contain the flow of runs and during one inspired piece of fast bowling he hit the stumps twice to remove Lewis and Warke and beat the bat several times more.

Warke declared at tea at 283-9 with the obvious intention of trying to win by an innings. That they did not was largely due to some magnificent batting by Rice, Guthrie, Parry and Labbett.

Trinity lost Terdre early on but Parry and Guthrie, after surviving somewhat perilously Bernstein's early overs, began to drive and cut with undisturbed effort. Their partnership of 109 lasted for only 80 minutes but it was packed full of exciting batting. Guthrie, after passing his fifty, was caught for 59 and Parry batted until the close of play not out 52.

On the second day the weather was again peerless and before lunch Rice and Labbett entertained the spectators to one of the most heartening batting displays of the season. Parry, Anderson and Lea soon fell but Labbett joined Rice and for over an hour they dominated the bowling. Rice, powerful if not elegant passed his first fifty of the season with wristy drives and pulls while the stylish Labbett gave us a lesson in correct cricket.

Rice declared at lunch for 269 for 6, being 87 not out himself. Obviously only a sporting declaration by Boucher's XI would allow a result to ensue. Again Hughes and to a lesser extent Parry bowled well and aided by some splendid fielding the batsmen could score only slowly. Evans replaced Parry and had immediate results.

Moving the ball slightly off the seam he bowled Pratt and Lewis with two fine balls. Wickets tumbled steadily and the energetic Hughes was unlucky not to get more of a fair share of them. The visitors declared at 123 for 9, Evans returning his best figures this season of 7 for 50.

This left Trinity to get 143 runs in just over an hour and a half, and the challenge was met gamely. Terdre, making amends for the first innings drove, cut and deflected Bernstein at will to keep the scoring at well over a run a minute. Unfortunately nobody could stay with him and wickets fell continuously. Rice took over Terdre's mantle when he was bowled by Bernstein but all was in vain. The game ended with Wicks and Rice holding the fort until stumps were drawn.

J. C. Boucher's XI, 283-9 dec. and 128-8 dec. (Evans 7 for 50); Trinity, 269-6 dec. (Rice 87 not, Parry 60, Guthrie 59) and 92-9 (Terdre 37).

The 1st XI had an encouraging win over Old Belvedere last Saturday. In a high scoring match the home side scored 164 and Trinity passed this total with only four wickets down. Guthrie batted in a splendidly aggressive style, hitting nine boundaries in his total of 47. Other good scorers were Lea (not out 53) and Rice (not out 43).

Old Belvedere, 164; Trinity, 165-4 (Lea 53 not, Guthrie 47, Rice 43 not).

Last Saturday in College Park the 2nd XI were a little lucky to win against Pembroke in a game that ended excitingly in the last over. Against defensive bowling and fielding Trinity scored very slowly at first but hard hitting innings by Clarkson and Inglis helped to push the score to 132. The visitors started well and were at one stage 113 for 3, but some good bowling in the later stages by Inglis and Clarkson tied them down and wickets tumbled as Pembroke attempted to get the few remaining runs. They lost their last seven wickets for 17 runs and Trinity won by 3 runs.

Trinity, 132 (West 39); Pembroke, 129.

Tennis

COLOURS MATCH

"Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall," scratched Raleigh on Elizabeth's window-pane, and this line reflected the rather tentative approach adopted by Trinity in the Colours match, which they lost 3-6. This was a disappointing result as there was distinct possibility of a Trinity win, despite the fact that U.C.D. were putting forward the same team as has won this match for the past two years. The catastrophe was the singles, out of which Trinity emerged at tea 1-5 down, the only winner being Mackeown at number six, who played very well to win an even match in the third set. Hunt played a captain's game and was unlucky not to win when only one point off a victory, but was baffled by some scintillating passing shots from a tenacious opponent. Avory faced one of the best players in

Ireland, but nearly took a lengthy second set off him. Swerling with Borotra-like agility swarmed the net and won the first set against the gangly Kennedy with some beautiful tennis, but was then slammed off the court under a pounding from the latter's big serve. Sprawson never really got into his stride against the graceful Geary, who played a stylish game, but, unlike Lolita, contrived to win as well. Williamson looked too short of practise to have much chance of beating the Leinster number two. Trinity, however, won two of the three doubles with some harmonious play, and our dominance in this sphere gives us a good chance for the Irish Universities Championships, which are composed entirely of doubles and take place at the end of June.

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Colonel May

FINAL TIP

Here we are, bang in the middle of Trinity Week and Epsom Week. To-morrow is Oaks Day and the Colonel has no hesitation in offering West Side Story as a confident selection for that classic. This chestnut daughter of Rockefeller appears to be an even better bet than Sweet Solera this time last year. For his female fans—and there are plenty of them—who like long odds, perhaps Lady Dissenter from France will give them some e.w. fun. To-day Vienna tries for the Coronation Cup and the Colonel expects the 5-year-old to win. Paddy Prendergast runs Cipriani but clients are advised to wait until the Eclipse Stakes for this one. Pollingfold has an engagement in the Carshalton Stakes and might well get placed.

For the future, there are a few 2-year-olds who ought to visit England shortly and win. En Tor goes to Ascot, no doubt accompanied by Silver Tor and Prince Tor, and should do very well. Both Whistling Wind and Royal Indiscution will win for Prendergast and if Royal Challenger is sent over one and all are advised to be on him.

And now, the time has come for the Colonel to say good-bye—

Goodbye to all his many followers, both staff and undergraduates. These past few years have been extremely pleasant ones and perhaps an old man will be permitted a few moments quiet reflection on what has been. What was the Colonel's first winner? He thinks that Crudwell, now unfortunately dead, was his first for this pair. Successes have followed in a steady stream since then. He has always enjoyed Cheltenham and has always given sound advice for that most popular meeting. Last summer, Sweet Solera was a confident selection for both Guineas and Oaks and obliged at 4/1 and 11/4. During the winter, memorable coups were registered with Granville, on several occasions, Limeking (8/1), Last Link, Narratos (100/7) and many more. To give his last term a resounding send off the Colonel gave Abernethy for the 1,000 Guineas and that sweet grey daughter of Abernethy obliged at 100/6.

The dreaded moment has now come; the Colonel is in his final paragraph and for once in his eloquent career, he is at a loss for words. All he can say is to wish all his many followers good racing and may they always be in the tote winning queue.

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