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Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

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THURSDAY, 23rd MAY, 1957

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3 STAFF CHANGES

TRADITION BROKEN

Fourth Move in Three Years

BY the decision to hold the show outside College, the organisers of the "Carnival of Nations" have broken a precedent which has been established over the past eight years. Traditionally held the week before Trinity Week, the show this year opens on May 28th at the Mansion House—a full twelve days before Trinity Week starts.

The organisers have lost touch with the original nature of the Carnival by trying to give it a professional semblance, something which it has never had.

Originally started by the Dublin University Association for International Affairs to raise money for the World University Service, an international organisation which offers grants-in-aid to deserving students, the proceeds of this year's show are going to help finance the expenses of the Hungarian refugee student which the Association is sponsoring, when he is admitted to Trinity. (This is besides the three places already offered by the Board to the refugees.)

It must be realised that if the show is to be presented outside College in an auditorium which will seat 750 people, the whole presentation must attain a standard which will justify its attendance by the general public. The usual hilarious mistakes will have to be rectified for there will be no room for slip ups and last minute changes. The acts will have to be well rehearsed, and the whole show slick.

The "Carnival" seems to be dogged by bad luck. This is the third time that they have moved in the last four years. After running for three years in the Gym, the D.U.A.I.A. were moved out of there as the boxing ring which was used

as a stage was found to be weakening. The Dixon Hall was the next locale, where the performers had to make their entrances through the windows and were often in danger of tripping up over electric cables. However, this year's show, which has 16 nations taking part, will not be performing under such precarious conditions. Billy Porter, the compère, is a very competent person and will be able to carry the show should any hitch arise.

However, it cannot be said that attempts were not made to run the show in College. The Dixon Hall, the scene of the last three Carnivals, was originally booked, but when it was found out that the Hall would have to be cleared on Saturday, it was decided to move the show out rather than run the risk of not being able to comply with the wishes of the authorities.

While Jan Kaminski is wished every success in this venture, the points outlined above will have to be taken into consideration, or else the Carnival runs the risk of being a horrible failure.

PROVOST RESIGNS PROFESSORSHIP

THE decision by the Provost to resign his duties as Professor of Natural Philosophy and the appointment of Dr. Barry Spain as Head of the Mathematics Department of St. John Cass' College, London, have occasioned a reshuffle in the Mathematics School.

These resignations will take effect from September.

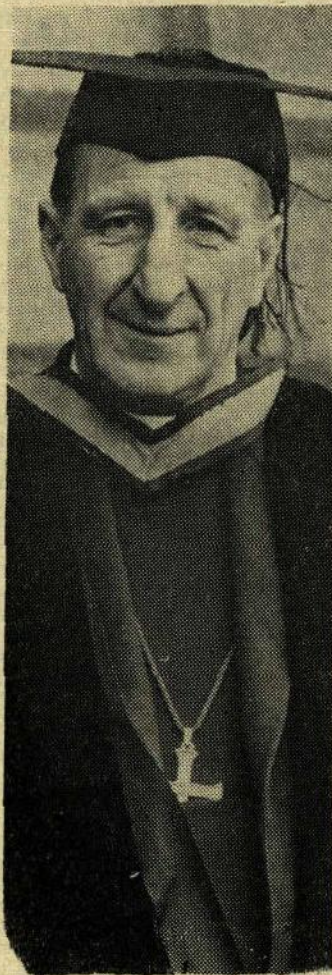
The Mathematics department will suffer a severe blow, as Dr. McConnell has been Professor of Natural Philosophy since 1930, and for years he has been lecturing in Applied Mathematics

to Senior Sophisters. He now finds the pressure of his other duties too great to allow him to keep his Professorship, and has made the final decision to terminate it.

Dr. Barry Spain's departure from the hallowed walls of No. 39 will mean the end of his popular, methodical lectures which he has been giving since 1947. Dr. Spain is a graduate of this University and received his M.A. at last Thursday's Commencements. St. John Cass' College, where he is going, is a 3,000 strong college which prepares students up to and including M.Sc. and Ph.D.

Dr. Donald Davie, Lecturer in English in the School of Modern Literature, has announced that he is resigning his tutorship with effect from the end of this term. Dr. Davie, who has published recently a collection of poems, is a name well revered in the English department, and well known in the columns of the "Irish Times." He has been a distinguished visitor in both the Hist. and the Phil., and has made a most popular chairman.

Degree Conferred



—Photo courtesy Irish Press

Rt. Rev. R. C. H. G. Elliott, M.A., Bishop of Connor, who received the degree of D.D. (h.c.) at last Thursday's Commencements.

Hands Across the Water

The Oxford Union, England's oldest debating society, rarely have students on their platform. They frequently send representatives to other universities, but hardly ever is this reciprocated.

To-day, however, the University Philosophical Society will be represented in Oxford by its President, Mr. K. R. Johnson. In a letter to Mr. Johnson, the Oxford President, Mr. P. Brooke, son of the British Minister of Housing, says "it is high time we got together with our brother Society across the water."

Wanted!

Scripts are still needed for Players' Revue, and anyone with ideas for scripts should contact David Nowlan at once. This is a fine chance for all rising Noel Cowards. Scene-shifters and stage hands are also needed to help make this revue really slick, as most of its predecessors have been. Anyone who is interested should contact David Nowlan, c/o. Players' Theatre.

APOLOGY

We deeply apologise for the two misstatements of facts which appeared in the article called "Trinity Blunders?" in last week's issue.

We further regret any inconvenience which might have been caused through their publication.

THE EDITORS.

Trinity Week Dance

The Trinity Week Ball will be held in the Gresham and Metropole Ballrooms. Tickets will be 25/- a pair. A table cannot be booked until all the tickets for that table have been bought and booking will open on Monday, 3rd June, in P. Knox-Peebles' rooms, 33 T.C.D., and will close on June 11th at 6.00 p.m. Please arrange your parties now.

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MINISTER TO VISIT

The Minister for Industry and Commerce, Mr. Seán Lemass, T.D., is among the distinguished visitors at the Commerce and Economics Society Inaugural to-morrow night. He will speak to the Auditor's paper, which is entitled "Prosperity or Depression," and deals with the present economic crisis in Ireland. Mr. Lemass will play an important part in all plans to deal with the crisis, and his views should be of great interest.

Mr. Gerard Sweetman, ex-Minister for Finance, will also speak, along with Mr. Patrick Lynch, Chairman of Aer Lingus, and Dr. Juan Greene, Chairman of the National Farmers' Association. The meeting is at 8 o'clock to-morrow night in the G.M.B.

Talent Spotting

The annual general meeting of the Dublin University Film Society will take place at 8 p.m. on Friday, 24th May, in the Dixon Hall. Before the meeting two films will be shown, Richard Massingham's "Pool of Contentment" and "Back of Beyond."

The Committee is interested in hearing the views in regard to making a film, as this was one of the original objects in founding the Society, as well as in the choice of next year's films. It is hoped that there will be a number of members willing to stand for committee.

News Highlights

Last week, Professor D. W. Brogan (of Trans-Atlantic quiz fame) entered a lecture room in Cambridge at 11 a.m. and commenced speaking. By 11.15 everybody had got up and walked out except one. Unaccustomed to the lack of support, Professor Brogan inquired the reason. He was timetabled for 10 a.m. and was now committing the apparently unforgivable sin of giving History to Modern Linguists.

From the last issue of "Cambridge University" we learn that the Cambridge Language Research Unit believes that it can evolve machines to translate one language into another. Aided by an American grant of ten thousand pounds, it now hopes to get to work, having been disappointed in its efforts to find financial backing in Britain. General opinion in the University is favourable to the idea, even though some believe that the human translator may be made redundant.

Scandals in the S.R.C. are not unknown elsewhere—at the University of Western Australia a goldfish called Michael David Finn was almost elected to their S.R.C., receiving more votes than 11 of his opponents.

It is estimated that the average annual consumption of coffee per student

at Queen's University, Belfast, is about 180 cups. Why not start a similar census amongst Switzerian fans here too?

As reported in our columns last term, plans were being drawn up at Cambridge to bring a party of American girls over for the May week balls. The latest news flash from Cambridge is that 70 girls will be coming over, says George Berg, editor of "Varsity." The invasion is definitely on. We expect them to arrive on June 15th, and lots of things are being laid on for them. Many people are arranging punting parties. This correspondent urged that the organisers of Trinity Week should get in touch with the University of Paris for a similar arrangement, but, unfortunately, nothing as yet is reported. Trinity could do with a bit of brightening up right now. Come on fellows, let's get on with the ball.

Four Manchester College of Technology students hung a large red banner on the top of an atomic reactor—200 ft. above the ground—at Calder Hall, Cumberland, the world's first atomic power station.

The banner, measuring 10 ft. by 5 ft., bore a hammer and sickle and, in Russian, the words "Support Rag." Any advance?

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TRINITY NEWS

3 Trinity College

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Individually Speaking...

JUST as surely as Rock 'n' Roll has given way to calypso and the cult of the coffee shop is slipping from vogue, the academic year is slowly grinding itself to a halt. However, like a wounded beast in its death throes, there is still some life left in it and this Trinity Term will see the last fling of many a worthy undergraduate before he takes his place among the rest of the suckers in this cold, unfriendly world of ours.

Any college or university—red brick or otherwise—in the mere action of throwing together total strangers is a melting pot of the individual. Few retain at college those personal characteristics which distinguished them from their neighbour, and even fewer acquire them there.

Most students come up as eager, bright-young-things. Dirty-nosed boys straight from school, overawed at being called "Mister" in lectures and "Sir" by the skip. Girls with crooked stocking seams, free at last from the all-seeing eye and far-reaching hand of parent and teacher, are more than slightly apprehensive of University life. Everyone has his own idea of it, and more often than not, has certain pre-conceived notions of what he is going to get out of it, and of how much he'll offer in return. But all too often, the individual personality loses its grip, and the undergraduate becomes stereotyped into the "typical college student." On the way up to Senior Soph., too many of our fellows follow the will of the majority and the number of those who have the initiative and courage to break with the herd is unfortunately too small.

It's a long haul from the idyllic joys of the carefree Junior Fresh. to the frightening realisation of Senior Sophisters that in a very short while they'll be left like foundlings outside the four protecting walls of Trinity and on the threshold of the harsh world outside. And in the passing of time, how far has the individual progressed towards maturity? How much has he ceased to be an individual and become just another personality-less statistic?

The Editorial Board do not accept any responsibility for views expressed by correspondents. All copy intended for publication must be accompanied by the name of the contributor even if this is not for publication.

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Profile:

PETER "MICKEY" DAWSON

Of the many Rhodesians who have come to further their education at Trinity, Peter Dawson is probably the most typical. The son of a psychiatrist, "Mick," as he is generally known, was educated at Plumtree School near Bulawayo, and the remoteness of this school, coupled with natural ability, helped to develop his sporting prowess. At school he was awarded colours for cricket, rugby, hockey and tennis, but it was at the last of these at which he was most proficient. In 1952 he was runner-up in the final of the Rhodesian junior championships. Unfortunately, a knee injury cut short his sporting career, except for cricket, and it is to this sport that he now devotes most of his time, and with conspicuous success. He has played regularly on the Trinity 1st XI for the five years he has been here. In addition, he is a keen Sunday golfer. He is also a keen traveller and has been to Spain, Switzerland and has once revisited Rhodesia during his holidays here.

Those who have met Mick will know his frank and outspoken manner, a characteristic that has won him many friends, both inside and outside the University. His slightly alarming facade of forcefulness in fact belies a sincere attitude of "Laissez-faire."

In the winter, Mick is a keen supporter of the Rugby Club, and often takes the touch judge's flag, which must, on occasion, evoke poignant memories of

an energetic youth. His favourite drinking establishments are Jammet's and the Lincoln, where his rubicund countenance is often prominent on Saturday nights.



After a shaky beginning, Mick has so far come through the medical course with creditable ease and two more years will probably see him, in the words of one M.B., unleashed upon an unsuspecting public.

Cricket Captain

THE OUTSIDE WORLD

The busy hum of life in Trinity appears to greatest advantage when viewed from a safe distance; among the safest places being prison bars and hospital beds. In this enforced isolation, any scrap of news that filters through is a big thrill. Distance seems to lend enchantment.

However, even hospital life has its moments. I speak from personal experience as I am at the moment in the throes of that undignified disease—mumps. In fact, here one is surrounded by so many quaint characters it is easy to feel at home.

There was the flirtatious parson, a skittish little soul who bounced in under a load of Bibles and barley-sugar, took one look at my face and, presumably deciding that I needed cheering up, proceeded to do so with admirable aplomb by sitting at the end of my bed and delivering a long sermon. As he made each point he moved up 6 inches. This was all very well until I traced the cramp in my knee to the fact that he was sitting on it. At this point I was saved

from my embarrassing dilemma—"how does one say it to a parson?"—by the entrance of the doctor. The parson fled, threatening to return.

This was out of the frying pan into the fire, but the fire was better-looking. The doctor has some excuse. After all, that was what he qualified for, I suppose. It's strange, though, that authority should consider six years' training necessary. For many people it seems an extraordinary waste of time.

The next visitor was a social science worker, hoping, presumably, to bring a small ray of sunshine into my solitary day. But for all the good she did... Oh, well, never mind. She had a maddening snuffle, complained incessantly of pains in her throat, and politely invited me to have a look. Thinking to cheer her up, I did so and kindly diagnosed acute tonsillitis. She choked with horror and left hurriedly.

So I would like to remark that Trinity does not hold the monopoly on shady characters, and to warn, for the benefit of those in doubt, that the outside world has its seamy side also.

OFF THE CUFF

The Phil., doubtless inspired by the decision of the Hist. to philosophize next Wednesday on the morality of suicide, went suitably historical on Thursday last, when Mr. Gann, a junior Freshman, provided a paper on "Religions." It was quite a creditable effort, I thought, although any attempts to summarise the history of the world's religions in twenty minutes must, of course, lay itself open to a charge of superficiality.

The distinguished visitor was Canon Carpenter, a missionary on furlough from Malaya. Though obviously sincere, he tended to rely on the stock phrases of the "man is a worshipping animal" variety, which robbed his arguments of force and vitality. I had hoped for a rather fuller criticism of some of the rather more obvious of Mr. Gann's blunders, but this duty was left in the able hands of Mr. Bluett.

Mr. Bluett, indeed, created an impression in striking contrast to that of last week's performance—gone were the inconsequential digressions and the inane giggles. Now instead we saw the Theological expert, in deadly earnest, destroying the arguments of Mr. Gann—and indeed of Canon Carpenter—with an avalanche of facts and figures. Contrast, in fact, was the keynote of the whole evening—contrast between the sincere and the irreverent, between the almost sublime and the near ridiculous.

Irreverent is about the only word to describe Mr. Stevens' effort. Though by no means as good as last week (I may be prejudiced here—I had heard the particular story he chose for this week's variety performance several times before), he did succeed in driving away at least two distinguished and disgusted members of the audience by his cynical remarks on clergymen. So near to a variety act was this, in fact, that any day now we may expect Mr. Stevens to open his remarks with "I say, I say, I say," and end them with a few rousing bars of "I want to be happy" or the like.

Mr. Warren was atrocious. Seizing gaily upon the word archaeology which Mr. Gann in his folly had casually uttered, he proceeded to treat us to roughly half of a pulsating composition

of his on some baked-clay tablets which had been dug up, as far as I remember, somewhere in the mysterious East. I don't mind a bit of archaeology now and then, but this arid mockery of a speech was guaranteed to kill anybody's interest. And in case you, like Mr. Warren did not realise, this was a discussion on religion.

Fortunately, Mr. Roche and Mr. Spearman had something to say, and did so with considerable skill. But apart from them, and possibly Mr. Cummins, there was little else to arouse one to ecstasies over this Phil. discussion.

I sincerely hope that the major societies were well represented at Sir Norman Birkett's fascinating lecture on Friday on "Advocacy and Oratory." Here was oratory in the fullest sense of the word, not the pale imitation of the original which the major societies provide in their forgotten, better moments. I was interested to hear a member of the audience describe Sir Norman's performance as over-rhetorical. I cannot agree with this appraisal, for I felt that Sir Norman had quite masterfully avoided becoming too theatrical or too sentimental, while retaining enough of the technique of the actor and the sentimentalist to raise his speech above the level of the ordinary.

I found it particularly absorbing to measure up Sir Norman's performance to the standards he had set as requisite for the orator and advocate. Orderly presentation, simplicity, the use of literary allusion were all noticeably exemplified.

The oratorical gesture is used nowadays with little skill, if used at all. Sir Norman, however, was as adept in his gestures as he was in his diction, and I was rather disappointed that he did not make some mention of this feature of oratory which tends to be overlooked. This, however, is my only criticism of a highly stimulating lecture.

One must not forget the charming and amusing introductory and closing remarks of Professor Moran, the Chairman, which provided a setting for this magnificent oratorical jewel. Indeed a very fine meeting.

COLLEGE OBSERVED

First Time

The group of "rib-capped" figures in College Park on Monday looked less like cricketers than any group in Front Square. They had challenged the Ramblers' XI and they defeated them decisively. Behind the light-hearted atmosphere lay the unswerving determination to win, for it had been the contention of the captain, Mr. Bonar-Law, that he could find an XI who, though not members of the Club, were capable of giving a good game to any Club team. This six-wicket win is, apparently, only the beginning. Certainly, Vernon Keeley and R. Fitzsimons looked seasoned players, while Bonar-Law himself proved a very capable seam bowler and Robert Avery a spinner to be reckoned with.

Evicted

Election time is almost here again and particular attention will, no doubt, be focussed on the Phil. and the Hist. results in view of the re-organisation of the G.M.B. There certainly seems a lively interest among members. "Lively interest" is, perhaps, an understatement when applied to last week's Commerce and Economics Society meeting to receive nominations for next term's officers. Fresh from the Senatorial battle, Frances-Jane claimed that she was actually present if she was nominated, but not present if she was not. Since her presence meant that the Society had a quorum, this rather confused things. The Society finally evicted her from the meeting. Her attitude suggests that she might join the Metaphysical Society.

Uphill

Players are having a hard time. "Shadow of Mart" was one of the best productions, yet the response was not wholly encouraging. At a time when one of their cash boxes had disappeared, and with a revue and a full-length play in rehearsal, there could be an uphill financial battle. The group deserve a better reward for their efforts. They are constantly searching for new ideas, and the period play in Fitzwilliam Square this week, which had a recording on Radio Eireann last Monday, is yet another example of their enterprise.

"Kerith."

Angry Young Man

How many of you never get an invitation to a ball? Are you one of the hen-litter that make up Sundays at Trinity Hall? Let's be frank—you may not be one of the College pin-ups or a social chatter-box, and to this "failing" you contribute your lack of male company; but have you ever thought of the number of men in College who lack your company? Those would-be socialites who have not the money to stage the traditional orgies, who surround their frustration with piles of notes in the Reading Room. They, like you, would occasionally like to climb out of their little rut; and perhaps you, raising an unplucked eye-brow, are asking what prevents them. The answer will shock you. It is your lack of co-operation. Have you ever thought how much it costs a man to take you to a dance? With taxis, tickets, drinks and cigarettes, he may easily spend £4 and often much more. If you have never been to a dance, the reason lies in my preceding sentence and not in your looking glass. In the Scandinavian and American Universities all girls are dated regularly, and all girls offer to foot some of the bill.

As the man who sits next to you in lectures, or in your other home, the Reading Room, is too shy or too proud to suggest that you share the expenses and spend next Saturday together, you must take the initiative. Instead of adding other people's eggs in those perennial hen parties, go and lay one of your own.

"The Agreeable Surprise"

Presented in the drawing-room of a house which could almost be a museum, the production admirably catches the spirit of the first productions. The plot is a simple love story, with a standard plot of confused relationships, which are happily resolved at the end. The players are almost all connected with Trinity. Donald Keogan and Malcolm Boyden as the fathers were a happy pair. As the young lovers, Billy Porter and Miss Merrin were suitably naïve. David Nowlan was in fine form as the pedantic valet, and he revelled in a truly comic part, his song, "Amo, amas, Florea lass," getting a well deserved encore.

The music, specially written by David Fitzgerald, admirably caught the right atmosphere, and it is a pity that the singing was not always of the same quality. The production by Peter Murray was imaginative, but the first act could perhaps be made tighter. Special commendations are due for very distinctive programmes and posters. This play, which is running all this week at least, provides a charming and unusual evening's entertainment.

personally social—

The week-end's festivities opened very gaily with the Commencements dance in the Shelbourne. Mr. Anthony Colegate performed admirably on the microphone, although he was unsuccessful in his attempts to get modest Dr. McDowell to make a speech. Comic entertainment was provided by Mr. Jimmy Christou, the Spyropoulos Boys and their gang, while the Lady Elizabeth Boat Club was consistently hilarious. Newly commenced John Pearson, being unattracted by stout, poured his all over Vincent Wrigley, while Billy Seeds and Maureen Merrick tried to prevent Johnny Orr from doing the same to Hugh Holroyd. Their usual variety turns were provided by veteran performers Rosalind Dickson and George Wheeler, Biddy Wharham and Tom Wilson, Jimmy Dodds (but, of course) and Dr. Tom Maudesley.

Owing to a last moment upheaval, Jan Kaminski found himself with a party and lots of uninvited guests on his hands. Tall, handsome Nicholas Tolstoy settled himself on the floor, under the bed, with his head popping out. Celebrity Louis Lentin (the man who can make anyone and anything presentable on a stage) was there with Jill Robbins; so also were the popular melancholy guitarist, Katherine Lucy, and the new bad boy of College theatre, Brian Osman. The "dynamic" actress, Meryl Gourley and the intellectual (and, as she herself suspects, brilliant) poet, Anne Cluysenaar, entered theatrically, trailing their fan club in their wake. Poor Jan, the only occupant of his flat, had a lot to tidy up afterwards. But then, one always has to suffer distinguished company.

At 2.0 a.m. a number of people rushed off to Jaroslav Piekalkewicz's, who, in his fiancée's absence, was celebrating his engagement. Here Paul Deptha ate up every morsel of food within reach.

While the rain continues and College

Park is still unsafe for College beauty to exhibit itself, the College Chapel steps remain the only resort of the female. Social entertainers Helga Atkinson and Gaye Turtle appear to have booked these steps and mean to open a social club. They can count on the support of at least Felicity Bawtreay and Hilary Kirwan. Consequently, glamorous Des. Ferris and Bohemian-looking Marco Tomacelli are slowly, but progressively, being pushed off the steps into the puddles below by the almost formed club and its first audience, the Medics Angus Allen and Jim Dunlop, and friendly, bulky Nick Bielenburg. Good heavens! What will the Misses Atkinson and Turtle do if the scholars decide to play marbles on the College steps on Trinity Monday?

Rosemary Brown managed a hurried "good-bye" to all her friends as she left Jammet's back bar last Saturday night as she was on her way to Toni Clarke's party. Nick Bielenburg bravely shouldered his way through the crowd in company with Graham Taylor, almost spilling Bambo's drink over Joanna Patatimidis. Johnny Orr decided on a week-end's holiday from studying for exams, but those "twin" medics, Basil and Panos, could only manage a few hours' respite. They were trying to get an introduction to pretty Gunilla Svenson from Sweden, but Derek Horwood wasn't having any.

Play-going on Monday night seemed to be all the rage. Johnny Hautz in evening suit was on his way to the "Agreeable Surprise" with Freda Fitch and company. Pat Pepper and Lisa Simms were off to the opening of the T.N.P.'s production of "Le Faiseur" at the Olympia. Bambos and Joanna seem to be everywhere, for after a mix-up about tickets, were to be found in the back stalls. They probably brought a Greek translation with them!

A COLLEGE NOTEBOOK

By a Student of People and Events

Quite casually one may come to hear of the most remarkable news. Certainly it was not by design that I approached Big Ronnie Taylor to congratulate him on what has now become a systematic occasion of breaking his own College records.

In this particular instance it was the shot-putt record, but he also holds the discus record. Ronnie, you will remember, has on different instances captured the titles of both the shot-putt and the discus at U.A.U. Championships. Last autumn he joined the Boxing Club, because he wanted to keep fit; in due course he became the U.A.U. heavy-weight champion.

Ronnie Stays

Like so many others, Ronnie had found great comradeship among the boxers, which in due course was to prove a loss to the Athletic Club, for it contributed towards accentuating the dissatisfaction that has been gathering storm within the ranks of the club for some time now. And so Taylor, one of Trinity's greatest hopes, refused to go over to Reading for last week-end's championships. His decision, which had been taken after a very long consideration, was based on two main factors: the not so friendly relationship among the members, and the general running of the club. A valid complaint appears to be the undue interference in what are primarily undergraduate affairs by graduates, who in days gone by used to be of great service to the club.

Jan Goes

If Ronnie was prepared to give way to the powers that be, Jan was determined to register a different kind of protest. Rising costs—porters' payment, stage expenses, etc.—uncomfortable seating accommodation and the unco-operative attitude of some people ("the stage must be removed overnight") forced the D.U.A.I.A. to book the Round Room, Mansion House, for this year's Carnival of Nations. Jan Kaminski, who is the producer, more than convinced me that this was the right step financially and otherwise. Kaminski had many other, some quite genuine, complaints about the frustration one experiences when attempting to do something useful. His enumeration of incidents was truly impressive. His "Chief," he assured me, was in complete agreement with him on this subject; and to avoid any misunderstanding he added: "And by 'Chief' I mean neither Gomulka nor General Anders."

Others Paid

Just in case I was not convinced, Kaminski referred me to the latest circular of the Standing Committee of Clubs and Societies. It is indeed a remarkable circular. Some of you might have heard of the Film Society. Well, it has been awarded a compensatory grant of £25. Don't ask me the reason, but I believe it has something to do with the fact that its subscription is more than 5/-. One would have thought that College societies existed to provide the medium for the development of the undergraduate's interests. The Film Society does not fulfill this rôle by any stretch of imagination. From time to time it shows a poor film in unpleasant surroundings, no more and no less. As regards its administration, some may remember that three years ago the "members" paid, one or two films were shown, and the Treasurer, an eminent financier, disappeared with the money. The list is, of course, quite long. Societies which hardly hold any meetings, or for that matter do anything else, get £32. The members of the Players, who admittedly are of the most active in College, are subsidised to the tune of nearly £3 each. At the same time, some of the most prominent societies get nothing, because they made the mistake of not charging more than 5/- subscription.

Eating Well ?

Asceticism is an aid to contemplation. The mentality is quickened when the body is in a state of physical undernourishment, and spiritual insight increases in inverse proportion to the consuming intake. (The religious monk eating his prunes and oatmeal in the silent refectory will always say so.) Yet the scholar, however much he may be stirred by these thoughts, must live. He has his work to do and his belly, as well as his mind, must be provided with adequate stimulation. Food, then, is one of the major problems of to-day and it is well that Leslie Adrian (the Simon Stylites of the coffee stool) applies himself to this question. Tremendous mental anguish is caused by the questions of what and where, so that as a result most of us in College are resigned to Buffet and Commons.

Feuerbach attributed the failure of the 1848 Revolution to the fact that the poorer classes had been made sluggish by a potato dish. Ireland was, and is, an excellent example. May I suggest that the greatest obstacle to a students' revolt in Trinity is none other than that root crop discovered by Raleigh in the days of the first Elizabeth? May I suggest that there is a deliberate conspiracy to hinder the students in their struggle for a higher emancipation? In the country of the blind the one-eyed potato reigns supreme. There never has been nor will ever be a period of interregnum. The answer, then, is either asceticism or a varied diet. In either case, lack of imagination is the sluggish way to ruin.

Mod. Lang. Reviews

MARIVAUX'S "LE JEU DE L'AMOUR ET DU HASARD"

The style of comedy which this play offers is so elegant, so delicate and so difficult to present satisfactorily that, unless the play is performed by a superlative cast, it cannot succeed, for eighteenth century drama in general is no longer popular entertainment. Consequently, to find a University society presenting this most difficult comedy in a language not its own, and with a completely amateur cast, would have been very surprising if we did not take into account a traditional impudence existing amongst University students which will make them tackle anything. But, like most imprudent ventures, this one failed to justify itself.

After having chosen the wrong play, Mr. Malcolm Yaffe proceeded to do his best with it. Apart from one appalling lack of taste, he is to be congratulated on an elegant set, and on a production which, if ideally realised, would have been pleasant. However, having made a choice of play beyond the capabilities of his cast, he himself shattered these ideals. Apart from a (to say the least) remote acquaintance with the script on the part of most of the performers, these immediately divided themselves into two camps — those who merely spoke and those who tried to act.

Miss Danae Stanford struggled valiantly to identify herself with the romantic Sylvia and sometimes succeeded. However, an unacquaintance with the script always pushed her back into the "gallant tryers" class. Miss Enid Graham was the only consistently successful character; she at least moved in Marivaux's world, even if she did not always remember his lines. The life and soul of the party, however, was Mr. Skerrett. Mr. Skerrett was extremely entertaining, but he did not belong in an eighteenth century drawing-room. His valet would have been far more comfortable on a war-horse in the battle ranks of "La Chanson de Roland."

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Mr. Yaffe's sin lay in accompanying the stately prose of the love scenes with Gothic candle-light and the music of "Swan Lake." Romantic sentimentality clashed hideously here with high comedy and, since even professionally performed Tchaikovsky is better than amateur Marivaux, the swans won the day.

It was inevitable that the whole cast should eventually surrender the unequal struggle against Marivaux. Indeed, they deserve applause for having held out so long. True, they did not get to the top of the mountain (one cannot say they even got half-way up), but they laughed in defeat, and certainly gave us one night's instructive entertainment that we will not forget in a hurry.

"DIE LAUNE DES VERLIEBTEN"

A series of "technical hitches" did not prevent the Mod. Lang. Theatre Festival opening on Monday night with "Die Laune des Verliebten." Apparently the Gaelic Society decided at the last minute that it was incapable of producing even a one-act play and the German group went on alone.

Some of the audience, no doubt, felt itself cheated, having bought tickets for what was publicised as a double bill. A short one-act play lasting three-quarters of an hour is not worth 2/6, even if the coffee is free.

The play itself was carried by Patricia Gordon, who played the main part and showed herself a natural actress. She knew her lines (as, indeed, did all the actors, contrary to Mod. Lang. tradition) and had poise on the stage. In fact, when she was speaking it was possible to forget the acting and appreciate the play. Miss Gordon should, however, be careful not to pitch her voice too high, as her lines are inclined to end in a squeak. The other woman's part was played by Edith Boyle, who, unfortunately, showed much nervousness. Her manner is too "twentieth century" for the part and thus takes away from the atmosphere. The men's parts were adequately played by Euan Bird (rather stiff, but this probably may disappear in the second performance) and Robin Anderson. The production, by Dick Bolter, was competent, but Euan Bird's and Edith Boyle's moves need practice and some re-arrangement.

It seems a pity that the German group, who have admittedly little choice among classical plays suitable for student acting, cannot find something by a modern writer more stage-worthy than a second-rate pastoral comedy by Goethe. It would surely be better to experiment and fail than to choose an old reliable and present an evening of mediocrity.

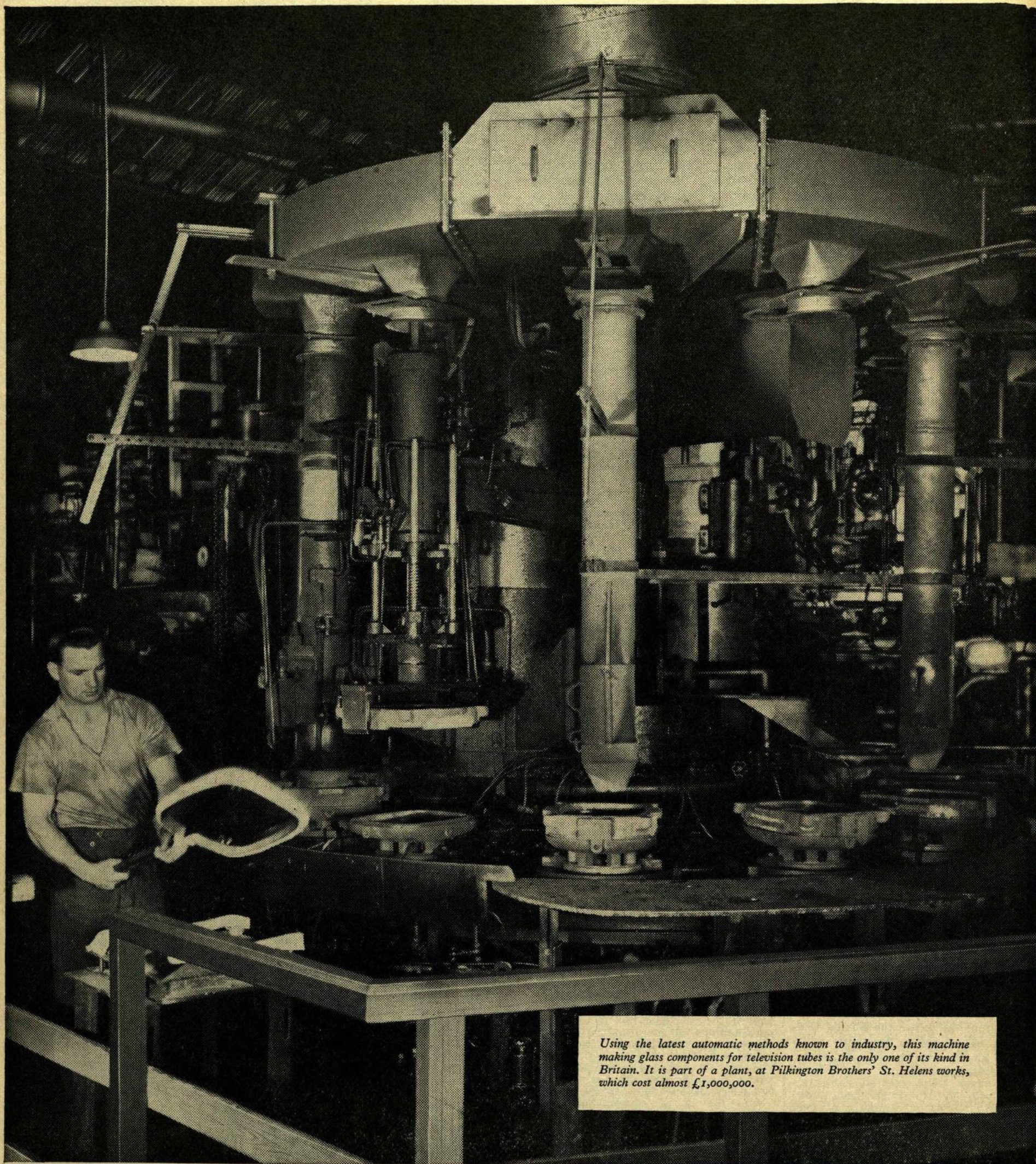
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AN TOSTAL

"Our Festival's ready, our city is gay,
For your entertainment we readily pay;
Visitors, please have a jolly good time—
But, brother, can you spare us a dime?"

When a poor little boy tries to make himself attractive by winding coloured paper and tinsel round his rags, the result is usually ludicrous. Now I am not likening Eire to a ragged little boy or An Tostal to the waste paper, but do feel that the flamboyant advertisement, "Eire at home to her visitors," with all the pomp and splendour of Tostal flags and street decorations is carrying things to extremes. When a small country feels the need to set aside a few weeks each year to prepare a spectacle for the entertainment of foreigners, one feels that under normal conditions she has nothing much to offer the greater body of tourists. Eire seems to be such a country. She is financially embarrassed; she faces the grave problem of unemployment; her outlook to the future is most gloomy. Apparently the country no longer interests as many tourists as she would like to do. So, like so many down and outs, she feels the need to advertise. She decks out her most presentable streets, she fills up all her theatres with the best she can lay her hands on, she opens a few patriotic exhibitions nationally labels the result in Gaelic, and proceeds to wait for customers.

That the majority of such visitors should be American is in the best tradition of a nation where Marilyn Monroe longs to act Grushenka and where Dick Powell actually did act Shakespeare. The Americans come in their scores, dutifully and ridiculously waddle through the conventional sites, express enchantment, and get out thankfully. Otherwise, the Continental tourist has not responded so enthusiastically. Preferring to see Margot Fonteyn, Margaret Rutherford, the Théâtre National Populaire and Italian opera on their home ground, the European generally declines to taste of Dublin's continental pastiche. The Irish contributions being somewhat insignificant by comparison, the festival must, consequently rely on Irishmen to frequent it; failing these, it must flop. And few things can be so mirthless as a party that does not come off.

Fortunately, many Irishmen do respond to the call of intellectual pleasure and eagerly rush to the British ballet, the Italian opera, and Margaret Rutherford. By comparison, the home exhibits suffer neglect, for though the Irishman will gladly let himself be entertained by foreigners, he generally does not find his own country or countrymen so amusing. If he looks abroad for entertainment, he looks at home for bread. While the former is always forthcoming, the latter has been recently very difficult to obtain. And this has been the main trouble with An Tostal. It is a festival only in name. For it to succeed, the whole country should put on its best apparel and smile a united welcome to the foreigner. But Eire is not a land of smiles, and its best clothes are noticeably shabby. Many of its people are too occupied with sweating for the bare essentials of life to take much interest in festivals. Some deny that it makes a profit. While O'Connell Street waves its Tostal flag, Grafton Street glories in decorations, and the band plays nosily every evening in College Green, areas like Ringsend, Pearse Street, and countless others, are not so fortunate. While Eire's élite smile at the purse of the foreigner, barely—if at all—making any profit, Eire's many struggle in the gutter, grumbling for employment. And while this state of affairs continues, Eire will never be able to have a successful festival. For the foreigner is not blind; he smells the dirt round every other corner and does not like it. Can we blame him? Can we expect the people of Eire to take a whole-hearted interest in festivals when so many lack sufficient bread? How can we expect those to entertain who do not know what it is to enjoy?

So let Eire furl up her Tostal flag, take down her festoons, dismiss her band, and settle down to the sober reality of improving her ugliness. For how can the Irishman welcome anyone to a home in which he is not himself comfortable?

"Pip."

Letter to the Editor

Dear Sir,—May I invite the attention of your readers to the eighth D.U. International Summer School, which is to be held from 3rd to 17th July, on the theme "Ireland and the Arts?" We expect a number of visitors from different countries and hope that as many Trinity students as possible will join the School. Associate membership costs only 10/-, plus 5/- subscription to the D.U. Association for International Affairs.

Those who are interested may have further particulars from the Registrar of the School (David Large), c/o the Common Room, or from the D.U. Association for International Affairs (4 T.C.D.).—Yours sincerely,

J. P. Simms, Chairman,
Summer School.
Trinity College, Dublin.

the theatre festival

How appropriate that Dublin should be holding a Theatre Festival as a fillip to An Tostal, for it is the most theatre-minded English-speaking city west of London and east of New York. And what else is left since opera and films have already been bagged by W... and C... respectively?

When Edinburgh throws a Festival she attracts visitors by the opportunity to see, conveniently assembled, a number of distinguished productions not otherwise so readily accessible. But then, Edinburgh, unlike Dublin, does not have a very full theatrical life of her own. This year Dublin has invited only two "legitimate" guest items: le Théâtre National Populaire and a miscellaneous company of English actors doing "The Importance of Being Earnest." Of these, the T.N.P., from what I have seen of them at Avignon last summer, will prove to be choicer. Even if Molière and Balzac are not on your course and you don't understand a syllable of French, book for the T.N.P. because their lively and wonderfully inventive style will affect you like champagne. By the way, the concession cards from the Olympia are still valid for this week's show.

"The Importance" is always a delight and the rôle of Lady Bracknell might have been written for Miss Margaret Rutherford, but this production seems rather to be in need of a producer to quicken the pace, co-ordinate the acting and have a few more lines thrown away. And the scene-designer has perpetrated the worst of Wildean crimes—in-elegance.

Dublin's best show their paces magnificently at the Gate. "The" production of Mr. Denis Johnston's "The Old Lady Says 'No!'" This is, I think, a production rather than a play; that is, the triumph of the producer, Mr. Hilton Edwards, rather than of the playwright. Though infused with a youthful romantic idealism, the play itself seems more akin to revue than great drama. But this is splendid, thrilling theatre: the lighting, the movement, the well-disciplined chorus, and Mr. MacLiammoir's own serious and moving performance. What a shame that twenty-five years ago Mr. Edwards, perhaps a producer of a creative brilliance like the famous half-dozen of the Cabal who were able to breed the current revival of French drama earlier this century, could not find any native playwrights of the stature of Claudel, Giraudoux, etc.

Unfortunately, the Abbey did not make the most of O'Casey's best play—and it is a great play. I think there is a tendency with Abbey productions of O'Casey to make hay with the comic and melodrama with the tragic elements.

With "Juno and the Paycock" they do not quite encompass the tragedy or the comedy, although one laughs and is touched. But one should experience catharsis, if the characters are invested with due proportion. The basis for this is laid in the comedy as well as in the more sombre passages. For instance, the "What is the stars?" sequence should not be ridiculed by the actors themselves, but played so dead-pan that it seems the profoundest distillation of poetic minds. Mr. Brogan's Joxer has become too shameless. He gives him-

By Michele Ganley
(Guest Critic)

self away too early as a callous hypocrite whereas it should be only after the débacle in the last act that we reluctantly give up our notion of him as so highly imaginative and sympathetic that he responds unrestrainedly to each prevailing wind of opinion. Similarly, Mr. Flynn's Paycock lacks the dignity and irresistible charm that should break our hearts when we are ultimately forced to recognise him as a mean, self-pitying coward. The compulsion of this masterpiece is in its violent juxtaposition of the lovable and the damnable in human character. But the players failed to realise these extremities. Only Mr. McKenna did justice to Jemy Devlin's part in the universal betrayal of humanity by the "stronger" sex. His gentle manner of withdrawal subtly emphasised the poignant irony of his ignominy. Miss Keane's Masie Maddigan would have been another wholly successful characterisation if she had not suddenly lapsed into burlesque with her song at the party.

The two Yeats' plays I saw together at the Globe bore a rather interesting relation. Yeats' conclusion in "The Unicorn from the Stars"—that ultimately one should work out one's salvation in the privacy of one's own soul, however attractive political and social crusades may be—reflects upon the conclusion of "The Dreaming of the Bones." I have never been able to decide whether "The Dreaming of the Bones" is a plea for consideration of personal passions above everything else, or for the over-riding demands of public welfare—in this case the liberating of Ireland from British domination. At times, one knows, Yeats believed the true spiritual revival to be dependant upon political freedom. The problem

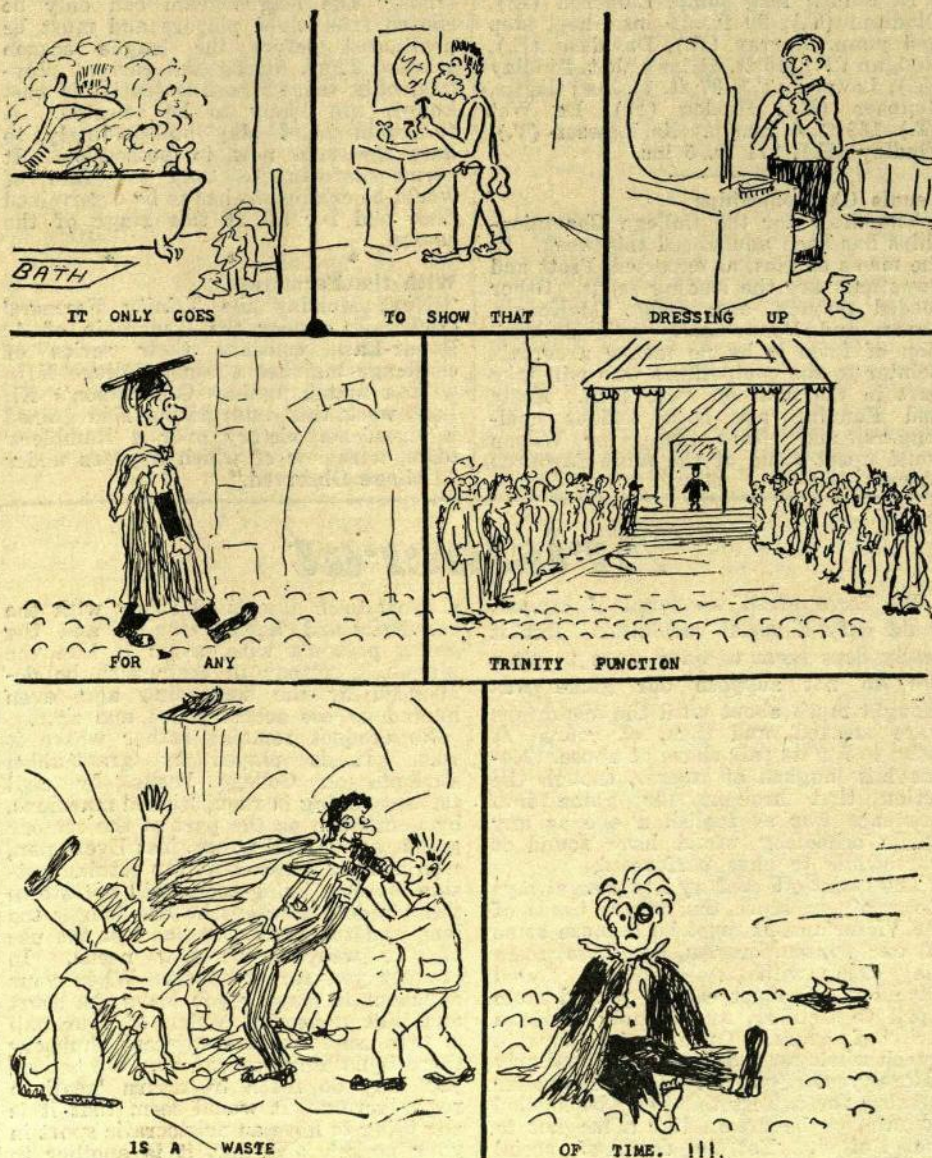
balances upon whether the chorus is intended merely as the voice of the patriots, political conscience or the poet's own summing-up. Great attention should be paid to the chorus, which, in the Globe's production is rendered most professionally by Mr. Christopher Casson upon the harp. But so musical is his setting that it actually distracts from the words. "The Dreaming of the Bones" is done as a curtain-raiser and the scene-designer has sacrificed it to the following play. But in confining the actors in a small rectangle curtained with sackcloth like a temporary lavatory on a fair-ground, he completely prohibited any possibility of creating an appropriate atmosphere. The lighting was incompetent and Diarmuid seemed not to know his moves. And the lines, which at best are difficult to grasp for the uninitiated audience, were spoken without any very certain emotional direction which is needed to get the play across. Much more attention was given to "The Unicorn from the Stars." There are some very earthy tinkers, borrowed from Synge, and Maurice Good as the young visionary had a real sincerity.

Yet to be seen: More Yeats' plays; the Abbey's "Playboy"; "The Agreeable Surprise"—Irish restoration musical, if only for the sake of the drawing-room of 64 Fitzwilliam Square. And, as I said, the T.N.P.

A good play and a good production may be seen together at the Pike. "The Rose Tattoo" is a surprisingly wholesome play by Tennessee Williams. Perhaps the Italian peasant strain puts backbone into the great American neuroses of his characters. I never expected a revelation of the grandeur of love from this author, of all people. But the Baronessa della Rosa claims a glory that rouses the envy of cheaper women. "They can't bear to see a glory like that in anyone." Here is a passionately idealistic nature that disillusionment cannot finally destroy, a womanhood that is not dissipated even by sluttishness. Miss Manahan conveys all this—with an artistry that survives even the "slum" conditions of the Pike. Besides, Miss Manahan's, I particularly admired the performances of the juvenile leads, Miss Binchey from U.C.D., as the widow's daughter, and Mr. Brian Phelan, as her sailor boy-friend. Everyone should be glad of the opportunity to see "The Rose Tattoo" when it is transferred to the Gate next week.

Thought for the end of the Festival: Having used up Yeats, and the cream off O'Casey and Synge, what on earth is Dublin going to serve up next year?

Epitaph for a Grad.



No Pinching!

It would appear that the habit of petty larceny for the decoration of College rooms is not unknown elsewhere. Recently, three English ex-public school boys were fined a very considerable sum for the larceny of, among other things, a lamp from a police station, road signs, and advertisement signs. The defending solicitor is reported to have said that the three boys did not realise the serious nature of their offence; they had been influenced by the film "Doctor in the House" to imitate the antics of the medical students in the film who had such articles as trophies in their flat.

"Forewarned is forearmed," and occupants of College rooms may well be chastened by this example. It will be a sad day for all of us when the Garda Síochána gets round to investigating the innumerable petty larcenies that have taken place in order to embellish rooms. Their task will, however, be fraught with difficulties—the lack of co-operation on the part of the occupants; the establishment of the owners of the stolen property, and the finding of the culprits, for many of them have left College years ago, bequeathing signs telling their heirs that they could do with a draught Bass. If the investigation were to be carried to its ultimate conclusions, it would have international repercussions, as in the case of my friend who is the proud possessor of a sign telling him in Russian that it is dangerous to lean out of the window.

The variety of stolen property in rooms is only rivalled by the variety of means necessary to procure it. To appropriate an ash-tray or a beer-mug is elementary and beginner's stuff; small square signs may require more caution and preparation; petrol pump signs and larger advertisements require a more complicated apparatus and a daring akin to that required to bring women into rooms after hours—but of that, more anon, for the benefit of College porters, the J.D., the Lady Registrar and the like. In the last resort, we are still safe, for the time being anyhow, from the Arm of the Law. The Irish Guard is more likely than his English counterpart to appreciate the trouble required to appropriate the property of others, and to content himself with prefixing the word "student" by another word which is left to the reader's imagination.

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Rowing

DISAPPOINTING TRINITY SECOND

LAST Saturday, in pouring rain, Trinity were beaten into second place in the Liffey Head of the River Race by Portora Boat Club. Portora equalled the course record (set up by Trinity in 1953) and Trinity were 4 seconds behind in the creditable time of 12 mins. 12 secs.

The race, due to start at 3.45 p.m., was eventually started at about 4.15. Portora went off first, having a good start at about 35. They lengthened out and went over the body of the course at a rate of 32. Trinity were off some 17 seconds later to a reasonable start of 32. They settled down to a fairly solid rate of 27. This they maintained until the "Halfpenny" Bridge when they spurred to 31 and going under O'Connell Bridge, stroke MacGillycuddy stepped it up to 34 for the last 15 strokes. The criticisms that could be made of this race are legion. Owing to wet oar-handles, forearms began to stiffen up, with a consequent inability to draw the finish right up. It was generally felt after the race that the row had been marked by a lack of fire off the stretcher, and that a feminine quality of rowing with too little evidence of "guts" had resulted.

The Trinity 2nd boat rowed extremely well to finish fourth—second in the Clinker division to the Cappoquin senior crew.

The Trinity Junior VIII gave a good showing when coming fourth—the best result recorded by a 2nd boat for several years. The crew had a slow start at about 31, but soon settled down to a lively rate of 27. Passing the Four Courts, Blair spurred for 10 and the subsequent rate was raised by a pip or two. At the "Halfpenny" Bridge, Trinity again spurred and finally took it home from O'Connell's Bridge at 35. Though in general a good row, the blades were a bit light in the water. A firm beginning was evident, but during the stroke, effort eased off and a washy finish resulted.

A great deal of the credit for this very fine performance must be accredited to Blair at stroke who, with little previous experience at stroke, fulfilled this demanding position with the utmost efficiency. Another man who has had a beneficial influence on the crew is D. K. Johnston at seven. It is most unfortunate that he has had to give up rowing for the remainder of the term owing to pressure of work.

Despite this set-back, the programme of training of the Senior VIII for Henley is going satisfactorily. Mr. J. H. Holroyd is in charge at present, and under his tuition the bladework is becoming much more solid. The crew as a whole is now getting a much crisper beginning than two months ago, when the whole stroke was influenced by a spongy beginning. Though there is still evidence of a lack of time at front stops, the crew is developing a good rhythm and in a fortnight's time, when they travel up to Enniskillen to race at the Portora Speech Day, they should be able to cover the 7-minute course at a rate of 32, and to show a clean pair of heels to this schoolboy crew.

Chess

BATTLE ROYAL

On Tuesday, May 14th, the annual "battle" between the students and the staff took place in the club room. The games proved both interesting and exciting, and the evening ended with the students leading by 4 games to 3 with 1 adjourned. W. R. D. Alexander, D. Rawlings, S. Barcroft and B. Smith won their games for the students, and Mr. J. Luce, Dr. Bass and Prof. H. O. White won for the staff. The adjourned game between G. Liversage and Dr. Luce will be played at a later date.

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Athletics

ONE CHAMPION

J. Oladitan is U.A.U. long jump champion of 1957. At the inter-University championships at Reading on Saturday he outpointed all comers at 22 ft. 3 ins. D. Archer was runner-up in the pole vault at 11 ft. 8 ins. These were outstanding performances.

Our correspondent with the team writes: "All these performances did great credit to the men representing us, especially when it is noticed that even without R. H. Taylor we dropped only one place in the team placings from 1956."

The placings of Trinity's representatives were: J. Oladitan, long jump, 1st (22 ft. 3 ins.); D. Archer, pole vault, 2nd (11 ft. 8 ins.); J. B. Lawson, javelin, 4th (164 ft. 6 ins.); D. Neligan, hop, step and jump, 6th (44 ft. 2½ ins.); B. Hannon and G. Mason failed to secure places in track events.

Defeat at Edinburgh

Edinburgh University gained their second victory over Trinity in a little over a week when they won there on Monday by 82 points to 29. Full results: 100 yards, Oladitan (T.), Monteath (E.), 10.9 secs.; 220 yards, Sutherland (E.), Mason (T.), 23.6 secs.; 440 yards, Patterson (E.), Dennis (E.), Rhys-Thomas (T.), 50.1 secs.; 880 yards, Patterson (E.), Hannon (T.), 1 min. 57.9 secs.; mile, J. Brown (E.), G. Brown (E.), McCaughey (T.), 4 mins. 36.5 secs.; three miles, Alexander (E.), G. Brown (E.), McCaughey (T.), 16 mins. 9 secs.; 120 yards hurdles, Dennis (E.), Adair (E.), De Wet (T.), 16.3 secs.; 440 yards hurdles, Hannah (E.), Weir (E.), Galloway (T.), 58.6 secs.; pole vault, Archer (T.), Munford (E.), 11 ft. 9½ ins.; high jump, Burns (E.), Oladitan (T.), 5 ft. 6 ins.; long jump, Cameron (E.), Oladitan (T.), 20 ft. 11 ins.; hop, step and jump, Murray (E.), Davidson (E.), Neligan (T.), 46 ft. 5½ ins.; shot, Findlay (E.), Lawson (T.), 37 ft. 11 ins.; discus, Simpson (E.), Holden (E.), De Wet (T.), 139 ft. 4 ins.; javelin, Lawson (T.), Findlay (E.), 171 ft. 5 ins.

Tennis Championships

The draw for the College Championships has been announced this week. In the men's singles, as expected, Pratt and Sweetnam are the leading seeds. Other seeded players are: Judge, McKenzie, Lavan and Bonar-Law. This declaration of form is by no means a certain pointer to the competitors who will take part in the final on June 13th. Keely and Fanning are both serious challengers, and either Steepe or Wilson could upset some of the more favoured players.

Aristocrat

We have often wondered if croquet could defy a social revolution. But it really does seem to have come to stay. We do not suppose our game was thought much about until the Victorians were mocked, and then, of course, it came in for its fair share of abuse. No-one has laughed at croquet, though the action that brought the game into existence was as foolish as one as any public schoolboy would have found it worthwhile to have performed.

The twentieth century has been always too ready to scorn the leisure times of the Victorians. It must be because some of our contemporaries begrudge them the ease with which they found diversion. Croquet can be played from April to October, and it only needs a strip of grass. Open your suburbia french windows, and there it is familiarly before you. But no! Let us swelter queuing for a Test that may be spoiled by rain, or be drawn like a magnet to the United. Yet in days of social equality it seems those who can enjoy

VICTORY FOR ZEUS

THE weather gods had the last say in the week-end cricket fixtures. Both the 1st and 2nd XI's resisted for some while between the showers. But at St. Columba's College the Ramblers had to capitulate for the second successive week without a ball being bowled.

1st XI v. Malahide

The 1st XI continued their list of away fixtures at Malahide. In making 157-9 declared, they showed some improvement in batting form, especially in the middle order. On Friday, bad light curtailed play with the Trinity score at 18-1, Wilson being the batsman dismissed. Despite this early reverse, Trinity soon made up time lost when play was resumed on Saturday. Certainly the bowling was very unsteady, but Pratt, Sang and Mostert all played solid innings. Pratt was especially strong on the leg side in scoring 49, including a six and eight fours. Sang also had a six in a contribution of 27. Mostert's 32 fulfilled his promise of a return to his best form hinted at in this column last week. We hope he will continue to get among the runs. The remaining batsmen sacrificed their wickets in an effort to push the score along. Just after tea, with a total of 157-9, Dawson declared, leaving the home side to score their runs in about 2½ hours. What could have proved an exciting challenge was spoiled by the heavy rain.

Scoreboard

B. K. Wilson b. O'Neill	4
P. Dawson c. Masturian b. Robertson	11
I. Foster b. Robertson	3
T. P. Smyth b. Robertson	7
D. Pratt b. Robertson	49
C. Mostert l.b.w. b. Dawson	32
P. Sang l.b.w. b. Dawson	27
L. Sutton b. Dawson	10
D. Drewery not out	7
I. Harkness c. Masturian b. Dawson	1
R. Gillen not out	0
Extras	6

Total (9 wks., dec.) 157

2nd XI v. C.Y.M.S.

Things could hardly have taken a more miserable turn than they did in College Park on Saturday. When they were not scurrying to the pavilion in the rain, the 2nd XI managed to serve some fairly inept batting to those spectators who joined the sun in its brief appearances. The villain was not the wicket; it had absorbed too much water to hold any terrors. If before the stoppage a few balls kept low, C.Y.M.S. were handicapped in their turn with a greasy ball and unsure run-up. Really, Trinity contributed to their own downfall. With the 1st XI batsmen hardly getting among the runs, there is every change for a new player to force himself to the front with an innings or two in the reserve side. Unfortunately, none of the players really promised very much. Hill, although inclined to move across his wicket so much as to leave his leg stump exposed, looked as good as any.

Play began 25 minutes late, and thereby the best of the afternoon was lost. It was disappointing to see the umpires kept at the crease some ten minutes before the players moved out. Since Trinity were batting and their openers padded up, it seems our visitors were to blame. Every effort should be made to start at the stipulated time in any case, and more so when the weather is doubtful. Still, C.Y.M.S. soon made up for lost time. Reid-Smith was l.b.w. in the second over, trying to steer Smyth down the leg side. Quinn then just had time to walk to the wicket and run back again. When play did resume he took some stock of the situation with Hill until the latter was leg before, moving across his wicket and offering no stroke. Dorman-Smith should have been taken at the wicket first ball off an indescribable heave. But it was Quinn who was next to go. Having gathered what runs there were by pushing the ball through the gap between mid-wicket and mid-on, he was caught at the wicket on the back-stroke. After his going the batsmanship declined. As the tail anxiously looked for the chance to show just how batting should be achieved, the weather, either in anger or dismay, terminated the proceedings, with Trinity at 15-5.

GOSSIP

Pinks Awarded

At the recent D.U.C.A.C. elections, pinks for the 1956/57 season were awarded as follows: Rugby Football: J. J. Fitzsimon, A. Reid-Smith, T. P. Smyth, P. Sang. Rowing: H. Holroyd. Swimming: E. Skelly. Golf: W. S. Clarke. Boxing: D. Wheeler.

We extend congratulations to all these players.

With the Members

Hill Climb

The Car Club have arranged their annual hill climb at Stepside for June 1st. Undeterred by recent events in Italy, we look forward to some exhilarating driving.

Trials and After

The Tennis Club are still holding their trials. The league team can only be chosen from eight players and must be nominated before the league season starts. Thus, during the current play-offs, only those whose potential is best known are likely to be selected. A freshman must play outstandingly to oust the men now in possession. It seems unfortunate that the fate of would-be champions has to be determined once and for all at this stage of the season.

With the Farmers

Next Monday the Trinity Farmers' cricket XI, under the leadership of A. Bonar-Law, continue their series of challenge matches against College XI's, with a match against O. Dawson's XI. Last week this enterprising side gained a six-wicket victory over a Ramblers' team, a review of which appears under "College Observed."



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