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Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

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SCHOLARS in the sun

THE traditional Trinity Monday ceremonies, with the end of the period of anxious waiting for the prospective Scholars, took place on the steps of the Examination Hall last Monday.

The Provost announced the names of two new Fellows and twenty-one new Scholars. This year, for the first time, the examination for Scholarships was open to students in the School of Hebrew and Oriental Languages and the School of Engineering. Considerable credit is reflected on the School of Hebrew and Oriental Languages, which has two Scholars from a very small school.

The new Fellows are Dr. Wright, the Professor of Engineering, and Dr. McMurry, the Lecturer in Chemistry.

The new Scholars are:—

Mathematics: John James Henry Miller.

Classics: John Anthony Taylor, John David Thomas Murray.



—Courtesy Irish Times.

Dr. Wright, Professor of Engineering.

Mental and Moral Science: William Neville Keery, Hugh Parke Glanville, Robert Hallam Johnston.

Natural Science: Brian Douglas Ewamy, Peter Eric Pepler Norton, Alan John McGovern, Ian Stewart Glass.

Modern Languages: Ian Keith Gilson, Carol Ann Challen.

Modern History and Political Science: Robert John Hunter, Peter John Skelton.

Economics and Political Science: Eric Hampden Winter, Terence Charles Ievers Ryan.

Legal Science: Michael Gordon Dickson.



—Courtesy Irish Times.

Dr. McMurry, Lecturer in Chemistry.

Hebrew and Oriental Languages: Ernest Wilson Nicholson, Irvine David Marcus.

Engineering: Neville Robert Harris, Brian Edward Wesley Dowse.

RETIREMENT OF MR. C. B. KENNEDY

In September, Mr. C. B. Kennedy, the College accountant, will retire. He came to Trinity in October, 1914, and since that time has served under six Provosts and six Bursars.

Mr. Kennedy has been a part of College, and has watched it develop for nearly half a century. He recalls the days when there were no gas rings in rooms, cooking was done on primus stoves, and any light shed on any subject was provided by an oil lamp. For the hygienically minded, there were no baths in College; one could instead visit the Turkish bath in St. Stephen's Green. In 1914, Front Square became an armed camp, while two sentries patrolled Botany Bay; this was no reflection on the conduct of the students in Botany Bay, but had something to do with some Sinn Féin chaps who were trying to get into College the hard way. While little men with guns banged away at our alma mater, set fire to Clery's, and blew up shops in O'Connell Street, academic life continued as usual, and examinations proceeded placidly, that is as far as examinations are ever placid.

And so Mr. Kennedy can recall for us scenes from fifty years of Trinity life.

One of Mr. Kennedy's sons studied here and is now in Kansas University. His nephew, Rev. Brian Kennedy, is a chaplain on H.M.S. Eagle, while Mike Kennedy, another son, is at present in the Divinity School.

The accountant will reminisce, and he will talk with a quiet satisfaction about the achievements of his family, but he is decidedly reticent about talking about himself. He has enjoyed his forty-five years in T.C.D. and is, naturally, sad to leave Trinity. He will continue to live in Sandycove. We wish him every happiness in his retirement.

The French Revolution: Did It Happen?

On Tuesday afternoon, one of the most distinguished and learned experts on French history, Professor Alfred Cobban of University College, London, gave an entirely novel and fresh slant on the France of the late eighteenth century.

In most people's minds, he said, the French Revolution was a series of episodes and he proceeded to find a connecting link. The word "Revolution" in 1789 did not have the connotation it has since acquired. It was Edmund Burke who provided the first idea that this was not just a revolution—it was a

Many a visitor arriving at St. Anthony's Theatre for the Carnival of Nations last week saw streams of people entering a door and tried to enter himself before being redirected elsewhere. He was turned away because this was the stage door; the main entrance was further on and here there were even greater numbers streaming in. Obviously to handle a cast and an audience of such



—Courtesy Evening Herald.

Miss Paquita de la Rosa from Spain.

a size is no easy matter. Yet the show was run most efficiently.

It is true there were one or two unexpected crashes behind the curtains backstage and sometimes the back-cloth swayed or developed a bulge, but when there are 132 people backstage, this is understandable. Generally speaking, the production was slick and professional and there was very little unnecessary delay. Congratulations here are due to Natu Bhoola, Chairman of D.U.A.I.A.; the Secretary, J. W. Jackson, and Ron McCay, the producer.

The choice of hall was excellent. This clean, bright, spick-and-span little theatre is large enough to accommodate a fairly large audience and also to provide facilities in the foyer for refreshments during the interval, but small enough to safeguard the intimate, homely atmosphere which is so much a part of student productions.

Informality was the keynote to the comping which was done by Ron McCay who, though sometimes a little over-officious, was mainly clear and good-humoured, and by Terry Brady, who peered at the audience, chased the microphone, laughed crazily, threw out jokes in an offhand way and generally kept things going while the scenes were being changed. He also helped to give the show unity by appearing in various strange guises and joining in other acts throughout the evening. This sort of gooning looks easy, but is not.

The acts themselves varied greatly. We passed from the graceful finger-nail dance of Sunaly Mokul Sonakul, a very pretty Siamese girl with a lovely smile, to the grinning, cheerful bustle of the Arab café scene with a be-fezed Botros smoking a hookah.

There was a Spanish act with some excellent castanet playing by Paquita de la Rosa and some rather off-time clapping from others on stage and a solemn German scene with plenty of stamping and some part-singing.

A Malayan sword dance was preceded by a commentary spoken charmingly by an Eastern beauty who stood before a red background, her dark skin contrasting with the whiteness of her lovely sequined dress. The use of colour in costume, back-

cloth and lighting was a noteworthy point in the whole production and was at its best in the Eastern acts, with their exquisite costumes and, surprisingly enough, in Group One's feature which was played against a background of blue and rose-patterned white drapes. The yellow, pink and blue of the stage lights were well blended and reflected in the shining surfaces of the instruments, and these colours were even echoed in the players' ties; the whole setting was most pleasing to the eye.

Group One's best number was a well-balanced arrangement by Dave Pearson of a Basie-style "April in Paris," and their only mistake was to answer an encore call for Russi Wadias' mock Rock 'n Roll number by a straight piece of their own. The Nematodes Skiffle Group took themselves less seriously and though not such accomplished players as the jazz men, by playing simply and quietly they soon established a bond with the audience and had them all singing softly.

The Swedish act, written and directed by Eva Malmer, had, perhaps, the most original idea of the evening, but it didn't quite work out in practice and although sometimes amusing, the



—Courtesy Evening Herald.

Miss Nadia Aboulmagd from Egypt.

American scene was also a little amateurish; the script, on the whole, was good and Chris Darby played the guitar well and sang with a fine strong voice, but the general effect would have been better if, for instance, the participants had learned their parts instead of trying to read them by the dim stage light.

Asha Marphatia's delicate Indian Spring Dance was followed by some cheerful Nigerian dancing with a commentary by Femi Williams and some stimulating drumming.

The evening closed with a stage full of gaily-dressed West Indians singing and dancing to their own steel band with instruments made in Dublin from scrap metal and most skilfully played. This was the best act of the evening and it summed up the effect of the whole Carnival by sending the audience out into the wind and rain fortified by the warmth of the tropics.

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EDITORIAL

CONFIDENCE is one of the greatest gifts and one of the principal hazards of youth. Young people always think they are more experienced and capable than they are; they feel that they could run things much better if only they were given a chance—but they usually do not have that steadfast purpose which comes of maturity and which would enable them to find the chance they say they seek.

Sometimes they plunge into an undertaking without realising how deep and turbulent are its waters, but a combination of luck and native energy may carry them over a river which an older and more cautious person would not venture to cross. If they saw clearly from the first the magnitude of their task and their own incompetence to fulfil it, they would never undertake anything and this would be a tragedy, for their very confidence sometimes enables young people finally to make a success of something originally far beyond their capability. They move gaily and perilously from step to step and it is not until they look back from the far bank that they see the full extent of their hazards.

One of the advantages that youth has over maturity is that it can afford to take risks. Young people involve no dependents in their set-backs and they have parents and advisers to set them on their feet again. Their undertakings are not usually of world-shattering importance and so the consequences of their possible failure are not serious. Even when the results are more grave, the collapse of the project does not so much involve a young person whose roots are less firmly fixed, whose reputation is less clearly defined and whose self-sufficiency enables him to step quickly aside and remain almost unscathed as his undertaking falls in ruins.

Young people can afford to make fools of themselves—and do so every day. They drive lawnmowers for a hundred miles to win a pint of beer (as happened recently in England), or they put cars up on college roofs (as occurred last year at Cambridge), or they establish a record by cramming 20 students in a telephone box (as was done over Easter in New Zealand). Because they are young, no one thinks any the worse of them for their light-hearted fooling; their skill is admired by many and their ridiculousness scorned by none but the humourless or the senile.

It is the duty of youth to venture and to experiment. There is nothing more exasperating or wasteful than over-cautious youth. A young person may look a fool for a while, but this will be forgotten before he has any serious responsibilities to face, and he will not be able to tackle his responsibilities unless he has tasted the sweetness and bitterness of a full experience in his early days. Let him climb mountains or descend pot-holes if he wishes to. Let him also try public-speaking at the Phil. or the Hist., acting in Players, entering for an essay competition. In this way he can improve his skill while he has nothing to lose and so back his confidence with experience and judgment to ensure that he does not fail when failure becomes important.

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Profile

NICK MCGILLICUDDY—Perennial

In the autumn, 1953, Nick arrived in Trinity College. He brought with him an explosive personality, boundless energy and a precious family heirloom, a portable roulette table, and very soon he developed a lucrative practice. Gay, irrepressible and outspoken, he effectively appealed to the gregarious instinct of his fellow students. It is said that to join the Boat Club he had to seek its offices in Islandbridge, but whoever came after was bound to find him in the back bar of Jammets. In his scrupulously clean flat at Harcourt St. one came across the usual road mending paraphernalia and a wall papered with driving summonses. His tape recordings and cellar were famous. Like all gentlemen of the early fifties, he enjoyed jazz and regularly patronised the Green Lounge, unless he managed to get over to Kerry for a quiet weekend.

However, Nick was not born to be a playboy and inevitably the more solid part of his character emerged. Having had his fling, he took off to Paris and Sweden to reflect on the unutterable boredom of having to repeat the same exam. year after year, and on his true calling. Finally he brought back Mopsy and joined the Economics School.

It may be interesting to know that Nick was actually born 25 years ago in Hatch Street—a name that stuck to the place ever since. Not having read Nancy Mitford, he went from Castle Park to Eton, where he represented the School in athletics and was "Senior Wet-Bib at his Tutor's." His interest in sport survived his debut in College and he stroked Trinity's VIII at Henley in 1957. Earlier on he bobbed gently into and more violently out of Players, though he remained with the Society

long enough to go on a cultural tour of Holland in 1955 and then to the Wexford Festival in 1956. Now Nick is on the Committee of the International Affairs Association and will be Chief Steward of the coming Summer School.

To his few old friends, Nick has surprisingly acquired a new personality. He is still the same stocky, short-sighted figure with fashionably curly hair, wearing the same immaculate dress, with the same measured step, the love of the malapropism and the same



thick-rimmed glasses peering impishly across the table in the Coffee Bar. But the glasses have now turned more scholarly. He studies harder, is sober more frequently and welcomes people with ideas. Nick has presumably interpreted his experience and not lost by it. This may be due to a mature sense of what is proper or to the influence of his charming wife, Rose. Whatever it may be, the effect is to make of Nick a worthy scion of the ancient clan of the McGillicuddy chieftains.

Are The Lights Going Out?

(Our correspondent follows up last week's criticism of the Hist. with an appraisal of the difficulties of this Society).

Last Wednesday the Hist. debated "That the lights are going out all over Europe," with Professor Lanczos, of the Institute for Advanced Studies, in the chair. The speakers did not give the impression of last week that they were at the ballot box only because they thought they were amusing; there was a general attempt to deal with the motion and a pleasant contest between the idealists and the cynics. Only one gentleman, Mr. Dillon, insisted on the obvious and talked about electricity—and even he did not deal exclusively with this, and was as entertaining as ever, though most of his interjections during other speeches were unnecessary.

Once again we may congratulate ourselves on a good potential speaker, Mr. Wahba, whose maiden speech, delivered with a kind of forceful quietness, was effective and devoid of all the unnecessaryes which we have accustomed ourselves, Mr. Molony and Mr. Gilmartin both made excellent speeches, really caring about what they said; the latter is particularly good at suppressing and then holding a restless house. It was a pity he allowed himself to be distracted into dealing with the state of the

Protestants in Spain. Mr. Keery made a creditable effort to regain our interest at the end of the evening.

Nevertheless, some impression of interest was lacking. At a good meeting one is always aware that everyone is concentrating on what is being said because they want to hear it. At the Hist., this has recently been the case only exceptionally, and the speech of the Chairman provided one of these exceptions.

The present writer frequently conversed with his neighbour last Wednesday. He would not have dared to do so at many other meetings. This is not the fault of all the speakers; many of them have something to put over which is worth putting over and we should listen. But a streak of non-constructive speaking, of a type not so much frivolous as fatuous, has come upon the Society and produced in the house an atmosphere of resignation which can be broken only by the tendency to barrack—and, to our credit, by the occasional good speech. This is the explanation for our comparatively poor attendances. There must be some remedy—most of the speakers and nearly all members of the house wish for one. The incoming General Committee when it is elected would do well to think about the matter.

Phil. on Africa

"Lift your heads high, if you win the respect of other men, you will win the opportunity to rule your own country." With these words of hope for the future, Mr. John Stonehouse, the controversial Labour M.P., concluded the Phil's discussion on the rôle of the European in Africa. The meeting was opened by Mr. R. H. Johnston, who, speaking to an audience of 150, examined the factors leading up to the present trouble in South Africa and the present Government's policy of suppression of the native population. He then shifted his thoughts to the Central African Federation and showed that even there, there is a barrier between white and coloured peoples. He concluded that the only hope for Africa was for the Europeans to share their powers and privileges with the African and to do it now.

Mr. Stonehouse then spoke of his visit to Central Africa and told of conditions as he found them in the various countries he had visited. He painted a glowing picture of life in Kenya and Tanganyika and then pointed out the contrast between these and Southern Rhodesia where a strict colour bar is enforced. He then discussed the forces which are powerful in the modern Africa, democracy spreading from the north and apartheid spreading from the south. He went on to discuss the status of the African and concluded by agreeing with Mr. Johnston that co-operation is the only solution.

The possibility of a bloody revolution in the near future and the rise of extremists who are advocating an "Africa for the Africans" policy, with the exclusion of the white man, were discussed by Mr. G. Agbim, the President of the Afro-Asian Students' Society and a member of the U.C.D. team in "The Observer" debating contest.

SPANISH PLAY

The Spanish Group presented two plays, "Manana de sol" and "El Padre Enganado," both very short and neither particularly easy. The first was exceptionally difficult as there was no action involved, and it is almost impossible to keep an audience, which is either ignorant or unsure of the language of the play, absorbed in two people sitting on a park bench. Serena Crammond kept us interested in the old lady who finds herself sitting behind her childhood love, now as old as herself, and Richard Harvey would have been completely convincing as her ex-flame, now quivery, old, and fussy with his two watches, his spectacles, and his magnifying glass, had he not too frequently forgotten his part.

"El Padre Enganado," a farce with a plot exactly like something out of an Italian comic opera, was far easier to put over. The group treated it with rowdy self-confidence and lavish over-acting which soon established a kind of matinee with the audience which allowed them to get away with very frequent promptings. Elizabeth Kitchen was a highly attractive heroine, almost indecently entangled with the tall Galan (Anthony Gillam), and no report could fail to mention Peter Hunt as the magnificent sycophant, "El Vecino," who with his brilliant facial and bodily contortions really carried the play. Michael Cunningham's last-minute substitution for John Streather, who is in hospital, was tremendously successful.

His Excellency the Spanish Ambassador, in an interview immediately afterwards, said that he thought the group had done two difficult plays extremely well, and asked us to convey to all concerned his most sincere congratulations and thanks.

College Observed

A correspondent of mine, obviously inspired by the reference to sun glasses at the end of last week's article, has taken it upon himself to take the very words out of my typewriter. Here, then, are the views of my distinguished, double-barrelled, much sun-spectacled contributor upon the subject:

The sun has appeared, admittedly only for a short duration, but it has appeared. We were ready for it. Young ladies retired into herbacious borders, and men sank into naked relief. Furtively at first, then with easy bravado, hands, perspiring a little but nicely, dipped into dusty pockets or last year's bag, and brought forth the supreme summer blessing—the dark-glasses. Trinity's eyes became hidden.

The sun had brought the terrain into a new relief; the dark-glasses put it back again. The only hues and shades now noted are the spectacle textures—ranging from violet through blue to varieties of green.

The gun-glass has a range of uses, the most notable of which is peeping. The sly eye can slip evasively through the darkness covering it, and survey the field undetected. Unfortunately, it is met by a positive barrage of other eyes peering through the same obstacle. Use two, is for rain. They keep the eyes extraordinary dry. Finally, if you live by eye-flashes, wear sun-specs. The flash lies dormant, builds itself up, then off with your glasses, and your flash will have just that something extra.

People seem to be of the opinion that sun-glasses are to protect the eyes from the sun's glare. This is old-fashioned, and is only applicable in the depth of winter.

Unfortunately, my kind correspondent did not take all the words out of my mouth. He has dealt very adequately with the practical and worldly uses of sun-glasses, but I want to consider them from the psychological angle. Nothing bolsters up the ego quite like the aura of mystery which sun-glasses weave about a person. This, I believe, is the main reason why people wear them. I do not believe that the Irish sun is really sufficient pretext for their use. The great advantage of dark glasses is that they cloak the eyes in anonymity. Behind them, you feel you are undetected, that you are not just plain "Tom Jones," but might be someone else. One feels in some way that one's identity is changed. One is free to indulge in Walter Mitty fantasies. It is the old business of trying not to seem what we are.

Let us pass to something rather different. This week two functions which are institutions took place. One of them is ancient, dignified and productive of a sort of mental torture which is surely a survival of the early days of the University. I refer to the custom of announcing Scholars from the steps of the Examination Hall. It is a fine ceremony, but for about fifty people the five minutes between 10.25 a.m. and 10.30 a.m. on Trinity Monday cannot be equalled in the exquisite mental suffering they cause.

The second institutional function occurring this week is much less dignified. It is, however, an intrinsic part of summer term activities in College. I refer to the Mod. Lang. plays. They are exhausting, outrageous, and an inexhaustible source of both clean and unclean fun. I am sure in no theatre is there to be found such a bond between audience and actors; never can plays of serious interest have gained so much laughter, never can actors have enjoyed themselves quite so much. It is an institution which we would not be without, and which deserves to be supported.

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FOUR & SIX

Five very sensible young men gave a cocktail party for at least 100 excellent people last Thursday—the author is still brightened at the thought of all this sensibility and excellence. They seemed to have invited a lot of small, pale, thin men who were wandering around in a permanent state of non-alcoholic delusion that they were tall, bronzed and muscular by virtue of the fact that they could talk about boating excursions—it was nice to see some new faces around, so fresh and naive like Norman Gillett, J. V. O'Brien and Frank Tisdale. Meanwhile, Sue Smyth looked pretty and handed round peanuts, and Bryana Scott looked all eyes and handed Brian Fisher the credit. Dave Wheeler certainly had broken out.

Nice people take up nice activities, and what is nicer than a Church Fête on a sunny summer's day and Janet Gillingham in a boater and Serena Crammond in the picture hat Aunt Aggie wore for the Coronation—King Edward's. Killiney Church was holding its annual summer do, which enabled Mr. Alec Reid to win an alive chicken called Jackson, or so it said on the box. Ron Ewart and Brian Nicholson tried to putt, but were disturbed by the sight of Michael Philcox being chased around the green by the local delinquents—average age five—who thought he was something to do with the Dublin Zoo. Terence Brady was enticed to buy everything under the bid of 4d. by an auctioneer of

cuspidors, antimacassars and corkscrews. Later Mrs. Reid threw open the doors at Ballybrack to a mob of people led by John Black who thought that mulled wine was a good idea at that.

This year's Hall dance, postponed from Christmas to the summer term, was well up to the usual standard, though the warmer weather was, doubtless, at fault for its relative quietness. Jill Barclay was easily the best dressed and most elegant young lady there and I give the prize for the most elegant male to dapper, popular Tony Francis. Astrid Eitel seemed to be enjoying herself with man of the world Brian Smith, while young Barcroft had an agreeable evening with the boy next door. At supper, Ron Ewart was meditative—worried over next week's editorial, perhaps? Pat Gordon and Tony Hickey, fresh from the Mod. Lang. plays, were quite different, and tried to organise community singing. Sheelagh Butler was worried about her organisation and about herself; but it would take something very extraordinary to excite the poised McEvetty. In the Library, those staunch Northerners—Maurice McCord, Derek Mawhinney, Gertrude Patterson and Joyce McKee—were engaged in a seemingly very intellectual discussion, as were Rosanné Anderson and Brian Nicholson on the dance floor. All in all, a very enjoyable evening, good wine, good food, good dancing.

Trinity Monday Memorial Discourse

The traditional Discourse, dealing with eminent graduates of this University, was given this year by Dr. John J. Morgan of University College, Cork. He took as his subject Sir Bertram Windle, 1858-1929, who was for some years his intimate friend.

The lecturer described Windle as a man who had touched life at many points with equal facility. Anatomist, administrator, archaeologist, philosopher, scientist and writer, he was also a founding father of two universities. From an extremely distinguished career at Trinity, he went to the General Hospital in Birmingham as a pathologist, where he began to work for the foundation of an independent Birmingham University. With the help of Joseph Chamberlain, this cause was won in 1900.

In 1904, George Wyndham invited him to become President of Queen's College, Cork, and in this capacity he revitalised what had been an almost moribund college. In 1908 he played a lead-

ing part in establishing the National University, and later, as a member of the ill-fated Irish Convention, he threw his energies into efforts to unite North and South on the lines advocated by John Redmond, whom he greatly admired. In 1918, his plans to establish Queen's College as Munster University were disappointed by Sinn Féin's election to power, and he decided that he should leave Ireland. Providentially, he was offered the Chair of Philosophy at St. Michael's College, Toronto, and ten years of great happiness followed.

Freed from administrative work, he devoted himself to brilliant and fully recognised work on ethnology and anthropology. Dr. Morgan also spoke of Windle's fierceness of demeanour, which concealed an affectionate nature, and the fact that, though equipped with encyclopaedic knowledge, Windle had true intellectual humility.

He died at the age of 71 in his home at Toronto, having received honours from universities in both Canada and the United States.

"THE WATERS AND THE WILD"

By ISHMAEL

III

Third Dream: THE SEA

Slowly the echo from the Voice on high,
Sadder than laughter, yet more sweet than tears,
Re-echoed, and receded, from my ears,
Then died away into the southern sky.

Men of a younger race now came in sight,
Well-stocked with food and scientific things,
And geiger-counters, ropes, and belay-slings,
And tractors, planes, and artificial light—

Men of an Age where life has quickened pace:
Survival now depends on nerves of metal,
As we rush about like bubbles in a kettle,
Lest death should catch us midway in the race.

"We did not suffer from the storm," they said
—These men so recently returned from hell;
"We have no nasty tragedies to tell,
"Behind us in the South we've left no dead."

"We did not play the standard Hero's rôle,
"Nor die like gentlemen to save our friends,
"—As on the Plateau where the White World ends,
"When 'Titus' ventured on his midnight stroll!"

"Much harder was the journey here, we claim,—
"Harder than the reaching of our goal.
"The unquiet Seas are wilder than the Pole,
"Across the Waters none can ever tame."

"Black, black day, dismembered by the gales,
"Ice grinding, bellying about our stern,
"Our decks the sanctuary by day for tern,
"And the softer night wind snoring in our sails."

"But listen, Dreamer, and you'll hear on high
"The only answer that the Wind can give,
"That 'Life is for the Lover, let him live,'
"For Love, if atrophied, will surely die."

German Play

The German Group has redeemed itself. The actors actually know their parts, and not only did they know their lines but they knew how to act and how to move convincingly on stage. In this sphere, Mr. Glyn Long, the producer, is to be congratulated. One scene I recall in particular in "Vier Personen suchen einen Autor," where Miss Gordon acted for minutes, but did not say one word.

This was burlesque theatre and so it was quite legitimate that the actors should "ham." This they did with delightful success. One recalls C. H. Bontoft de St. Quentin's Phaon, Huw Rolfe's Prof. Jodel, the revolver which appeared in Sappho, and Sappho's super de luxe travelling case.

It was an evening's really good fun. Anyone would have enjoyed it, having

a knowledge of German or not. It was not the sort of dramatic production which needs critical assessment. The producer and the actors performed admirably and we laughed uproariously. The German play was a complete success.

TRINITY HALL

It has been announced that Trinity Hall will be open to all women students during the summer vac. Charges will be: 7/6 for bed and breakfast, 2/- for lunch, and 2/6 for an evening meal.

These are extremely reasonable charges and this offer should prove valuable to many students, particularly to those from abroad or those coming up from the country for a short time.

200 years of Guinness

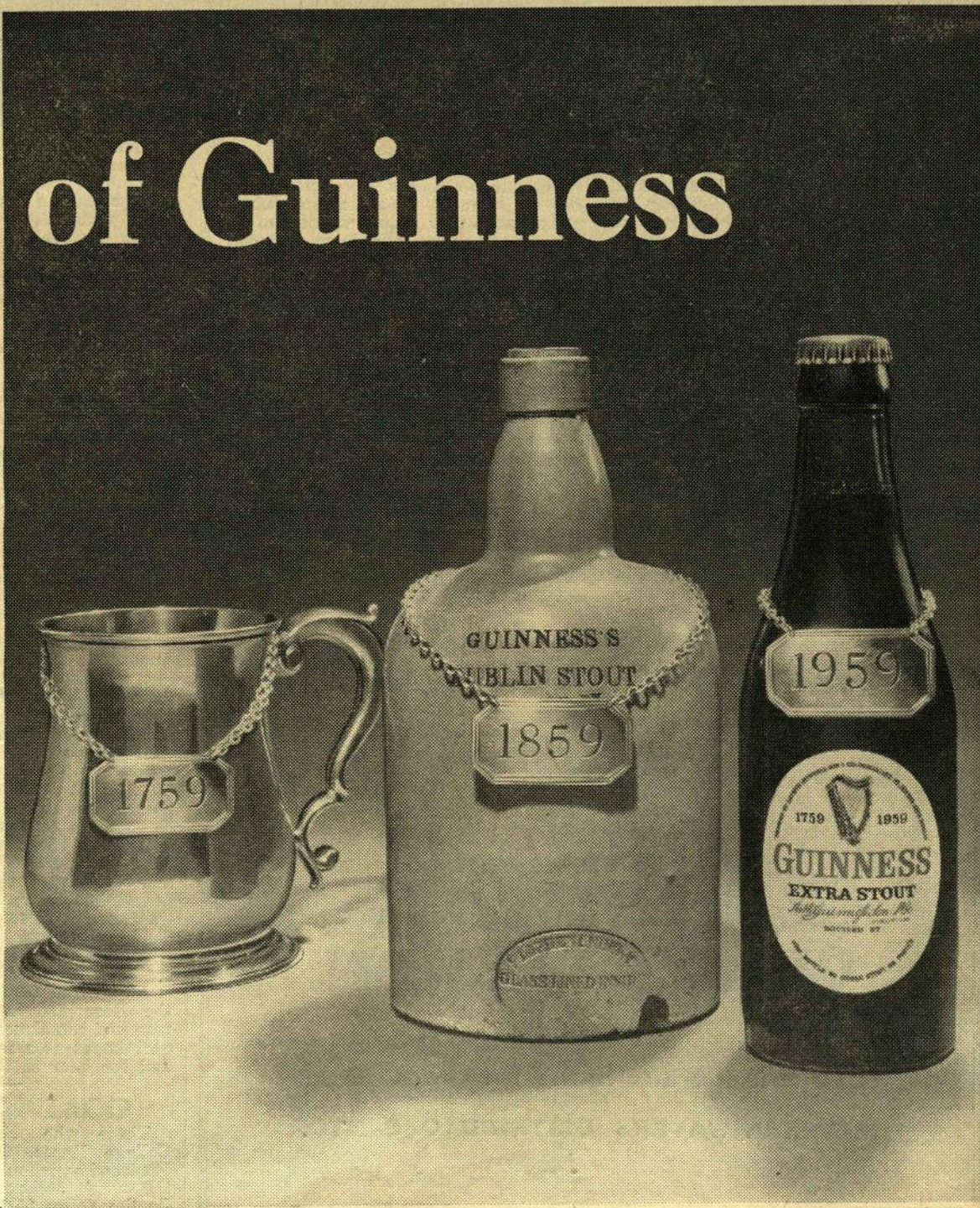
WHAT A LOVELY LONG DRINK!

WHAT'S IN A GUINNESS? Barley, hops and Guinness yeast, that's what goodness is made of. Goodness, the whole goodness, and nothing but the goodness—and so it has been since 1759. For Guinness is now celebrating its 200th birthday. Many happy returns—in more senses than one!

And what's Guinness in? Well, to-day it's the familiar glass bottle which first came into use in the middle of the last century. It was then, also, that the label with the famous harp trademark made its appearance. This label has been used almost without alteration until this year when, as you will notice, a special bicentenary label has been designed.

During the first part of the 19th century, Guinness was often sold in stone, glass-lined flagons, similar to that shown here. From barrels, flagons, bottles and Draught Guinness dispensers, Guinness has been served out into many strangely different containers. Horn beakers, mugs, tankards, are among the things in which early Guinness was drunk and enjoyed. Nowadays, the experienced Guinness drinker prefers to watch the progress of his drink in a glass. And if he is drinking Draught Guinness he likes to count the rings on the glass which tell him the number of refreshing sips he has taken. These rings are formed by the creamy, yeasty Guinness head—the figurehead of a noble drink that is not only good, but good for you.

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TENSE VICTORY

Bowlers on top after the rains

Last week the wickets were hard and the batsmen were able to attack the bowling, playing shots off the front-foot with the ball coming on to the bat. On Saturday, in order to score runs the bat had to be put to the ball and there was no chance of runs being easy to come by. Indeed, most of the runs came from lofted drives and pulls.

Micky Dawson won the toss and elected to bat. The wicket was soft and greasy. There was a chance that it might dry out and be rather more favourable to the bowlers in the second innings. Dawson and Pratt, the Trinity openers, seemed fairly settled and the first-named hit several strong shots into the covers. Pratt, however, after missing several matches through exams, failed to remain at the wicket long. A well-pitched-up ball from Burgess hit him on the boot and continued on to his stumps. This was not a very satisfying start but Trinity were not dismayed, for Foster has had a very successful season so far. There was a hush in the visitors' camp when Foster was rather dubiously bowled, for 0. Dawson, apparently unflustered, continued to score with strong shots on all sides of the wicket. Singh attacked the bowling from the word go. The score mounted and memories of last week flooded back. But the runs continued past 32. Singh was bowled and Dawson was joined by Mulraine. Then the demon struck again and Dawson, who has only needed the pointer to swing his way, was run out for a very strong 20. Mulraine was now partnered by Lea. The former received several full tosses which were dispatched to the cover boundary. The wicket was playing rather strange tricks and D. Goodwin made one or two balls lift rather precariously. Fortunately, the wicket was slow, and when a ball lifted on to Lea's head and finished at first slip the batsman was no worse for the incident. But he did suffer when he was neatly taken by W. Goodwin in the leg-trap. There were not enough runs on the board and the remaining batsmen decided that the best policy was to swing the bat and although this might have come off, they all fell into the safe hands of the Malahide fieldsmen.

Trinity were all out for 69, and they were far from despondent. By tea they were elated, for Malahide had lost 3 wickets for only 5 runs. The heavy roller did not deaden the wicket any more. It had apparently not quickened it at all but Blake and Keely managed to make full use of the small amount of life there. The Trinity fieldsmen were right on their toes and Reid-Smith held a brilliant catch in the leg-trap to dismiss Caprani. When these sort of catches are held it is an omen for success.

Continuing after tea, Blake and Keely bowled accurately but the stubborn Gilmore lifted the latter twice over the long-on boundary. Wickets fell at frequent intervals but as the score mounted so the excitement grew. Every run increased this tension but the fielders were delighted when Gilmore was caught by Pratt off Singh, having been out several times previously and even knocked out by a particularly fierce throw from Pratt. G. O'Brien, a young player, produced a couple of fine shots into the covers but the Malahide innings ended at 49 when Keely had Burgess l.b.w.

Blake achieved the very fine figures of 4-6 in 14 overs, Keely 4-26 in 12.4 overs and Singh 2-9 in 5 overs.

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY C.C.

P. Dawson, run out	20
D. Pratt, b. Burgess	1
I. Foster, b. Burgess	0
H. Singh, b. Goodwin, D.	13
T. C. D. Mulraine, c. Caprani, b. Goodwin, D.	26
C. Lea, c. Goodwin, W., b. Goodwin, D.	5
P. Sang, c. O'Brien, G., b. Goodwin, D.	2
A. Reid-Smith, c. O'Brien, G., b. Goodwin, D.	0
B. Halliday, c. O'Brien S., b. O'Neill	1
V. Keely, not out	0
N. Blake, c. Goodwin, W., b. O'Neill	0
Extras	1
Total	69

MALAHIDE C.C.

J. Caprani, c. Reid-Smith, b. Keely	3
H. Darlington, c. Mulraine, b. Keely	1
R. Gilmore, c. Pratt, b. Singh	25
W. Behan, b. Blake	0
T. Dawson, b. Blake	0
G. O'Brien, c. Keely, b. Blake	4
S. O'Brien, b. Blake	1
W. Goodwin, c. Dawson, b. Singh	2
D. Goodwin, b. Keely	4
C. Burgess, l.b.w. Keely	1
J. O'Neill, not out	0
Extras	8
Total	49

Much credit for this victory must be given to Dawson, the captain, who did not allow the team to lose concentration when the Malahide wickets began to fall. Concentration was maintained until the last man was out. This does not mean that it was a dull game. It was good, serious cricket, but was not without incident. There was the curious way in which Lea allowed the ball to bounce off

his head to first slip; the cleverly-planned throw from Pratt which stopped play for ten minutes to give the fielders a break; and last, but certainly not least, the picture of Foster disappearing head first into a ditch in order to try and excuse himself from failing to catch the ball before the boundary.

Next Saturday, Trinity play Pembroke at Sydney Parade in the first round of the Cup. Theoretically, there is no time limit to cup games and batsmen are dreaming of double centuries, and of batting for a whole day. Trinity have the ability to win and we hope they will.

2nd XI

In College Park on Saturday, the D.U.C.C. 2nd XI met Malahide 2nd XI in what proved to be a very close game. Malahide batted first and, due mainly to the batting of E. Martineau (52), they reached 110. The College pace bowlers, Grigg, Clarkson and Caldicott, failed to gain any help from the wicket and it was left to Inglis with his spinners to dismiss the visitors. He returned the very commendable figures of 5-18.

This total did not appear beyond Trinity's grasp, but wickets fell frequently and only Bradshaw (23), Quinn (17, not out) and Dorman Smith (12) reached double figures. The tail just failed to wag long enough and the home team lost the match when they were all out for 104. For the visitors, Armstrong took 5-40, and O'Shea 3-44.

UNNATURAL SELECTION

Perhaps "Trinity News" might make an offer similar to the "Sydney Sun" of a penny-a-run to create an incentive to English batsmen in the next Australian series. But although the Ashes are well and truly in the kangaroo's paws, gloom need not develop the Northern Hemisphere, as is usual in such times of crisis. I for one enjoy discussing the selection of our village team for its annual "Derby" with Lumsden, particularly since in recent years our opponents have gloated over the decisiveness of their victories and under-estimating the spirit of us, Throgmortonsians, who have included a couple of "unknowns."

The selection of the village team can be just as full of complexities as that of any Test side. Factors that must be taken into account include transport for away matches, punctuality and reliability, and the need for new blood with severing a long-standing relationship if old so-and-so is dropped, and, finally, the prevention of rekindling last year's incident should a certain nameless member be taken along.

The meeting at the Rose and Crown was, of course, presided over by the Colonel, who after many years had realised that numerous changes would

probably be made before the first ball is bowled and even afterwards. Four were picked automatically — the captain, one John Mortimore (34), a solicitor, a splendid organist and useful all-rounder; Peter Harris (28), the Colonel's son, a cultivated bat; and the promising young Michael King (17½), whose holidays all except Harry Thorpe had looked forward to since his lowest score had been 35 in six innings. The last named two were to open. Harry's top score was 24 in 15 innings and so his place as opener was precarious and completely hopeless when punctuality was considered. The fourth natural selection was wicket-keeper Ron Stubbs (31), an electrician, since no one else would take on that job cheerfully.

Although bowlers usually took it in turns to play in this match, only the cream were to be considered, but the question was "Who is the cream?" The lucky ones were fast bowlers, Henwood and Summers, both in their twenties, plus two not-so-fast, Tom Andrews (41), the landlord of the Rose and Crown, and Bill Bailey, six years his junior and a farmer. Should Binks' "dolly dropping tweakers" have been smitten to kingdom come, as was probable, Throgmortons would have to change its name, and so he was out. The Lumsden umpire was known not to be on good terms with Jones, while Jenkins' knee injury persisted.

So far the problems confronting the selection committee had been overcome smoothly. Three places remained — batsmen all. But no batsman remained with an average of over 7-5, so it could be anyone — portly Bob Gunter, the village policeman, for example. He took orders well and would block or slog as required, so down went his name. Larry Read's humour at the wicket plus his left-handed batting won him the tenth place, so only one remained. There was a short list of two, the Vicar and the blacksmith, Jake Morgan. The vicar was a keen and orthodox cricketer now past his prime, but Jake's mighty stature, which was enough to frighten anyone, and his deadly throwing, if he gathered the ball which prevented many a quick single, got the selectors' verdict.

All prayed for fine weather and left the Rose and Crown with an air of reserved confidence and an inner glow of excitement as a result of their selection and the beer at the Rose and Crown.

COLLEGE RACES

Those who wish to enter for the College Races, to be run on Trinity Wednesday, should please sign up for the events at Front Gate not later than Sunday, May 31st.

TRINITY WEEK SPORT

MONDAY, 8th JUNE

Cricket. — D.U. Cricket Club v. S. Pollock's XI. College Park, 11.30 a.m.—6.30 p.m. Admission 1/6.
Swimming. — D.U. Swimming Club Championships (Mixed). Water Polo — T.C.D. v. London Hospitals, Iveagh Baths, 7.30 p.m. Admission 2/6.

TUESDAY, 9th

Cricket. — D.U.C.C. v. S. Pollock's XI. College Park, 11.30 a.m.—6.30 p.m. Admission 1/6.
Boxing. — D.U. Boxing Club v. R.M.A., Sandhurst. T.C.D. Gymnasium, 7.30 p.m. Admission 4/-, 3/-, 2/-.

WEDNESDAY, 10th

Athletics. — College Races. College Park, 2.30 p.m. Admission 3/6.
Sailing. — D.U. Sailing Club v. U.C.D. [Undergraduates' Cup], 5.30 p.m. D.U. Sailing Club Dinner. Royal St. George's Y.C., 8 p.m.

THURSDAY, 11th

Tennis. — D.U. Men's and Women's Lawn Tennis Championships. College Park. Admission 1/6.
Golf. — D.U. Golf Club v. D.U. Golfing Society, 4.30 p.m.

FRIDAY, 12th

Sailing. — D.U. Sailing Club Regatta. Dun Laoghaire, 10 a.m.
Rowing. — D.U. Boat Club Regatta (Heats). Islandbridge, 2.30 p.m. Admission 1/6.
Fencing. — D. U. Fencing Club Championships. T.C.D. Gymnasium.

SATURDAY, 13th

Rowing. — D.U. Boat Club Regatta. Islandbridge, 2.30 p.m. Admission 3/6.
D.U. Boat Club Dance. Islandbridge, 8 p.m. Admission, 6/-.

Trinity Week badges, price 7/6, can be obtained from Hon. Sec., Trinity Week, G. B. C. Fisher, No. 27 T.C.D. These will admit holders to all the events except the dinner and dance. There is no need to stress that they are invaluable money savers.

Women's Tennis Club

At the annual general meeting of the D.U. Women's Tennis Club, held on March 9th, the following officers were elected for the season: Captain, Hilary Barton; Hon. Secretary, Jennifer Cronin; Hon. Treasurer, Helen Simpson. It was decided then, that owing to a small attendance, the election of Committee members should be held over until the beginning of Trinity term. At a special meeting held on May 6th, the following were elected to the Committee: Rhoda Ritchie, Aileen Dowley, Susan Leonard, Joanna Neill.

The first rounds of the College singles and doubles championships are now being played off, with 24 entries in the singles and 10 in the doubles. Weather permitting, the finals will be played on the Thursday of Trinity Week.

With a greatly increased membership this year, it was felt that the Club members should be allowed to play on more than one court in College. In agreement with the men's club, women students may now play on courts one and two in Botany Bay, and also on one of the grass courts in the New Square.

The two main fixtures this term for the first team will be the Gill Cup against U.C.D., who are hosts this year, and the inter-varsity championships in Cork, with U.C.C. as hosts. We hope that Trinity, who were narrowly beaten by U.C.D. in the Gill Cup last year, will regain the trophy and also be successful in the inter-varsity championships in Cork at the end of June.

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