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Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

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The Cat Amongst The Pigeons

Mr. Shinwell saves the night

THE Historical Society's Opening Meeting must have been one of the best in many years, and not only Joe in the snooker room thought so. Three things made it so memorable — Mr. Emmanuel Shinwell, M. Spaak and closed-circuit T.V.—in that order. How grateful the Auditor, Ian Simons, must be to Mr. Shinwell who, in the course of a devastating speech, won back for the Hist. the prestige of the better inaugural which Lord Hailsham secured for the Phil. last year.

The big gun for the evening was undoubtedly Mr. Spaak, Secretary-General of N.A.T.O. The initial pleasure of seeing such a "great European" in person wore off and he spoke almost endlessly in French when replying to the Auditor's paper. It really became too much of a good thing, but one suffered in patience, knowing that whatever the gist of his argument (the resumé before us was not very satisfactory) it would be reliable, being the fruit of so much experience. In short, as the "presiding genius of N.A.T.O.", he had attributed success to that organisation since in its ten years of existence not a further square mile had fallen under Communist sway in Europe. The problem now was to ensure similar safeguards for the other continents, especially South-East Asia and the Middle East.

Mr. Simons delivered his address, "Ten Years of N.A.T.O.", in a manner similar to an experienced politician. He has all the attributes of a good speaker—clear diction, precise views, likeable mannerisms and a knowledge of when to sit down. He mapped out the achievements and failures of N.A.T.O. since 1948, and pointed to a future in which N.A.T.O. would continue to play its part, whilst carefully leaving much upon which his distinguished guests could elaborate.

Air Marshall Sir Gerald Gibbs, unfortunately, could not throw off his lecture-room approach when posing the question, "Why N.A.T.O.?" He saw the United Nations as an ineffective defence to the march of Communism, and hence the need of the Treaty Organisation. As a British diplomat, he assured the Dublin Government that they would be welcomed wholeheartedly if Eire made a decision to join N.A.T.O.

Sir Anthony Esmonde, T.D., giving the Irish aspect of this question of joining N.A.T.O., said the present Dublin Government would find it impossible to adequately defend the island without federalising with the Six-County Government. He advocated, therefore, that a Dublin Government take control of a united Irish defence.

Up to this point the meeting had been far from exceptional. It was left to Emmanuel Shinwell, M.P., an ex-Labour Government Cabinet member, to speak last, and how gleefully he set about destroying the edifices built by the former speakers. An element of controversy entered the meeting and raised it accordingly. As only self-made Labour politicians are able, Mr.

Shinwell adopted the approach of Herbert Morrison two years earlier at a Hist. inaugural, and showed that he too revelled in the boast of Mark Twain that he had never let his schooling interfere with his education. He was fortunate in speaking last, since he could attack the former speakers, taking full advantage of the Hist. rules of free-speech and no right of reply. All on the platform moved uncomfortably and forced smiles; the Chairman and Auditor wondered what he was going to say next; M. Spaak beamed (in blissful ignorance?) whenever his name was mentioned; Sir Gerald Gibbs disliked the Socialist attitude to the silver spoon at birth, and Sir Anthony Esmonde, whose name completely eluded Mr. Shinwell, could not have welcomed the remarks on Irish international policy. Briefly, Mr. Shinwell maintained N.A.T.O. was ineffective and expensive, and the money would be better spent raising the living standards in underdeveloped countries and thus counteracting the threat of Communism.

Only rarely does a Hist. audience take a speaker to heart as dearly as it took Mr. Shinwell. After hearing he had no right of reply, M. Spaak went straight to his room after the meeting and did not attend the supper. The other speakers were far from pleased and a strained atmosphere attended until their respective journeys home. The cat amongst the pigeons was a joy to watch and a pleasure to listen to.

NEW MASTER OF THE ROTUNDA

The new Master of the Rotunda Hospital, Dublin, is to be Dr. Alan Browne, who at the age of 36 is one of the youngest masters ever appointed.

Educated at Mount Temple School and at Baymount and Shrewsbury, he entered the Medical School of Trinity in 1941 and qualified in 1947. He won



—Photo courtesy Irish Times
DR. ALAN BROWNE

honours in all his examinations and was awarded the bronze and silver medals of the Biological Association. He was appointed Assistant Master of the Rotunda in November, 1951, a position he held for three years.

Dr. Browne is at present gynaecologist to Dr. Steeven's Hospital, Dublin, and assistant to the Professor of Obstetrics and Gynaecology at T.C.D. In succession to the position of Master, Dr. Browne not only is in charge of a hospital which has led the world in the study of gynaecology, but also follows in the footsteps of other eminent Trinity doctors, perhaps one of the best known being Dr. Bethel Solomons, who is still very active in Dublin life. The position of Master of the Rotunda is held for seven years.

PRINCE PETER TO TALK ON TIBET

A distinguished speaker at an unusual hour next Sunday, at 8.0 p.m., in the G.M.B. will be Prince Peter of Greece and Denmark. He is a renowned authority on Tibet and has chosen the recent events in this sorry country as the subject of his lecture. He will not be accompanied by the Princess and will, therefore, probably be the guest of College in No. 40. The lecture is part of the programme sponsored by the Economic Society and the Association for International Affairs.

TRINITY AND IRELAND

Dr. L. O. Sheehy-Skeffington spoke to "The Eliz" last Monday on Trinity's part in the destiny of this country.

The key to Trinity's place lay in the answer to the question: Is Trinity in Ireland and of Ireland or outside it?

Rebel tradition in Trinity has always been strong, but alongside this rebel spirit there was a very strong Conservative tradition. Both these elements were essential, Dr. Skeffington said, to the coherent pattern of Trinity life. These elements were often in conflict with one another. He gave the V.E. Day incident as symbolising this conflict when both the Union Jack and the Tricolour were burnt by opposing groups of students. Trinity, he maintained, endeavoured to be English, Irish and British at one and the same time.

He went on to contrast Trinity's geographical position with that of Oxford and Cambridge. In the latter cases, the Universities were all important to their respective cities, whereas Trinity is only one aspect of this capital city of ours. It was possible for one to feel very important within the gates of Trinity, but to realise when one went outside into the city how insignificant one really is. This, Dr. Skeffington considered to be a very salutary experience for us all.

The next point considered by Dr. Skeffington was the kind of part we can play in the Ireland of to-day. He felt that we learn here in Trinity, through meeting different peoples from widely different backgrounds, the valuable qualities of fair play and tolerance. These qualities are just those so urgently needed in Ireland to-day. Our ultimate contribution to the country is, therefore, to carry these qualities into the realm of public affairs. It is up to ourselves whether we make the opportunity to do this or not.

He suggested in a reply to a question from Miss F.-J. French that Trinity people should join the political party with which they disagree least. This would be a positive step where it would be possible to exercise the qualities of fair play and tolerance which he had spoken of earlier on in his speech.

LISTEN TO THIS!

Students of the History of Medicine (and others) will no doubt be interested to learn that Radio Eireann is broadcasting as part of the Thomas Davis lectures (Sundays, 9.30 p.m.) a series of talks on "Irish Medical Men." Recent talks have included one on Robert Graves by Dr. Brendan O'Brien (Assistant Professor of Medicine, T.C.D.), and last Sunday night Dr. L. B. Somerville-Large discussed the life and work of Arthur Jacob, a noted 19th century Irish oculist.

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PRESTIGE AT A PRICE

THE opening of an Ulster Television service last week, with a powerful beam to extend over as much of the Twenty-Six Counties as possible, has greatly strengthened the case of those who wish to see a television service set up in the Republic. Many preliminary discussions have already taken place, and Eamonn Andrews has promised to nurse Irish T.V. in its formative years.

But in considering the pattern which an Irish network must follow if it is to have financial support from the Government, it is highly probable that such a network would occupy no greater influence in television transmission than Radio Eireann occupies in the field of sound. Irish language and culture are quite rightly to be given prominence in the projected network, but some small sacrifice will have to be made in this realm, if only for financial reasons, to make the efforts PAY. Those will surely be in the minority who will watch "Nuacht" in preference to "To-Night" and follow lectures at popular week-end hours instead of choosing from the many "Spectaculars" and Westerns.

One question that is taken for granted is that Ireland needs a television service. On reflection, one is not so sure—at least under present circumstances. For many reasons, some unavoidable, Ireland is the poor relation of Western civilisation. The licence fee could never amply repay the cost of buying material and machines, and studios do not employ all that many people. With such a limited middle class and a quite deep cleavage between rich and poor the social structure would surely be aggravated when the majority would be tempted into buying what it could not afford.

Any financial surplus in the Republic would be better spent if it was ploughed back to help the very needy members of the population, and not used to finance schemes which can only extract more money from those who cannot afford it. Sponsored or otherwise, Ireland can barely support the added cost of a T.V. network, in order to keep up with the square-eyed Jones who surround us on all sides.

When it comes to introducing a national television service, and also the present ludicrous proposal that public houses stay open until 11.30, the Government would do better to wait until it has raised the standard of the people and brought them within range and appreciation of such costly pastimes.

PROFILE

THE AUDITOR OF THE COLLEGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY—Mr. I. H. Simons

Any casual observer of the criss-cross human traffic in Front Square must often have espied a slight figure, clad in a pullover and unfashionable corduroy, making a swift yet chequered progress between the Reading Room and other places of interest; swift because, apparently, he is in a perpetual state of being about to do something, or having not quite finished doing what he was

His school career earned him two travelling scholarships, one to Canada, the other to France for three months, and in addition to this he was head prefect. Academically he has not been so successful at College owing to mistimed ill-health, but a relentless determination to succeed in whatever he does will surely offset recent set-backs.

His enthusiasm for games has not been remarkable; he plans nevertheless to start squash this year, the latest addition to a keep fit campaign previously marked by a run around College Park, culminating in a cold shower, at the "skips only" hour of 7.30 a.m. It is said he is no mean performer in the realm of aquatic sports. But his College activities must of necessity be limited, for an Auditor of the Hist., who also has the misfortune to be entangled in the cumbersome meshes of Legal Science, has little time for anything else.

At home (London), Ian has many interests. Jewish activities, religious and otherwise, taking up much of his time. In addition, he is a leading member of a debating club, and has recently won awards for his speaking. He has even made three broadcasts, one on his scholarship visit to Canada, another in London as a member of an Anglo-American student panel, and the third—long before he became soaked in Hist. tradition—on Woman's Hour.

Thus it is clear that he is a worthy successor to the long line of distinguished students who have occupied the supreme office in the College Historical Society, and we are glad to report that his friendship with the President of the other Society, despite the deep-rooted apprehensions of the Old Guard, has done much to eradicate the petty animosities between these two rival bodies.



doing when he thought he had better do something else; chequered because on passing an acquaintance he cannot resist the temptation of a rapid conversation.

The present Hist. Auditor is seen at his best in the debating hall; there alone can he sit still with his conscience apparently at ease. He sets himself a high standard of speaking (which earned him an Oratory Medal in the last session) and his delivery has been described as a combination of the grunting pauses of a Churchill and the spectacle twirlmanship of a Hailsham.

THE FABLE OF THE FOUR GANDERS AND THE GOOSE

Once upon a time four student ganders lived together in a slick little four-bedroomed poultry farm in Rathgar. One was a Player gander, the other a Sportsman gander, the third a Hard-Working gander, and the fourth a gander from North of Ireland. They were quite a happy little flock, despite the fact that they were always quarrelling. The Player gander had long hair which the Sportsman said he should have cut. He had also unhygienic habits which the Northern Ireland gander, being unaccustomed to such things, objected to. The Hard-Working gander caused a great deal of financial trouble by using excessive quantities of midnight oil, which led to huge electricity bills. The Sports-Loving gander was very good-natured, and did not mind at all what he or others did. He would practise for hours place-kicking a rugby ball against his bedroom wall, telling the other ganders that even if it was noisy it was for the good of the College. The gander from Northern Ireland, who had bright orange webbing between his toes, used to keep annoying the Sports-gander and the Player-gander by continually arguing with them, although they had no interest in arguing; and he annoyed the Hard-Working gander, who had some brains in his gander-head, by never admitting that he was wrong. They lived happily in disharmony, cackling amicably in disagreement, for a year or two. But then great trouble arose, and a grievous misfortune descended upon these four happy ganders. It happened that a young and beautiful goose came upon the scene. They were all agreed that she had the scaliest and most beautiful legs in the whole of Goose-Gander College. She had a certain chic, a jaunty swing in her snow-white, perfectly-groomed tail, which caused the four ganders to fall simultaneously madly in love with her. The Player fell passionately, the Sportsman brutally, the Hard-Worker earnestly, and the gander from Northern Ireland with an almost political fervour.

Deep and terrible was the strife. The Player gander wrote so many love lyrics that he began to run out of quill pens. He disclaimed: "I love thee, Goose," at the top of his voice every night before he went to bed. The Hard-Worker stopped working and moped, and, not being experienced in such affairs, went to ask advice of the Player gander, who duly gave him many ridiculous suggestions, like — "Always wind your neck three times around hers: this is an infallible way to any goose's heart." The Sportsman gander suddenly began to make low scores for the first eleven and to bowl with wild inaccuracy on account of his efforts to impart a seductive flight to each ball. The Northern Ireland gander became so distraught that he took to drinking on Sunday, but continued to buoy up his courage by repeating a thousand times: "Ulster will fight and Ulster will be right," and growling at the other ganders in his best Twelfth manner.

There was a serious deadlock and much ill-feeling for a long time. One day the Player gander, being more forward and more used to the subtle flight of geese, managed to bring her home to the gander pen in Rathgar. On arrival he met the other three ganders sitting in silence in the drawing-room. Immediately they engaged the Player gander and the beautiful goose in an endless and pointless conversation. This they continued for three hours, until at last the unfortunate goose fled from the house with her feet over her ears.

She never came back. The ganders later heard that she had married some rich, magnetic gander. Each suppressed a sigh and all commented upon the materialism of women. Since then the four ganders have lived together in the old happy way.

Moral:

It is not fit for a gander,
To lasciviously pander
To the affections loose
Of a flirtatious goose.

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College Observed

I walk up to the "Trinity News" desk. It is a cold and grey day. I feel miserable. I ask the seller if the papers are selling well. He replies: "It's too cold for anyone to stop and buy one." I think of the ice-cream seller's cry, and laugh. He doesn't catch-on and walks away, wishing me joy in my task. I sigh and nip into the chair quickly before it gets cold, but the previous seller must have been a cold-blooded person for his buttocks have not warmed the seat at all. I feel miserable. An hour seems an eternity on a day like to-day.

I wish I had brought a blanket. I wish I didn't have to sell these things. I wish I were home by the fire with a book. I wish at least someone would buy a few papers. I see a private bore who bugs me walking towards me; I wish he would go away. I wish too many things. He does go away; perhaps this wishing is not so bad after all.

I stuff my hands deep in my pockets and look up at the sky; it is almost completely covered with a heavy, formless rain-charged nimbus, except for one patch of clearest ice-blue over the Chapel. "If there's enough blue in the sky to make a pair of bell-bottomed trousers, the day will be fine," I think, knowing too well that it is about to rain.

I light a cigarette; remembering, I resolved to give it up; almost stub it out; then think, "Hell! What a waste!" and smoke it, feeling a little guilty about it.

A friend comes along and tries to tell me about his holiday in Sunny Spain. I am not amused; it starts to rain. I get up to move the table inside; the rain stops. The Sunny Spain champion takes his sunny stories somewhere else, looking a little hurt.

A small girl asks me where she can get permission to sell poppies in College. I grant her permission and feel pleased with myself. She goes away. I try to read the paper, but it involves taking my hands out of my pockets and so I abandon the idea.

One of those intellectual-snob types comes up and asks for two "of those rags." I tell him that his nose could do with a wipe and hand him two copies (one rain-spattered), and take his two shillings, giving him the change in threepenny bits (which are, of course, no good for the gas or anything else). He does not even complain; I feel triumphant.

It starts to rain, this time in earnest, and I don't feel so triumphant. I move into Front Gate, cursing without feeling or object. I sneeze and curse again, this time with plenty of feeling. (I hate getting a cold.)

A one-time friend walks past and cries, "You want to shout, old boy. You'll never sell them by just sitting there." I curse him deeper into hell than he's ever been before and reply jovially, "Like to buy one?" He laughs deprecatingly and walks away. I create a private hell for him, much worse than any that was conceived by a mere Devil, and start to pack-up.

A tourist (American brand) asks for half a dozen copies and I give them to her, and (of course) show her the way to the long room. She says: "Thank you. It must be great writing for a real newspaper of your own; how do you like it?" I think of explaining; realise that it is too complicated; say: "Oh, very well indeed—very stimulating. I hope you find it successfully." I feel I succeeded in emphasising my English character through my language and feel better. She says: "Thank you," again, and waddles away with her furs dangling. I like her, but I like my fire and my book better, so I pack up. It stops raining.

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FOUR & SIX

Fancy going to the Boat Club Ball and having to pay for it! Stringy Bird, the best door porter College has produced, made a stand. Yes, Teddy Baby was there and elsewhere with Renata Plunkett and the rest of the Playboys. And Dierdre Mooney congesting with Bogdin the bold and Cameron the drone on the parapet. Brady kissed colleen's cheeks, ruffled heads and dismounted Norman (Cox) Gillett from the bandstand. All the jazzy boys turned out in numbers to hear a bit of good music. Bonny McCabe and Jackie would play until the lights were out, but that was O.K. for backroom boy Cheiveley, though less so for Fitz. and Maureen. Now and again Kaminski danced with Sheila Kirwan and "John Powers"—another of her friends. Peter Wooley tried to dance with Gita Plunkett, but all he did was stand still and sway. Did Jim O'Brien and Gordon Roebuck get passed? Why not Chris. Green? Such questions always follow in the train of the Boat Club Ball.

The cocktail party given on Tuesday by Dorothy Horsburgh, Tressan Deeney and Felicity Miller was one of the few worth remembering to tell one's grandchildren about. Nothing was lacking: a good cross section of College life (with a slight History bias?), quite lethal drinks and a supply of food for such a crowd which never ran out (I mean the supply, of course). Rachel Phillips and Betty Evans chatted to some newspaper sellers, while Robin Harte and Bill Morris debated future S.R.C. policy. A surprised Jane Johnston was aware (I hope) that the colour was fast sapping from Neville Rhodes' face—but by that time nobody could have cared less. Joanna and Peter preferred the soft music end of the room and Brady & Co. the other. Surprisingly, John Goldberg and, unsurprisingly, Ron McKay were able to play the piano way after we should all have gone home, to the singing (?) of Russi Wadia, who finished that part of the evening on a strong, if rather flat, note. Those who could not at the time, now thank the charming hostesses for a night to remember.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR . . .

COLLEGE GALLERY
—From G. W. P. Dawson, Esq., M.A.
Sir,—May I have the courtesy of your columns to make five comments on your criticism of the College Gallery:—
(1) You refer to the customers of the Gallery being "forced to queue up and wait whatever happens to have pleased the whims of three or four self-styled experts." There is, of course, no compulsion on any student to hire a painting. We have never styled ourselves "experts."
(2) The collection, you say, is deficient in "old Masters" and has an excess of pictures which "to many appear as pitiful manifestations of a disordered mind." Yet at each of our exhibitions the last 10 pictures to be hired have never included paintings by contemporary artists, while these 10 have always included some "Old Masters." Even so, we shall not neglect to continue to add reproductions of "Old Masters" to the collection as our aim is to extend, and not only to confirm, existing taste.
(3) You refer to the "peculiar tastes" of one student who kindly bought reproductions for the College when he visited Switzerland. That his "tastes" are different from those of you, sir, is clear. That they are "peculiar" is disproved by the fact that all he bought were among the first to be hired at the recent showing.

(4) You say that the Gulbenkian Foundation has stipulated that in choosing original paintings we are especially to buy painting by contemporary Irish artists. This is not true.
(5) The "exorbitant rent" of 5/- per picture per term is roughly the price of a seat at the theatre, 3 pints of stout, or one-twentieth of the cost of the picture. That it is not unreasonable is shown by no picture remaining unhired.
Yet there are some real problems. One problem is that there are so few large reproductions of good quality of the works of many famous painters. Another is the difficulty of devising a method for students to select paintings which will be fair to those who have afternoon practical classes and lectures, yet can be operated at a time when a suitable large room in College is available.
The collection is owned by the College and for running the Gallery I am responsible to the Board. I should like to thank those students who have given a lot of their time to founding and continuing the Gallery and also to thank the Trinity Trust, the Gulbenkian Foundation and others for their very generous support.—Yours sincerely,
G. W. P. Dawson, Dept. of Genetics.
Sir,—I find myself almost wholly in agreement with the sentiments expressed in your front page article about

the College Gallery. I would underline the suggestion that the Committee in charge be increased in number and that its selection of reproductions be more representative of students' artistic tastes. What is more, the system of distribution should be altered so that scientists and other students, engaged in lectures, can have an opportunity of obtaining pictures.
In conclusion I would beseech the Gallery, whether it is administered by four men or by twenty, to seek expert advice before selecting original paintings to be preserved for posterity. — Yours, etc.
"Gainsborough."

BRIDGE COMPETITION

Sir,—Last year, Dr. Brennan and Judge Hanna presented a Bridge Cup open to the Colleges and Universities of Ireland. Queen's University Bridge Club are hoping to hold the competition for the cup at the end of this month. Would all prospective players please contact me for further details. — Yours sincerely,
Nicholas Perceval Price,
Match Sec., Q.U.B.C.
Saintfield House, Saintfield,
Co. Down.

GERMAN REUNIFICATION

Dear Sir,—At the opening meeting of the College Historical Society one of the speakers, Mr. Shinwell, made a remark which must be emphatically contradicted. He said rather cynically that everybody seemed to care about German reunification except the Germans themselves. Of course:
"Yet there are some among us—Why should we fight? they say; What do we want our freedom for? We're better off this way."
("The United Irishman," Nov., 1959).
But the vast majority of the Germans long for their reunification since 1945—in vain. What should Germany do? If she raised her voice calling for reunification, Mr. Shinwell, who, as he said will never trust the Germans, would be the first to say, filled with suspicion: "Watch these Germans! They never learn; now they are getting us into trouble again!"
Should the Germans in the Soviet zone rebel for the second time against Communism? They would be crushed like the Hungarians. Shall West Germany send her troops to East Germany? This would mean World War III. Should West Germany negotiate with the East German Government? This would involve acknowledgment and legalisation of the worst dictatorship now existing and would have no effect either, since the Soviet zone is a satellite of Russia and thus subject to her.
Germany could be reunited to-morrow morning if she would allow Communism to spread in West Germany. But I

wonder if Mr. Shinwell would feel safe any longer if this was the case?
What West Germany can do for reunification is to stay firm against Communism, to keep up connections between the East and West German population and to try over and over again to make reunification a matter of summit politics.
And this is exactly what she does.—Yours truly,
O'Reteid.

WHERE DO THEY MEET?

Close on 200 packed a meeting entitled "When Engineer and Geologist Meet," and proved that some of the so-called "minor" societies are not so minor.
Although problems will remain when these two fields of science meet, all were convinced that the Bar was where they met most frequently. However, Mr. O'Brien's Presidential address to the Engineering Society was a clear and valuable piece of advice to experienced and inexperienced alike; also it emphasised that it is wrong for non-scientific students, for example, to stay away from such meetings merely because it is not their pet subject. Try it sometime, you academic snobs! It's interesting.
The theme of Mr. O'Brien's lecture was a warning on what could happen, and often did, when incomplete data was used for a project, in view of the irregularities of Nature. Another warning followed on the use of technical jargon.
Mr. Symmington, a Canadian mining engineer, who spent his early post-graduate life wielding a six pound hammer and a chisel, explained the advantages of doing this when he finally entered the geological field.
Prof. Gill, complete with slides, showed the disadvantages of not calling on the geologist for advice before digging tunnels into mountains.
Mr. Symmington kept up the lively and light-hearted discussion with some irrelevant and some not so irrelevant remarks.

HELP FOR REFUGEES

Guy Milner, second year student in No. 3 College, has received considerable support all around Dublin in his scheme to give refugee children a happier Christmas. In such circumstances his commendable plans can never receive enough support and he is always ready to accept old toys, books—indeed anything that has the slightest chance of benefiting from cheap renovation. This year much attention has been directed to the plight of the thousands of refugees in the world, and it is within the power of all of us to do something, however small, towards helping these people. So make another note of Mr. Milner's address.

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HEDLEY

SPORTS NEWS

Rugby 1st. XV.

Potential Realised

But Trinity Fade Later ; Fine Game By Reid-Smith

Trinity, 21; Clontarf, 9.

WITH six wins, and only one narrow defeat, this must surely be one of the most auspicious starts to a Trinity rugby season for many years. During this match we saw glimpses of the kind of top-class football we have always believed the side to be capable of playing, but still there was a tendency to relapse into barren patches of disorganised play.

We did at least see, however, the real potential of the team, albeit only for the first twenty minutes. One hopes that they will produce similar performances for the whole of the game in future matches. Trinity started at a tremendous pace; the forwards played with vigour and intelligence, giving the backs possession of the ball time and time again. The backs combined with a hitherto unseen smoothness and speed—passes were timed perfectly, backing up was keen, and there was plenty of penetration. Indeed, the co-ordination which has been so sadly lacking in previous matches had suddenly arrived. The result: sixteen points in as many minutes, and the Clontarf line crossed no fewer than four times.

From the start, Hall began to escape the attentions of the wing-forwards and to make frequent upfield thrusts, one of which led to a try between the posts by Reid-Smith who kicked the conversion. The backs were making ground almost at will, and every movement looked likely to produce a score. Both Rees and Reilly had good runs before Reid-Smith again scored following a break by Moore. O'Brien added a try—converted by Reid-Smith—and Clontarf's defence seemed to be about to collapse. Reid-Smith now produced his best effort; fielding a cross-kick from Hall, he swerved one way past the wing and the other way round the full-back to make the touch down. A formidable total looked almost certain, but Trinity now began to over-elaborate; movements broke down where scores should have been made. With the help of a penalty goal and an immense drop-goal from full-back F. McMullan, Clontarf came more into the picture and towards the end of the half their hard-working forwards were rewarded with a try.

In the second half the Clontarf forwards were much quicker in the loose and were allowed to bring the ball upfield at their feet on too many occasions. Philp had a very fair share of the strike, giving the backs plenty of opportunity, but they could achieve little of their former penetration. The Clontarf covering and tackling was much keener in this half and it was not until the closing stages that Trinity could score again. From a loose scrum, Endall made a determined run to round the opposition and score between the posts.



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The score would suggest that Trinity held the whip-hand throughout, but this was not so. Nevertheless, improvement was shown and there now seems to be much more cohesion about the side. Of the forwards, Hill and O'Brien did well in the line-out, and Patrikios was ever present in the loose. Once again Rees gave a first-class performance and his defensive work was most praiseworthy. Reid-Smith was in excellent form, running delightfully for his tries and making three conversions.

Hockey—1st XI.

First League Victory Defence Improves

Trinity, 3; Corinthians, 0.

SHOWING much more determination than they have been displaying in recent weeks, Trinity recorded their first League victory against a dour Corinthians side at Templeogue last Saturday. This display gives some cause for rejoicing, but there is still room for improvement in the weeks to come.

Trinity attacked strongly from the start. When after 15 minutes McCarthy scored, Trinity got that early goal so necessary to instil confidence into the side. Corinthians might have equalised shortly afterwards when the Trinity defence looked far from happy for a time. However, the Corinthians forwards failed to take their chances and the Trinity defence soon regained the initiative which they never subsequently lost. The Trinity forwards, getting an ample supply of the ball, attacked incessantly and a fine centre from Blackmore, following a long corner, found Rice in position and he beat the goalkeeper from close range.

SQUASH

Last week-end, Sheffield University sent a team to Dublin who met Trinity 1st on Friday and 2nd on Saturday. Trinity proved far too strong and both matches were won 5-0. None of the home players were in difficulties at any time.

The three handicap league teams have also been highly successful. All teams are undefeated although some individual losses may prove a disadvantage later on. In this competition success depends on the results of each individual match, rather than on the performance of the team as a whole.

BOXING

On Tuesday, 17th November, the Boxing Club is putting on its first home fixture of the new season which will consist of a number of novice contests and bouts against members of local clubs.

Boxing has claimed its share of newcomers this term, among them P. Edmonds, a promising light middle-weight. With members like him and old hands like Danai Tulalamba—this season's captain—G. Lemon, R. Molesworth, C. Munford and R. Gibbons, Trinity is well equipped to maintain her record of being British universities' champions for longer than any other university, having already held the title for the last nine years.

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Soccer

OPTIMISM PREMATURE

Trinity, 2; U.C.D., 5

Last week's optimism has proved to be premature, for on Wednesday, 4th November, Trinity suffered her first league defeat for two years at the hands of U.C.D. The main reason for this defeat was the failure of the inside forwards to tackle back when their opponents held the ball. The team as a whole, although playing delightful football when in possession, showed a marked lack of enthusiasm when on the defence; above all, they did not fight for possession of the loose ball. There is a basic football lesson to be learned here. You cannot play football unless you have the ball, so it follows that when possession is lost, one has got to tackle and fight hard to get it back. It is to be hoped that Trinity will learn this lesson from their defeat.

The Club is happy to announce the appointment of a coach, Mr. M. Burke, the Drumcondra and former Shamrock Rovers player. It is felt that Mr. Burke's wide experience will greatly benefit the Club and cause an all-round improvement in the standard of Trinity soccer.

ROWING

At the Boat Club's annual general meeting on Tuesday, 27th October, the following officers were elected for the coming season:

Captain: G. I. Blanchard; Hon. Sec.: S. S. Newman. Committee: W. D. Keatinge, M. L. E. Stubbs, E. A. L. Bird, P. D. J. Martin, A. B. Fisher, G. R. Halliwell, F. G. D. Tisdall.

W. N. R. Miller was elected a Vice-President of the Club in recognition of his services to Trinity rowing.

Last year's Senior VIII did not have a very successful season, but with a large influx of new members and last year's performances of the Junior and Maiden VIII's, prospects for the future seem bright. During the season the Junior VIII were undefeated and the Maiden VIII beat only once.

A Club dinner is to be held at Island-bridge on Saturday, 14th November. All paid-up members of the Club are invited to attend. The provisional date for the "At Home" is Saturday, 28th November.

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