

ALL
OPTICAL
SUPPLIES

from

DIXON

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The Scholars

The amazing kindness of weather in the past had created a traditional regard for Trinity Monday as a garden-party day. But those who had visualised themselves waiting expectantly in Front Square under a blue sunlit sky on Trinity Monday, 1961, were ill-prepared for the squally rain which fell from an overcast sky.

Of the leading players it is always the Chief Steward who steals the show although this time perhaps he held back a little hoping to protect the Mace's shine from the spots of rain.

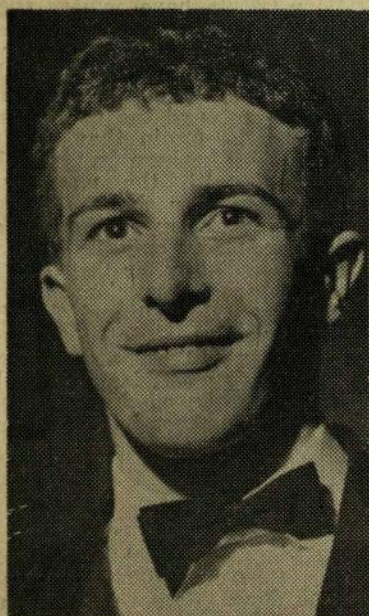


Photo courtesy Irish Times.
Robert Buttimore.

The Provost himself in his anxiety to shelter the onlookers from the elements briefly gaffed his lines and announced that all the Scholars were non-foundation.

Fellow:
George Dawson.

Scholars:

Mathematics: Alan Newell, Christopher Thompson, Robert Keppeler, Classics: Robert Buttimore, Natural Sciences: Philip Walton, Michael Hansell, Shelagh Coulson. Modern Languages: Carole Elliott, Julian Calmonson, William Neill. Engineering: Brian Bond. Medicine: Hiv Pin Lim, John Dinn, Michael Porter.

There is no need to add to the biographical details (published elsewhere) concerning the name above. By way of comments — At sixteen (four non-Foundation) the list of Scholars was shorter than usual. The announcements of the election of another Walton and the election of the sockless genius, Robert Buttimore, whom many thought had left his effort too late, were perhaps greeted with most pleasure.

P.S. — We understand that due to language difficulties the first scholar in medicine was almost elected the first female Foundation Scholar.

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Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

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THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1961

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TENSE STRUGGLE IN U.C.D. The L. and H. will Fight

LAST Wednesday the Academic Council of U.C.D. suspended the Literary and Historical Society. It also decided that the Auditorship elections would be postponed. The Society and the Returning Officer, a practising solicitor, decided otherwise. On the Thursday 164 members of the Society cast their votes at the polling booth—a hired car parked outside the front gate of the College.

The votes were counted on Monday afternoon in a smoky room above the "Singing Kettle." The new Auditor was announced as Desmond Green, a chubby engineering student, and a fine orator. The bookmakers had made him the favourite, at 5 to 4 on.

There is now deadlock. The Society cannot meet in the College. "The College does not recognise the election. The accepted reason for the prohibitions is that Aidan Brown, one of the candidates, will not be on the College books next year, as required of all Officers of U.C.D. societies. It is suspected that there is a more personal objection by the authorities than this, however. Mr. Brown may have spoken his mind once too often.

The Council, formed of Professors and Lecturers, acted in a very strange and discourteous manner. The notice of suspension was posted before the Council

met to decide on suspension. The L. & H. notice board was broken open and their election details torn down. At their meeting they refused to hear the Auditor or the Returning Officer, even though two members of the Council pointed out that this was the legal right of anyone about to be disciplined.

But the L. & H. will fight. The Returning Officer has stated that the Society may demand a Government visitation over the matter. The election, except for being held outside the College precincts, was fully in accord with the Society's constitution, for this permits graduates of up to two years standing to be members and to hold office. The Society believes that the clause of the Academic regulations which demands that the candidates be undergraduates was unconstitutionally inserted very recently. This clause would have prevented at least the last two Auditors

from holding their office. As one senior member stated: "The L. and H. existed before U.C.D. This is the third University we have functioned in. And we have been suspended before."

It looks like being a tough year for Des. Green. He has to control the fieriest meetings in Dublin, and mediate with the authorities when the Society's perpetual struggle with them has exploded dangerously. But he has started well by competing with Brown and Lysaght, two law students, for a position always held by lawyers in recent years. He has a strong voice and an enormous store of apposite quotations to carry him through. He is not active politically, so we may expect better and more consistent relations between the L. and H. and the Phil. and Hist.

Green takes office at the Annual General Meeting. Where it will be, and when, no-one will say.

TRINITY WEEK PROGRAMME

MONDAY, 5th JUNE

11.30 a.m.—6.30 p.m.—Cricket Club v. Mr. J. C. Boucher's XI.
7.30 p.m.—Swimming Championships and Water Polo at the Iveagh Baths.

TUESDAY, 6th JUNE

11.30 a.m.—6.30 p.m.—Cricket Match continues.
4.30 p.m.—Golf Match at Carrickmines.
7.30 p.m.—Open-air Boxing.

WEDNESDAY, 7th JUNE

2.30 p.m.—College Races, with "Trinity News" Fashion Competition sponsored by Charles Ward Mills.
8.0 p.m.—Sailing Club Dinner and Dance.

THURSDAY, 8th JUNE

2.15 p.m.—Tennis Championships in the Fellows' Garden.
8.0 p.m.—Motor Cycle and Light Car Treasure Hunt.
8.0 p.m.—Dvorak's "Stabat Mater" in the Examination Hall.

FRIDAY, 9th JUNE

10 a.m.—Sailing Club Regatta at Dun Laoghaire.
12 noon—Boat Club Regatta Heats.
2 p.m.—Fencing Championships in the Dixon Hall.
8.30 p.m.—Double Bill, in No. 6 (top). English Group: A. P. Herbert's "Two Gentlemen in Soho" (Satire on Shak). Italian Group: "Sogna-Ma Farse No" (A Dream, but maybe not), by Pirandello.
10 p.m.—3 a.m.—Trinity Week Ball. Tickets at 25/- each from J. S. Wilkins, 27 T.C.D.

SATURDAY, 10th JUNE

2.30 p.m.—Boat Club Regatta at Islandbridge.
8 p.m.—Boat Club Dance.
7.45 for 8 p.m.—T.C.D. Association Dinner.
Hon Sec., Trinity Week: J. L. Baxter, No. 27 T.C.D.

S.R.C. MOTIONS

At a U.S.I. conference to be held on Saturday and Sunday, 24th and 25th June, in Stranmillis College, Belfast, a number of motions of interest are to be submitted by the S.R.C. delegates from Trinity.

One of the most relevant deplores the practice of certain County Councils in the Republic in allowing scholarships from them to be held in only one university in Ireland (N.U.I.), in spite of apparent recent Government legislation against this policy. Another calls for better distribution of university places in the Republic, and a third, closely allied, demands the abolition of Irish as an entrance requirement to the National University. Others seek an improvement in the attitude of N.U.S. to U.S.I., and the establishment of a new international debating tournament.

Butler to see Provost

Following the setting-up of an S.R.C. sub-committee, as reported last week, to oppose the improvement (?) scheme in the Bay, letters of protest are now also being sent to the Board from various bodies in College, including the Hist., the Commerce and Economics Society, and the Scholars' Committee.

The Hist. missive makes a plea for the universal adoption of the system now operating in No. 19, where there are a couple of communal hot-water geysers, but the rooms are unfurnished. It also demands that priority be not given to visiting delegates over student-residents. In its letter the Scholars' Committee has tried to be constructive in its criticism. It, too, requests unfurnished rooms, hence lower rents, and regrets the strings attached with regard to tenure.

According to the Agent, Col. Walshe, the redecoration and refurbishing, which is his own particular responsibility, is now irrevocably under way; in fact, some of the furniture has already been bought. So the Sub-Committee, with Society support, is now to press for lower rents and guarantee of tenure. At a meeting on Monday afternoon it decided to send its Chairman, David Butler, to see the Provost with a number of proposals for modification of the conditions. He will point out that the present system in the Bay, though not actually profit-making, is not losing financially, and that humanitarian considerations should come before commercial. Also, if the "eviction" clause is to be put into effect, then it should apply only in the summer vacation, since (a) most conferences take place then, and (b) many students leave in the summer, anyway, for some time at least. Hence the hardship would be less felt.

BALL SHOCK

Late last week the complicated mechanism for next week's "Trinity Ball" nearly seized up. For the first time the College was inspected by a Dublin Corporation inspector; normal procedure before granting dance licences. The Exam. Hall and the G.M.B. were passed on condition that certain modifications were carried out. The Inspector refused point-blank to pass the Dining Hall on the grounds that there are insufficient, small exits. Friday evening the Agent and the Chief Steward examined regulations, measured up room space and mainly through their endeavours satisfied the Inspector that the necessary modifications would be made, when they saw him again on Saturday morning.

The Ball Committee will now arrange for supper to be served in the Dining Hall, which will be a tremendous improvement over the existing open air arrangements. A large marquee will be erected in the Provost's garden, for dancing, which will surely be far more romantic a setting than the rather dingy Dining-Hall. What looked like a calamity may in fact turn out to be a blessing in disguise.

GERMAN GROUP PLAY

8 p.m. **TO-NIGHT** No. 6
"Liebele" by A. Schnitzler

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SCH.

A BEAUTY of Trinity is wide distribution of the qualities that generate its tone. Aspects of leadership appear in many places. This week some more students have been elected to the most ancient of these places. They became Scholars, members of the Corporation. Does this mean much, to themselves or anyone, except that wearing a gown they take up more room? Do the Scholars justify themselves more than academically and (to a point) aesthetically?

The association of Scholarship and water-throwing has not been entirely coincidental or even spiteful. An element among the Scholars has always been responsible for preserving a valuable childlikeness in this University. They are our essential Peter Pans. Though certainly brilliant and learned, a ball or wheel continually provokes them to refreshing wonder. Perhaps they have now become too inbred for this obvious vitality to make a central impact. Scholars seem to be fairly native — possibly the odd capable Englishman is inhibited from entering by a grant or intellectual snobbery. But not only Irishmen are potential third-formers. For Scholars, as the word indicates, suggest the sense of "school" that survives at University. They embody the possibility of work. The poker-faced gowns, the meaningless games, imply an important remoteness from life.

There is the Scholars' Committee. But is the average student very much aware of it? It is certainly one of our safeguards, one of the bodies that may write letters to the Board. As the S.R.C. finds a positive niche in our midst, the Scholars should rethink or consolidate their function. Broadly, their province should be our academic welfare; that of the S.R.C., our physical. Both groups and other groups will overlap and support each other. But in general since the Scholars represent certain intellectual or academic values, their job should be to protect and serve them. Indeed they do this, with little publicity, in the case of occasional exam. crises. We should be more aware of their activity, and it should be defined more precisely.

Trinity Monday is a great Trinity occasion. But the extra meaning of Sch., which is not, of course, overwhelming, becomes forgotten in between. Still, there is just something. Whether as safety-valves, a civil service, heraldic figures or a lunatic fringe, they continue to attach an exasperated mystique.

Reviews

THEATRE

O Rare Brady...

"WAY OUT"—Players Revue,
Players Theatre.

Humour, as someone said, is a queer thing. There are as many way of being funny as there are of skinning a cat, and the way you do it depends on your audience or on your cat. In the end, or so it seems, this year's Players revue tries them all. We have Pastiche Pinter and quasi-Coward. We have the inescapable guitar gyrations, both with a sly dig in the ribs and with a disconcertingly straight face. We have N. F. Simpson and secondhand Sellers, comédie de mœurs and sheer farce, political satire and Parochial Bar-parlour sniggers. We have the "subtle" and the overblown, the cynical and the charmingly simple, the richly Rabelaisian and the pathetic. And there is no immediately apparent reason why all this dazzling cornucopia should not be too much of a good thing, why it should lie easily on the stomach. There is no direction, no one idea of what humour is or what it should do. There is no scheme, no united front to the world and its vanities. There is no Party line.

And here, perhaps, is the secret of why this revue is so very good. There are no pretensions, and consequently no pretentiousness. There is no desire to preach, to "purify by laughter." There is no desire in this revue to do anything but be entertaining, and in that it succeeds, hugely and richly and satisfyingly. Its bewildering range, stretching from the refined intellectual snicker to the gross belly-laugh could have been a reason for its failure; in the event it is the biggest reason for its success.

And it does, miraculously, hang together. Why, I do not know, but I suspect that the reason is Terry Brady, to whose infinite variety there seems no end. Brady rampant on a field of azure, Brady passant regnant, Brady pathetic, Brady preposterously grotesque, Brady subtle, soft, loud, coarse; Brady underplaying, Brady gloriously overplaying—if "unifying factor" were needed, here it is. It is, perhaps, in the grotesque, the larger than life that Brady most excels; he is of the purest music hall, miraculously and simultaneously refined and exaggerated. And he is reason enough to see this revue at least five times.

The music, by Carl Bontoft, is pleasantly self-effacing and efficiently played, and the set, by Roger Chevely, is quite excellent.—W.M.O.

POETRY

Silent Surprise

The editorial of this term's "Icarus" is sceptical about the College Poetical Movement proudly proclaimed last term by Rudi Holzapfel. Yet most of the poems share a common attitude of doubt and detachment — ranging from the tender to the blasé — which engenders parentheses, casual asides and is on the whole opposed to strong and undisguised feelings about anything. The detachment is of course pretended, the poems are preoccupied with self to a degree. I know and feel this undergraduate desert of egocentric emotional insecurity well enough and at times I am nauseated to read those clumsy and hesitant gropings which I might have written myself if I wrote any poetry at all.

Michael Longley has two little poems in the manner of the Japanese haiku. Tender, ironic, almost precious, "Reunion" is the most successful piece of the whole issue.

Although we knew the day and the hour

This happiness has parts of surprise
Silent surprise as when late snow
Meets the white of pear blossoms.

R. Wathens's "A Progress" in four parts and an envoi is by sheer length the most ambitious contribution. It is about an American Gagarin who does not come back. The treatment recalls Pound's "Maundering." "He was typical of his generation; he preferred visible fact to risible fiction."

Technical, political and air force jargon are used with skill to fix the mood of the poem. Yet Wathens often mars his effect by what he considers seemingly banal asides. "While recognising the importance of Ego involvement (man is an individual up to a certain point)," I think they are banal.

Brendan Kennelly is more at home with Yeats than with Joyce in his poem on Joyce. He singles out the author of "A Portrait" "Some prodigal son who scorned from love, to claim the fatted calf but irrevocably estranged/walked lonely in the bright meridian of fame." The last stanza is odd; was Joyce

ever interested in "some simple truth no music, bird song, nor branches/breaking with full flowers can equal or we forget"?

Derek Mahon has four poems of which "Endgame" expresses slightly puerile musings on lingual kisses. "The Titanic" is unpleasant and pointless, yet "The Fall of Icarus" is one of the best poems in the magazine thought I find its meaning a bit dark. Does he see in Icarus the forerunner of astronauts? "Wings formed of stronger glue to take the ironical sun into their own hands."

There is a fine description of waves in Donald Carroll's accomplished "Fragments Of A Plot." M. Leahy is very blasé about finishing schools.

There are also poems by Ronald Graham, Timothy Brownlow, Paul Davies and Rudi Holzapfel.

It seems about time that someone reversed Pounds statement and demanded "that good prose should at least be as well written as poetry." With the exception of Ian Blake's "The Carpet" the short stories are pathetically bad, and differ hardly from the faceless products of commercial magazines. Ian Blake's symbolic story is rather like Ionesco's "Chairs." He follows Pinter in adapting the French "absurdist" to English needs. Four people have invited their friends to show them their new carpet. But a mysterious "Bauler" arrives before them and they have to hide the carpet because he would take it away. The friends do not find the carpet and leave indignantly. Again they are invited, again Bauler is there first and the four are faced with the perpetuum mobile of an agonising choice. Either they show the carpet, prove its existence and all it stands for, only to have it taken away immediately, or they live in shame, possessing the precious object, yet not daring to show it and thereby destroying its reality.

There is also an excellent appreciation of Cummings's poetry by Edna Broderick. It consists mainly of well-chosen quotations connected by short but apt comments.—Martin Müller.

BOOKS

Saint Johann Sebastian

By Johannes Rüber, translated from
the German by Maurice Michael.
Rupert Hart-Davis. 12s. 6d.

This is a delicious and enchanting book which was first published about four years ago. It has just burst joyously into my ken, and I make no apology for reviewing it now. "Bach and the Heavenly Choir" is a delightful fantasy about a Pope, Gregory IX, who has been elected to the throne of Peter from the obscurity of a monastery in France for reasons of Ecclesiastical politics. In the seven years of his reign he has had no great theological inspirations, he has added nothing to the great body of dogma of the Church; he has achieved no reforms, issued no great encyclical. He has only Zone2 ambition, which is to crown his entire reign; the canonisation of Johann Sebastian Bach.

This is the raw material of what turns out to be a surprisingly beautiful book. It is a book of gentle passion, an ex-

quisitely restrained and warmly human book; above all, it is a very funny book. Its humour is never explicit, localised, easily pinned down. It never laughs at any one group of people, at the mores of an easily defined section of humanity. The failings and pettinesses of the group of Lutheran Bishops who come to Rome to discuss the scheme with Pope Gregory are exactly those of the Cardinals who either support it or attack it, according to their allegiance; and so, and this is more important, are their human qualities. The Pope's religious love of Bach's music is made very real in this book, and its reality is the result of precisely this faith in mankind; the two, music and humanity are, in the end, inseparable, and this is the strength of the book. This, for those who must have one, is its message. The translation, by Maurice Michael, moves with ease and gracefulness. It is hard to believe that it is a translation at all.—L.O'D.

MARTIN MARPRELATE

A College Journal

The rewards of championing the cause of right and justice are few and far between. When they come, they are not in the form of honours or material comforts but rather in seemingly unimportant things; a smile from one who was oppressed and is now free to live a normal life, an embarrassed "thank-you" from someone you have helped along life's thorny path. Just little things. Simple things. But things which make it all seem worthwhile. Things which bring a song to the heart.

Last week, dear reader, this column received one of these small, unsought rewards. It came in the form of a letter:

No. 2 College,
25th May.

M. Marprelate, Esq.,
"Trinity News," 3 T.C.D.

Dear Marprelate,

Your column has become insufferable. We are weekly subjected to your bleatings about trifling peccadilloes around College (leaving out of account your shameful and irresponsible article in last week's issue). However, while you are about it you may as well "expose" the activities of a certain sect, who, flinging their doors wide, pour forth at their whim the incessant lamentations of a cracked and evilly-played piano punctuated by the screaming decibels of an excessively high-fidelity gramophone. The difficulties which this din imposes on those who must work are scarcely offset by the pleasures of ogling the illicit stream of females who come to worship at this shrine of self-styled culture, a field in which these people appear to have set

themselves up as arbitres elegantiae for the uninformed.

Yours, etc.

J. C. Natzio,

D. de G. Griffith.

I accordingly went forth boldly last week to examine the haunt of this mysterious and sinister body, which I found without much difficulty. I approached it, up a creaking, old-world staircase, with some trepidation. From an ill-lit doorway issued forth a din of colossal dimensions. As I entered the small ante-chamber, a young woman with heavily painted eyelids accosted me. She was wearing false eyelashes so long that they must surely have constituted a grave inconvenience. "You came," she said, in a low, husky voice. "That, young lady," I replied, in a voice heavy with scorn, "should be self evident, even to one of your low mentality and obviously impaired vision." She was, however, totally unabashed. "You're cute," she rejoindered, in what, I must say, seemed to me a highly offensive tone of voice. She then raised her skirt to show more of her legs, which had already been sufficiently revealed by her disgracefully scanty apparel. "C'mon in," she said.

I entered the room to a sight of the most terrible degradation, a sight which will ever remain imprinted on my memory. The air was thick with a pungent smelling smoke, which came from a brazier placed in front of a great stone platform. This was the only source of illumination. Standing on the platform was a large personage clad only in a loincloth, who was singing in a loud baritone voice to the accompaniment of a foul piano, played by a sinister and vilely clad old man who

smiled, grotesquely and unceasingly. They were entirely ignored by the other inhabitants of the room, some forty in number. "Hugo Wolf," said my companion, closing her eyes, and vibrating in a terrible and mysterious ecstasy. "God," she whimpered, "what I wouldn't do for that man."

Simultaneously a huge gramophone was blaring forth an immense noise, which, it later transpired, was Mahler's second symphony. This again was entirely ignored by the rest of the room's occupants, who sat in strange and immodest positions at the feet of an earnest, fair-haired young man, who seemed to my amazement to be well-educated and from a good family, and who was reading aloud extracts from Gibbon's "The Decline And Fall Of The Roman Empire." Everyone in the room seemed transfixed by this young man's voice, although it was entirely inaudible due to the gramophone and the personage in the loincloth. This continued uninterrupted for some eight hours, when, at a given signal, huge jugs of some potent spirit were passed round, and everyone fell to the most shocking and licentious pleasures. Never will this terrible experience fade from my mind. I met several of these young people subsequently and they greeted me unabashed. "Bloody good party wasn't it," said one of them a few days afterwards. "Indeed, Sir," I replied, with some animus, "It was an exhibition of the most terrible and shameless licence. It is a pity that the stocks have been abolished, for it is there, sir, that you belong." I can be very devastating under provocation.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A WATER-THROWER

By J. A. TAYLOR, SCH., N.I.



Photo by Henry St. Studios.

The young student of water-throwing has probably already gathered something of the tradition underlying its present vogue, and I propose to take only a very cursory look at this aspect of his chosen sport. There is already a growing literature emphasising the historical background, and the beginner could do no better than look at, for example, H. Johnston's "Some Aspects of Lymphomania" with new notes on sources. Johnston makes a convincing case as a ritualist in deriving the cult from the Hylas myth (or our own Dardanelles—a really remarkable religious archaism). He moves into conjecture in his interpretation of the Roman aquatic contests in the Coliseum; there is no contemporary evidence for the existence of the paper bag until several centuries later. However, recent research in the field has suggested to me an admittedly tentative parallel, namely the identification of Nero (on his Grand Tour of Greece) with the modern Greek *neró-fetish*. This custom, still observed nearly universally in the country outside of the American Express quarter of the capital, entails a demand by the customer for several large free glasses of water. These are offered in a spirit of graciousness and are not to be confused with the more mercenary development in our own Paradiso. The pacific nature of the rite tends to the belief that the original festival was Christianised during the Byzantine epoch. J. T. Killen has urged Turkish influence here and at present is undertaking a survey, sponsored by the Water Board, for evidence of this in Crete.

The sooner, though, the young man will move to the sink or window the better, as there can never be any real substitute for match-play. Training facilities in this country are still sadly inadequate and there is really little more for you to do than consolidate your technique in some of the backwaters of College. Nothing of course can quite match the atmosphere and pace of the Bay with its dangerous south-east corner, but it is supervised strictly during parts of the day and occupied most nights and on important collegiate occasions. If in residence in the bay the best policy is to make a cool appraisal of your situation and your equipment and to develop unobtrusively on the lines these suggest; either condition can be improved in time, while with practice and concentration you may find your range naturally extending.

The traditional throwers in College to whom you will naturally look up are a purely unofficial body and what influence they exert is largely in the field of etiquette and fair play. For example it is very generally held that women, children and porters are immune from attack and players offending against these unwritten laws are liable to be placed under suspension for a period. Tourists are, in the opinion of the writer, not fair game but tougher elements would like to see a move in the direction of letting them take their chance like the rest. I have never been able to comprehend the discrimination against Americans, but in special cases where it may be felt the visitor would enjoy the experience, the precedent established by V. Wood may be admissible.

Nothing in the nature of the game excludes women but it is felt that as necessarily part-time throwers they should not at present be admitted to more than associate membership. It has been pointed out to me that the presence of

Tony Taylor is a Northern Irish Scholar who studies Classics and Aquatics. He is quiet, serious, humorous and always slightly wet

the statutory chaperone would congest the playing area, and it may have been some such difficulty that caused the recent accident (head on window-shutter) which raised a minor flurry in the Divinity School.

In different areas of course the sport has employed varying perspectives in its broad policy. The period, often referred to simply as The Troubles, when the English were singled out is happily long past. It was found virtually impossible to identify correctly an Englishman from overhead and many honest products of Rathfarnham or even Cork, with no more English blood than any of us, were attacked. It was further discovered that many of the English, as also the Colonials were decent and manly characters underneath their rather foppish exterior, and subsequently many have been admitted into the game by special registration. Currently, the luxury-tenants are subject to a certain amount of degradation, but always now with the proviso that racial discrimination in any form is (and may it always be!) unaquatic.

Expenditure on equipment is so light that it is ridiculous to complain, as has

been done of late, that it is a sport for Scholars only. Casual clothes are best for the day, for the night (with lights off) unobtrusive, perhaps clerical garb is most suitable. "Bucket or bag" is the next question the beginner asks himself; an early form of the bucket, well within his capabilities, is the saucepan, which does not require as much force as the bucket proper or delicacy of timing and placing as the paper or polythene bag. Look out around you first and on the appearance of a suitable candidate retire with a mental image of his path and estimated velocity. You will take him in your view again and on doing so throw solidly and rather in front of him, unless as he already past. Perhaps the easiest shot is going to the left with the right hand propelling the base of the saucepan. It is advisable now to shut the window very sharply and subside for a spell. In a society that took a healthier view of exercise, with the dedication and character-building it brings in its train, such things as stone-throwing would not follow the last stage. As things are, however, you are well advised to close all doors and retire behind the wife for a few minutes. The baiting ploy is a delight to watch but it comes only with a highly developed sense of occasion and at all times depends on mutual trust.

If you have adhered to a strict programme of physical fitness, you may be able to go on to the power-play of the gallon bucket. For sheer exhilaration this is always a splendid spectacle. But too many youngsters, I feel, try to throw too much water in this way, without quite realising what a very short life such a style commands, once the wrists weaken and reflexes slow. It is not the appropriate form of attack for every brand of opposition, and it is also remarkably easy to play the victim in with stereotyped deliveries of impressive volume.

The other main tactic has been called the quiet approach and utilises the surprising resources of the paper bag. The thrower should not wait on the prospect of a large well-sealed container but take what comes to hand, paying particular note to the generally sound products of the Irish Sugar Co. It is admitted that some bags should never be allowed. However the aim is to reach the victim, when contact will do all that is necessary. Some people may feel that a little more co-operation with the City Council in its admirable efforts to clean the passages of communication would

not be out of place. A pleasing custom has sprung up to offset this complaint, that of removing or recovering bags for future use and I think this should allay any further criticism in this respect.

Precision, which is all that matters here, takes years to perfect, but aesthetic satisfaction is surely something that cannot be computed in gallons. The throng round the dry spot in the middle of the pool (there are recent authenticated examples of this which disarm the views of the older school on this point) is one of the highlights of a day's watering in the Bay.

A very ancient form of vertical assault, the milk bottle, has had a certain run of late and in certain situations is still the best tool. Some of the best players decline to use it from motives that one can only respect.

The most prominent past and present throwers I must briefly mention, T. T. West (author of "In the Swim" as told to R. E. Harte and others) was a consistent man, with a great love for the game and an astute grasp of tactics. He still makes an odd guest appearance, always an occasion for much nostalgia. His younger brother is clever but said to lack finesse. Probably the greatest of the present day is R. V. Wood (West Cork and Berks), a very modest but completely ruthless thrower who prefers to work under darkness. McCarthy thrives on practice and without perhaps the inspiration of Wood succeeds primarily through his great qualities of heart, Hallam Johnston, who would have preferred to have remained anonymous, is temperamental but very good. He endangered his status by producing the semi-automatic bicycle pump through bottoms of windows but was reinstated after an inquiry. Warren is perhaps the best member of our direct school. Lemon is a very able craftsman in the McCarthy style, and Miller, another Dubliner to make the grade, is a man to watch.

I hope I have shown you something in this article of the appeal of this game, as well as its fund of lore and personality. Nothing its opponents can say will convince me that our young men have not chosen well in submitting to the discipline of this sport — or may I call it art. Many, many days of good clean fun to you all.

Piping down the Valleys wild

BY PENNY GIBBON

"Well, the whole town's booked out, ye'll find it very hard"—almost the first words that greeted us on our arrival in Swinford, Co. Mayo, for the Fleath Ceoil or festival of Irish Music. Minutes later we were possessors of the key to an empty house, lording it over more circumspect visitors who had booked at the one hotel, or in private houses, these careful travellers found themselves in a close analogy of sardines.

Every year musicians from all over the country gather in a chosen town, and competitions are held for every instrument, or type of song, sung throughout the thirty-two counties. Border grievances are forgotten, and an Antrim fiddler will start up a reel or a jig with an accordionist from Kerry. Apart from the competitions which are held in all the public buildings — courthouse, town hall, convent, schools and marquees the greater part of the spirit of the Festival is derived from the spontaneous groups of instrumentalists who meet over a pint or at street corners and start playing. One's heel automatically begins to tap and its impossible to walk down the main street straight. (However resolved one may be not to indulge in a caper). Despite the dancing in the streets the music that issues from ten different directions at once, from pub doors, and parked vans, despite the breath of ham sandwiches, chips, and cups of tea, and the hawkers with rubber toys and paper windmills, the tinkers in their coloured blankets, and red brown matted hair, the atmosphere is not calculated to charm the tourist. It is far more wild and flamboyant, akin to that evoked by the early Jack Yeats drawings.

The festival exists through and for its active participants, and we were in the minority as mere spectators. This defect was absolved to some extent later, when one of us entered for the competition for newly composed ballads. The ballad by Manus O'Donnell, one of the

festival adjudicators follows the legend of the Achill fisherman who catches a mermaid in his nets. It has the traditional mournful finale, and haunting melody and the court-house audience listening to the Sassenach who sang it, were high in their approval.

Thankfully the Irish are not a picturesque nation. Perhaps this is why when we went to the Irish Tourist Office in Dublin, they could tell us no more about the festival than that it was to be held in Swinford at the Whitson week-end. The Irish are at once too deep and too raw, to be picturesque; the gaiety, colour, and mystery we found in Swinford was much more akin to that found in some Indian village, than the carnival spirit of the Continent. This is more apparent in the music and ballads which are often uncompromising and difficult to listen to. In the singing of Irish ballads, the singer suppresses the melody of the song and allows the words to flow out in a nasal whine. This sounds odd to an unaccustomed ear but it is infinitely preferable to the bastardised sentimental forms that one can inadvertently tune into on radio programmes. Similarly in playing the ancient "uilleann" pipes, there is a definite holding back of the full melody. This instrument, far more delicate and subtle in tone than the war bag-pipe, has a range of two and a half octaves in comparison to the one octave of the war-pipe. These pipes are handed down from player to player, and we were shown some said to be a hundred and ninety years old. Less traditional are the marching bands, each with its own kilt and cloak pattern, we listened to these bands skirting away on a broad stretch of parkland, the notes fading in the background of rolling hills and evening sunlight.

Such a combination of hospitality, warmth and wild living, with a music and culture that have disappeared from large towns, was reassuring after five weeks of dusty Dublin.

Letters to the Editor

"ENTERTAINMENT TAX"

Dear Sir,

Will you kindly allow us to correct the following inaccuracies in your account of May 25th, concerning the rise in the Capitation Fee (not levy). (1) We would point out that the grounds at Santry were purchased by the Board. The money is required for levelling, etc. (2) We estimate that the future income of D.U.C.S.C. will be in the neighbourhood of £17,000, not £19,000.

Yours faithfully,

F. La Touche Godfrey.

[We apologise for these inaccuracies, and for the word "levy." It was used picturesquely, not vindictively.—Ed.]

25 College,
25th May, 1961.

Dear Sir,

We welcome your criticism of the unequal distribution of capitation fees, but would like to take this opportunity to point out that if faculty societies and others feel hard done by, they at least derive some benefit from their members' contributions, whereas the Fabian and Nuclear Disarmament Societies do not. These societies are no less important to the life of the University, for they exist to provide forums for widely divergent political opinions.

When the Fabian Society and the Society for Nuclear Disarmament "appeared" last year doubts were not only expressed as to their permanence but also as to their desirability. The support for these societies has surpassed our greatest hopes. This year the Fabian Society alone held twenty public meetings, two of which filled Regent House. The average attendance was over 50 out of a membership of 130. It has brought out a magazine jointly with the D.U.C.N.D., and plans to undertake

a slum survey this week-end. That it has survived the year solvent has been mainly due to individual contributions by members of the Committee and College staff. This source of income cannot be a permanent one. The Society must receive help from the amount paid by members in Capitation Fees — next year this should be over £700. A £20 grant from the college would ensure solvency. More dilettante societies receive as much if not more, although they have fewer members.

Why this discrimination between societies which are of equal importance to undergraduate life?

Yours, etc.,

Victor Blease, Chairman;
Alasdair MacEwen, Treasurer,
D.U. Fabian Society.

"BLOOD SPORTS"

Dear Sir,

I wholeheartedly concur with Mr. Taylor's sentiments with regard to water-throwing—but what interests me about this strange perversion is the motive that impels seemingly poised and cultivated men to forfeit their dignity so readily. Water-throwing seems to go hand-in-hand with scholarship and an inadequate sexual life. One feels that the repressed scholar chooses the powerful gush of falling water to produce a shudder of ecstasy that is all too rare in his cloistered way of life. Clearly there will always be water-throwers in Trinity while there is scholarship, and only the abandonment of scholarship in the College can produce the healthy and civilised appreciation of water that is so badly needed.

Yours, etc.,

"Young Northern Poet"
(Brutally drenched).

Profile: RACHEL PHILLIPS

Rachel Phillips approves in a way of "good chaps." She once voted against a candidate for "Trinity News" on discovering that he wore no socks. This was not a gimmick, social discrimination or cruelty to animals. It was an instinctive appreciation of genuine good form. Rachel is a stickler in a sense that is becoming rarer and misunderstood.

She was born in London. Her father is a doctor in Hertfordshire, and she was educated at Westonbirt School in Gloucestershire. Diana Carolin and Fiona Love were also pupils there, but a certain mystique or style, which connects them and also Maureen Brush and Isobel Swain with Rachel, only emerged later. After leaving school, Rachel spent some time at the House of Citizenship, then at Ashridge. Here she learned shorthand, typing, something about politics, civics generally. She came to study history at Trinity in 1957. She is a Senior Sophister and her marks have improved almost dramatically each year. From nearly the bottom she has reached the top four in her year. Rachel appreciates and enriches the character of the History School which is one of the liveliest in College and contains diverse and civilised people. With spontaneous panache Rachel flew to America for a fortnight after completing Mod. part one well last autumn.

Rachel has served teas to the Eliz. and the History Society. She plays squash and tennis rather half-heartedly, sails with greater eagerness. But "Trinity News" is the thing which Rachel has most adopted in College. She served the business side of the paper with an efficiency and realism which always had more than factual importance. She has written, usually on fairly social matters, but has an intuitive distrust of "literary" people, perhaps of their socks and hair.

Rachel is invariably refreshing and refreshed. She has a vitality which appreciates the moment perfectly and does not linger. She loves travelling in Ireland and once went to Cork in a gipsy caravan with her friends.

The retiring Phil. President hitch-hiking in a car passed them, but was too embarrassed to wave. Over Whit, Rachel was in Arran where she lit the light of the Inisheen light-house.



Rachel is thoroughly English. She is remarkably kind, always doing and giving more than her share. She has very many friends whose selection is determined by her taste rather than her tastes. She admits to being intolerant. But it is only fools who really suffer fools gladly. Rachel is very far from being a fool and very near to being very serious. She personifies the English blend of fantasy and complete common sense which made it ideally logical of Drake to finish his game of bowls.

TESTAMENT TO CONCERN By John Murray

THE NEW ENGLISH BIBLE. The New Testament. Oxford and Cambridge, 21s., 8s. 6d.

In recent years many Christians have been decrying the image which Christianity presents to the world. The liturgy and preaching of the churches seem no longer relevant to modern living. Many are also deeply disturbed by their internal divisions. A growing sense of guilt has produced a growing co-operation. The New English Bible springs from a desire to express the Christian message relevantly. It is also the first co-operative effort to touch us all.

Until this year new editions of the bible have been revisions of older versions or translations by enterprising individuals. Revisions retain the atmosphere of the older version and have become more and more unsatisfactory in face of modern textual scholarship. The work of individual translators has done much to satisfy our thirst for contemporary idiom. With the possible exception of Knox they have not gained the sanction of authority. The New English Bible is planned and directed by the major Protestant Churches. A joint committee supervises the enterprise. The actual work of translation is entrusted to three groups of scholars tackling the Old Testament, the Apocrypha and the New Testament respectively. Their work is submitted to a panel of literary advisers before a final rendering is settled. The New Testament is the first part of this translation to be published.

The new translation is a considerable improvement on previous versions. It is the first modern translation by a committee of scholars and the first ever to be commissioned by an interdenominational conference (1946). As an entirely fresh translation it eschews archaic and artificial diction. It corrects long-standing mistranslations and removes many expressions which have altered their meaning. Based on a comparatively sounder text it reflects a finer appreciation of hellenistic Greek. Many hope that 1961 will be remembered for this new translation rather than for the 350th anniversary of the version still most widely used.

The new translation is not distinguished as English prose. It is modern without being aggressively modernistic. Accurate scholarship uncovers the disjointed urgency of the gospel narrative. None of the New Testament writers is a literary genius, but an ordinary person with an extraordinary message. A free but faithful interpretation renders new definition to the arguments of Paul. In the few cases when it is very free, it reproduces the original sense most accurately. Some familiar passages become painfully flat.

"This day, Master, thou givest thy servant his discharge in peace." The translators lacked the courage to remove the archaism "thou" completely. Many ask for the first time why Christians should pray God not to bring them to

the test. Straightforward contemporary English banishes the awkward syntax of Latin and Greek. How much of our sense of ritual and religious awe do we owe to a syntax foreign to everyday speech! The translation draws overmuch on the idiom of politics and administration e.g. "ascertained," "hope to be in the public eye." Some overtones of the 1611 version proved unavoidable. Earlier versions reproduced ambiguities in the original by ambiguous renderings. This temptation has been successfully avoided.

It would be short-sighted if undoubted lapses created unwarranted prejudice against the work as a whole. The brusque words of Jesus challenge a faith floundering in poetic archaism. Time-worn cadences are secondary to historical imperatives. Modern lay-out and

John Murray is a Senior Sophister Scholar in Classics. He is from the North of Ireland and not only whoops up and down stairs but is interested in Theology. He has been an active member of S.C.M. and was co-author of a condemnatory letter concerning the notorious issue of "Joculator," which was printed in the subsequent one. He discusses the new English Bible.

typographical devices are used with discrimination. The introduction of paragraphs and section headings is an immense help to understanding and present a fluent translation to best advantage. The structure of Greek periods is often dissimilar to English thought sequence. Whole paragraphs may require recasting. The original order of verses has been retained to facilitate reference and comparison with other versions.

The New English Bible, declares the jacket, is not intended to replace the 1611 version. Rather it is an authoritative attempt to present the meaning of the original in English, which is as clear and natural for the modern reader as the subject matter will allow. It is offered to all who in reading, teaching, or in worship may care to use it. If the barriers of language have discouraged bible reading, this translation has successfully broken them down. It is a triumph for those who have been striving so long to express the Christian message in contemporary speech. Its introduction into public worship ought not to be delayed, if Christian worship is to speak from a living context. Education has spread rapidly in the last fifty years and nowhere more slowly than in the field of religious instruction. Through their New English Bible the major Protestant confessions have jointly admitted that the twentieth century has come to Christianity.

Commercial Potentialities of T.C.D. - A POSSIBLE FANTASY

At 6.30 a.m. to-day two distinguished German visitors to Trinity, quietly boarded an Aer Lingus Viscount for Bonn, where this afternoon they will present to the "International Conference of Industrial Consultants," a recently prepared paper devoted to this ancient University. Doktor Hugo Waffler of "the Freie Universität Berlin" and his colleague, Professor Gerhard Heisserblauer of the Frankfurter allgemeine Hochschule, are efficiency experts specialising in the resuscitation of failing businesses.

About a month ago Doktor Waffler noticed an article in "Trinity News" criticising certain aspects of the Board's modernisation programme. He and his colleague had been looking for a topic of interest to this conference, this seemed to show possibilities. The paradoxical idea of modernisation in a university intrigued them; that it should be embarked upon in Ireland, a country with no reputation for either modernity or intellectualism, convinced them that it was worthy of their professional interest. Two weeks ago they arrived in Dublin.

On that first night in "Slattery's Snug" they agreed to concentrate their researches on one general theme i.e. an investigation into the commercial possibilities of Trinity, with suggestions for a special programme of modernisation suited to its needs.

The experts were, however, enthusiastic about the commercial possibilities of Trinity but they were convinced that the only economic way of running it was to give up the idea of undergraduates tutors and lecturers altogether. However bearing in mind the enormous prestige value and advertising potential; not forgetting the goodwill gained, willy nilly, by a concern dating back to 1591, they considered that an academic staff and undergraduate body should be retained, but only as window dressing.

The type of undergraduate would have to be changed into a weak, well-mannered, well spoken and well dressed sort of chap, who would decorate the campus rather than clutter it up. No pre-war cars, except vintage models, would be allowed in College at all. No change in the type of lecturer was advocated, though a more "donnish" wax appearance would be welcomed. The main suggestion here was that academic dress should be brightened up and be worn constantly in college — B.A. and M.A. gowns lilac silk; Scholars to wear plumed hats and carry swords).

In spite of its long academic tradition the two experts preferred to regard Trinity as an important strategic point in central Dublin. Instead of being considered a bottle-neck they thought it should be developed as a centre of communications. Already familiar to most Dubliners, at least by name, they thought that its nearness to buses and shops suggested enormous possibilities as a point of departure for shopping expeditions and the like. In order to make this possible, the front square block should be turned into a garage and car park.

There is room for the 12 petrol pumps in front of College. Access to Front Square (the cobbles would have to go) would be made through Nos. 4 and 7 which would be fitted with drive-through, car-washing equipment. Overhead parking would be easily-provided in Regent House. Any of the large petrol distributors would be eager to sponsor such a venture.

The commercial possibilities of Front Square are in fact enormous. It was suggested that it would be eminently suitable for all types of agricultural exhibition, including livestock shows. The reading room was obviously originally designed as a fatstock show-ring. All stock could be housed between the book-stalls in the long room, which would almost certainly be granted a certificate of fitness by the Ministry for Agriculture.

Two more minor recommendations were made. Firstly that the Provost's House should be opened to the public. Secondly that the College should take advantage of its copyright privileges; it suggests that exhibitions of pornographic books would attract large attendances.

The most important recommendation of the whole report was for the exploitation of its possibilities as a hotel. All rooms should be modernised and be redecorated as quickly as possible, so that whole conferences and individual visitors could be adequately housed. Additional facilities would of course be needed e.g. bars and a ballroom. The initial capital outlay, the report suggests, should be recouped by increasing fines, dilapidation payments and student rents.

Before boarding their plane the two experts asked our reporter who Colonel Walshe was. They wondered whether the taking down of the railings in front of College and the arrival of two large petrol tanks in Botany Bay had taken place as a result of the conversations he had had with them.

A + B = C

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ARGUS — Glances at People and Things

New Fellow.

A popular election to Fellowship was that of Mr. George William Percy Dawson, who has been Reader in charge of the Department of Genetics since 1959.



Photo courtesy Irish Times.

George Dawson.

He first came to Trinity in 1950 as an assistant lecturer in Botany and since then has become a popular tutor, President of the Athletics Club, and initiator of the College Art Gallery, of which he is still in charge.

Big Splash

On another page a scholar water-thrower has made his confession and this suggests that it might be interesting to muse on the non-academic antics of other scholars. Immediately linked with the doyen of the rain-makers are fellow classicists Martin Smith and Robert Miller. This trio was not content to enjoy the thrills of the chariot race in Ben Hur at second hand. Late one night they borrowed some two-wheelers from No. 6 and held their own hectic Tour de France inside the College walls. Miller, the youngest and fittest won easily while Tony Taylor bumped over the cobbles half in and half out of the basket on the front of his machine.

Martin Smith, the hero of the working-classes, now does considerably better in his car.

Big Noise.

It is said we come to resemble our pets and perhaps it is then no coincidence that Robert Hunter claims to be fond of the cows down on the farm. But he is no mean cowherd; he, John Murray and Harvey Cox make a good job of shepherding the flocks of the S.C.M. No doubt it is this professional interest in the after-life as well as the lure of history which makes Robert a keen student of Glasnevin Cemetery.

Short and Square

Women don't seem to spill the beans on each other or exercise their own eccentricities in public because we can find little evidence against the female scholars. It is suggested though that all the non-foundations are short and square. Try verifying this generalisation yourself. Carol Challen, an old hand, and Carole Elliott, a young blood, spring immediately to mind as exceptions.

Dark Depths

A rival holy man to the S.C.M. group is ex-secretary of the scholars, Terry Ryan. As with the title "preying mantis" which we give to new secretary Hallam Johnston we can take Terry's holiness literally. One of Terry's national service commando-course hangover hobbies is spelio-potholing to the uninitiated. He's particularly suited to this activity since his early to rise, early to bed existence means that like Eskimo Nell he spends nine months of the year in darkness.

Wood-Work?

We began with water-throwing, we end with a tribute to one of the most versatile members of the school, Val Wood. At the moment Val is particularly famous for his novel approach to vacation work. At Easter he took up interviewing and found it profitable. One wonders what would happen if he and all the other scholars revealed their secret lives and hobbies to interviewers blinded by their academic brilliance.

The Week.

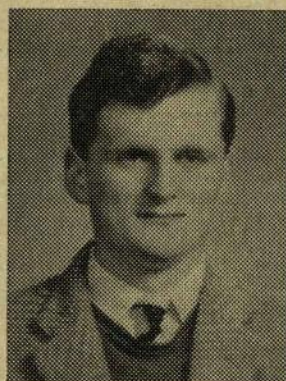
Elsewhere in this paper you can read of the delightful things which the "Trinity Week Committee" have organised for your entertainment next week. It seems, therefore, appropriate

that we should take a look at the men who are responsible for it all.

The "Trinity Week Committee" is composed of the captains of all the sports clubs in College. The Chairman is the Regius Professor of Divinity and the treasurer is, inevitably, Mr. Thornton, lecturer in Economics. John Baxter, Secretary, and Tony Sparshott, in charge of publicity are the only undergraduate officers.

Gentle Knight.

As one would expect with such a nebulous organisation the majority of the work is done by the Secretary. John Baxter has been described as "smoothly dull". He is a relatively unknown quantity outside Trinity politico-sporting circles. He is a S.Sph. last year whose main hobby is now golf, though he used to do cross-country with the Harriers. Not being a socialite has condemned him to being considered dull and a slow Northern Irish speech increases the impression, but still waters run deep, and in his circles he is highly considered



John Baxter.

as his rise (via the "Athletics Club," "Knights," "Secretary of D.U.C.A.C.") to Secretary of Trinity Week, testifies.

Organisation Men.

Though Baxter sees that most of the work is actually done, the captains of clubs do in fact put in quite a deal of work organising their various club events. The "College Races" on the Wednesday concern the Harriers' captain Bob Francis, J.S. History. He is a great man with the women and is very fast up

to a quarter mile. English and pretty smooth, he is a Lincoln lad and his hair is always well combed.

Simon Newman is a dedicated boat club man who, rumour has it, is a far better organiser than leader. Burly, bespectacled, with thinning fair hair, he is responsible for a well-run boat club this year. Among his bright new ideas is that of buying a "water tank" for the boat club. Jose Foster, captain of cricket, is quite closely connected with things. Always willing, rather attractively shy, with a lot of experience around College, Jose is popular in many circles. He is a good bat, especially on English wickets and drives a pale blue Morris Minor convertible.

Argus is struck by the number of good chaps who are elected club captains. He is more struck than ever by the amount of power vested in D.U.C.A.C., which virtually decides who shall be what in sporting and social circles.

It is paradoxical that Sports' Club captains decide who runs Trinity's greatest social event, when very few of them are socialites—Still they have done a pretty good job up to now.

Party Piece.

On Thursday Charlotte Eastwood and Bridget Skot held the sway for cocktails in No. 2. Wendy D'Arcy and Algie were there to meet Deirdre Bolthen and her Nick, who introduced 1 and 2 to Parry Rosier. Felicity Miller and Maureen Brush most charmingly handed round the peanuts. Sam Swerling and John Avory again talked tennis, but young James Stitt, fresh from his swim at Glendalough, looked rather lost. And John Streather was bewildered by the beauty of Sally Steen and Mida Montague.

Another Thursday party, this time a 21st, was held by Paddy McAfee in No. 38. Flushing pinkly and resplendent in grey worsted Paddy, helped by wives George Nicholson and Warren Taylor, distributed dry martinis and sherry. Alison Wingfield eyed anxiously anyone eating too heartily of the refreshments, finally talked earnestly with Chris Lea. Most of the College sportsmen were there. Roger Scott-Taggart engaged Bernadette Duffy in his own brand of verbal warfare. Galway Johnston and Hilary Titterton looked around and enjoyed the small friendly gathering. A dozen or so went off to Bentley's afterwards for dinner.

Who will be the next Poet Laureate?

The present Poet Laureate, John Masefield, is now eighty-three, and, although he is still productive, it is not too early to speculate as to who will succeed him. The Laureateship, contrary to a common opinion, does not necessarily involve the penning of birthday odes and other eulogies in the mediaeval manner, although Masefield has written such things—but many people seem to find something not quite wholesome about the office, as if it could only be held by a jingoist or a cheap versifier. Masefield is neither of these things, and there are so few left now that he will probably be succeeded by a serious poet with a serious following.

In this second swashbuckling article Derek Mahon, still a Junior Freshman from Belfast, speculates with respect about the next Poet Laureate.

The only cheap versifier with a fan club is Betjeman, and he smacks too much of bread and circuses for the austere taste of the Court. A birthday ode from Betjeman might well turn out to be a maudlin evocation of Lizzie Windsor's girlhood—all bicycles, suspenders and navy jumpers. At the other pole stands Eliot, a subject of the Queen, with a yen for tradition and the Established Church—but his particular brand of tradition is Continental rather than English, and while it is doubtful if the Laureateship would be offered to a native American, it is even more doubtful if he would accept it.

Two much more profitable groups are the First World War generation and the poets of the Thirties. Of the former group, Sassoon is seventy-five, which is a bit too old, and besides he is a Catholic and a pacifist. A Catholic might be rather out of place in a traditional setting where difference of religion must still mean a lot, at least on a ritual plane—and a pacifist, however quaint, cannot comfortably sing of the glory of England. Graves, like Eliot, would probably refuse the offer, were it made,

for although he has written a Coronation Poem for the present Queen, his allegiance is to scholarship and the Muse only, and will not be fenced in. Blunden, were he better known, would make an ideal Laureate, for he has Graves's Anglo-Saxon purity and exclusiveness without his preoccupations. His poems of the last war are among the best of their kind and he shares Masefield's rural quiet, the texture of his verse unaffected by Twentieth Century "developments."

The Thirties Group might seem to be out because of their political stands before the War, but they are among the most English of all and moreover it is remarkable with what dexterity they recanted after the shouting had died away—Auden safely ensconced at the far side of the Atlantic, contemplating Catholic ritual and Eighteenth Century values—Lewis cultivating poise, going Georgian and touring in Italy—Spender sliding into the pink upholstery of the editorial chair of Encounter. Auden is now an American citizen, Spender a dilettante socialist—but what of Lewis? I understand that he has been showing an interest in the Laureateship for some time now, and if it is offered him he will, presumably, accept it. In his early non-political poems, many of them influenced by his confessed admiration for Hardy, there is the same Englishness that is found in Graves and Blunden, and this is even true of one or two of the political ones—for instance, "You Who Love England." He has a flair for rhetoric that would be of advantage if he were ever called upon to hymn England and her Queen.

There tend to be two kinds of Poet Laureate—those, like Wordsworth and Tennyson, who are important poets in their own right, and those, like Warton and Alfred Austin, who are remembered, if at all, only because they have been Poet Laureate, and are therefore figures of fun. There is the danger that Masefield, a fine poet, will suffer the same fate, and that everybody will know "Sea Fever" or "Cargoes" and not the author's name. However, so long as Betjeman has not tickled the Royal fancy, there is the chance that Masefield's successor will draw to the post the respect it has lost.



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Cricket

FINE VICTORY

On Last Ball of Game

THE sun had almost disappeared behind the trees in College Park on Saturday when the last ray of hope, a newcomer to the side, Tony Wicks, went to join the captain, "Joes" Foster, at the wicket.

After a very sound skipper's innings of 58 Foster was out leaving 14 runs to win with 1 wicket to fall. Wicks was not daunted and in the dim light of the last over he hit the 14 runs required which included a 3 off the last ball of the day.

This was a truly thrilling finish and one was reminded of the old days in India when cricket was really cricket.

The visitors, Phoenix, had started in fine style and when 93-3, looked set for a large total. Donald Pratt, newly married and ex-Trinity, scored an attractive 47 but on his dismissal the rot set in and with the leg-spinner mopping up the tail Phoenix were dismissed rather economically for a mere 141.

As so often has been the case and which is so difficult to understand for one who has played on the wickets in the Far-East where runs come as naturally and regularly as the locust, the College side collapsed. Luckily captain and wicket-keeper were undeterred and pushed the total from 42-4 to 96-5. At this point the collapse reappeared but the game which had swung from one side to another at last stayed in Trinity's favour.

Tony Wicks hit the winning runs of the last ball of the day, returning to a hero's welcome. Even the ranks of "poker" could scarce forbear to cheer.

The College side fielded well and special mention must be made of the brilliant reflex action of Terdre in the gully when taking a catch to dismiss K. Quinn. Tony Marshall-Smith, fast in every sense of the word, was rather inclined to bowl short. He did not have all the luck a fast bowler needs but not all batsmen will allow themselves to be pummelled without taking some revenge. Wicks was his usual trying, accurate self whilst Mulrairie fulfils a useful role of cutting short the tail.

One can remember those days long ago but this is the immediate present and if the labour had been hard the game was won.

Phoenix:

K. P. Quinn ct Terdre b Marshall-Smith	0
D. P. Pratt b Wicks	47
D. R. Pigot ct Bradshaw b Wicks	22
M. A. Dargan b Marshall-Smith	19
J. M. Pigot ct Evans b Wicks	12
B. A. Cahill run out	5

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J. C. Boucher b Mulrairie	2
F. Crowley ct and b Mulrairie	4
T. McGibney not out	5
J. Lyster st Bradshaw b Mulrairie	8
D. L. Evans ct Lea b Rice	1
Extras	16

Total141

Marshall-Smith, 2-32; Rice, 1-15;
Wicks, 3-39; Inglis, 0-30; Mulrairie, 3-9.

Dublin University

C. J. Lea ct Pigot b McGibney	5
G. S. Guthrie lbw Evans	10
I. S. G. Foster ct Pigot b McGibney	58
T. C. D. Mulrairie ct Pigot b McGibney	4
A. L. G. Rice ct Quinn b Evans	7
A. W. Bradshaw ct Pratt b Quinn	30
R. Terdre ct Pigot b Quinn	3
C. Inglis b Evans	4
D. Evans lbw Quinn	0
A. C. B. Wicks not out	14
A. C. Marshall-Smith not out	0
Extras	7

Total142-9

Boat Club

Gannon Cup on Saturday

The fifteenth race for the Gannon Cup is to take place over the usual course from Guinness Wharf to Burgh Quay on Saturday. So far Trinity have won the cup seven times and U.C.D. six, with one dead-heat, and this year's has all the ingredients for a tremendous race.

Sailing Club

Another Win for George Henry

George Henry, crewed by Miss Hilary Barton, won the Firefly event at the Malahide Sailing Club open meeting the week-end before last. The series of five races was sailed in very fluky conditions. With light variable winds, and unexpected patches of tide and mud, it was a question of availing of the wind shifts and hoping for lucky puffs. Runners-up were James Vernon, crewed by T. Wilcox, and Martin Moorehead and Miss Helen McCandless.

A Trinity team lost by ten points to a Royal College of Surgeons Sailing Club team last Wednesday. There was, however, little team racing on either side, and after three races the two teams were level on points, the final race decided the issue, and Surgeons were allowed to break through to finish first and second. The Trinity team was made up of R. Littell, I. Bray, B. Davidson, P. Wesley Smith, and J. Clarke, each sailed two races.

Colonel May

Sweet Solera For "Oaks"

The Colonel this week finds himself in "classic" agreement with Windsor Lad but nevertheless has high hopes of continuing his winning run. Moreover, having advised his followers to bring the form-book, the Colonel would like to add that this is now unnecessary since Windsor Lad provides such an admirable précis each Friday. To more serious business, the weather would seem to be an important factor in to-morrow's Oaks; should the going remain as fast as it now is, the alleged short-runners Sweet Solera and Ambergis should prove too sharp for their staying rivals. Under these conditions the Guineas form points very definitely to a record victory for Sweet Solera.

The week-end racing in Ireland is at Leopardstown. Eustace Dore appears to have a reasonable each way chance in the 3.30; lack of condition beat him behind Display last time out at the Curragh. An hour later Royal Buck could score in the Rathdrum Handicap and to complete a trio the market's assessment of Drym's chances could well prove accurate. It will be realised that it would be most advisable to attend this meeting and thus avoid "blind" bets. Perhaps expenses will be on Sweet Solera!

POLO

Next Sunday, at 3.0 p.m.,
Trinity's Polo team will play the
Turf Club, in Phoenix Park.

Second XI Triumph Yet Again!

After completing their Whitsun double over Phoenix and North Kildare, the "young unbeatables" went to Y.M.C.A. and accounted for the opposition in about two hours. Y.M.C.A. won the toss and elected to bat and in about an hour were all back in the pavilion for a mere 27 runs. This total could have been much smaller if some of the Trinity side had kept their minds on the game; but a wireless had been provided by some thoughtful spectator and many thought pleasant music and racing results to be more interesting than the cricket. Keely bowled magnificently, but was rather expensive, in taking 7 wickets for 10 runs in 6 and a half overs. Willis had the other 3 in 7 overs. Mr. Extras was top scorer with a gay and attractive 10.

When Trinity batted, Edmonds was out immediately. Minns got 5 before attempting a mighty heave to a straight one. It was left to West with a thoughtful 8 not out and Bird with a dashing 14 not out to steer Trinity to victory by 8 wickets.

TRINITY WEEK

Next Monday is not just the last Monday of term. It is the first day of what some would call a relic of British Imperialism i.e. Trinity week. It is perhaps a pity that this year the six days were arranged as the final six days of term. Many would have preferred it a week earlier.

The week opens with a two-day cricket match in College Park at which two guest players may be Tom Graveney and the West Indian Garfield Sobers. On Tuesday, College Park will be floodlit when the Boxing Club makes its contribution to the week's activities. Perhaps the most famous sporting occasion takes place on Wednesday with the College Races at 2.30 p.m. An additional attraction is the fashion competition sponsored by "Trinity News." This comparatively recent part of the afternoon has proved a great success. Prizes will be presented to the best dressed ladies in the Park.

The following afternoon will see tennis finals in the Fellows' Garden.

The Choral Society will be singing Dvorak's "Stabat Mater" in the Examination Hall. The romantic atmosphere of the music seems suitable, and the performance promises to be of the Society's usual high standard.

Some people have been saving up for two terms for the Trinity Week Ball which will take over College from 10 p.m. on Friday. This year, under the able guidance of Chris Wood, the Ball promises to be better than ever, for it is hoped to arrange seating accommodation for everybody, the marquee will be twice as large, and more awnings will be erected. There will be 3 bands. A West Indian Steelband will turn the G.M.B. into a night-club. Generally there are to be more bars than last year, including one in the G.M.B. which will be convenient for the sitting-out rooms. It will be easier to get a drink. For all this, and an improved supper, the cost is only 25/-. But tickets should be bought now (from John Wilkins in No. 27). After the 7th June the price goes up to 30/-.

The final major occasion is on Saturday afternoon. The relaxed atmosphere of the Boat Club Regatta should quickly clear any remnants of a hang-over from the Ball.

Don't be blasé about Trinity Week. A lot of hard work is being done especially by John Baxter. It comes but once a year, and any student who misses it is depriving himself of one of the most enjoyable aspects of life in College.

Swimming Results

Some very good racing was seen in the College championships held last Friday evening.

Results:-Freestyle—1, J. Baldwin; 2, R. W. Rooley, D. Trimmingham. Backstroke—1, R. H. Rooley; 2, J. Baldwin. Breaststroke—1, E. Dempsey; 2, R. Jagoe. Butterfly stroke—1, D. Trimmingham; 2, C. Cronin. Individual Medley—1, R. H. Rooley; 2, J. Baldwin. Freestyle Handicap—1, D. Trimmingham; 2, J. Baldwin; 3, T. U. Murnane.

In the Interprovincial against Ulster on Saturday M. O'Brien Kelly and R. W. Rooley both represented Leinster in the Backstroke events.

The Trinity Gala will be held on Monday of Trinity Week. The Club will swim and play water polo against London United Hospitals. There will also be Inter-Club and novelty races.

LAWN TENNIS

Trinity entertained Paris Université Club on the Botany Bay courts and were soundly defeated by a more versatile and experienced team, the score being 14 matches to 1 in the visitors' favour.

However, the match turned out to be a great success and we are visiting Paris next year with a stronger team, perhaps supplemented by a couple of U.C.D. players.

The team consisted of E. J. Avory, J. Williamson, R. McMahon, M. Dibb, G. Tompkin and S. M. Swerling. Individually, the honours went to Jonathan Avory who put up a fine performance against P.U.C.'s No. 1, J.-C. Damiens, a ranked French player with a fine touch, just losing in two close sets.

Williamson and Tompkin saved the honour of Trinity by defeating the French second doubles pair, R. Percevault and J. Sampré, while Dibb and Swerling did well to take the French first pair to 8-6 in the second set having been 5-4 up.

Flashes of light therefore percolated an otherwise not unexpected result. We are indebted to the Hon. Treasurer for financing the match.

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