

ALL
OPTICAL
SUPPLIES

from

DIXON
HEMPENSTALL
111 GRAFTON ST.

Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

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NEW MAGAZINE TO APPEAR IN AUTUMN

International Circulation for
"The Dubliner"

TO HAVE TRINITY BASIS

TRINITY people are behind the conception of a new review called "The Dubliner" which is to appear next term. It will cost sixpence and contain approximately 32 pages. Its originators aim at a distribution of 3,000 — 1,000 copies to Ireland, 1,000 to Great Britain, 1,000 to the United States.

The venture began when several students decided that Trinity needed a major review that would reach a large audience outside College. They formed a company called "New Square Publications" (pending approval from Dublin Castle) with David Elyan and Robin Clapham as directors. Donald Carroll is to be editor for the first year; Ian Blake and Tony Hickey sub-editors. A solicitor, an advertising agency and a printer have been engaged, and various posts are now being filled.

Our Reporter asked Mr. Carroll about his editorial policy. Mr. Carroll replied: "Editing a magazine is like writing a long poem; to justify the effect one must take the best of what's been done before

and produce an entirely new configuration. This is what Mr. Carroll hopes to do with the "Dubliner." He proposes to make reviews the hard core of the magazine—books, theatre, cinema, radio, art, music. There will also be one or two feature articles each week—under the general heading of "belles lettres." There will be regular items such as a calendar of coming events in Dublin and interviews with outstanding personalities in Ireland and Britain. Mr. Carroll—remember his interview with T. S. Eliot in "Trinity News"—has a very wide range of contacts in the international literary world. Also, most importantly there will be poems.

Our second question was "Will this crowd out 'T.C.D.' by taking its readers or advertisers?" Mr. Carroll said: "Not at all. 'The Dubliner' will be much larger in scope and completely different in approach. Nor should it endanger 'T.C.D.'s' field of advertising; theirs is conducted through personal contact, ours will be handled completely by an agency—and I expect much of it will come from outside Ireland."

This is possibly the most ambitious and stimulating literary venture to come out of Trinity. It could have a great effect on College prestige, perhaps be to some extent a shop window. A professional magazine run by students in Dublin for an international audience is a radical idea with limitless potentialities.

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METROPOLE

O'CONNELL ST., DUBLIN

Elegance in the Park

MISS PILKINGTON WINS
"TRINITY NEWS" AWARD

The usual showers tantalised the elegant crowd who assembled for the races in College Park yesterday. Among visitors to the pavilion were Mr. Maurice Dockrell, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and Mrs. Dockrell.

The President and Mrs. de Valera arrived at 3.45 and were greeted by the Trinity Week Committee.



Anthony Gynn, ex-Chairman of "Trinity News" who was one of the judges in yesterday's Fashion Competition.

Perhaps undergraduates were less numerous than usual, but the feminine hats were as brave as ever, often witch-like and conical.

A model from the Charles Ward Mills Fashion House judged the "Trinity News" Fashion Competition with Anthony Gynn. The winners were:—

- 1—Miss Cailín Pilkington.
- 2—Miss Phillipa Sleath.
- 3—Miss Hazel Henry.

1st Prize includes a 20 gns. modelling course at the Charles Ward Mills Salon, a hair-styling voucher at the new Peter Mark Salon, 87 Grafton St., and a bottle of Champagne. 2nd Prize, A Bottle of Champagne, and 3rd Prize, a Bottle of Liqueur.

STATEMENT ON BAY

As a result of many complaints concerning the new Bay scheme, from college societies, clubs and publications, the Board called a press conference on Tuesday in the Registry of Chambers. There we were met by a talkative Junior Dean, a cautious Bursar, and numerous glasses of sherry only to be told that the "grand scheme" must go on in the cause of progress. However, as Dr. McDowell was quick to point out, the Board's policy was not so bureaucratic and uncompromising as many seem to have thought. Dr. Chubb stressed that no conference could be so large as to exclude anyone from living in rooms who would normally do so during vacation. In fact, it is hoped that not more than twelve students would have to move as a result of any such conference. On the question of rents, however, there can be no compromise. It would be impossible to let the refurbished rooms at a cheaper rate.

Winds of Change

At a recent meeting of the Trinity Hall Committee it was decided that men should be allowed into girls' rooms not only at week-ends, as previously, but on every day of the week from 2 p.m. until 7 p.m.

The editorials of this newspaper, suggesting a more enlightened attitude to women's position in College, are apparently beginning to have some influence on student opinion, encouraging women who feel themselves restricted and excluded from any spheres of university life to express their criticisms.

MIDNIGHT BOMB EXPLOSIONS

Shocking Occurrence in
the Bay

The last few weeks have been a headache to College authorities. Student pranks and night activities have degenerated into student hooliganism. Some of the chains in Front Square have disappeared, windows have been broken, the frames of the Exam. hall notice-boards have been smashed, bottles have been flying in the Bay—and now, after a series of meaningless and (to some outside Trinity) even frightening explosions, the Fire Brigade has been, quite unnecessarily, summoned to Front Gate.

Only a few weeks ago the editorial of this newspaper pointed out the respect which we as students owe to the outside world. When an essential public service such as the Fire Brigade is called out for no purpose other than the entertainment of some pyromaniacs, we are at last forced to the conclusion that some of our little jokes are not quite as funny as all that. This particular episode is not just a nuisance to the Fire Brigade; it may rebound on us if there is a genuine alarm. It seems a pity that the object of the present wave of "pranks" should be the destruction of our own property. Oh! for the days of Bonar Law and the Cromwellians, when the pranks were skilful, the work dangerous, and the jokes funny. If despotism is the result of the present outburst, we alone are to blame.

UNION OF STUDENTS IN IRELAND

4 Trinity College, Dublin

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TRINITY NEWS

3 Trinity College

Vol. VIII. TRINITY NEWS No. 18

Words Words Words

CURIOSLY enough, last term's editor also ended his term by remarking on College publications. This indicates the growing awareness of them as more than accidents of College life. And at the moment even the typewritten word is having a flamboyant vogue among faculties, Christians, Fabians.

My predecessor's comments concerned the possibility of greater co-operation between "T.C.D." and "Trinity News." Triumphantly, this hope has been realised. It is obvious that each publication should be conscious of the other's activity, or that they should occasionally unite in a magnificent outcry against abuses. Partly as a result, the hermetically sealed Olympus of College authority has cautiously opened its gates to one or two press conferences. Essentially we attribute this to our tireless social conscience laced by occasional telling inaccuracies. Definitely there is a feeling higher up that students should be more precisely informed.

The new magazine, whose genesis is reported on page one, is an important event for Dublin. It will not be "Trinity" in the sense that "Icarus," "T.C.D." and "Trinity News" are—it must not be. Superstitiously, its ease, glamour, and international flavour could lure away readers and writers from the others. But it is a more ambitious, more general production. We wish it luck. Yet surely despite some staffing and the dazzling new box in No. 3, "The Dubliner" will only have a marriage de convenance, if that, with Trinity? The existing College publications personify quite a separate concept—one which should not be slurred or belittled. But the new magazine will be the only Trinity publication, except "Icarus," judged entirely by outside standards.

The rash of new reviews in College must not create a complacency of "anyone can produce a new magazine, anything is of interest." The amount of writing talent in College is not infinite, and perhaps some of these reviews tend to "imagine" the gap they intend to fill. An exception is the recent Left review which indeed only occupies part of a large blank of political writing. But bringing out something, whether in print or typing, is a big responsibility. The present vitality is healthy if it does not end in a general rubbish heap of standards. The identities of "Icarus," "Trinity News" and "T.C.D." are valuable to the University. They present and represent it.

A little more money, and they could be more valuable. They rely on advertising—which fluctuates from week to week and from term to term. We disapprove of cushioning, but some kind of small grant or guarantee would ensure, for example, that "Trinity News" could produce at least six pages every week. Certainly precariousness is part of the atmosphere of these things, but a hint of security would not necessarily mean imaginative death. Obviously the Board would be as aware as we are of the futility and aridity of attaching strings. Ten pounds a term might make all the difference. The awesome rise in the capitation fee emphasises the possibility of a measure that would benefit most of the University.

The horizon is far and blue, but a small amount of financial support (not to have worry so much) would make it bluer. The new magazine is a small cloud. In spite of convincing reassurances, we wonder if it could affect existing publications either by distracting talent from them or by helping to reduce all literary activity in College to a general melting pot. This could be a monumental pity.

We wish to express our very deep sympathy to Mavis and Bruce Arnold on the death of their 21-month-old daughter, Emma, which occurred on Tuesday afternoon, after a sudden two-day illness.



NEVILLE KEERY

These are the wrong years to be an Irishman. Birth into a country homesick for the oppressor has perhaps helped Jack Daniels to plummet from universal enthusiasm to fervent disenchantment. It has obliged Neville Keery to heckle the establishment from increasingly near the establishment's hearth.

Profiling two people probably results in falsification; but Keery and Daniels have had rather similar careers, they are reasonably friends, and they are now sitting poles apart on the same fence. Daniels was born in Kilkenny and went to Kilkenny and Mountjoy. Keery is a Dublin man, did too well at school (St. Andrew's) to be able to emerge from it easily and tends to be pre-occupied by games and Scouts. Both are now Senior Sophister Mental and Moral students. Keery got Schol. in 1959 after determined work. He joined the Hist., Daniels the Phil. They have flirted with the "Observer" mace competition, Keery more successfully. In the period of his enthusiasm for the Phil., Daniels read a paper on Casement. Keery still enjoys the Hist., will defend any point magnificently if not always see it. The style of his life is consistently argumentative. In their Junior Sophister year they both joined "Trinity News." Daniels' function has been an important political alertness inside and outside College, and to sit cross-legged on the floor, "fulminating from the folds of his sweater." Keery has made a similar "News" contribution. He has been a ruthless critic of literary affectation—which, incidentally, once roused Daniels to a sensational defence of obscurity. Keery's chief glory is the "discovery" of the Agent.

Keery is smallish, dark, dresses rather formally (be prepared). He is inclined to orate rather than converse, even when he is being humorous. Daniels (the other kind of Celt) speaks more quickly, usually with indignation. His flaming red hair is the barometer of his vitality, sometimes standing righteously on end, sometimes tying itself in knots around his eyes. His clothes are casual, indicating an appreciation of green and the Arran Islands. A rose in his button-hole makes him rapturous. Both Keery and Daniels are generous and eager to help. Keery is more reliable than Daniels

Profile

PATRIOTS IN SEARCH OF A COUNTRY



JACK DANIELS

whose concentration is likely to snap dramatically at a critical moment.

Keery laughs quite genuinely at his own conventionality. Formal in manner also, he never knocks at doors without being sure of his welcome. He is a good disciple—of great men rather than of parties, though he is wistful about Irish politics. He admires Wittgenstein the man, and Salinger's Holden Caulfield. It is easy to identify oneself literally with Holden Caulfield, but to Keery, politically unsure, waking up amusedly from the middle classes, he is valuable as a human starting-point.

Daniels also admires Salinger. He would like to do a thesis on the moral implications of Salinger's use of the word "phony." It sums up all that Daniels has come to feel about political, social and ethical barriers. Holden is rootless, except for absolutes. Daniels was once an ardent Nationalist, but now claims to be unstirred by country. His favourite word is "irrelevant"—a personal Anglicisation of "phony." He admires Sartre, Camus, above all Wittgenstein—the philosopher who disliked philosophers. This obsession with relevance has turned Daniels to vague eclecticism and existentialism, it also keeps him free. He likes his mind to be swept and clean for new enthusiasms—to-morrow it may be Judaism as a liberal philosophy. He prefers to be disappointed ultimately by people, likes to feel islanded. The Left appeals to him the most "relevant" political group, but he refuses to be attached specifically. He must have full liberty, a door to leave by. He has longings for the West of Ireland.

Daniels needs lots of people, Keery needs people. Formerly interested principally in ideas, he is now exposing himself more generally to personal relations. Someone once said that "Jack Daniels has all the passionately sincere insincerity of the Irish." This merely means that his brand of instant philosophy varies from week to week, never the quality of his ardour. Keery is enthusiastic too, amazingly eager to try new concepts, to apply them. His conversation is the more consistently uproarious if the less outrageous. A thought to him is a less spectacular experience, but it takes root more firmly. For both of them, Ireland will probably have a place only across the water.

Review

Still they come, like mushrooms. Sometimes well written, sometimes not, sometimes pretentious, sometimes consciously down-to-earth and matey. There seems no end to them. And here is the Mod. Lang. Review, the granddaddy of them all, suddenly come to maturity in a blaze of technicolour, and under the shortened, smooth title "Review No. 3." The new cover is, perhaps, more symbolic than might at first appear. There is here a very real breakaway from the tutorial class leftover dustbin. Hence, there is discussion of territory outside the Modern languages syllabus. The break is by no means complete, the

Swift to Nabokov

"leftover" tag by no means shaken off entirely; but it will come. Of all the wave of new Faculty publications, the Mod. Lang. Review has emerged as the one with the most universal appeal, the most broad basis of activity.

Certainly, the range of this issue would be impossible in any of the other "Reviews." There is Martin Müller's excellent and authoritative essay on Nabokov jostling uncomfortably with Alan Millen's poem, *Venice 1960*, which is unhealthy, badly conceived and clumsy. There is informed and balanced criticism (T. B. Harwood on Swift, Richard Eckersley on Coleridge, Harden

Rogers on Cyrano de Bergerac) rubbing shoulders with brilliant parody (Dan Rogers' essay on the non-existent Spanish poet, Claudio Varenio). There is a nice article on the anatomy of humour by Hugh Gibbons, and a pretentious one by Malcolm Yaffe on Science fiction.

All in all a successful issue, and a worthwhile one. The Mod. Lang. Review is beginning at last to justify the pioneering spirit of its founders, and needs only a little more selectiveness, a little more imagination to make it a very considerable phenomenon in College life.—W.M.O.

MARTIN MARPRELATE

As I think I may have said before, the sacrifices involved in being a fearless servant of truth and honour are great. Since my attack on the now infamous Jocular Editorial, I have been the victim of no fewer than two attempts on my life, which were foiled only by the merest chance. On both occasions, a small but highly explosive home-made bomb was inserted through my letter-box, and had I not heard the thunder of retreating feet, I have no doubt but that this particular lamp of freedom would now be extinguished. Fortunately for us all, it burns as brightly as ever. However, before any further attempts are made, I would like to apologise to the S.C.M. in general for any undesired slur my strictures may have implied. I am by now quite aware that the great

majority of the S.C.M. had nothing to do with the editorial in question. Having said that, I would now like to be allowed to live a life free from the incessant fear of assassination.

*

The Agent, dear reader, is becoming harder and harder to defend. Keeping all I have said about him before in mind (badly done to, enlightened College Statesman, etc.) I now have several things to ask him. On second thoughts, though, I will restrict it to just one. Why, for the love of God, on the thirteen occasions (I counted them) on which I last visited the new lavatory arrangements in No. 4, was I only able to dry my hands on those damn paper towels four times? Four times. On all the other occasions, they had run out,

and I had to dash into a cubicle and use lavatory paper. I appreciate the difficulties of servicing the present absurd arrangements, and I therefore absolve the officer responsible for it from all blame. Surely it would be much simpler to instal one of those gadgets which has a roll of dirty towel showing, and you yank and it goes all clean. It would also be a great deal easier to get to the wash-bowls. At present you have to fight your way through knee-high piles of paper towels.

Now, in case I haven't made it clear, I am pro-agent. I think he does a great job under provocations which would make a Duchess spit. I just think he could do it that bit better, that's all. Especially when I can't dry my hands properly when necessary. So go to it, lad, we're all behind you.

ARGUS - Glances at People and Things

A Good Socialite.

The last of the year's "Trinity News" seemed to be a good excuse for a round-up of socialites. Argus conducted a survey of all those on the social scene, but didn't feel that any one man or woman could qualify as "Socialite of the Year." Heaving an unprofessional sigh of relief he tried to analyse what each set has contributed to the social scene. The socialite should be distinguished from the persistent party-goer. Unlike him he always looks as if he is at a party. In appearance he is smooth, upper-class and generally English. The most likely candidates were the denizens of Merrion Square. Don Corbett, Humbert Jordan, Hugo Thompson with Paul Marland, Archie Orr-Ewing, Penny Rosier and others, looked the part all right, but there were splits and an unlooked for diversity of interests, and tastes, if not views. Frankly they didn't turn out to be vacuous enough!

Rough With The Smooth.

The persistent party-goers, were invariably consistent gate-crashers, and the parties they went to were impromptu, rather sordid affairs. The guests were invariably quite tight, often very funny, though eventually they became either over boisterous or unconscious. Jim Kennedy, Mike Harris and newer boy Mike Nesbitt spring to mind.

The finest embellishment to any "smooth" party is John Streather, whose sartorial elegance and charming vagueness of speech, amuse, intrigue and finally captivate. Unfortunately he hates parties, so he cannot qualify as a socialite.

The best "party-goers" would appear to be Mike Harris, whose epigrammatic rudeness ("go away you painted Jades of Asia" or "Who are these people?" to his own guests) and Peter Vernon-Hunt, noted for his lincolnic tastes and uninhibited conversation which conceal a genuine warm-heartedness. (He loves electric trains and jig-saw puzzles).

Beginning Of End.

If Trinity Week didn't start with a bang at least it managed to raise the biggest splash for weeks. Appropriately

enough one of the first events was the swimming gala against "United Hospitals," who insist on getting all their winning done in the earlier part of the week, so that they get in two or three days good drinking before they leave.

The most stirring event of the evening, however, was the women's 100 yards relay in which Rachel Philips, who only swims when she's a "little bit tiddley," Maureen Brush, Yvonne Milsom and last minute substitute Mairin Pilkington, swam better than could be expected, to win for the "Eliz."

Eliz. Garden Party.



Photo courtesy Irish Times.
Susan Bowes.

This was as usual the most civilised of College occasions. The sun shone mildly, male students looked genuinely like exits, the strawberries politely ran out and surprising things occurred in St. Patrick's well.

Press Gang.

The rain didn't damp the spirits of the party-goers. Due to the rack of fines for late parties, they are now starting at 5 o'clock. Bill Oddie, "Trinity News" and all that, gave his usual summer term

sherry party in his den in No. 2 College; newspapermen and women, led by Miss Frances Jane French, were there. Mida Montague, charming, blonde and intelligent talked to Angela Kelly, charming, blonde and intelligent. Lorna MacDougall introduced room-mates Jenny Green-leaves and Biddy Phillips to Brendan Kennelly, whom they'd been dying to meet. Brendan, of course, was charmed—and charming. The party inevitably moved on to the Chinese Restaurant in Wicklow Street, where the waiters, unfortunately, seem to lack all sense of humour. Then on to Heather Marshall and Gill Trapnell's party in Monkstown. Due to have taken place on David Laing's barge the venue was changed because of the rain. One would never have guessed except for the occasional jeans-clad female. This party was quite excellent. Food, drink and surroundings haven't been rivalled by any party this term except perhaps for Angela Kelly's party at Stillorgan earlier this term.



Also at Eliz. Garden Party—
Jane Talbot.

The guests were mainly Trinity people, but our hostess's many Dublin friends provided exciting new faces. The Trinity

Jazz Band was in great form and soon had the most surprising people dancing. Michael Voigt danced with Mairin Pilkington and Graham Wheeler with Charmain Reynolds, Mike Brereton and Jenny Rulmer-Thomas sat on the stairs; Brian Dickie and Mary Crichton preferred the doorway. Hugo Patten inspired by Ellen, showed us that he could be moved by "vulgar" music, while Bernard Adams and Bernadette Duffy were completely "sent."

It was nice to see Peter Vernon-Hunt again. His jiving technique hasn't rusted up as Shiela Kirwan discovered early on. Clearing space around him with a mere waggle of enormous hips he allowed Shiela, in her "little black dress" to show us how they swing it in London.

The hostesses' evening was marred by the usual ill-mannered, boorish gate-crashers. The party went on in spite of them.

... Another Fine.

An excellent party was given in No. 20 on Wednesday by the Westor Part and Marks gang, aided and abetted by David Chads with seemingly innumerable sherry bottles. The odd "chasp" propped up the water endeavoured to speak coherently to Liza Barry, Ted Shackleton and Liz Morgan. For once the Junior Dean was unaffected by the drink and took a poor view of Ian Kennedy and Sheila Van der Lee's side on the roof of John Part's car and fines were duly issued.

Joyce's Tower.

Many of the guests ended up at the Martello Tower in Dalkey. Michael Scott, Richard Eckersley and Francis Cochrane provided white wine and a professional jazz-band. The combination was irresistible. Alan Millen jived and charlestoned with unexpected verve, while Anne Leonard surprised us all in choosing Charles Jordan. Botros regaled Chris Oakley with stories of poker sessions and was surprised to find that Chris, had lived in the flat above, Alec Reid and his wife admired the view and in leaving early confessed that he couldn't keep the pace these days. Ronnie Wathen talked about poetry.

Letters to the Editor

JOCULATOR AND SEX

Dear Sir,

Largely owing to the horribly bad reasoning behind some of Martin Marprelate's recent scathing remarks on religious people generally, I am prompted to make some objections.

First, I fail to see what connection the unfrocking of Dr. Thomas has with Dr. Fisher's character. Presumably, however, it was intended to give a generally bad impression of a particular church by citing a particular failing; this is, logically, invalid, as our professional logicians could quickly point out. Because a certain cricketer made only 8 against Malahide on Saturday, does it follow that the rest of the team did, and will do, so badly?

Second, if Joculator is "the journal of the professionally holy section of College," why do Communists, Left-Wing Socialists and Indifferent people buy and contribute to it regularly?

Third, had your writer read this week's issue, he would have seen a vigorous letter, signed by two scholars in the S.C.M., condemning last week's Editorial as virtually irresponsible, and demanding, at least, written evidence for the number of babies quoted.

Lastly, like Marprelate, my hatred for the priggish side of Puritanism knows no bounds. But has not our generation gone full circle in the other direction? Also, consider the lot of a child born to two students "in love"; more often than not, he is put into a Church Institution and in later life to retain the mental confusion of one striving unsuccessfully to find his origins; to be deprived of his birthright, the security and love of a home, and to retain all his days the stigma of illegitimacy. Is this what your writer is advocating under the guise of the rightness of intercourse ad lib, provided the pair concerned are "in love"? I suggest this is refined torture, and that, for instance, the Church of Ireland Moral Welfare Office, Molesworth St., could furnish you with, at least, some history cases.

Yours faithfully,

D. C. Johnston.

Martin Marprelate comments:

My article has been misinterpreted in certain quarters. I was not recommending any form of "free love," I am not in favour of promiscuity, and I am perfectly aware that sex is a damn nuisance generally. However, as we have it, we may as well accept it cleanly and openly. I was, in fact, attempting not to lay down any rules for sexual conduct, but to point out the nastiness of the view

expressed in the Editorial of "Joculator." To do that, I obviously had to state, however vaguely, my position.

I would also like to make it clear that I have nothing against religious people at all, and that no connection between Dr. Fisher and Dr. Bryn Thomas to the detriment of either was intended.

"ENTERTAINMENT TAX"

33 College,
29/5/61.

Dear Sir,

I feel that I would be correct in detecting a censorious note with reference to the Boat Club in your leading article last week. This being the case I think a few points should be clarified:

(1) A very high percentage of our grant is spent on actual equipment. Our tour grant is £3 per head per annum and is paid to the Senior VIII. This makes this contribution by D.U.C.A.C. £27.

(2) Each member of the Senior VIII has to find, in pursuance of his sport, personal expenses of £100 p.a.—total, £900; Second Senior VIII, approx. £50 per head—£450; Junior VIII, approx. £20 per head—£180; Maiden VIII, approx. £20 per head—£180. Grand total £1,710. Quite a large contribution by Club members to their sport?

(3) We row the River Liffey which costs us nothing, requires no upkeep and most important—no tying up of useful capital. Compare this with College Park which is rented by D.U.C.A.C. from the College authorities and which requires continuous preparation by groundsmen for both winter and summer sports. This is a charge against D.U.C.A.C. as a whole and not against the individual clubs using it—it represents the Club's capital expenditure and would therefore considerably increase their grants if shown in this form.

(4) Although there are only 50 fully active members of the Boat Club there are about 30 others who row at weekends and consequently use Club equipment. We have in fact got over 100 members.

(5) Even this small number of 50 is too many for the facilities at present available.

(6) Rowing is an expensive sport. It can only be carried out with expensive equipment and rather than row with inadequate facilities it would be better to disband. This is surely not a fate anyone would wish on a club which has been functioning in College since 1844.

(7) £800 divided by 50 members is £16 per head!!

Yours,

Hugh Campbell.



Not all who read The Times are gentlemen

THE NOTION that The Times is an article of gentlemen's furnishings, like a hat or an umbrella, is not quite apt, as our picture shows. For this young woman, in any case, The Times is a professional necessity as well as a personal pleasure.

On the law, as on other subjects, The Times speaks with authority. This is not the same as speaking for authority. The Times serves no cause except that of keeping its readers informed. It labours no argument, favours no group or region. It could not keep its readers if it did, for Times readers are alike only in that they are all different, and too critical to accept opinions clothed as news. Their quickness to spot humbug and their willingness to think for themselves are among the qualities which, so often, take Times readers to the top of the tree.

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Athletics

BRILLIANT PERFORMANCE

Cricket

Impressive Win

The 1st XI notched up another victory on Saturday with an impressive six wicket win over league leaders, Pembroke. This is the fifth win in the last six games and a resurgence of confidence in the side, particularly noticeable in the batting, portends well for the matches ahead and especially the English tour.

Pembroke started very slowly indeed taking two hours over their first 85 runs; Ireland opening batsman Bergin seemed loathe to hit the ball and the result was a noticeable exit of spectators from College Park. Later Hill and Kernan showed that runs could be scored, and at a good rate, on a wicket and outfield conducive to batting. Marshall-Smith bowled well without much luck until he tired and Rice, using the seam well, took 4 wickets. Mulraine, not at his best, took another 2 and eventually Pembroke declared at 170/7 at 6 o'clock leaving Trinity ten minutes short of 2½ hours to score the runs for victory.

Guthrie left at 5 but Rice wasted no time in getting into his stride, sweeping and driving effectively, and soon went to his 50. He is currently in tremendous form with both bat and ball. Foster, without displaying the full power and range of shots of which those who have watched him often know he is capable, made a very solid and valuable 47. Clarkson made a rapid 5 and it was left to Mulraine to produce his most attractive innings of the year to record his own personal 50 and knock off the runs required for victory. With 7 not out from Lea the 171 were made in 123 minutes.

Pembroke

M. Curran c Bradshaw b Rice	6
S. Bergin c Guthrie b Mulraine	26
I. Peer lbw b Rice	2
R. Moulton lbw b Wicks	15
H. Hill retired hurt	60
B. Kernan b Rice	21
D. Caldwell not out	9
C. Irwin c Bradshaw b Mulraine	5
K. Hope c Bradshaw b Rice	0
J. Byrne not out	2
Extras	24

Total (for 7, dec.) ...170

Dublin University

G. Guthrie b Byrne	1
I. Foster c Hope b Duffy	47
A. Rice b Hope	52
E. Clarkson c Bergin b Peer	5
C. Mulraine not out	54
C. Lea not out	7
Extras	5

Total (for 4 wks.) ...171

Did not bat—A. Bradshaw, R. Terdre, D. Evans, A. Wicks, A. Marshall-Smith.

Letter to the Editor

To: The Editor, "Trinity News."

Dear Sir,

We have now reached the end of our first extremely limited attempt to interest Trinity in the gentleman's view of a river as seen from a canoe.

During the term we have drifted with varying fortunes down the Nore, Slaney and Blackwater rivers, and lazed our way over a hundred miles of fine Irish scenery.

We have also paddled desperately over a hundred mean and hungry looking Irish weirs and rapids, which though a joke for salmon, are slightly more serious a proposition for our eighteen-foot canoes.

It is our earnest wish to help anyone interested in a healthy, relaxing summer term but at sixty pounds a "Tyne" we find it difficult to buy many from our subscriptions, and even with a generous College grant, it might prove a slow process.

To anyone already interested but not over impressed with our effort so far, I would simply say, "You find your canoe, and we will help you to paddle it."

Signed: The Canoe Club.

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One U.A.U. Title and Ryan Trophy Retained

LAST Saturday, by retaining the Geo. V. Ryan Memorial Trophy D.U.H.A.C. ended their season on a resounding note, maintaining an unbeaten record, surely a superlative performance for a club of its size, and ranking it as one of the best club teams in the British Isles.

On the 26th and 27th May the team competed in the U.A.U. Championships and did well to finish fourth in the team placing, only just behind the three "giants," London, Loughborough, and Cambridge. From D.U.H.A.C.'s point of view the highlight of the meeting was Colin Shillington's tactical win in the mile with 4 mins. 10.1 secs. The race was reminiscent of the historic Vancouver mile in 1954 with Colin making his effort against Travis (Leicester) on the crown of the final bend with 150 yds. to go. Paddy Davie also recorded 4 min. 32.2 secs., a personal best. Bob Francis ran strongly to reach the final of the 440 yards and ran an intelligent race to record 49.6 secs, against a stiff breeze in the home straight. Paul Twomey reached the half mile final and acquitted himself well in a rather slow tactical race to come fifth. Francis Quinlan was extremely unlucky not to qualify in his heat, being beaten in the last few strides by the powerful Wenk (London) but he was not disgraced by his time of 1 min. 57.9 secs.

In the field events no individual titles were gained but the all round standard was high. Tjerand Lunde, with 5' 10" in the high jump cleared the same height as the winner but lost on the count back, and Henry Kennedy-Skipton hurled the Javelin 192' 3" for a new personal best in achieving second place. Ben Ovbiagele was placed third to both the Shot with 43' 10½" and Discus 133' 6" and Osoba achieved a personal best of 42' 6½" in the triple jump.

On the 29th May the Club easily defeated a rather weak combined United Hospitals and Oxford University team at Oxford, in what was for the most part, a dull and uninteresting match.

VICTORY OVER U.C.D.

On Thursday, 1st June, the first Inter-Varsity Match to take place for a decade between Trinity and University College was won by Trinity by 87 points to 73 points, and so established beyond doubt the superiority of Trinity in Irish Athletics. It is hoped that, now officialdom in the form of the International Amateur Athletic Federation has yielded, this straight contest between the two Universities will now become an annual fixture.

A record crowd was present in College Park and conditions, save for a slight North Westerly wind, were conducive to good performances. It is difficult to single out any one performance in this match for it was essentially a team victory, but perhaps the most exciting race of the evening was the 440 yards in which Bob Francis broke his own College record with a brilliant 49 secs. after putting in a lot of strong running over the first furlong, and Colin Shillington also ran strongly to record 50.1 secs. in third place, after a slow first furlong as is always his wont. In the sprints Polish-born Victor Maniack (U.C.D.), confirmed his pre-match reputation by returning "evens" in the 100 yards, and coming through on the home straight with a terrific surge of power to defeat Bob Francis by a yard.

Colin Shillington had an easy win in both the 880 yards and the one mile. In the longer event he was content to sit at J. Hickey's shoulder until the final furlong when he made his effort. Henry O'Clery, running his second competitive mile ran well to hold off Smith's challenge for third place.

Alan Scott and Derek Tyler filled the first two places in the "Highs," Scott's time being only .1 behind the College record, but sympathy must go to Eddie Thompson, U.C.D.'s crack hurdler who

The College Sports

Results at time of going to Press were as follows:—

440 YDS. HURDLES H'CAP—Final—1, A. Scott; 2, R. Watts. 59.8 secs.

HOP, STEP & JUMP H'CAP—1, H. O'Clery; 2, J. Kennedy; 3, B. Osoba. 40ft. 8½ins.

HIGH JUMP H'CAP—1, A. Scott; 2, G. Protain, R. Crawford. 5ft. 8½ins.

16lb. SHOT H'CAP—Final—1, H. O'Callaghan; 2, G. Protain; 3, E. Simmonds. 46ft. 4½ins.

440 YDS. H'CAP—Final—1, R. Francis; 2, P. Twomey; 3, S. Birch.

880 YDS. H'CAP—Final—1, D. Wright; 2, A. Newell; 3, S. Whitome. 1 min. 52.4 secs.

INTER-FACULTY RELAY RACE—1, Celtic Studies; 2, Medical School; 3, Mod. Lang. School.

DISCUS H'CAP—1, H. O'Callaghan; 2, E. Simmonds; 3, J. Jeffares. 122ft. 4½ins.

INTER-CLUB RELAY RACE (Men)—1, Soccer; 2, Gaelic; 3rd Dragans.

LONG JUMP H'CAP—1, T. Boyd; 2, H. Kennedy-Skipton; 3, T. O'Malley. 20ft. 6½ins.

120 YDS. H'CAP—Final—1, H. Kennedy-Skipton; 2, A. Quinn; 3, J. Boyd.

120 YDS. HURDLES—Final—1, A. Scott; 2, J. Kennedy; 3, R. Crawford.

TWO MILES H'CAP—Final—1, B. Whelan; 2, J. Bird; 3, B. Bryan. 9 mins. 31.4 secs.

so disastrously pulled a muscle during the early stages of the race.

In the three miles, Mick Hoey, unexpectedly running for U.C.D., won as he pleased but Brian Roe and Tony Sparshott held on well for second and third places and both recorded season's bests.

Tjerand Lunde was again in fine fettle and proved to be the mainstay of the team in the field events. He had a fine double in the Pole Vault and High Jump, showed something of his old form to leap 21' 3" in the Long Jump, and hurled the javelin 165' 11" to take third place. Henry Kennedy-Skipton achieved an ambition and threw the javelin 205' 6", a superb throw and a fine reward for long months of winter training. Ben Ovbiagele was in fine form and came within inches of defeating the invincible Prendergast (U.C.D.) with a putt of 45' 5½".

As dusk approached it was pleasing to see Trinity's sprint quartet executing three good changeovers and approaching their latent potential with a time of 43.9 secs.

On Saturday, 3rd June, the Club retained the George V. Ryan Trophy. Naturally enough, however, there was a reaction after having competed five times within the space of eight days and many members of the team were below par although Bob Francis scored a good double in the 220 and 440 yards with times of 22.3 secs. and 49.3 secs., ironically enough both won from the unfavourable outside position. His 22.3 secs. clocking was especially commendable in view of an unfavourable breeze in the long Santry straight. Francis Quinlan also ran with determination in the one mile to record 4 mins. 22.5 secs. in third place after clubmate Steve Whitome had set a cracking pace for three laps. Our quarter mile hurdlers both beat their personal best times with personal best times of 58.9 secs. and 59.1 secs. respectively and Tjerand Lunde leaped 6' in the High Jump. Henry O'Clery was also in great form in the Hop, Step and Jump and did a personal best of 42' 7½".

Sailing

The Colours Match

The experience of a virtually unchanged colours team for the past three years brought home Trinity's strength to even the most casual observer. Looking astern the wake of success is formidable and the colours match on Friday only emphasised this.

In the first race McSweeney drew away into an early lead closely followed by Hare and Mason, although the latter was blanketed by the three U.C.D. boats. By the second round McSweeney had lost his advantage and at the finishing line the order was Hare, Mason and McSweeney fourth.

Trinity made a poor start in the second race but within the first forty yards had

settled down to 1, 2, 3. The three Trinity boats were well ahead by the second round; the race developed into a personal struggle with MacGovern winning, followed by Henry and Moorhead.

The club extends its congratulations to D. McSweeney on gaining his colours. Results: D.U.S.C., 47½; U.C.D., 31.

Division Racing Results — O'Sullivan Cup: 1, G. Wheeler; 2, Miss H. McCandless; 3, Miss H. Roche. Vandaleur Cup: 1, R. Lindsay; 2, R. Little. J. B. Stephen's Water Wag Trophy: 1, M. R. Hare; 2, D. J. McSweeney; 3, T. Willcocks.

Sports Profile

Colin Shillington

This week is the sportsmen's big week; yesterday was the athletes' big day; and the most prominent of Trinity athletes is Colin Shillington.

Since he came here in 1957, Colin has been largely responsible for the continuous successes of D.U.H.A.C. and the list of his own achievements is impressive. He smashed the College records for the mile and the 880 in his first year and has since recorded a personal best mile of 4 mins. 6.4 secs. His best half-mile, run against Brian Hewson last year, is 1 min. 49.8 secs.—a wonderful performance which brought him inside the qualifying time for the British Olympic team. At the time, it was the second fastest half-mile in Europe.

The Club has not only benefited from his performances on the track. As captain last year and secretary the year before, he constantly encouraged the other members, and showed none of the impatience with lesser runners to which a top-class performer must always be prone.

Nowadays, the best athletes tend to specialise narrowly, and the rigours of their strictly-regulated lives suggest fanaticism of a high order. It may thus cause some surprise that Colin is more than proficient at other sports—at Stowe he was on the school's first XI, and also a very forceful centre threequarter. In addition, he is an above-average player of golf, tennis, and squash. Moreover, he does not concur wholeheartedly in the maxim of Percy Cerulthy, the famous Australian coach, that "one late night takes three months to recover from." He enjoys a good party, and at the Trinity Ball will be running the "Night Club."

Colin is leaving at the end of term to join Shell. If his influence there is as beneficial as it has been for D.U.H.A.C., we can expect a corresponding rise in its stock.

Colonel May

More Winners

It was indeed most pleasing for the Colonel to watch the Oaks turn out as he had predicted after the shocks of the Derby, and here the Colonel must congratulate the Newmarket Correspondent on getting the column out of trouble with Pardao. For the record Sweet Solera was the Colonel's sixth winning selection of the term and the profit to date is just over £7 10s. As is the custom in the final issue of the term, The Colonel looks ahead to future races. The Irish Derby is on June 21st, and has attracted a good field. In the likely absence of the Epsom Derby winner Psidium, Harry Wragg's Sovrango, on offer at present at 20/1, would seem to have a good chance especially if it were to rain in enough quantity before the race. Ireland's most likely challenger will come clear after the Gallinule Stakes at the Curragh on June 7th, always a good guide to classic form as an old friend "Charmer" proved last year. The week before is Ascot week where top hats, pretty dresses and good priced winners go hand in hand. Ascot form is usually very accurate for the future and this especially applies to the winning of the Wokingham Stakes on the Friday. The winner of this much-prized 6 furlong sprint is sure to win again. The Coventry Stakes on past record (Martial and Typhoon) belongs exclusively to Paddy Prendergast who, in any case, never sends two-year-olds to Ascot for the benefit of their health.

Saturday's racing is at Phoenix Park and here Miss Bank looks a safe bet in the 4.30. The 2-y.o. race, the Emily Persee Cup, appears likely to fall to Display unless this one goes for the Marble Hill Stakes at the Curragh earlier in the week. Should it be absent, Mr. Biddle could well have the whip-hand.

Finally the Colonel himself seems nicely weighted for the Old Stand Stakes at 11.45 to-night in Front Square. His most dangerous rival does appear however to be W. Younger's mount "Excess."

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