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DIXON HEMPENSTALL
111 GRAFTON ST.

Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER

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Vol. III—No. 18.

THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1956

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ROOM FOR MEDICS. ROWING OVER

A 'Dream' Comes True

THOSE who remember the old anatomy lecture room will be amazed at the transformation which has recently taken place. This department, which was, to quote Professor Erskine, "in a state of extreme dilapidation," has now been completely renovated and re-designed under his careful direction. As a result, the new lecture room is quite unique and the most up-to-date of its kind in Western Europe. Moreover, American visitors have agreed that there is nothing to compare with it in the United States.

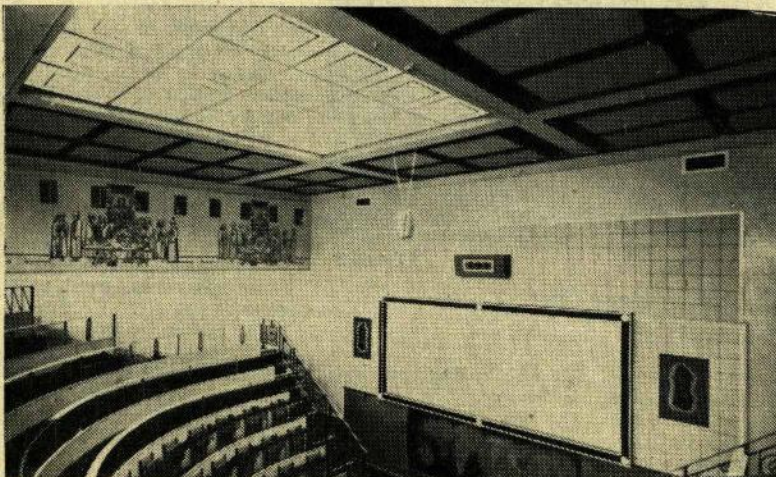
The fact that it has taken nearly a year to complete has been greatly to Dr. Erskine's advantage, since minor problems have been overcome by actual practice and close examination. Dr. Erskine himself has examined the advantages and defects of several hospital demonstration rooms in Great Britain, France and Switzerland, and has had ideas passed on to him from Germany and Italy.

The decor has been carefully chosen to help students. Light blue walls give the room "depth" and red floor-covering attracts the eye. As well as the painting, Dr. Erskine himself moulded the lead torsos which are on either side of the screen.

Though at once exciting and attractive, the designs have been used with only the most practical methods in mind. Thus, unobtrusive book-racks have been arranged near each "tip-up" seat, and stair lights have been positioned so as to fulfil their purpose, but not to attract attention. The lighting is of both the fluorescent and incandescent variety. The venetian blinds at the back of the room, which were designed in America and are quite unknown in Europe, completely shut out the daylight. The film projector (which is a German invention) can be worked automatically. It has been judiciously placed so as to give least inconvenience. The whole complex system can be directed by the lecturer at a central rostrum (the height of which may be adjusted) from which the lecture is delivered. Indeed, apparatus is available for giving pre-recorded lectures. The room itself can accommodate 150 students.

The renovation has been paid for out of the Trinity Trust, which supplemented the allowance due for repairs to the old room.

Mr. Justice Kingsmill-Moore will declare the new lecture room open on June 22nd.



The New Anatomy Theatre

Chopped Door with Axe Forced Out of Rooms

The hero of last Trinity Wednesday's incident in the Bay had to leave rooms on Tuesday after the Senior Dean's refusal to reconsider his earlier decision in view of the petition presented to him by ninety-four residents of the Bay and two members of the Gaelic Society. The undergraduate in question is first-year medical red-bearded Robin Barton, formerly and for seven terms of Exeter College, Oxford, subsequently of the R.A.F. and at present and for the rest of the term of Mespil Road, Dublin.

The incident which led to Barton's expulsion from rooms took place on the top floor of No. 11 about 2 a.m. on Thursday when most of the other residents were attending the Trinity Wednesday Ball. Ronnie Wathen considered the time appropriate to revenge the numerous occasions when he was the object of Barton's practical jokes. He baptised him with buckets of water and anointed him with bottles of sour milk while he was getting ready to get into bed, and accordingly retired to his rooms above, locked himself inside, well satisfied that he had dealt the final blow.

Barton, however, thought otherwise. "I wasn't going to let him get away with it. I went up and chopped a few holes on his door with my sixteen-lb. axe," he said. He confessed that he was in a state of extreme inebriation that night and his sole intention was to frighten Wathen and be one up. His intention was achieved because Ronnie "was prepared to escape through the window. Wouldn't you if there was a naked bearded man outside?" When Wathen's "wife," Andrew Bonar Law, returned from the dance he found his door "reduced to kindling."

Next morning, Dr. Pyle, J.D., visited Barton to demand an explanation about the previous night's affair. Quoting George Washington, Barton replied: "Well, Sir, I couldn't lie. I did it with my little axe." In the afternoon he saw Mr. Godfrey, Senior Dean, who ordered him to leave rooms by next day.

STOP PRESS—FEES

The Board have agreed to postpone the payment of College fees from 1st October to 15th November — except for new entrants, who should pay their fees on or before 1st October. This concession has been the result of negotiations between the Board and the S.R.C.

Schol. Girl Steals Stuffed Steer

Stanley White, a veterinary bunny from the G.M.B. warren, recently decided to live up his rooms with a taxidermist's dozen of stuffed heads. Carelessly leaving a lorry-load of these tempting trophies in Front Square, he returned to find four missing.

These were later recovered, and, to everyone's surprise, two of the offending borrowers turned out to be Alison Kingsmill-Moore and Margaret Magowan.

Miss Kingsmill-Moore excused her lapse to our reporter: "I was coming out of the Bay with Margaret, feeling unusually irrepressible, when we saw a parked lorry full of stuffed heads. The elk's head had antlers from here to there, but we took an antelope's head and gave it to a certain gentleman to display in a conspicuous place. Unfortunately, he was prevented from doing this. The lachrymose owner came into No. 6 and demanded to have his head back as it left an empty gap—on the other side of his mantelpiece, and he was afraid its companion would get lonely. We guaranteed it would be returned within a week, but he had neither the courage nor good-humour to wait, and informed the authorities."

"Miss Godfrey appreciated the joke and promised to report to the J.D. that we had tears of penitence in our eyes. So far we have not been fined!" Miss Magowan commented: "The only surprising thing about the affair was my discovery that Alison and I had formerly been known as 'two of the most respectable girls in College.'"

Mr. White explained his interest in curios thus: "Twelve heads were informally presented to me on behalf of the Kildare Street Club. The J.D. thinks I shouldn't keep twelve heads in my room, but I claim it is the right of every student to keep as many stuffed heads as he chooses." He added: "The heads were returned from various beds in the Bay, but later some people broke my window and stole another one, leaving blood and glass all over the room."

Stanley is also rumoured to be the collector who abducted several tables from No. 6. "And fourteen ash-trays," he murmured reminiscently.

LOST

A skull, worth £5, during a party in rooms on Wednesday. Please return to R. J. Gibson and H. Holyroyd, 23 T.C.D. Needed for exam.

Suggestions Made

The Standing Committee established last year by the Provost has at last presented a Final Report. It now seems likely that the scheme will be instituted in October, 1957. All students will then have to pay an extra £5 with their fees. This additional revenue will then be allocated between the Major Societies, D.U.C.A.C. and the Minor Societies. The Hist. and the Phil. will share a minimum of £1,500, and the Minor Societies £500. The Coffee Room is also likely to be started in October, 1957, under a joint committee of the Major Societies, the S.R.C. and other interested bodies.

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TRINITY NEWS 3 Trinity College

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Vol. 3 TRINITY NEWS No. 18
THURSDAY, 14TH JUNE, 1956

LIGHTS OUT

THE light is growing dim, in spite of the meteorological reorganisation effected by the introduction of Summer Time.

The sands are trickling out at the end of another year in Trinity, and so is the editor's ink. What can this unfortunate write about now? For years editors have faced this spectre when fact has failed them, and wingless imagination is earthborne.

For four hundred years Trinity College has dominated the centre of Dublin; students have entered its doors unknown, and many have left them unknown. Some have achieved a passing notoriety, a few have realised indestructible fame. Irresponsible and impetuous youth has promised revolutions and subsidised into modest mediocrity, leaving a handful of names on the roll of Irish patriots, politicians, writers and scholars.

What is the characteristic hall-mark of this generation? The levelling influence of the twentieth century allows only the minimum of eccentricity. The more immediate challenge of earning a living forces students to get through their courses with the maximum amount of work and the minimum amount of time.

This is the age of the Man Who Must Have A Degree. Almost everyone has one these days: no longer is it the badge of the educated minority, but merely the first qualification for getting a job.

Faced with this academic hurdle, a wide range of experimentation must inevitably be discouraged.

Yet College supports three publications — a record in any university. "Trinity News" may yet produce a Beaverbrook, "T.C.D." a Malcolm Muggeridge, "Icarus" a new Yeats to fill the space given to established writers. Out of two thousand students a Stanford may appear to encourage the five musicians who accompany the Choral.

Players' review has discovered enough talent to keep the society interesting for a few terms. And fluent speakers, if not platform men, abound in Front Square.

Let us not despair. Perhaps even now a schoolboy Chataway is preparing to enter Trinity in the Michaelmas term; a new Grattan is nervously rehearsing his maiden speech; an ex-player has broken out of the ranks of amateur dramatics to fill in bit parts as a prelude to fame.

Go your ways, moderators. Trinity will go hers.

Profile

Christopher Fitz-Simon "Gaelic Joyce Grenfell"

This week's profile is of a Man of Many Parts—one feels justified in using so hag-ridden a cliché when it is applied in its original theatrical sense. It is certain that most of the fame and perhaps notoriety that three years in this University have brought him springs from his connection with Players, where those who have watched his progress on the boards have been impressed by the sharp critical wit he brings to bear on all his characterisations, from the sobriety of Shakespeare or Synge to the pretentious yet incredibly coherent Cassie Burke in "Aeriocht."

Only on meeting Christopher Fitz-Simon for the second or third time might one be surprised; surprised that he now seemed so different from the impression one had formed on the previous encounter. The explanation (don't ever forget he's an actor!) might be that he wears various masks for different people, and that from behind each he observes their traits for use on the stage or in writing scripts. He will be brash, distant, courteous, sympathetic in bewildering succession, but always with a grand finale of laughter.

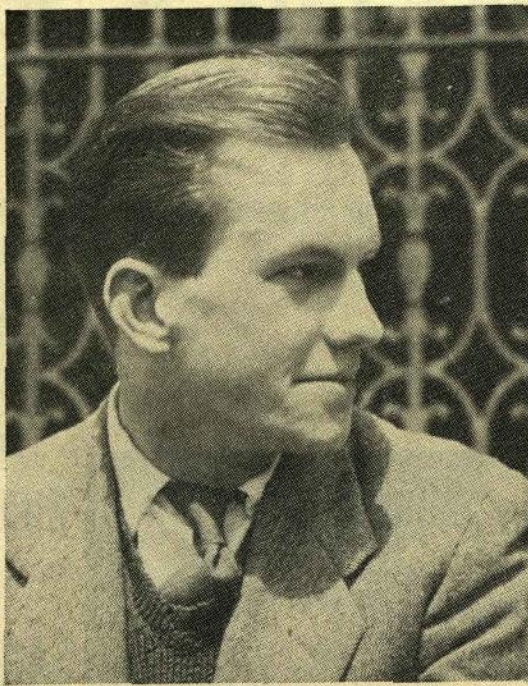
Though one may think that a successful career in the Mod. Lang. School would leave little time for other occupations, Chris. has accomplished much since his entry into College. Before this, he taught school for a year and

studied History of European Art in U.C.D. He has toured in England ("I had my best night ever in Bristol—but don't remind me of Nottingham!") and performed in the 1955 Patrician Pageant for Anew McMaster, who he believes has done more for culture in the

provinces than any Arts Council could ever do. Furthermore, he has made disc recordings of Synge for use in America, has broadcast over Radio Eireann, and has been a central figure in D.U. Players, of which he is Secretary and co-Director of the present revue, "Set Fair!"

Chris. is most highly amused by provincialism or fanaticism of any kind (don't you remember Cassie Burke?), but cannot abide triflers and that breed of Glorious Amateurs so numerous in Dublin society.

His hobbies—if they can be termed as such—seem to be going to the theatre, building spacious theatrical castles in the air with the Dublin stagefolk who are his friends, and scrabbling in the garden of his classical 18th-century home in the Dublin hills not far from where he went to school at St. Columba's. It is in this setting overlooking the



Photo

[Tanguay]

"Co-producer of Review"

Dargle Valley that he is reputed to have answered the query, "What would you wish to be were you not an actor?" by tearing a blue convoluted out of a rosebush and declaiming: "Dead for a ducat! Dead!"

ROUND THE SOCIETIES

Elections, 1956-57

Hist.
Auditor, B. C. J. Udenze; Treasurer, R. St.G. Sides; Record Secretary, E. C. Emekekwe; Correspondent Sec., C. St.G. Sides; Librarian, A. S. Talalla; Committee: J. Miller, P. C. Bourke, R. D. Jackson, V. S. Young, R. H. Bolster, M. H. Procter.

Economics Society
Annual elections: Auditor, J. R. Hautz; Secretary, G. W. Prior-Wandesforde; Treasurer, D. M. F. Beatty; Librarian, G. Knaggs; Committee: Frances-Lang French, P. Depta, M. Mahony, A. A. Tomlinson, ex-officio; Catering Officer, Doreen Johnston.

Biological Assoc.
Hon. Record Secretary, Miss P. Norman; Hon. Correspondence Secretary, J. M. Dunlop;

FROM OUR READERS

CROMWELL CLUB
Dear Madam,—We have this past week waited eagerly for the screaming headlines regarding the "mischievous frolics" of the C.C. Club (Cromwellian Clots' Club). However, we were very disappointed to see that your paper only had a small paragraph and that the other College publication had only one cynical remark to make on the blatant and inexcusable "pranks" by the aforementioned Club!

What we would like to know is, why did your paper ignore the recent Carnival of Nations happenings, also the Trinity Week sports, in which a number of competitors were warned that if they ran to win they would be "boxed in"? What about the hymn-singing parasites under the Campanile atoning for their sins? Is your paper going to let this chain of events go uncondemned?

Would it be that there are certain people in College with authority who do not want anything to be brought to the public's notice? Or is it that this same person has LAW and BARTON on his side?

There are many who would like to know the answers to these questions and if there is none forthcoming then we will make headlines in any paper with the facts which we know! "Irish, but not Fanatics." (Names supplied).

(We would like to point out that both the disturbances at the Carnival and the hymn-singing were commented on in our article last week.—Editor).

Hon. Treasurer, T. D. H. Wilson; Hon. Librarian, C. C. Bamber; Council: Mrs. R. J. M. Fry, A. F. Watson, Miss J. Jackson, M. Procter, W. M. Robinson, Miss A. Stokes, J. H. English, S. A. Marlow, Miss M. S. McElroy, M. Payne.

Choral Society
Officers for 1956-7: Hon. Secretary, Miss L. Rust; Hon. Treasurer, Miss E. Cross; Hon. Librarian, Miss P. Mann; Hon. Registrar, Miss P. Blackley; Hon. Orchestral Registrar, Miss A. Roberts; Committee: M. C. Classon, K. L. Jones, M. D. Boyden, Miss A. Hobson, G. Fitzgibbon.

Chess Club
Officers for 1956-57: Hon. Secretary, Ian A. Derham; Hon. Treasurer, Wilfred R. D. Alexander; Hon. Librarian, Miss Janet Humphreys; Committee: Jeffrey J. Johnston, Brendan Smith, Arnold Lutton.

Metaphysical Society
Elections: Auditor, W. J. Marshall; Secretary, R. D. H. Bluet; Treasurer, A. A. Johns; Librarian, M. A. O. Adesanya; Council: P. Ohale, D. Kerr, R. D. Barker, M. J. Kenny.

Engineering Society
Corr. Sec., G. A. Watt; Records Sec., R. Beckett; Treasurer, A. Woods; Dance Sec., A. Mallick; Committee: Senior year, D. McCready, A. Ladipo; Middle year, K. Walsh, K. Andrews.

History Society
Auditor, S. A. Bancroft, Sch.; Secretary, Miss G. Horsley; Treasurer, J. H. Harkness; Librarian, Miss Mary Franklin; Asst. Librarian, A. Field; Committee: Miss Winifred Brooks (S.S.), Ian M. Wilson (J.S.), Miss Hilary Kirwan (S.F.).

Phil.
Elections on Thursday:—President: D. R. D. Bell, K. R. Johnson; Secretary: C. A. Chapman; Treasurer: D. O. Cummins; Librarian: C. B. Warren; Registrar: R. D. H. Bluet, J. T. Killen, M. D. Boyden, A. G. Lucas.

Mod. Lang. Society
Chairman, Henry Richmond; Hon. Sec., Danae Stanford (Sch.); Hon. Treas., John Miller; Publicity, George Walker; French Group Sec., Enid Graham; English Group Sec., Edward Dorall; German Group Sec., Dick Bolster; Spanish Group Sec., Mary Gillespie; Italian Group Sec., Denzil Stewart.

"Set Fair"

If the rest of the run is as smooth as the opening night, then this year's Players revue may truly be said to be "Set Fair." Whilst there is a glaring similarity between several of the present items and those of the previous year, this presentation has fewer weak moments.

The inimitable R. B. D. French has written a glorious satire on Irish censorship methods, which affords Chris. Fitz-Simon opportunities of which he takes full advantage. "The Sizar's Revenge" contains some excellent lines, but is inclined to flag and hence should not have been positioned last as the final chorus lacks the necessary life to bring the show up again. Various topicalities are well exploited, especially in "Are you U?" and "Top of the Morning," this latter by Chris. Fitz-Simon. However, his latest Cassie Burke episode, "Seachtain na n-Ealaíon," is almost another "Aeriocht."

For a change, the tunes are catchy. Pat Anderson, with lovely Juliet Tatlow as partner, oozes charm in "In Spring It's True." But Juliet fails to put across "Tutu Big," which is surprisingly weakly written. Connie Chandler's number, "Vermont," hasn't the essential drive for her style, but she finds her level brilliantly and briefly in "Ships."

There are even some faces new to Revue. Dave Abbot mimes cleverly, but Tessa Blackall's voice is weak, and Messrs. Meek, Porter and Walker fail to do justice to "Bona Fide." Billy Porter's mannerisms hinder him in "Neo," but in Dyck Riddell's skit on unemployed graduates he is suitably suave. Compared to previous performances, "A Fright at the Opera" is taken too slowly and given too much punch, but it still brings the house down and will doubtless get into tune. As usual, George Desmond Hodnett gives lively support at the piano. Players should realise that opening and closing choruses are terribly important. In both cases the words became intangible and all effect was lost. Joint production is by Chris. Fitz-Simon and Connie Chandler, who deserve full credit for a slick show that is full of laughter and far more likely to entertain than many professional reviews.

COLLEGE OBSERVED

IN a public lecture given to-day in the G.M.B. at 4 o'clock by Dr. A. N. Jeffares of Adelaide University, the work of Charles Robert Maturin, the early nineteenth century Trinity novelist, will be reviewed. Maturin was of French descent, his ancestors being driven from their native land by the renewal of Huguenot persecution by reason of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His grandfather had succeeded Swift as Dean of St. Patrick's. Maturin's plays received wide recognition, productions being made at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. His novels are largely forgotten, but it is interesting to note that Walter Scott used the theme of Maturin's "Milesian Chief" for his "Bride of Lammermoor."

Changes

EVERY Society is subject to change, but nowhere is this more evident than in College life since the end of the Second World War. Everyone will point the finger at the decline of the Major Societies, but the decline is less due to changes in the organisation or condition of these societies than to a general change of attitude in the mind of the undergraduate. The fact that minor outrages, such as the posting of a College society notice in the Reading Room or the painting red of Dr. Salmon's nose, cause more excitement than a good debate, is rather significant. Life in College becomes more and more a social affair, less and less an academic affair. This is not so much due to that familiar old bogey "apathy" as to indecisiveness.

The Mod. Lang. Society is £40 up on the year and the Chess Club has doubled its membership. Little fame could be gained by being a vigorous linguist or an expert on French defence, however. The Phil. and Hist. still demand some respect, even from non-members. They bear the key to a real sense of unity in College. Without their leadership, all other functions (as for example, S.R.C. elections) depend more on whether a man is well-known than on personal ability. Steyne.

SWEET SONG

During the past week the University has sponsored two outstanding musical events which in themselves are an answer to those critics who suggest that we are an unmusical and inartistic lot.

Last Thursday the Choral Society presented a rather unusual programme. Purcell's "King Arthur" is a work of great charm which could be tedious, but there was no hint of this in Choral's performance. The chorus work was immaculate and the soloists (Patricia McCarry, Arthur Moyse and Brian Boydell) had that essential lightness for Purcell's airy work. Brian Boydell's dramatic rendering of "What Power Art Thou?" is something to look back on with great pleasure.

Dyson's "Songs of Praise" and Parry's "Blest Pair of Sirens" were the two other works. The Orchestra, though small, was of a high quality hitherto unheard at the Choral Society's concerts and deserves a special word of praise.

The College Singers' concert was of that high standard expected of this expert and happily informal group. A delightful piece by Monteverdi was a highlight in a programme of brilliance, but even after moving chairs close to the choir, the wind spoiled the delicacy of some songs. The Fellows' Garden concert may be a tradition with Singers; the pleasant surroundings are scarcely an adequate reason for surrendering a great deal of pleasant sound to the atmosphere.

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By Hook or by Crook

A Meeting of the College Duds (Members enter, stepping eagerly to the click of the Editor's brains).

Burp Diddle: All agreed to produce "T.C.D." this week by hook or by crook?

All: Agreed.

Burp Diddle: Right. Let's start thinking of ideas.

(Twenty minutes pass while all hunt feverishly through old "T.C.D.'s").

Dammit Backbar'sclosed: It's not easy.

Antonio Rat's Toe: Everything's been said before.

Bap Slanderful: Doesn't matter. We can say the same again differently.

Miracle Brood: The Editorial's hardest. People are complaining about it.

Burp Diddle: They're just dense. All you do is write it in such a way that they're not sure what exactly you mean. Then they can't criticise you. Simple!

Dippy O'Squeal: Like last week's Editorial's last sentence, "Well, you think I'm crazy—but I only imagine it, some people actually do it," puzzles people by the sentence construction.

Grim Squint: Exactly. They think perhaps you mean that you "only imagine" you're crazy; and when you end, "some people actually do it," they're mystified.

A. Rat's Toe: Yes, complex syntax is the answer.

Burp Diddle: You mean syntactical complexity, implying grammatical complication which appears perplexingly illogical.

Bon Bowl: That's it.

A. Rat's Toe: Like when you wrote: "Lots of stag parties have consumed iron lungs, broken countless windows, into No. 6, etc., etc., but Ned Burson bit..." and so on.

Bon Bowl: Of course.

Miracle Brood: Exactly. No logic at all. Great fun!

Bug Batton: "Bells, books and candles" is easy to fill. All you need is a list of parties and names. No need to be humorous.

Bon Bowl: I don't see why they complain when we honour them by mentioning them.

D. Backbar'sclosed: We're forgetting its original intention.

B. Slanderful: That they're supposed to be excommunicated by it from college social circles because of questionable conduct. True.

Burp Diddle: Nobody knows that now, so why worry about its original purpose. The main thing is to fill the magazine...

All: By hook or by crook.

A. Rat's Toe: People'll read anything you sell them, like "Edward" last week.

Dippy O'Squeal: Nothing in it, of course, save the drawings, but it filled four pages. It's a pity you'd sacrifice Orestes' feature. It was easy to see the superiority of English humour to Irish.

Bon Bowl: You're a genius, Burp. It's hard to believe an ex-editor wrote it.

Burp Diddle: No trouble. Just raced off my pen. I'm trying to cultivate the art of automatic writing. Saves time and trouble, you know.

Bon Bowl: Yes, we must all try that.

Miracle Brood: "Remarks of the Week" are easy. Make them up if none are sent in.

A. Rat's Toe: We could throw in another "Roving Reporter."

D. Backbar'sclosed: We're only supposed to have three.

Bon Bowl: Doesn't matter. Who knows? And who'd care?

Grim Squint: Pity "Icarus" is out. That'd have taken up another page.

Burp Diddle: There's always the Cromwell Club which could fix something for us.

Miracle Brood: Then, we should have no trouble in bringing out "T.C.D." this week.

Burp Diddle: Let's call it a day.

(All shout: "It's a day," and depart furtively in a large group, finding safety and comfort in numbers).

Somewhere far away the wind moaned, and the spirits of Goldsmith and Wilde slept on untroubled.

Risen.

TRINITY PATRIOTS

ROBERT EMMET (1770-1803)

Inspired by his brother Thomas, Robert Emmet was always strongly nationalistic. In 1798, when Thomas joined the Rebellion, Robert was a student in Trinity and a prominent member of the Hist. The visitors of the University, who suspected that there was sedition in College, carried out an investigation and discovered a band of United Irishmen with Emmet as secretary. He was sent down for "treasonable activities."

Emmet left Ireland, visited his brother, now in prison in Scotland, and then crossed to France. Here he met Napoleon, and joined the group of Irish exiles. He wanted their support in an invasion, but they refused it and warned him that a rebellion was sure to fail.

He, however, paid no attention, returned to Dublin and started a munitions dump in Marshalsea Lane. On September 3rd, 1803, he set out through Thomas St., followed by an eighty-strong rabble, to take the Castle. Unfortunately, the Marshalsea Lane dump had been blown up by mistake, and the Army was on the alert. The Lord Chief Justice, who was returning from a holiday in the country, was surrounded by Emmet's followers and murdered. Then the militia arrived and dispersed them, taking many prisoners.

Emmet escaped, and could have fled the country, but, more romantically, set out for Sarah Curran's house in Rathfarnham.

Tradition says that Anne Devlin, his cook, was unsuccessfully tortured by the British soldiers, in an attempt to find out his whereabouts, but the story has since been disproved. Emmet was finally captured at Harold's Cross, tried and sentenced to death. He was hanged as a criminal with 20 of his supporters, among them John Killen, whose descendant is now prominent in College.

Emmet's speech in the dock is remembered as one of the most exciting pieces of Irish oratory. Perhaps the best-known passage is his impassioned plea that only when Ireland took her rightful place among the nations of the world should his epitaph be written.

DUBLIN THEATRE

THE ABBEY

The Abbey Theatre began obscurely in 1899, but included Edward Martyn, George Moore, W. B. Yeats and, later, Lady Gregory and "A.E." among the founders. Known as the Irish Literary Theatre, it had no premises of its own and the actors were forced to play in a variety of halls in Clarendon Street and elsewhere. At first, short one-act plays by Lady Gregory herself and Yeats were produced.

In 1904 it became recognised as the Irish National Theatre. To mark this achievement it was housed in the city morgue, now known as the Abbey Theatre. Miss Horniman, an Englishwoman with a deep interest in the theatre, and a friend of Yeats, was largely responsible for this opportunity to settle down.

The theatre was small, uncomfortable and held very few. But the reputation of the group grew and it became a pilgrimage for Dubliners to see the theatre, which was a part of the new cultural revival. This was something which had never been known—the formation of a National Theatre. Now people talked of nothing else but the Abbey. The actors in those days were all outstanding: Arthur Shields, Barry Fitzgerald, and the brothers Fay, Frank and W. G., the greatest of them all, better known as F. J. McCormick. The actresses were similarly dedicated, and included Sara Allgood, Marie O'Neill and Eileen Crowe.

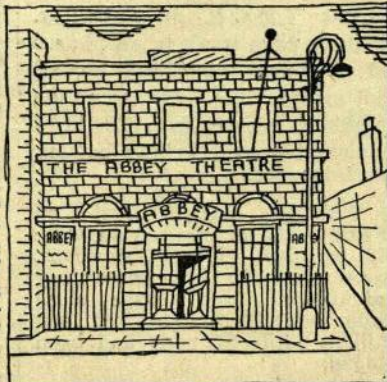
It was F. J. himself who introduced the "natural" style of acting that has become so well associated with the Abbey. The authors, too, were all names to conjure with, Synge and Yeats, and the enfant terrible, Sean O'Casey, as well as Lord Dunsany, St. John Irvine and di-hard Lennox Robinson.

As everyone knows, the early days were tempestuous. On the opening night of Synge's play, "The Playboy of the Western World," the crowd out front objected to the language, which was startling at the time, and nearly wrecked the theatre. Yeats and Lady Gregory faced the mob, while the audience pelted the actors with rotten fruit. With perhaps the exception of the Moscow Arts, no other theatre has had so many plays which are uniquely written expressly for it. "The

Plough and the Stars," "Juno and the Paycock," "The White-headed Boy" and "Shadow and Substance" have remained closely associated with the Abbey. So-called "Abbey writers" exist to-day, but the originality and power of expression have gone.

A tour of America was a great success and performances were given all over the country, even on Broadway. Now, however, even a visit to Belfast is rare.

Perhaps some of the players were glad when the cramped old Theatre was destroyed by fire.



No one knows how the blaze started, but in June, 1950, the old morgue was burnt out. Next night the play went on in the Peacock, with actors in a highly emotional state and genuine tears in their eyes. Later the troupe moved to the Guinness' Hall, and finally to the Queen's, taking over from a second-rate variety company.

At present the theatre seems to be passing through a flat period. Harry Brogan alone maintains the old acting tradition. Too many ex-civil servants, with as much knowledge of running a theatre as being elected to the Dáil, have taken over the administrative side. Nowadays actors almost have to pass a higher exam. In Irish to prove their ability to tread the boards of the Irish National Theatre. The atmosphere is lifeless; the same plays are reproduced time and again. No new ones take their place. The yearly pantomime features love songs in Gaelic with Luxembourg tunes, and an indifferent leg-show. Otherwise it does little to help the theatre. And still the old Abbey has not been rebuilt.

FOUR & SIX

Gone Fishin'

John Gibson, having fluid trouble of an external nature this time, and up-turned boat were successfully removed from the Liffey last Saturday by Mick Murray-Alston and laid out to dry. Others at the Island-bridge Regatta fished for invitations to tea in the boat-house; as one of the fortunate, I can say that the Brownian and Maguirian delicacies prepared by Miss Cochrane's young ladies were as appetising as former years. Along the tow-path I nearly tripped over Johnny Orr (or was it Felicity Dennis), accompanied by Felicity's other boy-friends, the Boxing Club. Des. Ferris, the poodle-lover, was glad of a short rest when Jan Kaminski trotted the dog off for a while. Avene Shirley confided that she would much rather do Natural Science after seeing their "four" in action. Paula Simmonds has acquired a liking for beer, but John Bell's interest is not "inn" the coffee line.

Connolly Cole, that man-about - everywhere, couldn't make it. He was busy in Piperstown grooming Henry St. G. Smith for marriage.

A Rum Do

At a party in Rathgar on Saturday night Johnny Orr was sporting yet another on his lap, this time Sara Abels. Ruby Indar, looking ravishing, brought her Uncle Horace along, better known as Arthur Mike, the terror of Sandymount.

Scientists—Natural or Social?

On Friday night, Eunice Smith celebrated her coming of age with a birthday dance at Mount Pleasant. Zoologists,

Geologists, Botanists and, of course, Barry Simmonds were there, and it is amazing that once they put away their bones, and brush some of the grass from their hair, they can appear as a tolerably normal set of human beings. Naturally, such a state of normality couldn't be expected to last. Michael Philcox, applying a new slant to the old caveman technique, plumped Sylvia Fox into a barrow and wheeled her out into the garden, interrupting Botanist Alan Abraham who was explaining the pollination theory to Daphne Eadie. During the interval Prof. Gill, on piano, and Tommy Earls, on drums, kept any of those rash enough to dance in a state of exhaustion. A slightly sadder note was struck by Mike Proctor and Marguerite Yin trying to put the clock back, but this did not deter Alison Budd, unescorted for once, from making hay while the sun shone.

Regatta Chatter

Why does Claire Faulkner always get herself tied up with College atavists? No sooner does she get Laurens Otter out of her system than she falls victim to a more insidious disease. I believe in Dublin one can be warned by the police for Jay walking. John Fitzsimon was testing Hilary Kirwan with a buttercup to see if she liked butter. She replied she didn't as it was bad for her figure. Her elder sister, also slimming, worked off a few pounds with youthful John Temple Lang. Also at the dance attempting to jive was Nicholas Westby, who would insist on dropping to the floor at every third beat, and pulling a rather bewildered Sarah Esgate down with him. Frances Gibbs tried hard with Nick Bielenberg, but

there just wasn't room, so giving up the unequal struggle she buried her head in his chest and danced happily ever after. The Warden of Trinity Hall need not have worried about Clodagh Grubb, for although she was somewhat rash in choosing the Boat Club thrash as her first College outing, she and her partner, John Gibbon, performed like old-timers.

Flatfoot on the Beat

For those anxious to escape the clutches of the J.D. and Miss Crawford, the only solution is to move out of rooms or the Hall and into the select area of flats round Baggot and Leeson Street. Indeed, Merrion Row at 6 p.m. is always full of Boat Club, Rugby Club, assorted Medics and Mod. Langers, and, of course, the residents of R.C.D.H.

The social round of flats starts with tea at Denis P.B.'s, served by Medics, John Watson and Paddy Burgess Watson. After going through the Portora portico of Tom Molyneux, Hugh Delap and Peter Ross-Todd, one can continue the downward track in Baggot Street. Those leaving the party Parthenon of Jimmy Christou and Andy David in need of medical attention can take their pick between Maison Wilson or the "hair of the dog" invitations of Ronnie Snow and Hubie O'Connor. Foreign food addicts have a choice of Norwegian "Smorgersbroed" by Anders Landstron, Polish "Borsch" by Jan Kaminski or Malayan mixtures carried up by Osman Ahmed. To finish, viz., in Waterloo Road, Derek Horwood will be dancing the Sevillana to guitarist Alan Douglas. And if that isn't enough, Teddy will run you up to Matt's in his drop-head Hillman.

Constant Pry.

TRINITY TARS

Last Sunday morning the ex-pilchard boat, "Outward Bound," arrived in Dun Laoghaire Harbour after a 5,000-mile voyage through the Straits of Gibraltar and round the Balearic Islands. The two permanent members of the crew were Peter Verschoyle, a graduate of Trinity, and John Petch, whose name is still on the College books as studying agriculture.

Last October, these two bought "Outward Bound" and set sail from Dun Laoghaire, taking with them as cook a Cavan boy who had never seen the sea before. When they arrived at Ibiza, their destination, he was replaced by an American, whose cooking efforts, though excellent on shore, were seriously impaired afloat by his being in a permanent state of mal-de-mer. Their next, and last, acquisition was a New Zealand sculptor who came aboard in Spain and stayed with them until they reached Ireland.

Unlike the Kon-Tiki, their efforts at fishing were unsuccessful, their one and only catch was a four-incher found beneath a pile of drifting rushmats. Although whales and porpoises were sighted, their big game efforts were confined to turtles. Evidently their ship's cat approved of the diet, but not so the dog they picked up in the Balearics, who spent most of the journey in a cask of salt as an emergency ration! The "Outward Bound" herself gave very little trouble, the only incidents being the breaking of the rudder and being taken for a wreck by a Trieste steamer when everybody was below.

Now that she is back in port, her owners are regretfully going to sell up and farm in the south. But if anybody wants a fully trained ship's cat, well, they know who to apply to!

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A YEAR IN TRINITY SPORT

In this last issue of the academic year, we feel that it would be fitting to review the achievements of Trinity sports clubs and players during the preceding twelve months.

During the winter, the Rugby Club achieved a good win over Wanderers in the first round of the Leinster Senior Cup, while P. R. Dowse was watched by the Irish selectors on the Club's northern tour.

On the soccer field, A. David was selected to represent the Irish Universities.

Four of the Women's Hockey Club were chosen to represent their province; two achieved full international status.

Three of the men's hockey team played in the international trials, while one member, Pigott, was awarded his full international cap.

Ireland's lacrosse team included seven Trinity players, and at the end of the season R. Knox-Peebles was established as Ireland's No. 1 squash player. Miss G. Horsley also played squash for Ireland, and Dr. F. S. L. Lyons was honoured with the captaincy of the Irish team.

As regards the summer sports, T. P. Smyth played for Leinster at cricket, while D. Pratt and R. Sweetnam, Trinity's No. 1 and 2 tennis players, were chosen as members of the 10-man Irish Davis Cup training squad.

The women's tennis team succeeded in capturing the Gill Cup for the first time in the history of the contest with U.C.D., while the Table Tennis Club, for the sixth year in succession, carried off the Wine Cup.

The standard of rowing displayed by the D.U. Club at Putney was considerably improved, and Saturday's regatta results were highly satisfactory.

It would be impossible to deal in full with the achievements of the Boxing and Athletic Clubs. The Boxing Club had an extremely successful season, again winning the U.A.U. Harry Preston Trophy. In track and field events, Trinity's athletes have maintained the high standards of previous years, and their culminating success was in coming fourth in the U.A.U. Championships with only seven representatives — a very creditable result.

Cricket

TRINITY DEFEATED IN CUP MATCH

The first XI made their exit from the Leinster Senior Cup in undistinguished fashion against Y.M.C.A. on Saturday. Trinity were weak in all phases of the game, and Cyril Fagan, batting at No. 11, was the highest scorer with 20 in a lamentably poor Trinity batting performance.

Y.M.C.A. batted first on Friday, and at one period were 69 for five. Trinity, however, were unable to press home their advantage, and at the close only one further wicket had fallen, while 92 runs had been added.

Resuming at 161, Y.M.C.A. faced Drewery and Coker. Drewery bowled accurately and in all took five wickets for 65, but Coker was somewhat erratic and was replaced after three overs by Atkinson at 168. Sutton, the 2nd XI captain, fielding as substitute for the injured Sang, took a good catch in the gully off Drewery to dismiss F. Wolfe, who had scored 53. Sutton's fielding, incidentally, was exceptionally good and showed, in this respect, up the majority of the 1st team players in rather a poor light. Y.M.C.A. batted right down to the tail, and when their innings closed they had compiled the formidable total of 207.

Trinity's opening pair, B. Wilson and D. Pratt, opened quietly and seemed in perfect control of the situation, although Wilson at times looked a trifle uncomfortable against the slow bowler Gill. Pratt's wicket, however, was the first to fall, for in playing forward to a half-volley he gave a simple slip catch. Hitherto he had played confidently and with a technical perfection which, with one or two exceptions, was noticeably absent in later batsmen. T. P. Smyth joined Wilson and made 12 good runs before being clean bowled in attempting a stroke which is described in no text-book on cricket. Wilson had already departed, caught at first slip, and Coker came in, determined to hit his way out of trouble. Owing, however, to some extremely keen fielding by the Y.M.C.A. players, his forcing shots usually failed to reach the boundary. However, Coker soon was out, offering an easy catch to Brady. Only thirty-five runs were on the board, but worse was to follow. Without further addition to the score, Singh and Dawson were back in the pavilion, both falling to easy catches. With Harrison and

Sang batting, the position improved slightly, but they also failed to remain at the wicket for any considerable time. Harrison was caught behind the wicket, while Sang was clean bowled. Drewery came and went, and it was left to Fagan and Atkinson, who made 14, to show that the Y.M.C.A. bowlers were not as dangerous as the ineptitude of the Trinity batsmen made them appear.

No excuses can be offered for this debacle. Again we must point out that slackness in the outfield was once more partially responsible for the high score of the opposition. But Trinity's batting must improve if further defeats are to be avoided. It certainly cannot become much worse.

Cricket, Scoreboard

At Claremont Road. — Y.M.C.A. won by 114 runs.

Y.M.C.A.	
T. A. Beatty c Coker b Atkinson	10
C. R. Colter run out	22
R. I. Gill c Coker b Drewery	13
W. I. Lewis b Drewery	0
F. Wolfe c sub b Drewery	53
D. S. Medcalf c Dawson b Atkinson	4
F. G. Brady c Drewery b Coker	22
P. Hade c Harrison b Drewery	39
W. Crawford c Fagan b Drewery	13
G. Whitehead lbw b Atkinson	1
T. A. Dunlop not out	2
Extras	28
Total	207

Bowling—Coker, 1 for 38; Atkinson, 3 for 47; Drewery, 5 for 56; Dawson, 0 for 19; Harrison, 0 for 10.

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY	
B. K. Wilson c Hade b Gill	10
D. M. Pratt c Hade b Gill	1
T. P. Smyth b Gill	12
O. O. Coker c Brady b Gill	7
P. Dawson c Brady b Medcalf	0
H. S. Singh c Medcalf b Gill	0
W. P. Harrison c Wolfe b Gill	8
P. Sang b Hade	7
J. Atkinson c Medcalf b Gill	14
D. Drewery b Hade	0
C. Fagan not out	21
Extras	13
Total	93

Bowling—Dunlop, 0 for 9; Gill, 7 for 50; Medcalf, 1 for 10; Hade, 2 for 3; Crawford, 0 for 8.

Lawn Tennis

A Double for Pratt And Miss Horsley

DESPITE a high wind and intermittent showers, play was often of a high standard when the University Lawn Tennis Championships were decided in the Park last week. This particularly applies to the singles events, where both favourites, Mr. D. Pratt and Miss G. Horsley, were successful.

After losing his service, Pratt broke through immediately and although he did not find his true form in the opening set, he won it comfortably against an opponent who could not take full advantage of temporary lapses. These lapses were particularly non-existent in the second set, which Pratt won with only two games against. Playing with persistence, Laven produced a series of good passing shots in the three sets, but by this time Pratt had got well on top.

Miss Horsley found a worthy opponent in Miss A. Dowley, a junior inter-provincial representative. Miss Dowley's accurate placing to the base line troubled the hard hitting Miss Horsley, whose winning tactics proved to be a variation in pace, together with good net play.

The doubles brought victories for both single title winners. Pratt, partnered by R. Sweet-

nam, were too strong for Lavan and Keeley, who had a good semi-final win over Flannery and Knox-Peebles. Miss Horsley, with Miss Ritchie, overcame Miss A. Dowley and Miss M. Lodge in the ladies' event.

Results

Men's Singles—D. Pratt beat J. Lavan, 6-3, 6-2, 6-2.

Ladies' Singles—Miss G. Horsley beat Miss A. Dowley, 6-4, 6-4.

Men's Doubles—D. Pratt and R. Sweetnam beat J. Lavan and V. Keeley, 6-4, 6-4, 6-4.

Ladies' Doubles—Miss G. Horsley and Miss R. Ritchie beat Miss A. Dowley and Miss M. Lodge, 6-2, 6-2.

Golf Club

Trinity Beaten in Foursomes

Last Thursday the annual Trinity Week foursomes match was played against the D.U. Golfing Society at Carrickmines. Trinity were beaten 34-3. The half-point for Trinity was scored by J. Vint and W. B. Clarke. However, all the other matches also ended on the home green, so the margin of defeat was not nearly so wide as the score suggests.

The Captain's prize was played last Monday and was won by D. J. Stormont with the score of 33 points. The annual general meeting and captain's dinner took place later in the evening.

Regatta Results

TRINITY are to be congratulated on retaining the University Grand Challenge Cup at the Trinity Week Regatta on Saturday last. The home crew also recorded a good win in the Senior Fours, defeating the fancied Garda crew. The junior crew, however, sustained a surprising reverse at the hands of Cappoquin.

Results:—

Senior Eights (University Grand Challenge Cup)—Final: D.U.B.C. (P. Ross-Todd, T. G. Molyneux, J. V. O'Brien, P. R. Wall-Morris, W. D. Seeds, F. J. Truffelli, N. H. Delap, J. H. Holyroyd, str.; J. Connor, cox) beat Garda; 3 lengths.

1st Senior Fours (Isthmian Challenge Cup)—Final: D.U.B.C. (J. V. O'Brien, P. R. Wall-Morris, N. H. Delap, S. H. Holyroyd, str.; J. Connor, cox) beat Garda; 2½ lengths.

2nd Senior Fours (Lady Elizabeth Challenge Cup)—Final: Dublin Commercial (S. F. L. Grundy, P. J. Flynn, M. E. A. O'Dea, M. J. P. Murphy, str.; D. G. A. Goggin, cox) beat Bann; 3 lengths.

Under-Age Fours (Junior Challenge Cup)—Final: Cappoquin (J. McGrath, P. Lenane, P. Arrigan, C. McGrath, str.; J. O'Connor, cox) beat D.U.B.C.; distance.

Junior Eights (Ladies' Challenge Cup)—Final: Cappoquin (J. McGrath, C. McGrath, P. Arrigan, P. Lenane, M. Cahill, J. Curran, J. Flynn, P. McGrath, str.; T. Crotty, cox) beat D.U.B.C.; 3 lengths.

Junior Fours (Chapelized Challenge Cup)—Final: Queen's Univ. (W. Jardin, R. Kearney, J. Nelson, K. McLaverty, str.; K. Mitchell, cox) beat D.U.B.C.; 1½ lengths.

Maiden Eights (Towers Challenge Cup)—Final: Queen's Univ. (D. Shepherd, W. Harbinson, R. Swann, O. Armstrong, A. T. Finlay, R. Nickells, N. R. Gray, R. Grieves, str.; J. D. Gray, cox) beat Dublin Commercial; distance.

Maiden Fours (Islandbridge Challenge Cup)—Final: Garda (E. O'Dea, C. Keenan, T. Murphy, J. Cuffe, str.; P. Hoare, cox) beat Queen's Univ.; 2 lengths.

Senior Sculls (Emerald Challenge Cup)—Final: Queen's Univ. (M. Thomas) beat Lady Elizabeth (R. J. Gibson); 3 lengths.

Junior Sculls (Phoenix Challenge Cup)—Final: Queen's Univ. (K. McLaverty) beat Dublin Commercial (G. P. O'Brien); 3 lengths.

Schools' Fours (Schools' Perpetual Challenge Cup)—Row over for Carlow.

Cycle and Light Car Club

CAR TRIALS

Five driving tests were held along the route and the time taken to carry out these determined the results. Alex. Malcolm, driving a Buckler, put up the best performance and won the experts' class. Billy Mullen (Fiat 600) won the non-experts' class, with Bobby Goulding (T.R. 2) close behind. Neil Jenkins (Ford Y) was winner of the vintage class. Chris. Harvey and Al Robertson were both unlucky to miss class awards.

In the motor cycle trial, Keith Collie (197 Francis Barnett) was best among the motor cycles, though Dave Felton had some bad luck, and the scooter division was won by D. Larvin.

The response from undergraduates was disappointing, but of those who did appear, Mike Dear, Mick Mahood, Mike Archer and T. Boyd-Maunsell were consistently good, driving unsuitable or strange vehicles.



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