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Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

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Good News for College Gallery

£2,500 Gift Needs Wise Spending

AS is well known in informed College circles, the College Art Gallery has received a Grant in the region of £2,500, from the Gulbenkian Foundation, and perhaps this is the time to review critically the activities of Trinity's Art Connoisseurs. In under a year, the Gallery has expanded at remarkable rate, and clearly there is yet further room for expansion. However, a certain amount of criticism must be directed towards this oligarchical body, which could do so much to improve and shape the tastes of modern students.

The exorbitant rent—5/- for a picture, which the temporary owner will usually enjoy for only seven weeks—should now be drastically reduced. Considerably more care should be taken in the selection of pictures to be purchased by the Gallery—we are reliably informed that one member of the Committee spent a large sum of money in Switzerland buying reproductions which were aesthetically pleasing to his peculiar tastes—tastes which appear to be well above the heads of most of the customers of the Gallery. Surely it is only fair that the patrons of College art should be given more "say" in the selection of paintings which appeal to them most, instead of being forced to queue up and rent whatever happens to have pleased the whims of three or four self-styled experts—as indeed the effective business of the Gallery seems to be controlled by a tiny cultural clique.

And what of the future? The conditions of the Gulbenkian Grant stipulate that much of the money should be spent for the encouragement of living artists, and especially Irish ones. Thus the College Gallery has to bear the burden of responsibility in selecting what artists they are to patronise with their new found wealth, and let us hope that with the assistance of expert advice—and they will need this assistance—they will not be found unworthy of carrying out such a trust.

That money which will not be needed for the purchase of originals could well be spent on widening the available selection of reproductions. Perhaps the cultured tastes of those that happen to prefer "Old Masters" will be equally catered for, and paintings which can only be described as Art with the widest stretch of imagination—pictures which to many appear as pitiful manifestations of a disordered mind—will finally be re-

duced to such numbers as will honestly reflect their real appeal in student circles.

New Look in Number 30

Last year the single sets on the top floor of No. 30 were converted into fully-furnished bed-sittingrooms. The remaining three floors have now been converted and the accommodation increased by 24.

Our reporter carried out a door-to-door enquiry among the residents. Whereas in a double, students are able to make many more friends, it was suggested that living in a single might induce loneliness. The majority of the

residents said that far from being lonely they had many visitors, though they admitted they did not know many of their neighbours.

They were able to study harder on the whole, though disturbed in several cases by noisy radios. The increased rent did not appear to cause any hardship, though several people said that it might become prohibitive over a long period. All those interviewed declared that they were much more comfortable and settled than they had ever been before, whether in singles, doubles or "digs." The final word came from a Senior Sophister who, when asked if he would go back to a double were this possible, replied: "Hell, no." It would appear, therefore, that the conversion of No. 30 has been from almost every aspect highly satisfactory.

2 a.m. in Parliament Square



Modern Russia in View

Undeterred by the almost last-minute apologies for absence on the part of two of the major speakers, Sir Edward Boyle, M.P., and Mr. Konin Killiacus, M.P., who both had to speak at an important debate at Westminster, the University Philosophical Society had a crowded, if not brilliant, opening meeting in the Dining Hall last Thursday.

The President, Mr. J. A. D. Bird, delivered a sound address entitled "The New Russia," over which he had obviously spent much research and thought. An historical and factual introduction conveyed the listener smoothly to a picture of the Russia of to-day, and the "personality cult" as epitomised by the policy of Khrushchev. He advocated that the West take the initiative in nuclear disarmament, and that by so doing in effect no loss of face would result for Western diplomacy. Rather would it flourish in the new environment in which no "sword of Damocles" would be suspended over international conferences. In referring to the New Russia, Mr. Bird laid stress on the growing liberalisation of the State machine, and maintained, in the opinion of many, incorrectly, that Pasternak's only sin was that he published "Dr. Zhivago" outside Russia. He made only one fleeting reference to Hungary, and that towards the end of his paper, and glossed over the fact that this incident alone completely refuted his thesis. Perhaps this was the only weakness in his otherwise excellently delivered paper.

Professor H. Seton-Watson, Professor of Russian History in the University of London, spoke long and well on what was obviously home ground. He was certain Khrushchev would never risk total hydrogen bomb war, and nominated, in his opinion, Persia as the most likely trouble spot in future international relations.

Mr. Declan Costello, T.D., did not hold the view that one day Russian power would flee from growing Chinese potential into the arms of the West. He saw China as a support to Russian power as the power of Western Europe backs up the United States.

Professor Stanford, proving how well he could substitute for two or even more speakers, at very short notice proposed "ironically" (as an honorary member of the Hist.) that the University Philosophical Society was worthy of support. He pointed out the duality complex which existed in this island, viz., two nations, Dublin with two ancient cathedrals and two Universities, and Trinity had two Major Societies. He failed to mention we also sport two thriving weekly newspapers, but no matter. His address also contained an ardent plea to ban the phrase "nuclear club," which he considered an insult in terms to an institution of which he himself was not unfond.

The meeting was brought to an end by Mr. Kingsley Martin, editor of the "New Statesman," who was introduced by the Provost as a Cambridge man and a person who controlled a journal which he (the Provost) greatly admired. Mr. Martin mercifully did not wander from his theme to the result of the British General Election, but put forward the pacifist approach since nuclear war would spell the end of both Communism and the Free World.

The Dining Hall was full to capacity for the meeting and those who stayed to well after 11 o'clock for the final speeches experienced a weighty and constructive discussion which was rarely punctuated, not surprisingly when one considers the subject, by moments of lighter relief.

Grab Your Hat and Run!

It is becoming painfully obvious that there is now nothing to choose between examinations and the average grenade. And it was with the whiff of powder still in the air that the Law Society (there weren't as many as there was a while ago) took the field last Friday in the debate "That Preventive Justice is Injustice." Messrs. Holland and Cronin gave their usual polished sincerity as they discredited the policy of "shooting first and asking questions afterwards." Mr. Dickson had many good things to say but he must learn to gear down his thoughts to a reasonable speed. Mr. Gibbons said he felt like a Gaderine swine who had sneaked back while the others weren't looking and sat down to a tremendous burst of silence. Mr. Jones somehow slated the Tories and tried to put the Nye in Nyasaland which brought forth some Central African Home Truths from Mr. Doyle. Miss Johnson (wow!) finished us off and the Chairman, Mr. Jack Kirwan, decided that the motion, badly worded though it was, had been carried.

Now what was said was good. But only seven people spoke out of an audience of more than twenty. Even allowing for the motion, and excusing the Freshers, must we come to the conclusion that the lawyers have lost their voices? No. But what we must see is that many established members of the society are taking without giving as they sit in a cloud of complacency at the back of the room, or worse, just roll up for a free cup of tea, and look smooth as one noted member did twice last week. By speaking, a person can only do good to himself, the debate and the society. If politicians can have nothing to say and say it, then lawyers can too. It's a funny thing, people will talk all day long, but give them a definite time and place to speak and they shut up. Ah, well, such is life.

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CENSORSHIP

AT the time it was vaguely amusing but profoundly pathetic to read that children's books in the Southern United States had been banned because in the stories white rabbits got on riotously with black rabbits. That was bureaucratic censorship in its extreme, but events in the past week in the Republic have shown that Irish intelligence is almost equally insulted and consequently forced to flower abroad. No consideration was shown to anyone, least of all the audience, in the termination of "The Ginger Man" after a three-night run: no one will say in as many words why "Billy Fury" was sacked from the Royal: those who pay 10d. to the State on a 2/7 cinema ticket are rightly appalled by the erratic jumps and cuts from which no film seems to be immune — not even a world-praised musical showing in town at the moment.

This latter topic of film censorship provoked a timely letter from the Boulting Bros. printed in last Saturday's "Irish Times." It appears they have refused the showing of their film, "I'm All Right, Jack!" (U. cert.), in the Republic since even this comedy of trade union manners had come in for the censor's greedy scissors. They hope that their refusal to acquiesce will focus attention on the glaring need for reform in this department. Here surely is the one solution to the problem, if the producers concerned could afford the financial loss caused by boycotting the Irish screen. The contest would not be long and the point is worth fighting for.

Ireland can little afford to add more names to those of Yeats, Joyce, O'Casey and Beckett, whose talent must benefit alien lands and alien cultures. Irish censorship fosters the unfortunately un-mute inglorious Miltons who have killed the international repute built up by the founders of our national theatre. With knowledge of the type of programme sponsored by the Independent Television Authority, it should be interesting to view the effect of Ulster T.V. on the rest of Ireland, since neither powerful transmission nor effective jamming are respecters of borders. The iron grip of censorship in Ireland must be relaxed and exercised within reasonable bounds if we are not going to be limited to country céilis, Abbey "comedies" and news à la Gael-linn.

"ICARUS"

The Trinity College "literary" magazine will again be on sale during the penultimate week of term. As this issue will be the first of a new year, the editor, Michael Leahy, is particularly interested in receiving contributions of poetry or short stories from the new Freshmen. Any budding men (or ladies) of letters, therefore please note that the closing date for chefs-d'oeuvre is next Monday, November 9th, to "Icarus," No. 3 T.C.D.

PROFILE

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY — Mr. J. A. D. Bird

David Bird is one of those people of whom it can almost be said that their profession and their hobby are one and the same thing. By profession, a student of agriculture, now in his fourth year, he is still keen enough to get up at 6 a.m. to milk cows without undue



grumbling. An ex-Secretary of the Agricultural Society, he is a firm believer in the application of scientific principles to farming and is outspoken in his views of the situation in present-day Ireland. By nature a realist, he wields a vigorous broom when dealing with the cobwebs of Irish farming

thought, and believes that when run on modern lines, Irish agriculture can equal any in the world.

For many people, such an identity between hobby and profession may be an indication of a rather narrow-minded outlook. This is utterly untrue of David, as is shown by the fact that he is President of the Phil. for the coming year. When Secretary last year, he showed himself to be a first class organiser, and he should make an excellent President. As a speaker, he is not an orator, but makes his points by reasoned argument, leavened by a rather astringent wit.

One's first impression on meeting David is of a rather quiet, reserved person; on further acquaintance this impression fades and is replaced by one of a person of considerable depth, who reads widely and is a believer in the art of conversation—he is prepared to discuss almost any subject at any hour of the day or night.

Not a great athlete, he has occasionally been observed playing tennis in the Bay at a time when nobody is likely to be watching—he is essentially a modest person.

Being an agricultural student, David spends much of the day outside College — this is Trinity's loss now, but Ireland's eventual gain, for he is determined to stay and farm here, and in this Ireland is lucky, for he is the sort of person that the country greatly needs.

A STILLNESS OF TIME

The orchestra of waves upon the shore
Tuning to a sudden rush of evening air,
And cymbals echoing the sharp elusiveness
Of silvered foam on rock-crouched sand,
Transmits a timeless elegy of sound
Across the scarlet ashes of the sky,
Borne by a wind that softly whispers
The last enchantments of the day
And stirs men's thoughts so long submerged
In the dark undertow of troubled hours
To the sunlit uplands of the mind
And a moment of pervasive calm.

J. Shipman.

En passant

The policy of the Government not to buy more goods made abroad than possible seemed to have permeated as far as the rural councils, and many gestures of panic were made by exiles of that fair city when they read these headlines in Monday's "Irish Press": "Limerick's 'Buy Limerick' Drive." Enquirers would have been assured that no rodents had been seen leaving their lovely city on an island, nor had any American syndicate even tentatively offered a price.

The story goes that Percy French, the immortal Irish ballad writer, liked few things better than playing tennis in the Provost's Garden, and tipping the gardener for marking out the court. There appeared to be one snag, however, since in those days (the mid 1870's) the Provost kept a cow, which objected more to the heinous crime of students playing in the Fellows' Garden than the Provost did himself. As tastes, even in animals, change, it would be a brave student who would tip the Provost's gardener for a similar purpose to-day.

One of the driest comments ever made on the existence of two entirely separate Universities in this city was lately addressed to me by a middle-aged graduate of Trinity. "In looking at Trinity," he said, "you cannot fail to be struck by the massive high railings which enclose it on all sides. They have become a formidable, a safe and a permanent part of its life. And then I go up to Earlsfort Terrace and view the facade of U.C.D. Around its base are stumpy pillars supporting heavy chains. You know," he lowered his voice, "there's a powerful lot of unconscious humour in Ireland."

Figures published by the Oxford University paper, "Cherwell," show Freshmen to be getting even fresher

since now more than 80 per cent. go up before doing National Service. To us in Trinity a four-year course can have its advantages, since those from overseas pray that they may be here long enough to miss National Service on return, and the natives thank Providence that their mind is made up for them when it comes to spending one more year in the shade of the Campanile or two (?) in the glades of Portobello or the Curragh.

What is the world coming to? Has all respect for property gone? Following close on the heels of a quarter million pound jewel robbery in the West End, a Dublin evening newspaper added another sorry chapter to this decline in public morals, giving to the leading article on its front page the heading: "Dublin houses broken into; gas meters looted."

Rumour that all versions of the Old Testament for sale in city bookshops had been called in proved to be unfounded on investigation.

Few students could fail to recognise the cheerful and courteous Garda whose lot it appears to be to control the crossing outside Front Gate. One could hardly fail to miss him, since he has whitish hair and must be one of the smallest in the Force, not being a centimetre over 6 ft. 2 ins. It is a sobering thought that he belongs to the lowest paid police force in Europe and probably had as much money to keep his family after ten years' service as an average Trinity student requires to carry him through a week. Their low wage does not account for the fact that they are one of the most prized and courteous of police forces in the world, but it probably has a lot to do with the fact that the Garda Síochana are perhaps the most human.

Overheard:
"Having a drink makes you a new man, but then the new man wants a drink."—Miss Pamela Frankau.

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College Observed

THE PARTY LINE

Freshers arise, the lads request your company. In other words, despite all the advice given you, probably etchings by Tolstoy, paintings by Wadia, prints by Kaminski, your rules to succeed are easy. After all, we've done it. Look at "Four and Six," regard "Bells, Books and Candles," our names are immortalised.

You have, by now, been well installed in the College motto: Oh, for work. Do not shirk.

Your duties are: B.A. with bar. Ta dada dada dada de. Long live the Junior. Ah weell, I don't rightly know . . .

The last few lines of the motto being left to the imagination and nimbleness of wit; their accent might change with the change in the Junior; but this one looks as if he will be steaming on for ever. Taking the motto to heart, you have now your Hodges and Figgis' under your arm, your Baberton Spiral pressed to your breast, and you revel in that nine o'clock fresh morning air. But halt, I will be just with you. You all have successfully discovered Quenton and the coffee bar.

Yet spread out, your days may be numbered. The societies, even the dead ones, have opened their souls to you, hard mercenary ones, and engulfed you into their cosy circle. Girls, beware the dragon of No. 6. When she approaches, merely giggle and sigh "Too true. Prue, too true." She might go away, she has lots of other interests. But to our theme, you must get mentioned; you must get mentioned, so give a party.

You have digs, get a flat. Don't live in it, get it; give a party. See MacKay, see Titterton (Barbecue, my speciality), see Crammond (Wouldn't it be fun to go in fancy dress). They are all in the know.

The flat party. You get a flat, you take the furniture out: you put people in; you fill it and them with drink; you leave. On return four days later you wonder where all the extra furniture came from; you sort it and them out; throw your hands in the air and leave. You will be mentioned, your party was good, you are the star of the day. Give another quick. Dad will only have to sell one oil well.

The Hall party. Get a room in Hall. Take out the furniture, fill it with people; re-read above, though watch the wanderers. They start by looking for the bathroom, and are not seen again. It is a very unhappy girl who finds that her hearth rug has upped itself and is disappearing into the gloom.

One last word—the guests. Well, there is you, and there is me; and if one puts one's mind to it, some others. Invite the Players, they'll come anyway. Beware the Medics, some of them will also come anyway; yet there is a bunch of them that is not a social asset. The rest of them are as you want them. Never forget the liquor, never forget the partners.

Come, you are in the party line. It won't cost an oil well every time, For once your parties have been prized your name lives for ever, immortalised.

Missions in Transition

Missionary-minded Mr. P. H. Vaughan read a paper to the first ordinary meeting of the College Theological Society last Monday night. He chose as his title "Missions in Transition," and for forty minutes gave out sufficient rone for several members to hang themselves on.

The essayist dealt with the problem of the changing face of the mission-field under the headings: "Motive," "Method at Home" and "Method Overseas." Our motive was not primarily to be evangelism, but simply obedience and love to Christ.

Under the second heading he poured scorn on the missionary puerility of Ireland, not knowing perhaps that he was being listened to by one of the officials of the Irish missionary report team. The method overseas, Mr. Vaughan thought, must be living, and not teaching, theology.

The Hon. Librarian (Mr. David Adams) in proposing the vote of thanks to the essayist, put before the house the great effect that the industrial revolution had played on the mission-fields of the world. What had happened over a period of centuries in England had taken place in ten years in some parts of Africa and Asia. Mr. Adams was concerned, too, with the problem of how to deal with those who cannot understand the terms of Christianity.

The vote of thanks was seconded by angry young man Mr. Robert England, who was concerned about the pagan nature of Ireland. Someone should remind Mr. England that Ireland is the land of saints and scholars.

Mr. A. M. Smith wanted to advertise the Gospel by inventing a new lollipop and sucking it on television.

Philosopher Mr. D. Mackev would have been wiser to have remained in his seat, quietly reading Mill's "Inductive Logic."

Mr. A. H. R. Quinn either agreed or disagreed with all the speakers who had preceded him.

The Auditor thought it likely that several of the present members would become Bishops.

PUPPET OR GOD?

"Eliz." President's Competent Address

At the opening meeting of the Elizabethan Society on Monday, a large audience heard the President, Miss Bridget Hull, read her inaugural address, "Man, Puppet of Fate or God of Destiny?" Miss M. E. McManus was in the chair.

The President's paper was short, stimulating, and intelligently written.

windows." We must unblock, shatter, rebel, break the chain, and reach peace by giving and loving. Miss Frankau concluded by quoting Humbert Wolfe's parable of the pine trees: "Merely by climbing, the shadow is made less."

Mr. Brendan Smith, who has felt the blows of fate as director of the Dublin International Theatre Festival, wisely

we owe to God." Dr. Walton finally adopted a via media—the road leading from material knowledge to spiritual freedom.

Mr. Jack White, Features Editor of the "Irish Times," who substituted at the last minute for Mr. Hilton Edwards, was the first speaker to become really excited. His enthusiasm and humour

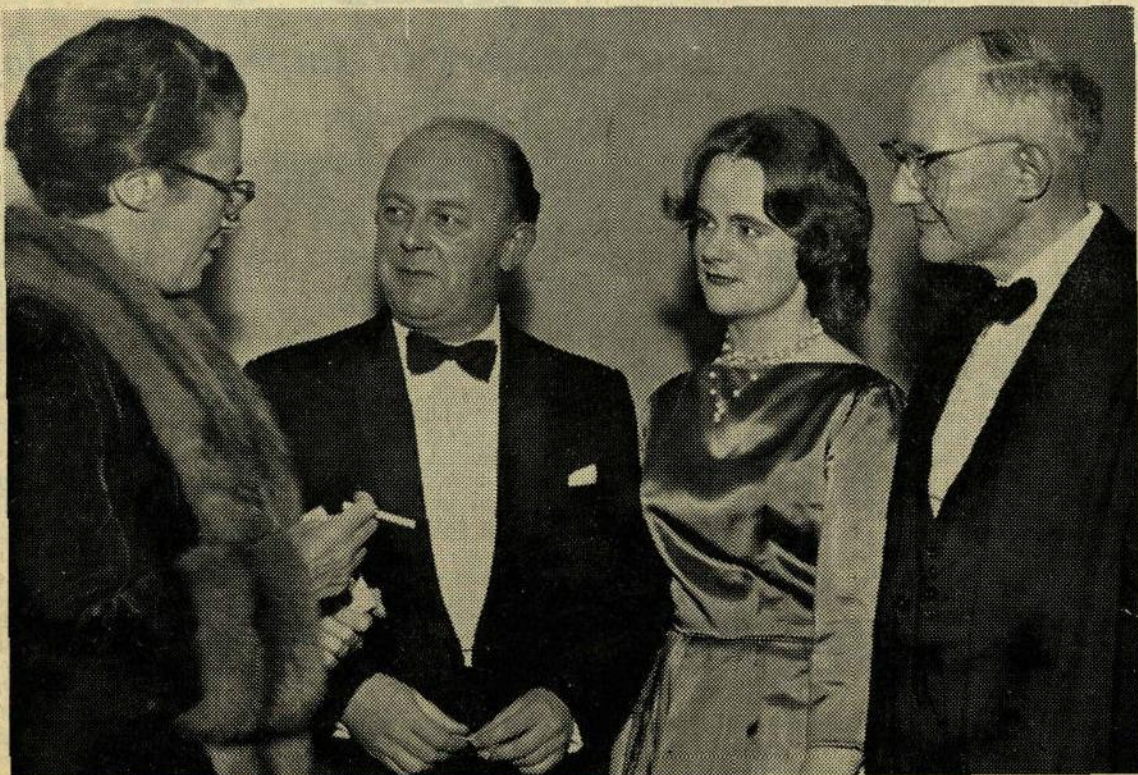


Photo courtesy "Irish Times."

Before the inaugural meeting of the Elizabethan Society — (from left to right), Miss Pamela Frankau, Mr. Brendan Smith, Miss Bridget Hull, President of the "Liz.," and Professor E. T. S. Walton, F.T.C.D.

He said that man has always tried to control his own destiny, played Oedipus and consulted horoscopes. Every moment and aspect of our lives is concerned with fate. Miss Hull was chiefly interested in the distinction between "external and internal fate." Though we have made great advances we are not masters of our environment, cannot overcome our physical limitations. It is by inner security that we may conquer external circumstances and win peace of mind. "We are never quite god or slave," but must travel towards the god.

The size of the subject ensured varied and individual interpretations of it. Dr. Walton was scientific, Mr. Brendan Smith theatrical, and Mr. Jack White in the best manner of an "Irish Times" leader. Miss Pamela Frankau, the well-known novelist, answering Miss Hull, was brilliant, witty, and the best speaker of the evening.

"Man can do what he likes with free will," said Miss Frankau. "He has the free will to take a drink, it makes him feel like a new man, and then the new man wants one." Like other novelists to-day, she fears conformity and social fetters. She described her symbolic revolt from salad twice a day in California. She condemned self-imposed blinkers, the chains of jargon and cliché. A "devoted gambler," she discussed the existence and fascination of luck, the charmed people and "the natural doom-bringers." Turning to the question of "inner fate," she said the wavelength between us and God is too often blocked. The world is noisy. As we grow older we learn to listen, "our mirrors become

declined to tempt it. He restricted the subject to familiar ground—Ireland and the theatre. The actor must not imitate, but re-create and we must all avoid the subtle breaking-down of the individual into part of a mass mind. He detected a spirit of "almost oriental fatalism" in Ireland, the comfortable resignation of "It'll all be the same in a hundred years."

Dr. Walton described himself as "a qualified but perpetual optimist," who carries a piece of string and a second fountain-pen. He gently but firmly associated the subject with a factual

made a lively ending. He was scornful of psycho-analysts, but believed that the destiny of one man and through him of the world is influenced and determined by "the concerted will of a great number of people." He called the freedom through detachment sought by the romantic "a delusion." Peace of mind is only attained together with the peace of other minds, the recognition of social responsibility. His personal interpretation of happiness was the pursuit of an ideal, always attractive, always just escaping.

The speakers covered a wide field, but were rarely irrelevant. Miss Hull's paper was not only original and constructive, but the perfect catalyst.



Photo courtesy "Irish Times."

Mr. Hilton Edwards, the theatrical producer, who sent his apologies for being unable to attend.

appraisal of man's circumstances and capacities. We live in a huge universe on a planet the size of a pea; we are abysmally ignorant of the world beyond us, but can at least try to control our present situation. We are living on capital, and must learn more and more to offset this. It is also "a compliment

Singing the Changes

SONGS OF THE IRISH REPUBLICAN ARMY—Sung by DOMINIC BEHAN (Riverside Speciality Series. L.P., 33 r.p.m.).

When approaching music of this kind, the first difficulty any critic is faced with is the relative importance of content and form. Behan's voice is completely untrained, and it would appear from this record that he relies on an inherent sense of music and tremendous sincerity to project his songs, using the simple accompaniment of a guitar, banjo, or concertina to further this effect.

In a way, these songs as sung by Dominic Behan remind one of the type of material used by a negro blues singer from the Southern States of the U.S.A. Both the blues and the songs of the I.R.A. were a product of hardship, misery and repression, but whereas the blues reflected every aspect of human life and existence, the latter were concerned only with the fight for freedom from a limited, if more positive, point of view. Like the blues, too, many of the tunes are traditional, and the songs themselves date from about 1910, as, for example, "Sleane Libh," to Behan's own composition, "The Patriot Game," written in the last year or two. Old favourites such as "Kevin Barry" are revived, if they ever died at all, and it is to the singer's credit that he succeeds in still giving the songs a feeling of freshness, sincerity, and, one might almost say, of spontaneity. The sadness, fervour, humour, and anger of the rebel the world over are all represented on this album, and Dominic Behan, like his brother, was born to speak and sing for the rebel.

For the Record

The D.U. Gramophone Society, one of the most successful minor societies in College, has every hope this year of increasing last year's record membership. Its meetings, held on Friday evenings in the comfortable rooms of the Elizabethan Society, regularly attract those with general or specialised interests in music. It aims to sponsor talks by well-known musical personalities. This Friday, November 6th, at 7.45, it will have the opportunity of hearing Dr. Brian Boydell, the distinguished Irish composer, talk about the music of Bela Bartok, illustrating his talk with a wide variety of records. Dr. Boydell is an accomplished speaker on many subjects and it should be a pleasure to listen to him.

All new members are assured of a hearty welcome. Further information concerning the Society can be obtained from those in charge: Russell Telfer, Peter Haley-Dunne and Nicholas Carey.

FOUR & SIX

Snake Pit Jamboree

Number Eleven was a hive of social activity on Thursday at the party given by six stalwarts, John Cleeve, Charles D'Arcy, Peter Davies, Richard Philcox, Peter Tillman and Michael Knott. Willy Dillon was fascinated by the bo-constrictor who was fascinated by Fiona Love. This column saw Jane Gwynn, but where was her friend? And where was Faddy Backman? The sherry flowed on, being imbibed in a genteel manner by Chris. Bolland whose attention was fixed on Liz Mulcahy-Morgan, a charmer from Hall. So there we all were—Harris, Cranfield, Claire McClenaghan—all screeching fashionably and saying that it was quite the nicest party this week, and all revelling in the room at the top. At that stage the alligator was displayed—we yelled and rushed off to Sandymount....

Paddy Backman has finally done it! With flat-mates David (Hot Lips) Pearson and Tony (Cheers Man) Skelton he threw a surprisingly plush sherry party. They outdid No. 11 in acquiring the established lovelies as well as throwing their lassoes over the "new

lot" who nowadays tend to come from fashionable residential areas like Wandsworth and Cricklewood. There was dashing Mike Read and Pat Cameron turning the tap on attractive Liz Roberts. An unusually quiet Sheila Kirwan and vivacious Ingrid O'Neill were seen chatting in a corner. It was good to see young Mike Connor (of recent football fame) whispering earnestly to Geraldine O'Donovan who was listening to flaxen-haired Richard Tomkins. All of the regulars were present, knocking it back until David suddenly announced that the children (whose?) were asleep downstairs and eventually managed to usher out his well-mannered guests.

Donnybrook was enlivened on Tuesday by the small spur-of-the-moment party given by Ann Mahon. Entrancing Judy Maguire helped to entertain by quick-fire conversation. Michael FitzGerald talked politics (why?) with Michael Topping. Raymond Kennedy preferred to chew sausages with Elizabeth McDowell. Everyone kept on saying they should be at a meeting or a meal, but seemed reluctant to depart.

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Rugby 1st. XV.

LAST MINUTE VICTORY

*But Cohesion Still Lacking;
Great Discovery in Rees*

Trinity, 9; Old Wesley, 8.

TRINITY continues on her winning way; but this time only just. Trinity scored first but with only a few minutes to go were still two points down—a situation for which they had no one to blame but themselves. However, defeat was turned into victory by the sure boot of Hall.

Nevertheless once again delight in winning must be tempered by the admission of serious faults in Trinity's play. There is here great potential, particularly in the backs, but through lack of co-ordination it is never fully utilised. Good movements are initiated one after another, and time after time something goes wrong—a pass is dropped, someone runs a yard too far before passing, or there is no one backing up.

Due credit, however, must be given to Old Wesley who kicked and tackled with skill and vigour. Indeed at the beginning Old Wesley exerted considerable pressure. The Trinity forwards played only in spasms all through this half; when they were working at full pressure they were admirably speedy in the loose, and provided an excellent service from the line-outs.

Shortly before half-time Trinity went into the lead when Reilly broke through, kicked ahead, and caught the full-back in possession; from the ensuing loose scrum the ball travelled to Reid-Smith who scored with a fierce burst of pace. Immediately Old Wesley replied. The out-half burst through several ineffective tackles, kicked across, and with the ball bouncing about awkwardly behind the line, an Old Wesley forward scored. This try was converted, and was followed by a penalty. At this stage Old Wesley seemed to have the game well under control with their cool, organised play. The half-time score was 8-3.

In the second-half the Trinity forwards were in better control of matters. Philp was getting the strike more often than the previous week. The backs thus received a very fair share of the ball, but could make little use of it. Moore's handling deserted him, Hall's running was ill-judged, Endall was clumsy and tended to run across. Only Reid-Smith, who was running determinedly, and Reilly, who throughout played an intelligent game, could make any progress.

In the end, Trinity's continual pressure told. Reilly eventually got an overlap and beat the opposition for speed to score in the corner. The try was not converted. At this stage, Trinity were thoroughly on top, but could not quite make the winning score. But two minutes before the end Hall dropped a typical goal from amid a cluster of players and Trinity's superiority was at last turned into points.

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This victory should have been achieved much more easily. Nevertheless, the forwards played admirably once they got started; there was certainly no want of endeavour in the backs. There is great potential here, but it has to be welded together so that all departments are working efficiently at the same time.

There was one feature of the game which was completely satisfactory. This was the discovery of the new scrum-half, Rees, who has played for Cardiff 2nd team. He gave Hall an enormously long, powerful service, and his general play indicated a performer used to the highest standard of rugby. His adventurous yet skilful approach is just what Trinity needs.

Soccer

A GOOD START

It is pleasant to report that once again Trinity are riding high at the top of their league, after a 4-1 victory over the College of Technology in Phoenix Park last Saturday. Serner battles lie ahead, but at least the club has made a good start. This term, team building for next February's Collingwood Cup competition is going to be the main problem. At the moment the team is very much in the melting pot; only a handful of players can be certain of their places in the side.

The acquisition of a coach should help the club enormously, and it is hoped to

Hockey—1st XI.

TRINITY CONCEDE MILLS CUP

But Comfort in Improved Display

Trinity, 1; Railway Union, 2.

DESPITE the result, and the departure of the Mills Cup from our shelves, this defeat was not a total disappointment. There was a considerable improvement on last week's performance, most of the team were playing their best and the hockey was fast and skilful throughout.

Trinity went straight into the attack and the forwards were moving smoothly when suddenly, in the fifth minute, Railway Union broke away, were awarded a penalty corner and scored from it. This score had the effect of increasing the tempo, and play became fast and furious; now one team dominated for a spell, now the other. Clever breakaways by both sides nearly resulted in goals. Both defences were playing extremely

well and it is to their credit that the score was still only 1-0 at half time.

At the resumption of play Trinity again went straight into the attack. Findlater was unlucky not to score after an excellent approach movement, but a short while later the long overdue goal came when Rice scored from a centre from the left. The scores were now level, and Trinity looked set to win. But this goal spurred Railway Union to still greater efforts and 10 minutes from the end they scored again. Despite their vigorous counter-attack, Trinity were unable to level the score and the match ended in a defeat for Trinity once again—but this time an honourable one, for the standard of play was high.

Now to individual performances. First, the forward line: The left wing, Keely, was playing badly, and the onus of keeping the left in action depended on Findlater who rose to the occasion admirably. Lavan, on the right wing, was not playing his best, his anticipation and initiative both being faulty. The three inside forwards were playing very well and deserved several goals. The defence was very sound, with Blackmore the dominating man at centre-half, and Steepe playing a much improved game at left-back. Shirley was playing well in the first half, but gave his wing too much scope in the second. The team will probably stay the same next week, with the exception of the left-wing position. After that the problems should be solved with more experience of play together. One final criticism: The rules of hockey have been changed to make scoring from corners more easy. Trinity were awarded three penalty corners alone, and not one resulted in a goal. This fault must be corrected.

Motor Sport

The A.G.M. of the D.U.M.L.C.C. will be held on Tuesday, 10th November, at 8 p.m. in No. 27. All members and intending members are urged to attend.

On Thursday, 5th, there will be a film show at the Dolphin Hotel at 8 p.m.

Last week-end the Club held a very successful night trial which was won by Jimmy Millard in an A.35. The course ran from Templeogue bridge to Rockbrook, Glenasmole, Liffey Valley, Poulaphuca reservoir, Saggart Hill and the Embankment.

Once again the Club has joined forces with the Leinster Car Club for the Hewison Trophy events. Last year the trophy was won by our combined team. The trophy will be presented at the annual dance on the 4th December at Dublin Airport by the R.I.A.C. who organise the competition.

On the 10th of October the Hagley and District L.C.C. held driving tests to commemorate the late Ken Wharton. Teams took part from all over Britain and, thanks to the brilliant driving of Paddy Hopkirk, the Northern Ireland team won. Paddy is a vice-president of the club and his consistently brilliant driving in international rallies has helped further to establish the enthusiasm for the sport in Ireland.

FENCING

There was a most satisfactory number of new fencers at the Club's first meeting last Friday, which, together with the number of experienced members remaining from last season, means that we should be able to put out some very strong teams this year.

Last season was, on the whole, most successful, the highlight being the capture of the Shield of the Dublin Foil League. Fine individual performances were also achieved—notably by Malcolm Boyd who won the Irish junior foil league and was selected to fight for the successful South of Ireland team against the North.

Prospects for the coming season seem promising. Brian Hamilton and Mary Dixon are once again captains of the men's and ladies' teams, respectively, and under their leadership we hope to do great things in the Irish Inter-Varsity Championships in February, which this year are being held at Trinity.

obtain the services of a well-known and respected Dublin footballer to act in this capacity. It is hoped that, in the event of such an appointment being made, club members would take full advantage of it by coming out frequently both to train and learn. There is always much to be learnt in soccer no matter at what level the game is played. The Trinity players have a tremendous amount to learn by next February and on their willingness and eagerness to do so depend their prospects in Galway next February.

HARRIERS

The Harriers had their first fixture of the season last Saturday when both the 1st and 2nd VIII's defeated St. Columba's College. The promise of some of the new members augurs well for a successful season.

The fixture list includes matches against Aberdeen, Bangor and Queen's Universities, and there is also a tour of England for the 1st VIII in February.

Any new members are most welcome to the training runs in Phoenix Park on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays. Little or no satisfaction can be got from racing until fully fit, so start training to-day. For further details see the notice board, or contact C. Shillington at No. 37 T.C.D.

SAILING

The sailing season concluded some weeks ago, but it is necessary now to chronicle some of the achievements of the Club over the last three months.

G. Henry won the points cup, and A. McGovern the lifeboat pennant for Fireflies at Lough Derg Y.C. week, while in Dun Laoghaire, M. Browett won the captain's prize for Fireflies. In team racing, an Irish Universities' team of six, including G. Henry, A. McGovern, J. Mason and M. Moorhead, beat a visiting British Universities' S.A. team.

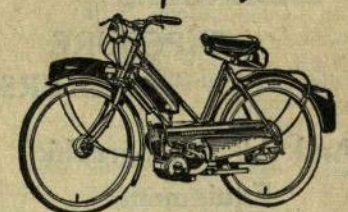
In the I.D.R.A. team racing championships, the same four, plus M. Browett and D. McSweeney, beat Rugby S.C. and Ballyholme Y.C. to reach the semi-final. Here after some very close racing Trinity just lost to National Y.C. who later won the final easily. A fortnight later the Club decisively won the U.S.A.I. Salver and the Rotunda Cup after two triangular matches against U.C.D. and College of Surgeons.

All Freshmen and Freshwomen who wish to sail next summer, whether or not they know a buoy from a bow, are urged to come along to the A.G.M. to make themselves known and learn something about the club. This meeting is to be held on Friday, 13th November, in West Chapel at 8 p.m.

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