

ALL
OPTICAL
SUPPLIES

from

DIXON

HEMPENSTALL
111 GRAFTON ST.

Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

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Today's cigarette
is a
BRISTOL

SECRET TILL JUNE

Library Design Chosen

THE Architect of the design for the New Library, is to be announced on June 8th. Meanwhile, the name of the winner is being kept a close secret.

Apart from the Assessors themselves, there are some nine other people, who are in the know. These include the Provost, Mr. J. V. Luce—Secretary of the Library Extension Fund, who acted as Rapporteur to the Assessors; the Lord Mayor of Dublin and the Lady Mayoress; the Secretary of the Department of Education; the President and Secretary of the Library Association of Ireland; the Honorary Secretary of the Royal Institute of Architects, Ireland; and Dr. Hayes, the Librarian of the National Library. These people acted as witnesses to the opening of the sealed envelopes, which contained the names and addresses of the various architects. The envelopes were opened in the Examination Hall, where the assessors worked for thirty hours, sorting and eliminating the different entries.

The design which was finally selected, was chosen more for its functional utility as a Library, than for its architectural merits (sinister). However Mr. Luce assured your correspondent that the design will be modified, as a result of recommendations made by the assessors in their Report. Speaking of the competition, Mr. Luce said that it was quite impossible, even for an experienced architect, to tell the country of origin of any of the designs. In fact, modern architecture has become international, in the true sense of that word. One striking feature of the competition was that not a single Neo-Georgian design was submitted.

All the designs, with the name of the architect and country of origin, are to

be exhibited in the Long Room for a fortnight, beginning on Friday, 9th June, after the Exhibition has been open to private view on the previous day.

Mr. Luce said that he hoped that once



Photo courtesy Irish Times

In the Know—Mr. Maurice Dockrell, Lord Mayor of Dublin, who is soon to receive an Honorary Degree.

the name of the Architect was announced, that the Library Extension Appeal would receive a number of fresh subscriptions, particularly from the country of origin of the winning architect. Recent subscriptions have included £1,000 from Lloyds—the London Underwriters; £1,000 from Mr. L. M. Wilson, of Toronto; £1,160 from a year's royalties of Samuel Beckett's "Krapp's Last Tape," and a \$52,000 legacy from a Mrs. Graham. The fund now stands at approximately £240,000.

UNION OF STUDENTS IN IRELAND

4 Trinity College, Dublin

TRAVEL DEPARTMENT

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and
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Gaitskellites Triumph

FABIAN ELECTIONS

THERE was quite a large attendance at the Fabian Society elections on Monday night when fifty of its one hundred and twenty members assembled in West Chapel.

After Dr. Thornley had called upon Barrie Rogers to read his inadequate minutes the Treasurer, Michael Downing, proceeded to give a classic example of a bad Treasurer's report. He seemed to be looking at his report for the first time and actually composed his accounts as he went along; at first there was a deficit of £1; when they were finally accepted there was an asset of £2. During the presentation of the report he received £1 from the Chairman, to the amazement of the audience.

The first office to be contested was that of Chairman. Victor Blease who felt that the society had had enough of his "dictatorial tendencies" was reluctant to stand, and at the last moment

persuaded Robert Hunter to stand against him so that the society would have a wider choice of candidates. Blease was however returned by 23 votes to 16 for Hunter and 7 for Lysaght. This office, which is purely titular, will perhaps mellow Blease's over-fertile imagination, and his fervour should be as useful to the society as last year.

Marxist Martin Smith and Evangelical Barrie Rogers left the room to be considered for the Key post of Vice-Chairman. One felt that neither of the candidates were entirely suitable; Smith is obviously more intellectual and efficient, but his opinions are not those of the majority of the members; MacCarthyism prevailed and Rogers was elected. Michael Downing joined Smith outside, and once more quiet inefficiency defeated dangerous ability. Downing became Secretary.

Alasdair McEwan, one of the most promising freshmen defeated Lysaght who was a very able and energetic committee member last year. He has the unenviable job of Treasurer.

Out of nine candidates proposed Smith, Bardon, Hutchison, and Miss L'Estrange were elected to committee.

Next year promises to be as dynamic as this year as far as the Fabian society and therefore lively political awareness in Trinity are concerned.

Invitation Scandal

Though properly addressed, invitations will no longer be delivered to College addresses unless, of course, they are to members of the staff. All other invitations or bulk circulars will be put in the racks in No. 3 for men, or No. 6 for women. The reason for these changes is, to quote Bob the Postman, "I am fed-up, one week there were about 300."

A postman is entitled to be fed-up, but is he thereby entitled to cease delivering certain items of mail?

Apparently he informed some students that he was going to restrict delivery of invitations and expected to be asked whether or not he would deliver any particular batch. This, however, is no consolation to the uninitiated who post their invitations in ignorance and then find that nobody receives them and they must go to great trouble to rectify the situation.

If there is an Official postal ban on invitations (and we very much doubt it) then there should at least be a notice to that effect on each post-box, if not then our well-loved College postman must be reminded that even Bob among the immortals cannot arbitrarily neglect his duties should he feel like it.

In the meantime, if you have heard rumours about that party to which you expected to be invited, check the racks in Nos. 3 and 6—you may not have been snubbed after all.

Players Revue: Summer 1961

"WAY OUT"

Tension is already mounting in the pocket theatre in No. 4 where Players are busy preparing their greatest attraction of the year—their new revue "Way Out."

This year the presentation has been done almost entirely by Terry Brady, Michael Bogdan with Musical Direction by Carl Bontoft de St. Q. In addition there are the usual scripts from that master of literary satire R. B. D. French.

In an interview with T.B., M.B., C.B. de St. Q., they explained that in writing the whole revue between them, they had attempted a breakaway from Dublin revue tradition while still maintaining the essence that has long been a hallmark of Trinity revues. The set by Roger Cheveley is his most exciting to date and promises to be an eye-opener for Dublin set-designers.

Terry, Michael and Carl with Ralph Bates had originally a plan for a four-man revue for the Edinburgh Festival but it would appear that Cambridge has beaten them to it with "Beyond the Fringe." They are very disappointed indeed.

However, it is encouraging to see writers using Players as a springboard for later development as writers have for many years used Oxford and Cambridge theatre. We feel all too little advantage is taken of this opportunity and a greater influx of material of all kinds would be a welcome sign of healthy literary activity.

T.B., as you may have heard, played all vacation with the Dublin production of "Glory Be" in the Theatre Workshop, Stratford East, London. He has received many offers in the last year and promises to have a bright future in his theatrical career. He preceded this by winning the Best Actor award at the Universities Drama Festival in Galway for his part as The Barrister in "Dock Brief." The cast includes Jo van Gysegem who was outstanding in last year's revue "Some People"; Jodie Sangsted, a honey blonde American with a shining smile and a mellow voice; Gillian Crampton,

already known for her performances in Players.

Promising newcomers, Roger Ordish, David O'Clee and Chris Hunt complete the cast.

From what we gather of the experimental script-writing this year's revue promises to be a more than interesting event.

SHOOTING BEGINS

D.U. Film Society is producing a film. The script is titled "Street and Strand" and might be optimistically called a narrative documentary, using for its backgrounds the streets of Dublin, the strand at Sandymount, and the interior of a small suburban house; the various scenes being held together by a very slender story line of a working-class family going about its every day business. It is not a very original idea but with their resources they feel that anything too ambitious would be a mistake. See "ARGUS" for background story.

Cameraman and Editor, David Cabot; Direction and Script, Tony Hickey; Continuity, Penny Gibbon; Cast: Ian Blake, Sybil Ennis, Penny Gibbon, Anne Tarlov, Bruce Myers, Anthony Collins.

TABLOID

Hist. Election Result:

Auditor, Patrick Branigan (30); David Butler (19); John Gilmartin (10); Basil Hagard (10). Treasurer, Mark Deverell. Record Secretary, Chris Palmer. Correspondence Secretary, Michael Newcombe. Censor, Jan Van Blankenstein. Librarian, Peter Warwick. Committee, Ian Blake, Jeremy Craig, Tony Walton-Harrison, Peter Hegen, Raynor Lysaght, Peter Bunbury.

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The inhabitants of Dalkey say that they are kept awake at night by noisy barbecues, etc. They have complained to the police. A few Trinity people are probably concerned—See "Argus."

Entertain at the

Georgian Room

Dining Dancing
Floorshow Nightly . . .
Table d'Hote Dinner and a la
Carte . . No Cover Charge . .
Licensed to Midnight . . .
Informal Dress . . .
LUNCHEONS DAILY
12.30-3 p.m.

METROPOLE

O'CONNELL ST., DUBLIN



TRINITY NEWS

3 Trinity College

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Public and Private Relations

FEW people, including this newspaper, took the carpet-and-convent case quite seriously. The Board's reaction remains to be seen, but to most students the situation appeared irresistibly quaint. It was certainly nothing more than a thoughtless undergraduate fling, but people outside College find the easy shrug less of an automatic twitch than we do. Something of a bad impression remains.

Dublin does not surround Trinity like a happy hunting-ground outside a stockade. Indeed the peculiar position of Trinity makes it not only right but essential that the inhabitants of Dublin should be treated with respect and courtesy. It is cheerful to see parties of students in the streets, but not if they show off noisily. There are a few Blimps (of various nationalities) whose piercing voices try to make every corner of this foreign field "Forever England." In general, Dubliners speak softly, unless for a good reason. They have a sense of humour which may appreciate carpets, but not when "borrowed." And it has a definite blind spot where convents are, even accidentally, concerned.

Perhaps the good manners which should sustain our good name outside Trinity are receiving a battering from forces within it. The "group" seems to have replaced the clique as one of the most irritating aspects of College life. Cliques indeed usually have some civilised qualities. A member of a left-wing group recently walked round College with a red flag. Not unnaturally he was attacked. We hope he realises that this was not (in the main) because of his beliefs, but due to his method of advertising them. A sunny day was momentarily spoiled. Surely he could have walked rousingly up and down his room with the article. Much more unpleasant was the "right-wing" action which broke C.N.D. windows in the Bay last term.

The decline of political apathy in Trinity is commendable and enlivening. But we must be careful that it is not accompanied by the decline of a particular virtue of this University. That is a tolerance and respect for other people's attitudes; an infinite willingness to discuss if not to learn. Preoccupation with the problems of the world does not excuse lack of immediate consideration.

No-one is interested in the fact that you are going to a party or belong to one unless you tell them nicely. Even the widely-publicised water-campaign in College is a healthier manifestation. Inter-group or international sniping is submerged in the general deluge. It is all done from the inside-windows. And there is something clean about water.

Theatre Review

Love, Lust, and Mr. Greene

"THE COMPLAISANT LOVER," by Graham Greene. With Gerard Healy, Norman Rodway and Pauline Delaney.

Producer: Barry Cassin.

GATE THEATRE.

"The Compliant Lover" is a curious and disturbing piece. It is curious, because Graham Greene's stature as an artist is surely well above the cheapjack level of the greater part of this play; disturbing, because he so obviously does not realise the fact. The plot deals with a dentist obsessed with his profession and with his hobby, playing rather obnoxious practical jokes on his friends (dribbling whiskey glasses, fake cigars left on a polished table-top) and with the affair between his wife and a book dealer who has a disturbing knack of falling in love with married women sexually bored but otherwise quite satisfied with marriage. Every trick of slick West-End chi-chi frippery is used to exploit the situation. There are the inevitable and incessant running jokes on the husband's profession. "Call into my surgery sometime for an appointment" says the husband to the lover after he has discovered the truth; "that upper canine looks nasty." Always there is this conflict between the cheap comedy and the basic tragedy of the situation, and at no stage is the conflict resolved; the two elements remain separate, each aggravating the other rather than complementing it. It is false, this play; the synthetic irony of it heightens neither its comedy nor its tragedy. When, after discovering his wife's unfaithfulness the dentist sinks sobbing onto a joke

cushion which plays a pert little tune, the effect is one not of tragic humour but of gross and crude bad taste. We are faced in "The Compliant Lover" with a monstrous confidence trick, a vast intellectual fraud. In seeking so self-consciously to escape from the falseness of sentimentality, Mr. Greene falls into the more grievous trap of blasé sophistication. It is not a play about either love or desire, but about the boredom which comes from both, inevitably as Mr. Greene implies; and that, as the foundation of a work of art is vicious, false, untrue, and sterile.

The fact remains, though, that it is a very amusing play, clever if not witty; that a lot of people will go to see it and that it will probably run for a long time. What this last fact signifies, I do not know, but I suspect that it is not altogether good. Certainly no one will be discouraged by this production. Barry Cassin, as a producer, has a nice restraint, a delicacy and charm one would not expect from his acting performances, and he is well served by his players. Gerard Healy, who plays the husband, is one of our most urbane and accomplished actors, and his handling of the part which, more than any other in this play, emphasises its bad taste, is an extremely fine piece of controlled underplaying. Norman Rodway and Pauline Delaney are equally impeccable, which is more than can be said for Dermot Tuohy.

But this production should be seen, all the same; in Dublin's current theatrical desert, even a mirage is welcome.—W.M.O.

LETTER

to the Editor

16 College.

Dear Sir,

The charming naïveté of Martin Smith's remarks concerning my article on "Lady Chatterley's Lover" will have diminished their propaganda value, but they may possibly mislead a few people. I find his bizarre attempt to use the organs of regeneration as yet another channel for his Communist enthusiasm alarming.

Mr. Smith's ridiculous phrase, "the superficial sexual aspects of the novel," can be dismissed by Lawrence's own words: "I always labour at the same thing, to make the sex relation valid and precious, instead of shameful. And this novel is the furthest I've gone." And: "It is strictly a novel of the phallic consciousness as against the mental consciousness of to-day."

Lawrence came from a working-class family, and his background often strongly flavours his work. But he is interested in human qualities which override class distinction rather than in the distinction of any one class. It is highly significant that in the final version of the novel Mellors is not a secretary in the Communist party.

Four letter words do not indicate, as Mr. Smith claims, "Connie's changing class consciousness," but her increasing human awareness. And besides, since when have such words been the prerogative of the working classes?

Thank God we can only pin on Lawrence his working-class background. If he had been a pacifist, teetotal, non-smoking, anti-vivisectionist, vegetarian Roman Catholic convert, there would be many other lopsided interpretations to amaze and distract us.

Yours, etc.,

Michael Longley.

Memento

O love, when sapphires grow on laurel trees,
And white sands rise and dance to any breeze,
You'll know the truth of musings such as these.

When black streets brighten to a sudden splendour
And bells that hallow make our city tender,
Go from the street into the house of wonder.

They say a dying love does best to die
Without the travesty of asking why
Love's death should be delivered in a sigh.

And yet let sunlight fill your vacant day,
And hear your heart and all it has to say,
Let fall your hair and love—while yet you may.

For sapphires will not grow on laurel trees,
Nor white sands rise and dance to any breeze,
And where's the truth in musings such as these?

—BRENDAN KENNELLY.

Pigeons' Wings

In Dublin Town, in Dublin Town,

The pigeons' wings are grey,

And there, they say, a man gets lost

Who cannot find his way.

Pale urchins live in squares of chalk

And sometimes stop and stare

At crowds of people passing by

To God alone knows where.

In Dublin Town, in Dublin Town,

The pigeons' wings are grey,

And there, they say, a man gets lost

Who cannot find his way.

MARTIN MARPRELATE

A College Journal

The Agent, poor man, seems to be under fire these days. Of course, it is always easy to pick holes in anything if you try hard enough, and there has never been undue difficulty in finding something in the department of public works which might perhaps be open to some small questions; would it, for instance, be too much to ask why the structural safety of Regent house roof was not tested before redecorating it? And why was the new coffee bar decorated in such an immodest, nay, licentious, shade of pink? And why were there such gross lapses of taste in the decoration of the bed-sitting matchboxes in No. 30? And why are prices in Botany Bay to be doubled after the impending "modernisations" there? As I say, it is easy to pick holes.

But what is not half enough realised is that the agent is one of the most conscientious, able and forward-looking servants of this university, and that he more than anyone else is responsible for the almost meteoric improvement in living conditions all over college in the last year or so. His achievements have been remarkable, and we are lucky to have him.

All the same, he should not be surprised if he is widely criticised. Questions such as I have just posed breed if they are left unanswered. It is a pity that such a worthwhile and liberal college statesman, if he will forgive the term, should be so widely misunderstood,

but it is entirely his own fault. He should expect criticism in such a prominent position, and the only way to stop it is to answer it. He has a number of perfectly easy ways of doing this; he could address a meeting of his critics, or he could answer criticism in the letter columns of either of the college weeklies, who would be only too glad to swallow their questions if faced with a convincing reply to them.

It is up to him; the "reply" this paper published last week is not enough to allay the criticism which reached its climax last week in T.C.D.'s puerile and tasteless attack. We should, in future, be kept far more fully informed.

*

As I have said on previous occasions, there is a large section of the undergraduate population of this university which should be rigorously suppressed by somebody. My *WATER* is directed this week against the unutterable and cretinous morons who regularly turn up to parties to which they have not been invited. I use the word "cretinous" advisedly. Its meaning, my dictionary assures me, is "appertaining to a type of deformed ape of a kind especially found in the Southern Alps." Forgetting the "Southern Alps" part of it, this seems to me a remarkably apposite word for many of these ruffians. The larger part of them are entirely useless to anybody, completely degenerate, and parasitic to

boot. They are also either mentally diseased or congenital idiots. One of the worst of these unnecessary people was dealt with rather neatly quite recently, by the hostess on whom he happened to be imposing that night, with the words! "You were one of the people I had rather hoped wouldn't come to-night. Still as you're here, you had better stay." The situation was thus handled with both charm and good manners, qualities of which the self-centred oaf to whom they were addressed is utterly devoid. People like this should be ejected with the maximum of physical violence, until they learn to behave like civilised people and can understand civilised behaviour.

*

A brief postscript: Regular readers of this column will be pleased to hear that as a result of my recent denunciation both of people who drench other people with water thrown from high windows and of people who write on lavatory walls, internecine warfare between the two factions is setting in, and will, I hope, end in the extermination of them all. The following legend was written last week by one of these sub-human idiots, on the walls of number four:

WRITING ON LAVATORIES
IS SUPERIOR TO
WATER THROWING

This may well be only the beginning.

Meeting Mr. Eliot — by DONALD CARROLL

Last week, as I was sitting in the reception room of Faber and Faber waiting to see T. S. Eliot, some lines came to mind from his "Five-Finger Exercises":

*How unpleasant to meet Mr. Eliot!
With his features of clerical cut,
And his brow so grim
And his mouth so prim
And his conversation, so nicely
Restricted to What Precisely
And If and Perhaps and But.
How unpleasant to meet Mr. Eliot!*

This, understandably, led to some uneasy speculation as to how I would be received by Mr. Eliot, the man who has been the most powerful force in English poetry since Dr. Johnson, and whose work has received the supreme accolade of the world community of letters.

I wasn't long in finding out. His secretary came down and escorted me into an elevator roughly the size of a match box. When we disembarked several floors above she led me down a narrow corridor to the last office, faced in wood panelling and translucent glass. Mr. Eliot greeted me at the door with a warm handshake: "Come in, Mr. Carroll. I'm pleased to see you."

The room was very small. Most of the wall to my left was taken up with bookshelves; to the right was a fireplace with an electric heater in it. Above the mantel-piece were photographs of old friends—men and women whose job it has been this century to "purify the language of the tribe." Directly in front of me was a large window; below the window facing the right wall was a desk piled high with books and papers. I took a seat, and Mr. Eliot sat down beside me in his chair in front of the window. Behind him a church spire rose in the near distance; beyond lay the "Unreal City."

He began by asking questions about Texas, adding that he had been at the University himself in 1957; "You know it was my first visit to Texas and my wife's first visit to America." The conversation shifted to Dublin, then gradually to other cities. He was very interested in my first impressions of various places, and noted that he prefers to go somewhere where he knows no

one, "for as soon as you know someone you become personally involved in the life of the place and can no longer be an observer."

He stopped and asked if I smoked. I said that I did but was reluctant to fog up his office. He urged me to go ahead, explaining that he had given up smoking several years ago but still kept an ashtray around. He walked over and

Donald Carroll comes from Texas and is founder and editor of "Quagga," a literary magazine to which the best-known contemporary American poets contribute. He was in London last week to discuss a project for "Quagga" with T. S. Eliot.

got the ashtray for me while I was fumbling for a cigarette.

He was eager to know what I thought of Trinity, and was quite interested when I told him that Players were putting on a production of "Murder in the Cathedral" this term.

"However, I understand the producer has taken some liberties with the play."

"Oh?"

"Yes, to begin with, he's made the fourth tempter a woman."

"Oh?"

He admitted the fourth tempter was a tempting target for directorial ingenuity but felt a far better idea is to have him offstage completely—appearing in the play only as a voice—as was done in the film version.

Presently I showed him a letter I received last year from John Crowe Ransom, referring to Karl Shapiro's attack on Eliot and Pound in "Saturday Review" and replacing Shapiro's judgment with one of his own. Mr. Eliot found it "very interesting. I never saw the article, though of course I heard about it. But I never did learn what Karl was attacking." (Nor, to my knowledge, has anyone else. Shapiro was sniping with a cannon; he made an awful lot of noise but never hit anything.)

Finally I got around to the business at hand and explained what I had in mind for "Quagga". Though by this time I had fairly well adjusted to Mr. Eliot's kindness and cordiality, I was still a bit struck when he agreed to contribute what I asked for to the next issue of "Quagga." After I had gone over the details he began asking about the magazine's name itself: How did I happen to choose it? Isn't it an African beast? "What is the name of that animal that looks very much like it? ... has a rather long neck ... looks like a zebra that tried to be a giraffe." Neither of us could remember.

Almost by accident, we wandered onto the general subject of poetry. I asked if he thought the poetic revolution that he and Pound set in motion had run its course. He said he couldn't be sure because he felt out of touch with contemporary poetry since the war, but the present milieu did strike him as a "period of consolidation." In this context he spoke approvingly of the work of Lowell and Wilbur. But he hastened to add that the revolution depended in large part on such revolutionaries as Wallace Stevens, E. E. Cummings, Marianne Moore, Hart Crane.

I mentioned Carlos Williams. "Oh, yes, Carlos Williams. But I don't understand Williams' poetry."

I asked if the fact that most young American poets to-day teach poetry in the universities is likely to result in an excessive concern with stylistics to the impoverishment of vocabulary.

"I have no evidence that teaching has had an adverse effect on anyone's poetry. However, it does lead to an excessive writing about poetry. Now I have no individual in mind here. But I think a priori it would be a bad thing for a young poet to teach poetry. I've always advised young poets going into literary journalism not to review poetry. For the same reason I've advised young poets not to go into publishing. In other words, they shouldn't read too much of what others are doing. My poetic formation was already determined—I was thirty-seven—when I entered publishing. I'm glad I wasn't a youngster."



I lamented the disappearance of classical education in America in favour of a streamlined, specialised programme of study. To which he assented, commenting:

"I know I learned more about the writing of English by writing papers on the Greek philosophers for my tutor at Oxford than I ever did in Copeland's writing course at Harvard."

Throughout the conversation he sat facing me with his hands folded, speaking and listening earnestly. Often his face would break into a broad grin. Always his face reflected a profound dignity, and genuine humility. When the time came for me to leave he walked with me to the door and asked me to call on him again when I am next in London. As I started down the corridor I noticed his silhouette against the glass—standing for a moment with one hand on the mantel-piece, then turning slowly and walking back to his chair.

That evening Louis MacNeice asked me, with visible concern: "He's looking old, don't you think? I mean old for his age."

He is. But perhaps he should; he is the grand old man of a grand age in literature.

Profile: MICHAEL LEAHY

In the days when a sufficient number of young people had enough Latin to appreciate the joke, schoolmasters would speak of an infant prodigy who had declined the editorship of *The Times* at an age when most of his contemporaries were content to decline mensa. No-one would be tempted to describe Michael Leahy as an infant prodigy, yet characteristically he got out of a major oil company at a time when most young men in his circumstances would have been only too glad to get into it.

The decision to give up a safe but uncongenial position while he still had the time and energy to move is very typical of Leahy. No heroics, no irresponsibility but a certain sardonic satisfaction in kicking across the traces, and a definite pleasure in the calculated risk. These are considerations fundamental to what the literary critics—though never the Platonists—would refer to as the basic Leahy.

Our man is a complex, disturbing, uncommon individual. People like to think of him as a leprechaun, a poet, a flâneur, a gouser, a creative spark, a destructive element, but never as an ordinary mortal; yet oddly enough, it is in the most personal things, a gift for conversation, a talent for friendship, a stamp of personality, that Leahy is at his best and—a significant point—at his happiest.

If one had to find a label for this affable cynic, this irreverent humanist, this swift-spoken, sensitive, truculent, a m i a b l e, poet-cricketer, actor-philosopher, the world would have to be Elizabethan. Leahy has in him many of the 16th century virtues and most of the limitations, he has all the intellectual eagerness and intensity of the time with something of its uncertainty. He will insist that sentiment is the first refuge of cowards, yet expose himself to the gratitude of those badly in need of a friend.

Those who dislike Leahy, and they are numerous, coherent and persuasive will tell you that he is slick, unprincipled, egotistical, brilliantly self-interested. Michael's older critics will talk of an anarchistic streak—a certain irresponsibility, a corrosive contempt for what he considers the second-rate. To a point both groups of commentators are right. Leahy has the fastest, most devastating tongue of any undergraduate in College. He is too honest to strike any conventionally comfortable pose or to assume a virtue which he neither has nor wishes

to have. In Players, in the literary world, even perhaps on the cricket field and certainly in the Examination Hall he could have secured the highest honours had he chosen to specialise. Liking life and enjoying the speed the variety and the challenge of it, he emerges as a very good, though not an excelling all-rounder.

His poetry and his sport he regards as functions of the full life not as ends in themselves and herein he is again the modern Elizabethan. Like Raleigh or Sidney he values friendship based on mutual esteem and a shared interest in



living, as one of the most valuable things. Fools he does not suffer gladly, perhaps because he extends his criticism of himself to those around him.

One never thinks of Raleigh or Sidney as old. In a sense they never grew up and one cannot quite see where Leahy will go from here. He has worked as chef in an Indonesian restaurant in Paris and as a bricklayer in London. He declines, at present, to limit his possibilities, so we can only guess, perhaps the B.B.C., perhaps a teaching job, perhaps

... We can be sure of only one thing that he will go having left his imprint upon us and surprisingly grateful for what he has found with us.

A Way of Happening, A Mouth—By Derek Mahon

There are signs that English poetry is entering again upon a phase it left at some point between the song books of the court of Henry VIII and the closing down of the theatre by Cromwell—the phase with which all poetical traditions begin, that of poetry as a medium of sound spoken or sung. It is possible to say of poetry that it is a plastic art, in that the emotional and intellectual appeal of a book of poems is similar to that of a picture, engaging the eye rather than the ear. This has certainly been the situation during the past few centuries, when, except for ballads, poetry has reached its audience by way of the printed page—a convenience that became a rule with the rise of the printing press. I, for one, would probably not admire the love poems of Robert Graves as I do if the texture and size of the Penguin page and the cover design of his selection in that series had not seemed to me a perfect blending of stuff and medium—the picture well framed. More important, of course, is the appearance of the poems themselves. A poem written in four line verses seems more readable, and may therefore be more readable, than one not split up into verses at all, even if they have the same number of lines.

An early love poem by Donne is more intricate, in part at least, because the arrangement of line lengths is more intricate. Poems about butterflies, the Mouse's tale in "Alice in Wonderland" is shaped like a mouse's tail—but these are only amusing gimmicks. Dylan Thomas, although primarily an oral poet, uses this device more seriously in "Vision and Prayer," where the shift from the convex to the concave in the shape of the verses has, perhaps, some obstetrical significance.

But this is dying, and indeed it must now that poetry records and Third Programme readings are here to stay, and there are even signs that these media, like the documentary films Auden helped to write before the War, will soon be producing poetry written especially for them. A year or two ago John Masefield published his *Story of Ossian* for the first time—in record form. And Dylan Thomas, the only contemporary poet to excite the popular imagination, made his impact by means of his vocal chords. He may have been only a minor poet, but he was a great singer.

Hand in hand with the oral tradition, as it existed in the Middle Ages, go anonymity, internationality and literary salesmanship. These are putting in a reappearance with the jazz poets and, less obviously as yet, the pop singers, who, like the troubadours and minnesinger, share a common culture, stemming from America. Aside from Brecht, the men behind this sort of

This article by Derek Mahon, a Junior Freshman from Belfast, discusses a new oral tradition which, Mr. Mahon alleges, is replacing the existing visual poetic tradition, and contains some novel and ingenious ideas on the place in this "new tradition" of the popular song.

produce, at its best in West Side Story, have been the only ones to foresee the course of poetry as it may well develop in the future. There are many arguments against pop songs as poetry, not the least being that in the pop song music is more important than words, but this different words, like "O Sole Mio" and a hundred others, and in at least one number, "Are You Lonesome Tonight?" the singer abandons music altogether for a verse interlude of a standard at least as high as many an Elizabethan sonnet and equally maudlin and synthetic. The sexual unreality of many pop songs—another legacy from the Middle Ages, when man made woman in the image of God—is already being superseded by a powerful and very real sensuality, to which the full suggestiveness of words is brought. One thinks of "Poetry in Motion." I am not suggesting that Elvis Presley and Johnny Tillatson are great poets of a new era, although their appeal to adolescent and senile minds is comparable to that of Chatterton or Byron. Indeed, it is inevitable, since psychologists have analysed Byron in his absence, that the cult of the poet will die, as it has already begun to, and be replaced by the cult of the bard, doing well by doing good.

ARGUS—Glances at People and Things

College Park must be one of the most beautiful sports grounds in the British Isles (it is certainly the most beautiful cricket ground in Ireland). This week's fine weather convinced both sportsmen and spectators that summer had finally arrived. Picnickers, sun worshippers and loungers added a touch of colour and life to the Park's atmosphere of green serenity. The really eager sun-worshippers basked lizard-like on the banking except Nick Tolstoy who displayed shirt and knees with characteristic unconcern, on the very fringe of the athletics track. One more grumble—the litter to be seen at 5 o'clock, most evenings was a disgrace and an eyesore.

Howth and Dalkey remain the favourite bathing spots. Howth was especially popular on Thursday afternoon, in addition to swimming and sun-bathing there was a special attraction—Pete Woolley muscle-building. Anyone who really wants to get away from it all should go further afield. On Thursday John Streater, Paul Shepperd, Ted Edmonds and Sally Steen had Whiterock to themselves. Next week they'll probably have to go as far as Brittas.

Michael Scott, Liz Morgan and a couple of others went riding at Delgany. Charles Jordan has been striding around college in riding kit for the last fortnight or so. (Does anyone know where he goes? Is he alone?) We conclude that riding is "in." The local racecourses have been popular.

Dalkey Quarries were choked with actual and prospective outward, upward and downward bounders.

In the Bay, John West and Harry Stevenson have finally admitted that the cricket season is here and their football matches have given way to an equally back street type of cricket. Martin Rees's tennis is improving steadily, mainly due to bellowed advice from the lower reaches of No. 16. He and his rugger club mates are to be seen most afternoons, walking towards the back gate and the Lincoln. Their golf bags seem improbably full and some say they are only taking back the previous night's empties.

Willie Dillon and Paul Marland, accompanied by two of the Duke of Beaufort's otter hounds, go otter hunting in County Meath.

The Carnival of Nations opens on 24th and runs till the 27th. The three econo-

mists in charge Hamzah bin Majeed, Latif Lakhani and Mike Roe will, unlike most of us be very busy. This year fourteen nations are likely to take part. The Malaysians and the Siamese can be relied upon to contribute music and colour, the Swedes beauty and charm, the Irish, this year's script written by Brendan Kennelly could contribute anything.

Ayu Sonatul, in charge of the Siamese, tells me that he is worried about the cast of the show. They have only one person with any experience—John Yang, who had a "walk-on" part as an Indian in "Annie Get Your Gun." Controlling rehearsals cannot be hilarious—floods of Siamese interspersed with English stage instructions, which only Ayu understands; still all the difficulties will be ironed out before the run.

Mike Bogdin and Laurie Howe, of Players, are helping on the production side and there is a possibility that Terry Brady, a fabulous success last year, will be M.C. again.

Held in St. Anthony's Theatre, Merchants' Quay, this show is unique and is often the most fascinating in Ireland.

Location Log Book

SATURDAY

5.45 a.m.—And where the hell is Ian Blake?

Three of us stand in the rain, eyed by a porter who is determined that Penny Gibbon is not getting into College at that time of the morning. Across the street, in the shadow of Bovril, the long lank arms of the law seems equally suspicious. Perhaps it is Tony Hickey's dark glasses, but the party of the night before makes the dawn rise like thunder.

5.50 a.m.—Anthony Collins and olive-green car emerge from the dark cavern of Front Gate, followed by Ian Blake on a borrowed bike. David Cabot discards his apple, and reminds us all that we have to be at Ringsend Bridge by 6 o'clock.

Problem: What to do with the bicycle.

Solution: Let Tony Hickey ride in the boot of the car and hold on to the bike.

Off we go, but the eager young Garda, his lone vigil at last rewarded, blows a whistle. A squad car turns full circle in Dame Street, but too late. All they find is a film director cycling innocently along and a car blithely crashing the lights at Tara Street.

6.00 a.m.—Ringsend Bridge. David Cabot sets up camera and shoots one in the car.

7.30 a.m.—Five cold, wet students in Sandymount. One—Ian Blake—cycles up Strand Road. Two—David Cabot and Tony Hickey—behind the camera. Three—Collins and Gibbon—on Ringsend dump trying to persuade the seagulls to fly high.

8.00 a.m.—The first sequence finished. Three students sit in the car and drink Nescafé. Gibbon and Collins out of sight beneath a cloud of demented birds.

8.30 a.m.—The rain wins. Too wet to do any more. Off to Chez-Collins for a delicious breakfast.

TUESDAY

6.00 a.m.—No rain, lots of sun. Ruins continuity for earlier work, but maybe audience will think the rain was just a passing shower.

WEDNESDAY EVENING

9.00 p.m.—Pearse Street. Penny and Anthony manage to remain serious despite reassurances from assorted urchins that they are a lovely couple. David Cabot worries about the fading light, but Tony Hickey wants to continue. Cabot agrees, but warns we won't get anything on film. The Abbey Theatre doorman co-operates.

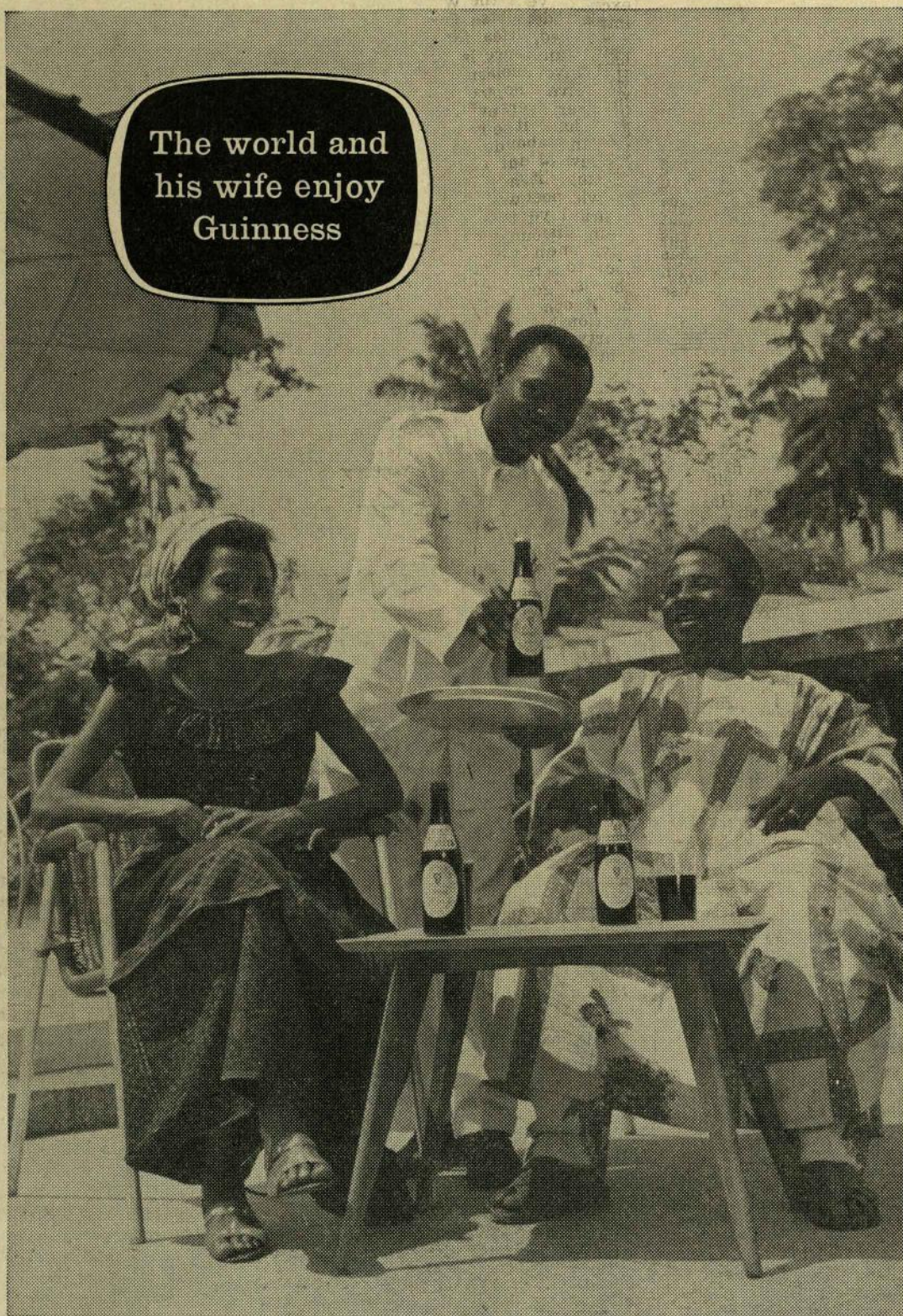
10.00 p.m.—George's Street. Bruce Myers and Anne Tarlov live it up as a couple of Teds in front of a brightly lit store. Mike Ruggins helps Miss Tarlov with her make-up. The crowd thickens. Cars stop. People get off buses. Look-out Collins warns the law is on its way. Off toddle Hickey with script, Cabot with camera. The public finally disperses.

10.15 p.m.—Cameraman and director sneak back. Quick rehearsal. First take fine. The mob realises it has been cheated. Film crew finally reach sanctuary of nearby pub.

11.00 p.m.—Stephen's Green. La Cowley's big moment. She seems to be in good form, but a little worried in case her landlady finds out she borrowed that hat to play a whore. Ruggins gets busy with the comb again and Judith emerged looking like a graduate of Greek Street. Cabot and Hickey set up the shot. Cowley strikes a pose against the railings and immediately has a most generous offer from three passing tourists.

Mid-night—Still rehearsing. Anthony Collins a little uncertain as to how one approaches a short-time doll, but he is learning. Tarlov and Gibbon a little shocked by the knowledge displayed by other males in the crew. Cowley, who has been twice to the late night cafés—heavily escorted, of course—hasn't any real difficulty of characterisation.

12.15 a.m.—Let's go home and not shoot any more until we have seen some rushes.



Two young Nigerians take Guinness on the terrace of the Mogambo Club in Lagos.



The travelled Irishman, like a modern Columbus, has done much to popularize Guinness in the New World. But Guinness has been at work making a big reputation for itself in other parts of the globe, too. Particularly Africa. Down on the Equator, Guinness has an enormous following, especially among the people of Nigeria and Ghana.

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THE MAJOR SOCIETIES

A Survey

Last term we analysed an aspect of the establishment by considering the lecture-system. Now, elaborating previous suggestions in this newspaper, we have asked various people for their views on the present situation of the three Major Societies. The fact that there may be some doubt whether the Eliz. is a Major Society, suggested a particular slant for this enquiry. Are women in College wholly apathetic outside the minor and mixed societies? Is the Eliz. as significant as it could be? Why not more co-operation between perhaps it and the Phil?

Facilities.

The question of facilities does not require central consideration. As Professor Moran said: "There should always be a Society where men and women can be alone." It is clear that the G.M.B. is already used to capacity; that the irons and armchairs of No. 6 are appreciated; and that the coffee bars, the reading-room and Front Square are a sufficient and civilised common-room. All the same, Hugh Mooney (J.S. Mod. Lang.) thought that the billiard-table should be moved to the top of No. 6, and the Hist. conversation-room handed over to women.

Hist. Opinion.

A group of questions was put to active members and vague adherents of the Hist. The first was: "What do you consider the function of the Hist?" The Auditor, Tony Francis, felt that the club facilities and debating facilities were of equal importance. Ian Simons, ex-Auditor and Hon. Member thought that its purpose was to give opportunities to students to express themselves in public in a friendly though formal atmosphere. This should give him confidence. There are opportunities for organisation and for meeting people. Chris Palmer, Record Secretary elect commented that the Hist. tended to be English or Anglo-Irish, the Phil Irish. Chris, Fettes (J.S. Mod. Lang.) said that it should encourage the serious discussion of important topics and the witty discussion of unimportant ones. "At present, through the fault of its members, it does this only occasionally." Ian Blake (J.F.) remarked that it seemed to be a reading-room society—it should be the forum of College opinion on all matters external and internal.

Women?

The second question took this form: "Why does not the Hist. admit women? Do you consider its policy out of date? Would you personally be in favour of women in the Society?"

The Auditor said that there should be one gentlemen's debating-society. On occasions women in debates would bridle the speaker's tongue. On certain occasions women might be admitted by invitation; if they are needed to improve the standard of debating, the standard must be pretty low. Debating is primarily a male occupation, but a distinguished woman might be allowed to speak on invitation. Ian Simons thought that women should be admitted on the same basis as the Oxford Union, not as members of the Society, but as members of the public. He was also in favour of admitting distinguished women speakers. Chris, Palmer thought the Phil-policy successful but was unprepared for change. Chris Fettes thought that they should certainly be admitted to most meetings but not as members. Ian Blake thought that women should be allowed to listen and to speak in debates but there was no need for them to enter private business. Raynor Lysaght (S.F.) thought that "Tradition" was an out-of-date policy and that women should be certainly admitted with full rights. Tony Taylor (Sch.) mentioned the social embarrassment and psychological short-circuit caused by visiting women-speakers. Hugh Mooney said that brilliant women-debaters did in fact exist.

Amalgamation?

When this word was mentioned, no-one thought of the Eliz. The concept is purely mythical but consideration of its inconceivability achieved some interesting results. Ian Simons said that Trinity was unique in its major societies. Chris Palmer toyed with the idea of a joint society with two meetings a week and one committee elected each term. So did Raynor Lysaght. One advantage would be that Hist. members would become accustomed to Phil. methods and vice-versa. Robert Hutchieson (J.F.) said that it would be possibly more economical to combine the Major Societies, but both sets of traditions would have to be maintained. Each can learn from the other. Chris Fettes also mentioned the need for greater co-operation but said it would be a bad thing to lessen the number of committees. Ian Blake thought that a single inaugural would reduce expense.

Satisfied?

The final question was: "Are you satisfied with the way the Major Societies are run at present and with the way they function?"

Ian Simons said that tradition had to be mixed with humour. The Society should concentrate on good motions and being good speakers. The Auditor asserted that the Hist. was not bogged down with tradition. It is formal, but this forms a basis for wit and repartee. More people must be encouraged to attend. Chris Palmer also lamented the lack of active members. Robert Hutchieson considered the Hist. sometimes rather petty because of an over-emphasis on tradition. Debate-motions should be clearly-worded and controversial. It is possibly a bad thing to have the Hist. as solely a debating-society and the Phil. entirely as a paper-reading society. Chris Fettes thought Hist. tradition could be a cause of both entertainment and frustration. He used the word "apathy." Tony Taylor (Sch.) said that to Hist.-men private business was at least twice as important as public. Ian Blake thought that the Hist. could be expanded within its traditions: "It feels itself dead and thus it is in fact dead."

Phil. Points.

Our principal battery was aimed at supporters and friends of the obvious bulwark of tradition, but similar points were raised with some members of the Phil. So was "Amalgamation." The president, Hallam Johnston (Sch.) said that he was content with the present situation, but membership could still be improved. Even if amalgamation brought economic benefits these would hardly compensate for the sacrifice of individuality. Tradition is preferable to hasty innovation. He thinks that women already have a fairly good chance of integration into the general framework of College activity and to air their views. It is a pity that there are not more women-speakers at the Phil. for they do have something to contribute. On the nature of the Societies—the Hist. provides the cut and thrust of a debate rather than the balanced discussion of an issue without the need to score points from one's opponents; the Eliz. fulfils a unique and vital function without which the University would be much poorer.

Some anonymous members of the Phil. thought that there could be limited amalgamation where the services of the societies are duplicated. One mentioned the possible utilisation of the top floor of the G.M.B. for social purposes. Another said that there was at present so little difference between the Hist. and Phil. that if one of them were to allow women's membership, both would make a unique contribution to College life. In this way the Phil. now offers something special. Hugh Mooney thought that the presence of women at debates and papers stimulated men to special effort possibly to more argument and less noise. A senior member said that all women had to do was contact the secretary. He thought it as unnecessary for the Phil. to team up with the Eliz. as say the Hist. with the Law Society. He considered the Phil. a broader and more civilised forum than the Hist.; its civilisation might be even increased by having women as associate-members, but certainly as many as possible are welcome. He stressed that much is done by example in College and also mentioned the exquisite courtesy with which women-speakers are treated.

Intellectual Cinderellas?

The bait was released to a group of women-students in Trinity Hall over coffee. They included Paddy Strawbridge, Secretary of Choral; Carolyn Maguire, a member of the Metaphys; and Juliet Maguinness, retiring chairman of S.C.M. Affection for the Eliz. facilities was evident although there was exasperation that the Society seemed so committed to activity on a purely practical plane. It was unfair to blame the committee for a certain lack of excitement and meaning—they were doing the best they could, and were the only people doing anything whatever. Someone wondered vaguely if it claimed to be a woman's debating-society by constitution. People were just not interested. Someone thought that this was due to the drudgery of a crowd of women together talking. But Carolyn Maguire thought that women (some) like to debate and practically everyone was pleased with the idea of closer co-operation with Phil. or Hist. It was mentioned that the president, Prue Furney had tried to hold evening debates in the face of apathy. It was agreed that the status of an evening joint-debate or paper-discussion in the G.M.B. would be a boost. Someone remarked that Mrs. Patricia McLaughlin, M.P., had said that she never had the chance to learn anything about speaking at Trinity. It was sug-

gested that the Eliz. should attempt a greater faculty appeal and that the Metaphys and Theo. should become more accessible to women.

Cheli Duran (S.F.) considered the Eliz. a washout "because people want it that way." She would like closer co-operation between the Eliz. and Phil. But in general women are not encouraged and do not encourage themselves. The Eliz. has a very definite function and someone might make something of it, but things would soon slide back again. The Eliz. is a rich society, and it can afford at least to try—it has every facility except enthusiasm. A representative of the Eliz. committee said that they had held two debates in the last two terms. They had been informal (which helped) and reasonably successful. The Society was founded to cater for the comforts and enjoyments of women students; she agreed that this had so far been interpreted on a largely physical level and that the Eliz. was no equivalent of the Phil. and Hist. She agreed that women play an important part in faculty societies. An infiltration of more talks, debates and more co-operation with the Phil. and Hist. would be a good thing.

Staff Views.

Professor Moran, when interviewed, said that whatever improvements were made in the Eliz., things would be just as bad again in a year or two. She did not consider them capable of debating or discussing at present with the Phil. or Hist. and thought they should perhaps, concentrate on symposiums with faculty societies. She suggested that the Eliz. should devote some of its funds to running a course in public-speaking. Women in Trinity are certainly two inexperienced in this and in the organisation of formal meetings.

Dr. Skeffington when asked whether he was content with the present state of the Major Societies said that he was in favour not of wholesale amalgamation of the three but of the introduction of women into full membership of both Phil. and Hist., each retaining its separate identity. He believes that both forms of meeting make a contribution to the educational development of the student; the Hist. offers the opportunity

of exercising the mind rationally, the Phil. supplies the discipline of original research and journalistic effort. He considers the Hist. not beyond redemption as regards the admission of women, but blames the lethargy of women for the moribund condition of the Eliz. and for the fact that the Hist. still closes its doors (the Phil. to a lesser degree). Women should fight and show themselves worthy.

Dr. Stanford did not approve of the admission of women to the Hist. — it would dilute the intellectual atmosphere to a more social and personal level. He thinks that women prefer informal discussions. He might possibly favour their admission if they agreed not to interfere with existing traditions. He said, like Dr. Skeffington, that both approaches were useful, academic and political. The fact that two recent ministers of state are Hist. men proves the value of their training.

Conclusions.

The Phil. and Hist. in their present form both complement and stimulate each other. The system is excellent, but they must be careful not to lose their appeal to the whole College body. More meetings of faculty-interest (like the recent papers on Sartre and Golding) would be revitalising. The Eliz. is not in such a happy situation and women are either not getting or making the same opportunities as men. Certainly a number of them are dissatisfied. It would seem that the Phil. and Hist. are not entirely blameless for this situation. The Phil. admit women to their meetings but rather as visitors and there is little Phil.-consciousness among the most energetic women in College. There is also a complacent and patronising air about the Phil. and Hist. which seems almost entirely unjustified. The Eliz. needs the stimulation of a larger measure of co-operation with them—possibly each society should be associate-members of the other two. Women must read papers to the Phil. and there should be some kind of joint meeting at least once a term. Certainly they have something to contribute—perhaps precisely the qualities which the Phil. and Hist. seem to need just now.



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.

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College Park Double

Second XI Win Again!

On Saturday in Phoenix Park, the Second XI defeated Civil Service in the League by 120 runs. Having won the toss, Trinity batted first, and things did look black when 4 wickets were down for 21. However, D. Evans came to the rescue and batted quite superbly. He was ninth out with the score at 129 having scored 71 most cultured runs with 2 sixes and 10 fours as his main scoring shots. It was at this moment that A. C. Wicks strode to the wicket and the last wicket added 55 runs of which Wicks made 49 with a six and 7 fours.

Facing a total of 184 runs, Civil Service appeared to be in no hurry to get them and they proceeded cautiously but then Wicks struck with 2 wickets in an over and from that point Trinity, and Wicks, never looked back. Civil Service were all out for 64 and Wicks had 8 wickets for 28 runs from 16 overs. This all-conquering side will meet Phoenix in College Park next Saturday.

Colonel May

Eighteen winning favourites out of the last 24 races at the Curragh and Phoenix Park prove the value of the Colonel's "Follow the Money" advice for these courses. This week he turns his attention to the highly-specialised business of 2-year-old racing, a business no-one has more organised than P. J. Prendergast whose stable has won two-thirds of all two-year-old races this year. Two-year-olds tend to run very true to form, far more so than their older comrades and so a glance at the form book and the ring prices will always pay dividends for such races. Prices will be short but this should be taken as a good sign. Some very useful two-year-olds have already been seen out this season among whom are Mocking Bird, Princely Strath, Display Missa and Polly Too-good. All these should win good races for the future and one to note too, is Mr. M. J. Sheehan's Golden Sovereign. This one may need another race yet but he is the type who will improve to win in July and later. Undoubtedly, however, the master combination is P. J. Prendergast and R. Hutchinson. Prendergast's two-year-olds are always beautifully turned out and he can always be relied upon to bring out some really top-class performers around Gimerack time at York.

Now for this week, two English two-year-olds have caught the Colonel's eye and both run at Sandown Park this week-end — "Corsley Bell" should run well on Friday and "Winged Pharoah" has been specially prepared for his Saturday engagement.

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Switzers

CAFE AND RESTAURANT

Relay Change-overs Improved

Wednesday evening in College Park once more saw Trinity retaining the Dublin Inter-Club relay trophy by a margin of 21 points from Crusaders A.C. In all Trinity won seven events outright and tied in the high jump. In the sprint relay changeovers were noticeably smoother and it was a welcome sight to see David Lovell, on the track for the first time this season, showing something of his old form on the third leg. Almost certain victory in the 4 x 220 was thrown away by a diabolical first changeover. Henry Skipton must curb his tendency to start too soon. The results of the 4 x 440 were most encouraging, Henry O'Clery running the first leg in 50.8 secs. while Bob Francis ran an estimated last leg of 49.0 secs.—a sterling performance even though achieved with a running start. Francis Quinlan, on his leg of the 4 x 880 well and truly had the measure of Olympian Hoey in recording a sparkling 1 min. 56.5 secs. and Davey too revealed himself to have a strong finish.

Meanwhile, in the field events an exciting duel had developed between Henry Skipton and John Lawson (Crusaders). Lawson, an ex-Captain of D.U.H.A.C., won the event with a good throw of 199' 10" to Skipton's 184' 8". It is a pity that Skipton does not make more use of his speed in the run up.

It was particularly notable that Trinity won most field events, emphasising the depth of talent in the Club. Ben Obviagele heaved the discus beyond his personal best with a throw of 135' 6". Tjerand Lunde cleared 21' 2½" to show something of his old form in that event. Alan Crawford leapt 5' 6" but his style, as yet, is rather awkward, and he would do well to master the straddle.

On Saturday afternoon the track was in perfect condition and the sun shone brilliantly when Trinity defeated Queens, Belfast, by the unexpectedly wide margin of 45 points. However, in fairness to Queens it must be stated that some members of their team were unable to travel owing to exams. The Trinity captain, Bob Francis, led the team with a double victory in the furlong and quarter, the former in the good time of 22.6 secs. considering the tight bend. Riverson (Queen's) won the 100 yards in "evens" but Gerry Mason ran strongly in second place to equal his personal best of 10.1 secs. Paul Twomey gained a decisive victory in the 880 yds. after allowing Francis Quinlan to do the donkey work in the first lap with the bell passed in 56.0 secs. This was an

over-ambitious first lap considering that in the inter-varsity match in London the same afternoon Herb Elliott only ran his first lap 0.6 secs. faster en route to a 1 min. 49.9 secs. clocking, a new inter-varsity record. Colin Shillington ran a well-judged mile although as yet, he is not running with as much drive as last year. Tony Sparshott is a much improved athlete and easily beat his personal best in the three miles.

Trinity scored maximum points in the 440 Hurdles. Again there was a tight finish, this time Henry O'Clery just turning the tables on Derek Tyler and recording a personal best of 59.7 secs. There is great rivalry between these two hurdlers. In the "Highs" misfortune overtook Queens when international Des Price stumbled at the fourth hurdle to let in Derek Tyler and Jim Kennedy who are steadily improving.

Tjerand Lunde won the Long Jump after a close tussle with Morris (Queens). Obviagele had a first class double in both the Shot and Discus, his distance in the former being very creditable.

On Saturday D.U.H.A.C. past and present meet Queens in the Lord Londonderry Trophy, a relay contest in which Trinity are the holders.

Details:—

4 x 100—Dublin University (G. Mason, H. K-Skipton, D. Lovell, R. Francis), 1; Clonliffe, 2; Donore, 3. 44.9 secs.

4 x 220—Clonliffe (K. McCarthy, N. Hoffman, H. Hunziker, G. Dempsey), 1; Dublin Univ., 2; Civil Service, 3. 1 min. 53.8 secs.

4 x 440—Dublin Univ. (H. O'Clery, F. Quinlan, C. Shillington, R. Francis), 1; Crusaders, 2; Civil Service, 3. 3 mins. 25.4 secs.

4 x 880—Dublin Univ. (H. O'Clery, F. Quinlan, P. Davey, C. Shillington), 1; Donore, 2; Crusaders, 3. 8 mins. 1.7 secs.

3 x 120 Hurdles — Crusaders (T. Maguire, K. Byrne, K. Bornemann), 1; Dublin Univ., 2; Donore, 3. 51.4 secs.

Mile Team Race — Donore (M. Connolly, D. Ryan, B. Messitt), 1; Civil Service, 2; Crusaders, 3. 4 mins. 21.4 secs.

High Jump — Dublin Univ. (T. T. Lunde, R. Crawford) and Crusaders (K. Bornemann, T. Maguire), tied 11ft. 4ins., 1; Donore, 3.

Long Jump — Dublin Univ. (T. T. Lunde, G. Protain), 41 ft., 1; Clonliffe, 2; Crusaders, 3.

Shot — Dublin Univ. (A. Snow, L. Hatt), 74ft. 4ins., 1; Crusaders, 2; Civil Service, 3.

Sailing Club Tour

This year's tour started off at West Kirby in Cheshire where the team competed in the Wilson Trophy. Here after a good start against South Staffs S.C., winning by 4½ pts. to 32, the team did not come up to form against Oxford University and were eliminated. Trinity

however, went furthest of all the Irish teams being the only one to get past the first round.

On the ensuing tour, in matches against Oxford, Cambridge, Reading and London Universities and the Norfolk Broads Y.C. some very interesting racing took place in both Alphas and Enterprises besides the normal Fireflies. Narrow river sailing with "fluky" wind conditions, and associated hazards as submerged tree trunks and overhead branches were experienced. All this brought home to them how lucky we are, having the fine expanse of Dublin Bay at our disposal.

The comparison between the new Alphas (fiberglass twelve footers with a rubber bow) and Fireflies is interesting. The former are not only slower on the wind but also very sluggish when tacking. Instead of toe straps they have a steel bar around the centre board casing and perhaps their only advantage is that they require no maintenance during the winter due to their fibreglass hulls.

Having beaten Reading University the team trounced the University of London, winners of the British Universities Trophy, by 4½ to 35 pts. on the Welsh Harp Reservoir. The relatively large expanse of water, the use of Fireflies and the improved team work were the turning factors in Trinity's favour.

Team: M. R. Hare (capt.), D. J. McSweeney, J. Vernon, P. Branigan, G. Wheeler and R. R. Watson.

Last Sunday a Trinity "A" team lost to a good Clontarf Y.B.C. team in a strong wind by 4½ to 34 pts.

Team: P. S. Drewery, N. Langhorne, N. Prasser, P. Messum, B. Burletson and J. Spearman.

Discus — Dublin Univ. (B. Obviagele, A. Snow), 242ft. 3ins., 1; Crusaders, 2; Donore, 3.

Javelin — Dublin Univ. (H. Kennedy-Skipton, M. Pampinini), 346ft. 1in., 1; Crusaders, 2; Donore, 3.

Team Result—Dublin University, 45 points, 1; Crusaders, 24 pts., 2; Donore, 13 points, 3; Clonliffe, 11 points, 4; Civil Service, 6 points, 5.

Trinity Beat Queens

100 Yards—1, J. Riverson (Queen's); 2, G. Mason (Dublin University); 3, H. Kennedy Skipton (D.U.). 1 yard, 1 yard, 10 secs.

220 yards—1, R. Francis (D.U.); 2, J. Riverson (Queen's); 3, G. Mason (D.U.). 10 yards, 6 yards, 22.6 secs.

440 Yards—1, R. Francis (D.U.); 2, H. O'Clery (D.U.); 3, I. Nelson (Queen's). 12 yards, 1 yard, 51.2 secs.

880 Yards—1, P. Twomey (D.U.); 2, F. Quinlan (D.U.); 3, J. Gordon (Queen's). 10 yards, 20 yards, 1 min. 56.7 secs.

One Mile—1, C. Shillington (D.U.); 2, P. Davey (D.U.); 3, P. McBride (Queen's). Easily, easily, 4 mins. 14.7 secs.

Three Miles—1, A. Sparshott (D.U.); 2, B. Roe (D.U.); 3, J. Ramsey (Queen's). 15 mins. 28 secs.

Relay (4 x 110 yds.)—1, Dublin University; 2, Queen's. 44.5 secs.

120 Yards Hurdles — 1, G. Ziddah (Queen's); 2, J. Kennedy (D.U.); 3, D. Tyler (D.U.). 8 yards, 1 yard, 15.7 secs.

440 Yards Hurdles — 1, H. O'Clery (D.U.); 2, D. Tyler (D.U.); 3, G. Ziddah (Queen's). 1 yard, 10 yards, 59.7 secs.

Long Jump—1, T. Lunde (D.U.), 20ft. 8ins.; 2, D. Morris (Queen's), 20ft. 7ins.; 3, G. Protain (D.U.), 19ft. 3ins.

High Jump—1, H. Goodman (Queen's) 6 feet; 2, T. Lunde (D.U.), 5ft. 10ins.; 3, I. Leeson (D.U.), 5ft. 8ins.

Hop, Step and Jump — 1, D. Morris (Queen's), 42ft. 3ins.; 2, G. Ziddah (Queen's), 41ft. 7ins.; 3, B. Osoba (D.U.) 41ft. 5ins.

16lb. Shot — 1, B. Obviagele (D.U.), 43ft. 2ins.; 2, G. Deh (Queen's), 42ft. 9ins.; 3, L. Hatt (Queen's), 39ft. 2ins.

Javelin—1, H. Kennedy-Skipton (D.U.) 189ft. 7ins.; 2, M. Pampinini (D.U.), 159ft. 6ins.; 3, R. Mowat (Queen's), 150ft. 4ins.

Discus—1, B. Obviagele (D.U.), 134ft. 1in.; 2, G. Deh (Queen's), 125ft. 9ins.; 3, A. Snow (D.U.), 110ft. 5ins.

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