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Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

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

Vol. IV—No. 16.

THURSDAY, 6th JUNE, 1957

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RESULTS OUT TO-DAY

Ten Teachers to Trinity

Meet the surprise newcomers to Trinity. They are the ten Egyptian graduates who have come to learn how to teach. At first scheduled to go to Exeter, the group was held up by the blocking of the Suez Canal. And but for the fear that bad English is taught in America they would have gone to the States on Rockefeller grants.

It was only after a last moment exchange of telegrams with Trinity that they were flown by a special T.W.A. plane to Shannon.

In an interview with our correspondent, Antoun Fawzi and Salib Bahgot said that a five-year agreement has been signed between Trinity College and the Egyptian Government. According to its provisions, Trinity will begin a special course of English and Education in October for them, while Egypt will send at least ten students every year here. This will be a two-year course and costs £80 each. As for the students themselves, they are on a contract with the State and will remain government employees for seven years after they qualify. The course will be modelled on that for foreigners in Exeter and will include English (literature and language), visits to schools, and practical training.

Do they like it here? "Very much so. Until now we were received everywhere with friendship. The weather in spite of English forecasts, is ideal."

Would they not go to England now that the "Canal" is "open" again? "It is very unlikely. The Egyptian authorities suspect the British of under-educating them. There is a demand for English teachers. Trainees are now sent to a number of countries, including Switzerland, Germany and Russia, but France and England are carefully avoided."

U.S. Scholarships Offered

Two scholarships — presenting good facilities for post graduate study in the United States — are being offered by the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. Mr. Hudson has details of these awards, which are open to Irish students, and warns that the standards are high, the scholarships being open to both N.U.I. and T.C.D. students. So far, few Trinity sophisters seem interested.

PLEASE SUBMIT

Club and Society secretaries are asked to send in to "Trinity Handbook," c/o. No. 3 College, the results of the election of officers for the next session, and also a short report on the year's activities.

Meet

at the

METROPOLE

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- LONG BAR



Election Hotly Contested

POLLING has been hot in this, election week for both the University Philosophical Society and the College Historical Society. The potential poll in the Phil. is a post-war record for this society, whilst the Hist., though smaller, was none the less enthusiastic. The latter results were out yesterday, and the Phil. results will be announced at 10.30 to-night.

The new Auditor of the Historical Society is Mr. Christopher Sides (Sch.) who defeated the only other nominee for the office, Mr. Brian Jadeja. Mr. Sides, the Committee nomination, won by a substantial margin. As a member of this Society for the past four years, he has held a seat on the Committee and also the office of Correspondence Secretary. Mr. Jadeja, ex-Record Secretary, has given long-standing service to the Society.

No other office was contested as there were few people eligible to run in the election, so that of the four uncontested seats, two junior Librarian and Correspondence Secretary, are occupied by rising Senior Freshmen.

In the senior offices, Mr. Patrick Burke is the Treasurer, and Mr. P. Haley-Dunne is the new Record Secretary. All the Committee, the senior member of which is Mr. N. Tolstoy, are Junior Freshmen.

At one time in the Phil. there were four nominees for the office of President. For academic reasons three of them, Mr. Chapman, Mr. Spearman and Mr. Killen, stood down, and Mr. Cummins, the out-going Treasurer, stands unopposed.

There are more candidates for the other offices and committee than there have been for many years, and a very close contest is promised. There are thirteen people running for six seats on Council, and ten candidates for the remaining four offices.

It is obvious that each society had to undergo a period of consolidation. The

Phil. went through it last year, and the present healthy position of the society is a direct result of the "building" process instigated by Mr. Robinson's committee. The Hist. is experiencing at present the problems of consolidation, which will bear fruit in the near future.

This year's meetings in the Phil. have averaged an attendance of sixty people, including ladies, whereas the Hist. is considerably less—a fair illustration of the position of these societies.

However, with the reforms to be instituted under the Levy scheme next year, both societies are likely to benefit, and with such energetic committees as they will have for next session, one hopes that they will rise to the needs of all undergraduates.

STAFF VACANCIES

There are vacancies on the Staff of "Trinity News" for sports writers, feature writers and news correspondents. Anyone wishing to join the paper is asked to drop a note to that effect in the College post box in Number 3.

Only those willing to work need apply, and all such applications will be considered by the Editors.

DE VALERA IN FELLOWS' GARDEN



Manuscript Room Opened

Taoiseach Performs Ceremony

THE opening ceremony of the Manuscript Room in the Fellows' Garden was performed on Monday by the Taoiseach, Mr. Eamon de Valera. The distinguished little building, originally built 120 years ago as a magnetic observatory, was redesigned by Mr. Ian Roberts, in collaboration with the Vice-Provost and Librarian, Dr. H. W. Parke.

Introducing the Taoiseach, Dr. McConnell said that it was most appropriate that the same person occupying the same high office who opened the Reading Room 20 years ago should be present to open the Manuscript Room.

It was not intended to use it for the exhibition of manuscripts, as the most famous of these—the Book of Kells

and the Book of Durrow—would be on view in the Library. It is hoped that the Room would be used by students from

all over the world under the supervision of Mr. William O'Sullivan, assistant in charge of Manuscripts.

Mr. de Valera, expressing his pleasure at having the honour of opening the new Manuscript Room, hoped that scholars, research workers and students would find in the room valuable facilities in the years to come. No one interested in the records of the country could afford to

neglect such a vast collection of works tabulating the history of the country.

"This room," said Mr. de Valera, "has become one of the great treasure houses of our nation and I have great pleasure in declaring it open."

The attendance at the ceremony included the Archbishop of Dublin, Most Rev. Dr. G. O. Simms; the British Ambassador, Sir Alexander Clutterbuck; the Minister for Health, Mr. MacEntee, and the Minister for Lands and Fisheries, Mr. Childers.

REQUEST

People are still needed to help with the film, due to be started next week. Anyone willing to devote the time, or who can loan a station wagon, is asked to drop a note to that effect in the Players' letter box.

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Indian Speaks

Dr. P. V. Cherian, President of the Madras Legislative Assembly, who is arriving in Dublin to-day, has accepted an invitation to address the D.U.A.I.A. to-morrow afternoon.

The Indian leader, who is a medical doctor by profession, is visiting friends in Dublin; he is staying here for about three days. The subject of his address is "India—her international relations." The meeting is to be held in No. 25 at 4 p.m.

News Highlights

Calling Moscow!

Three hundred and fifty British students will fire spontaneous questions at the Russian Minister of Education during the sixth World Youth Festival being held in Moscow this summer. Soviet Education Minister, Mr. V. P. Elyutin, will meet foreign students at a special conference and answer their questions on the Soviet education system. This meeting is part of the special student programme of the Festival.

* * *

Bearded Union

It has been proposed at Queen's University, Belfast, that beards be banned in the Union. Trinity's comment: "No Players Please."

* * *

Hopping Mad

As a result of "the continual problem of unruly behaviour by visiting teams," the Union Committee of Leeds University has introduced a rule that the rugby teams of Durham University and King's College, Newcastle, be banned from the Union. When the Durham team was invited free of charge to a hop, "loutish behaviour and the singing of obscene songs" resulted. Sounds just like the Dixon, doesn't it?

At the opening of the new Manuscript Room in the Fellows' Garden on Monday. From left: Dr. H. W. Parke, Vice-Provost and College Librarian; the Taoiseach, Mr. de Valera (speaking); Dr. A. J. McConnell, Provost, and Mr. M. Moynihan, Secretary to the Government.

—Photo courtesy
Irish Independent.

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THE PHENIX RISES

ONCE in a while someone comes up with a bright idea. This isn't very often, though, for bright ideas are at a premium these days. But about two years ago, the Editor of "Icarus" decided to hold an Art Exhibition in the Dixon Hall, and to most people's amazement—including the editors themselves—it was a success. There was a formal sherry party opening attended by many of the Dublin art world and the whole thing went off very well. Surprisingly, there were a large number of entries from undergraduates, and one fondly remembers Tony Wilson's water colours, Colin Nicholls' studies in pencil and Norman McGrath's ceramics. Unfortunately, these people are no longer among us, but we feel sure there must be talent among present undergraduates.

And once again, little posters are appearing asking for contributions for the exhibition, to be held at the beginning of next term. It is hoped that there will be a big response, for, of course, the larger the number of entries, the higher the standard is likely to be.

The "Icarus" staff are to be wholeheartedly commended for their enterprise in promoting this exhibition, and one hopes that this enthusiasm will be carried over onto the literary pages of their magazine, which up to the time of going to press, does not appear as if it will be published this term.

Where are our writers? A college like ours should be capable of producing more than a handful of people able to write prose or poetry. One can be assured of a few poems from the pen of Miss Cluysenaar, be they in French or in English, and a strange story from Mr. Vincent Byrne and while not discounting these, one may well wonder with what is the magazine to be filled. Can it really be that there is no one willing or able to write for "Icarus"?

Come fellows—to pen!

The Editorial Board do not accept any responsibility for views expressed by correspondents. All copy intended for publication must be accompanied by the name of the contributor even if this is not for publication.

Trinity News welcomes news items, correspondence and articles, which should be sent to TRINITY NEWS, 3 TRINITY COLLEGE. All such items should be typed, or written legibly, on one side of the paper only.

For advertising space in this newspaper apply to the Advertising Manager, TRINITY NEWS, 3 TRINITY COLLEGE.

Photographs taken by the Staff Photographer may be obtained post free from THE PHOTOGRAPHER, TRINITY NEWS, 3 TRINITY COLLEGE.

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Profile :

BARRY BREWSTER

Twenty-five-year-old Barry Brewster seems really rooted to Trinity. After finishing his course in Natural Science with a good second class Moderatorship, Barry came straight back to start Medicine. He is at present a third-year Med. and has the rare qualification of being among the august few who can say that they have never failed a Medical examination!

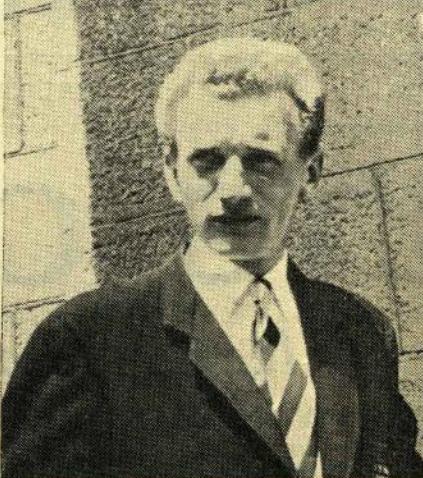
Leeds-born Barry came to Trinity right after finishing his National Service with the Argyle and Southern Highlanders, with whom he was stationed at Hong Kong as a lieutenant. Often he thinks of donning his kilt, but as yet hasn't got around to doing it.

In College he was always to the forefront of the sporting world until he, unfortunately, contracted tuberculosis, which put a stop to athletics. As a half-miler and a miler he showed great promise, and cross-country running was his forte. In 1953 he was Secretary of the Harriers, and in 1954 Vice-Captain. He was Club champion over both the mile and half-mile.

He is a long-standing athletic's Pink, and besides being a prominent member of the "Whales," is the most efficient Secretary of that amorphous body, the Knights of the Campanile. Ski-ing, a

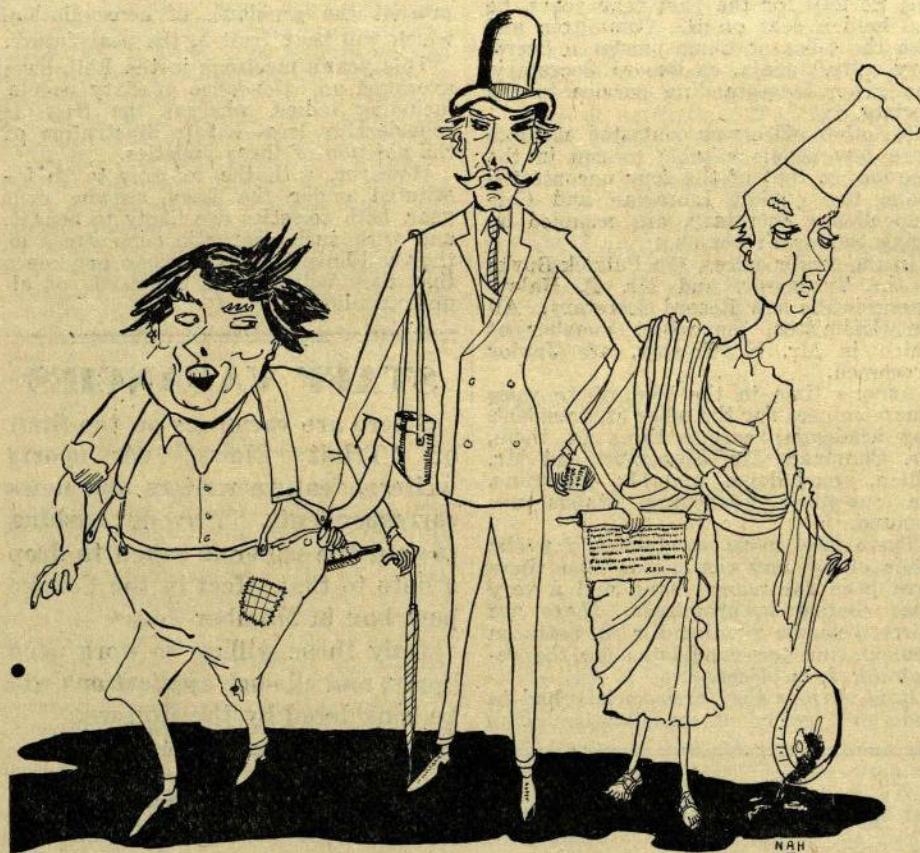
Personality-Plus

sport to which he has turned in recent years, has proved its attraction and Barry will be going back to Zürs next



Christmas as Secretary of the D.U. Ski Club.

Photography and classical music seem to take up most of his spare time, but he still finds time for a drink with his friends. A popular fellow with all the sporting crowd and, of course, the fair sex, Barry can certainly look forward to enjoying the rest of his stay in the Emerald Isle.



A preview of some of the characters who will be appearing at the College Races next Wednesday. Any resemblance to any person living or dead is purely coincidental!

OFF THE CUFF

On Friday, the Classical Society held a meeting to honour the memory of Gilbert Murray, the distinguished Greek scholar and humanist, whose death occurred recently. Members of the Society read Murray's translation of Euripides' "Bacchae," and while my function is hardly that of a drama critic, I think that I can fairly say that this performance was not by any means as bad as it might have been; one rehearsal rarely lends smoothness to any production. Mr. O'Toole, indeed, contrived successfully to deliver his lines with forceful expressiveness, and I thought that the voices of the chorus, composed of Miss Faulkner and Miss Bennett, blended rather well. Again, what errors there may have been, were at least partially atoned for by the magnificence of Murray's poetry and the brilliance of Euripides' plot.

Dr. Stanford, who had arrived just in time to hear the last two lines of the play, spoke with his usual skill and precision of his admiration for Murray as a scholar, as an international figure, and as a personality. I enjoyed his contribution considerably, as I did that of Dr. Parke, the Chairman. Dr. Parke, a former pupil of Murray's, spoke simply but effectively, including charming anecdotes concerning Murray in his narrative. Dr. Parke left me with a clear impression of Murray's simplicity and kindness, and in this regard his speech was perhaps the most memorable event of the evening.

I'm afraid that I was guilty of a slight misapprehension last week in writing a comment on the originality of Mr. D. J. Kerr's paper at the Theo. I had mentioned that a member of the Society had accurately predicted to me the material likely to be used by Mr. Kerr; I drew the conclusion that, therefore,

Mr. Kerr must have dealt with easily predictable and more unoriginal points of interest. I am now informed, however, that my informant in fact owed his startling prophetic accuracy simply to a résumé of his paper circulated before the meeting; this point had been made to me, but overlooked. I would like, therefore, to apologise to Mr. Kerr for my error.

* * *

Wednesday's Hist. debate was on the motion "That this house approves of emigration." Despite the efforts of the author of the motion to choose a subject which would undoubtedly be a hot contender for the title of "The topic which most people are tired discussing," the debate, I felt, was a considerable improvement upon those at which I have recently been present. I was indeed relieved to learn that a capacity for logical thought and membership of the Hist. are by no means as compatible as my previous experiences on Wednesday nights had suggested. Of course, Mr. Haley-Dunne did his level best to spoil the good impression; I sympathised with his decision to discuss "The Rose Tattoo" in preference to the motion, but I could not excuse his lamentable lack of taste as far as humour was concerned.

Perhaps the best speeches of the evening came from Mr. Ibezako and Mr. Mahony. Mr. Mahony's maiden speech was well reasoned, and obviously had benefited from a certain amount of prior reflection, a virtue which seems to have been rather neglected recently in the major societies. Mr. Wallace, too, impressed me by his sincere and well-expressed remarks.

Mr. Daybell, however, seemed somewhat embarrassed by his ability to declaim the "Northcountryman," while Mr. Jadeja convinced me of little except

COLLEGE OBSERVED

All Aboard

One of the sights of Dublin streets in the last few days has been the S.C.M. bus, Rachael, lavishly decorated with Carnival of Nations' posters, and lavishly filled with a bevy of Swedish beauties and Bill Meek's skiffle group. We don't know if they attracted any custom to the Carnival, but they certainly pleased many Dubliners hurrying home from work in the warm evening and caused some consternation to motorists during the rush hours when they patrolled the city.

The S.C.M., very enterprising this year, are running tours to beauty spots near Dublin in the above mentioned Rachael. There was a trip last week to Ireland's Eye. Rachael, unfortunately, is not amphibious, so the trip was by boat when they had reached Howth. These tours are announced some time beforehand, and since the S.C.M. like meeting people, anyone is welcome to go along at a very moderate charge. Denzil Stewart, driver and part-owner of Rachael, has acquired a stable companion for Rachael, and the S.C.M. hope to make a journey to Italy this summer, taking both buses with them. C.I.E. can expect some fierce competition when S.C.M. really get going.

Fabians and Others

The Fabian Society is beginning to show life again. Already a committee, composed of all seven or eight members of the Society, has elected itself. Heather Laski, appropriately enough, is Secretary, with Gay Turtle as one of her aides-de-camp, and Jan Kaminski and Mike Cochrane have all the makings of a first class goon squad. The first public business meeting for several years should be held next week, when a Swami, who runs a Yogi school near Bath, is expected. We have high hopes of seeing the Indian rope-trick, but we don't know what he has to do with Socialism. Seriously, however, we welcome the awakening of some political interest in Trinity students, for such an interest has too long lain dormant.

Meanwhile the Agricultural Society is prospering, and thwarting all attempts by Frances Jane to join, and the Commerce and Economics Society, after a mild contretemps with the said Miss French, is settling down again. Only the S.R.C. is still veiled in clouds of mystery. Some time this term a new Executive will have to be elected, a lot of old problems arising anew. The Provost is already consulting those at present concerned in the matter, and perhaps some order will be restored next year, but with such strongly opposed forces in the field, one doubts it.

Trinity Week

Although Trinity Week starts on the 10th of June this year, Trinity Monday is not until the 17th of June. Many a prospective scholar is going to make an apprehensive round of the festivities with his fate as yet undecided. Those who have a bad ear-ache through listening at the key-holes in their respective schools over the past few weeks will find their alcoholic intake going up as spirits go down.

People going to the Ball, by the way, had better book their tables quickly. There has been a great rush on tickets and tables. The Metropole ground-floor is booked out already. The organisers took £120 in ticket money on the first day alone, so this looks like being the crush of the year.

History Repeats Itself

A splendid firework display was a feature of an honourable Cambridge gentleman's twenty-first birthday celebrations. One Dean, thinking that the show was being "worked from within the college precincts," dismissed the throng of spectators. He later realised that the undergraduates were "seldom so innocently occupied as they claimed they were having a "small private party."

X Marks the Spot

Although the X-ray van was parked in Botany Bay for two days last week, the response was very small. Only 163 students availed themselves of the free X-ray service. This is a marked fall on last year. Blood donor, however, was well up to the mark again this year, the 250 mark once again being reached. Maybe the X-ray people should offer free pints as well as free plates.

his ability to speak at length without actually saying anything concrete; there are obvious opportunities for Mr. Jadeja somewhere as an official spokesman.

The Chairman was Mr. James Dillon, T.D., who is well known for his oratorical powers. These powers were used to the full in Mr. Dillon's effort; indeed his ideas needed something better than an average delivery to make them seem at all convincing. Mr. Dillon seemed astonishingly complacent about the problem of emigration; indeed he regarded the somewhat hypothetical conception of an Irish empire overseas as sufficient reason for considerable elation at the emigration rate.

personally social—

Having decided that they need not perform for another year, the Carnival cast decided to have a party. However, it was no ordinary party which everyone crashes—this one was really exclusive. Albert Tallalla refused to let anyone in unless they carried one of the official entry permits (one of last year's tickets to the show), and then Danai Tulalamba carefully scrutinised the bearer. And if you wanted to get a drink, then another little ticket had to be surrendered. Jarek Piekalkewicz was trying to find the black-marketeer who was swapping little tickets for big tickets and vice-versa, but kept knocking into John Huge'berg who was jiving with the plaited Maeve Maguire. Graham Taylor was trying to disguise himself as a foreigner to disappear in the crowd, and Graham Reynolds was disappearing. Paula Simmonds let her hair down, and David Wright tried to rescue her from the Spyropoulos boys. The Arabs, there in tribal robes, seemed to be making plans for a Scandinavian invasion, so Norwegian Tove Sampson sought American aid from Paul Valentine.

There were a sight more Marshalls than College spectators at the D.U. Club's hill climb on Saturday. Vice-President Henry Smith appeared with wife, Alan Douglas, and an assortment of marshall badges. Chris Harvey was there, too—marshalling the marshalls. Geoff Potter was seen strolling about, but poor Ian Grieve was disconsolate at having to withdraw from the climb.

GOING ABROAD

St. Juan les Pins, Biarritz, Blackpool, Portnoo, bodies on the beach, bikini's or sweater and slacks (depending on whether it is les Pins or Portnoo)—is this your holiday? A luxury cruise to Corsica, or mucking about in a dinghy in Dun Laoghaire Harbour, whichever you choose is, you hope, going to give you the best summer of your life.

Make the most of being a student on vacation this year. Once you have left Trinity, life will become real and earnest. No more student flights, cutting travelling costs by half; no more escapes from all sorts of trouble with the password "étudiant"; no more spells of three months with nothing to do but amuse yourself. In future you will be a business-man, afraid to put a foot wrong in case you miss promotion; a secretary with three weeks into which you must cram all the amusement you have been missing all year; a housewife spending your so-called holidays stopping your children driving their father mad, or, most likely, an out-of-work graduate preparing for a long stay in Canada.

And think what you will be missing! No longer will you can carrots for 16 hours a day in a shed in the wilds of England. No more carrying other people's luggage from the trains at Victoria station. The days when you could earn danger money handing nuts to an engineer on a dam in Scotland will be over. The screaming French brats that you took to the beach every day at La Baule will be travelling abroad themselves; that fascinating Spanish girl in the family in Barcelona married, and the Swiss travel agency where you worked as courier will probably be bankrupt. As for the summer school in Nice, Strasbourg or The Hague, where you had the best holiday of your life, it will be full of Swedish students learning phonetics, Americans seeking culture, and the only Irish there will be 16-year-olds from High School and Inst.

Now is your chance. Make the most of the freedom allowed to students. Go abroad and do the things you will never do again. And if you end up rotting in a jail in Finland or Morocco, you will at least have the consolation of having led a full life!

Sing-Song

College Singers are again practising like mad, this time for their summer concert in the Fellows' Garden on June 18th. They are an exclusive group, being all good singers, but since many undergraduates have never heard them, appreciation and enjoyment of their music is rather limited.

After a pleasing rendering of one of William Byrd's four Masses in Chapel two weeks ago, they have returned to madrigals, inspired strains of which drift from the Choral Rooms in No. 4.

Their programme this time includes two more Monteverdi madrigals, in Italian; two early 16th century songs by Thomas Tomkins, and several other madrigals, including a John Dowland. The effort which Anthony Tallow devotes to Singers' concerts has produced charming results. The entertainment in the Fellows' Gardens should be equally delightful.

Sam Logan seemed to be having fun, driving up and down the course to see that all was in order. Everything was, funny enough!

Getting out in the sunshine was the order of the day on Sunday and the Silver Strand seemed to be one of the most popular spots. Tim Boyd Maunsell, resting after his gruelling experience in the D.U. hill climb, threw a tennis ball at Martin Mahony all afternoon to get in some fielding practice, but Jemma Pringle couldn't even summon up enough energy to go in for a swim. Every so often the Kirwan family would come trekking over the dunes, closely pursued by Paddy Knox Peebles.

Over at the Colamore Hotel in Dalkey, blue-eyed Tessa Blackall held a dance, attended by a motley crew of Singers, Medicals and Mod. Langers. Brendan Devlin mused over a bottle of stout in the bar, and Billy Porter—chief taster at St. James's Gate—grinned approvingly. Raucous voiced Alec Stewart handed round false noses to everyone, but Anthony Tatlow refused to be drawn into the game and sat out with Malcolm Boyden, Californian Sara Esgate smiled benignly at friend Connie Chandler (tartan clad) dancing with kilted Alec Smith. Dave Nowlan tried to get Jeanna Woods to star in his revue which, as rumour hath it, is due to open next week. Lorna Rust and Brendan Haythornthwaite sang madrigals in the corner, while Ruth, Tessa's sister, celebrated passing her finals in fine style by proving to be the belle of the ball.

TOasted OR ROasted?

Noel Coward once said: "Though the English are effete, they are quite impervious to heat and in tropical climes there are certain times of day when the citizens retire, to tear their clothes off and perspire," but the Englishman or even the Irishman thinks the natives are quite nuts in avoiding the sun's sultry and ultra-violet rays. At the first hint of sun we rush off to buy sunglasses, sun oils, and suitable apparel in which to welcome the summer heat.

Whether we bake our bodies in College Park or on the Riviera Plage, the discomfort is equally acute.

Ants become the least of our troubles, bitten and itching we move restlessly trying to ease a situation that is nothing short of intolerable discomfort. In the South of France we with the lily white bodies are envious of the chocolate coloured natives and so quantities of oil are poured over our fast reddening limbs. Sand mixed with oil is rather like a dry clean with steel wool. Midnight finds us writhing and muttering condemnations about the "burn proof" oil.

The next day a gallon of olive oil and half a dozen lemons are purchased regardless of precious francs. Half-an-hour later, smelling something like a sardine and essence of lemons, we fling ourselves into the sand, taking the precaution of selecting a nice shady spot. A compot of vinegar soaked rag gives us a little relief that evening. Dancing is out of the question, the merest whisper of a touch sends us screaming for the vinegar cloths.

Your fourteen days are at an end and feeling rather like a coloured equal of Ertha Kitt we leave for colder climes. Walking along the street we are amazed to find we are only one of many similarly tinted humans; surely they can't have become so delectably dusky in College Park? Too true, the sun does shine elsewhere other than Cannes. Rather disgusted we decided there and then to sun bathe in Zürs next Christmas instead!

"Molem."

"A MAIDEN'S VOW"

Or a Mediaeval Fragment from the German

Meanwhile, in the jousting-ground, sixteen knights had appeared at the summons of the baron's bugle. Feutring their lances, they charged, screaming with fury, at the insolent challenger. But Baron Brenckenwasselbrüder's reply was to brandish his ponderous battleaxe on high, while he roared out his savage warcry: "Gesonders gemütlichkeit!" The next instant he fell on the valiant sixteen, and carved them into scalloped venison with his axe. A brave feat, e'en though 'twas performed by as arrant a villain as insulted a lady. Meanwhile, the Margrave and his beauteous offspring had reached the eight hundred and forty-sixth stair.

Now, at the Baron's summons, there appeared a new challenger. This was the celebrated Walter von Tätigkeit, Grand Master of the Teutonic Knights. This lecherous creature was notorious for his fiendish and unknightly tricks. It was clear that he had covered himself with excrement from the castle cesspit in the vain hope that the unwholesome odour would daunt the bold Baron. But this dastardly ruse failed as it deserved; his trusty steed revolted at the unchivalrous scheme, and hurled the Knight of Tätigkeit back into the cesspit, which lay still uncovered by the tilting-ground. Such, as we have remarked before, is the mutability of human affairs. At this point the Margrave and his lady-daughter had reached the seven hundred and third stair. How her little heart did palpitate!

"Gesonders gemütlichkeit!" roared our Hörgermeiner again. "What vile miscreant dares to combat the greatest lance in the Empire?" "I do," bellowed a voice of thunder. "Who art thou?" cried the Baron. "Burckhardt of Geburtstag, Sovereign Lord of Drangachosten. Prepare to meet thy doom, felon knave!!!" At these words, a monstrous figure appeared. Sixteen feet in height, and broad in proportion, he bore no other weapon but a fully-grown pine-tree, torn up by the roots from the forest of Riga. He was mounted on a giant auroch, or buffalo. "Gesonders gemütlichkeit!" cried Hörgermeiner in a small and tremulous voice.

"Dirndl Juchereasssa!!!", growled Burckhart of Geburtstag, and dug his spurs into the auroch.

The two champions hurtled towards each other. The ground trembled. Three vultures wheeled overhead. The crowd held its breath, pondering on the mutability of human affairs.

At the crucial moment, both riders swerved and missed each other. Hörgermeiner pulled up with a screech of hooves, while Buckhardt of Geburtstag, unable to stop, tore on; out of the lists, up the road past the post-office, over the bridge, and on, ever on, fair readers, until he disappeared into the heart of the forest.

The Margrave and his daughter had slid down the bannisters to the two hundredth stair.

Hörgermeiner raised his visor and gazed ferociously upon the herd of rustics. "Do ye recognise me as

champion and groom of the Lady Hamelyn?" he demanded. The common sort threw their hats in the air and acclaimed the unscrupulous baron. "I shall count: one, two, three, and on 'three' I shall be unchallenged champion, God wot."

At this point, Burckhardt of Geburtstag re-appeared in the lists at a great speed. Again, however, he was unable to stop, and tore off the pitch, and so towards the meadows by the river. Few people troubled to notice this ridiculous incident, so undignified, and yet so typical of the period, when manners had not reached the delicate polish of modern times. A resounding splash in the distance aroused little or no surprise.

Baron Brenckenwasselbrüder began to count. "One." My lord the Margrave and the Lady Hamelyn tore down to the sixty-first stair.

Brenckenwasselbrüder: "Two."

The Margrave and my lady rolled to the bottom of the stairs, and flew with elastic tread across the drawbridge. At this most inauspicious moment, the Baron shrieked out: "Thr . ." but before he could finish the fatal syllogism, "Stop!" cried a manly, forthright voice; and a new figure rode into the lists.

If my reader be of the gentle sex, I need not explain why a becoming blush mantled the cheek of the lovely Hamelyn. A swift glance from the eyes of the newcomer penetrated to her heart, and she cast down her lashes with the modesty proper to maidenhood. It was Hermanric of Gueldres, her lover!

Hermanric of Gueldres threw back his fair clust'ring curls from his noble forehead, and laughed right merrily. "Baron Brenckenwasselbrüder, thou art a felon knight. Yon maid is my affianced bride. Touch her not!" The baron paled at these words, for he had the fear the wicked ever have for Good, but he replied: "Too late, my fine cockerel, she is now mine, heh, heh."

"No, she is mine."

"Shut up, you cissy, she's mine."

"She's mine, and feins to you."

At this moment there was heard a thundering of hooves, and Burckhardt of Geburtstag appeared on his auroch, dripping wet. "She is mine, hounds!" he roared.

"Mine, you mean," called out Walter of Tätigkeit from the cess-pit.

"I can now reveal to you," said Father Buffo, "that she is really the illegitimate child of King . . ."

At this juncture the Castle cook, Siegbert, appeared, grabbed Hamelyn, and made off with her, throwing down a parchment before the assembled company. Picking it up, the Margrave realised that the unhappy, misguided young person had been secretly married to Siegbert for the past month. The document was a marriage certificate signed by Count Hochritter, the Imperial Chancellor. Imagine the amazement of the suitors of Father Buffo, and of her revered father, the Margrave of Burgengrosserstadt!!

But such, as the philosopher saith, is the mutability of human affairs.

Theo. Election

The following officers and Committee have been elected for the 128th session, 1957-1958: Auditor, W. J. Marshall, Sch.; Hon. Secretary, D. J. Kerr; Hon. Treasurer, W. McC. Johnston; Hon. Librarian, J. J. Johnston, Mod.B.A.; Committee: A. A. Johns, R. D. Baker, R. W. Toase, T. V. Stoney, B.A. (Oxon.), Library Committee: E. W. Nicholson, B. D. A. Hannon, V. S. Young.

Review

THE CARNIVAL

The "Carnival of Nations," after two successful shows in the Mansion House, finally closed with a repeat performance in the Gas Co. Theatre. The producer, Mr. Kaminski; the cast, the back stage boys and the compère, Kevan Johnson, are to be highly commended for their hard work in producing the show.

Although almost all the items suffered through being under-rehearsed, the presentation on the whole was very pleasing. Lighting was used with good effect, and the compère did an excellent job in filling in between the scenes.

The Swedish girls, who came after a quiet opening scene by the Mexicans, overcame their initial nervousness by good, clear singing. The soloist admirably kept the group together. The American contribution was rather weak, and the Irish act provided nothing out of the ordinary, but was an improvement over previous years. The Malayans repeated their effective "Candlelight Dance" and proved a hot favourite in the popularity poll. The French act was entertaining, if only for the amount of people on the stage and a dog which appropriately barked in the right places. The Greek act was very well received by the audience, for, like the Poles, the Greeks possess a tremendous enthusiasm in the portrayal of their national songs and dances.

The final item from the West Indies stole the show by the rendering of calypsos with all the natural verve and enthusiasm of these happy people.

The result of the competition for the best act was as follows: 1. West Indies; 2. Malaya; 3. Poland; 4. Greece.

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SPORTS NEWS

Cricket

Change of Fortune

Captain's Best Innings of Season

CRICKET in the international field has been as depressing as could be, but Trinity went some way in restoring our spirit when they defeated Phoenix on Saturday by 3 wickets. It was their first success of the season, and truly merited.

The foundation of victory was laid on Friday, when Phoenix were contained to no more than 88 for the loss of half their wickets. Then Trinity had fielded with a new zest—Sutton seizing the ball with relish at forward short leg—and bowled with far greater accuracy and control of length. The only fly in their ointment was Pigott, a small man who has the virtue of using his feet. It seems a commonplace thing to say that this enables him to get to the pitch of the ball and to defend and attack with great surety, but in these days of leaden-footed batsmanship from the England XI downwards, it is a point to be emphasised. Both Wilson and Pratt—albeit they put on 50 runs for the first wicket—were far too prone to standing at the crease hanging their hats out at the ball. In this way they made an opening attack look a great deal more formidable than it was. The danger is that with a bat held at nearly 90 degrees to the ground, the chances of putting up catches in the shore leg area are vastly increased. So much for fundamentals.

From the Trinity viewpoint, Saturday continued Friday's heartening picture. Despite the firm wicket, Harkness was just doing enough to occasionally beat the bat. Drewery, pushing the ball through a little faster, kept driving the batsman on to the back foot. When he did pitch the ball up, then Pigott was able to get it away, generally in the mid-wicket country. It was there he reached 50 with a single. After indulging in some late cutting off Dawson, he was eventually caught off the captain, who mesmerised the tail, nagging at their off-stump.

Trinity opened with the new partnership of Wilson and Pratt. Fifty-four was their worth, and it must have justified Dawson's decision. Neither were at their happiest; Wilson outside the off stump, and Pratt playing forward indecisively with the edges of his bat. Time brought confidence. Wilson looked most elegant driving off the back foot, and Pratt hooked anything short. His weakness is a tendency to play outside the ball. His defence would be surer for moving inside, instead of beating a retreat to square leg. Wilson was first to go, beaten playing forward to Graham. Foster came and went. Luck never runs with a batsman out of form, and after driving Graham handsomely past extra cover for four, he was caught and bowled off one the bowler held back a little bit. His departure, and Boucher's coming on to bowl, ushered in collapse. The hitherto more reliable middle batsmen could muster no more than two runs between them. Fate seemed to have turned sternly against Trinity when Mostert was run out. Dawson then arrived to play his best innings of the season. Finding a patient partner in Drewery, he faced the task of collecting the remaining 50 runs to win with determination, getting right out to the pitch of the ball. Although beaten on the forward stroke occasionally, these two never wavered, subduing bowlers who had sensed victory. The pendulum swung the other way once more, and after Commons, spectators came just in time to applaud the victory, and a captain's innings.

(This article was prepared before England's remarkable recovery, and references to the international scene should be read in that light.—Editor).

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Rowing

REVENGE

Last Friday, rowing well within themselves, the Senior VIII had their revenge on the Portora Senior crew. The race, rowed at noon, over a six-minute course, was always exciting. Trinity struck 35 off the start against Portora's 36, and after half a minute appeared to have a lead of a canvas. At the half-way mark Trinity had the lead of half a length, striking 32. Portora were now rating 35. Rounding the last bend Portora spurted in an effort to reduce Trinity's lead, but Trinity had an answer and continued to draw away to gain a well merited win over this strong Portora crew by a little more than a length.

Tennis

GILL CUP RETAINED

Ladies' Victory

THE ladies' tennis team completed a summer trio of Dublin University victories over University College when they retained the Gill Cup for the second year. They join the gentlemen golfers and water-polo players who had defeated U.C.D. earlier in the term. They triumphed by seven matches to two.

Our correspondent with the team writes that despite the seemingly superior margin of the final scores, which was identical to last year, the match was closely contested. Miss A. Dowley and Miss J. Lavan were engaged in gruelling three-set struggles, where fine match temperament—fierce concentration allied to endless determination—gave them the edge over players of equal skill. It was a disappointment to see Miss Horsley, Trinity's leading player, humbled comparatively easily in two straight sets by Miss O'Sullivan. Unfortunately, she could find no form at all, and what was anticipated as an extremely close match developed into a one-sided victory. This was counterbalanced by the fairly comfortable victories of Miss Kennedy, Miss Barton and Miss Ritchie.

Having established a winning five to one lead in the singles, Trinity took the double to 2-1. Miss O'Sullivan, with her partner, was again too strong, and they took the top match without difficulty. Again Trinity's second and third strings restored the balance.

The results justify the optimism expressed in these columns last week, and we hope, with Miss Horsley returning to form, the team will continue in this vein.

The draw for the ladies' singles championship has now taken place. The seeded players are: Miss Horsley (1) (holder), Miss Dowley (2), Miss Kitchie (3), Miss Barton (4). However, the level of play amongst team members is so even that the declaration of the seeding committee could well be upset.

Graduate

One of the virtues of this College is that its sports clubs are undemanding in summer. They seem to realise that all of us have our shortcomings, and we refuse to be put to vigorous ruling. So we may find even the more eminent gentlemen among us black-listed for some tardy payment or other. But all is settled with customary good humour. Likewise, we all go and try to play tennis in the Bay, and play we will till someone demands our subscription. Happily, we are expected to be neither good at playing nor at paying. So anyone can turn out for the Ramblers if he signs the board and provided he has no objection to being bowled neck and crop first ball by some lad in knickerbockers and hardly the height of a cricket bat.

Let us make the most of these days. There is neither questioning nor answering. When you go down, there will be much of the former and little chance for the latter. A first-class Mod. will be of no value to scale the heights surrounded by the clogging atmosphere of the "club." A letter couched in the most respectable terms will in no way open a door, unless you have a member personally known to you on the other

side. But that is unlikely. If you do finally persuade someone to propose you, to second you, to vote for you, your worries are not ended. You will need a cheque-book, a bank balance and a good flow of change at the nineteenth hole. After a number of years studying the rules of membership, you may be invited to complete a four at bridge, to mark at billiards, to attend the annual dinner. You may then arrive at actually playing the game you want. Even then we doubt if you will enjoy it as you used. When you called "out" as your opponent's ace kicked up the chalk, and he went on to serve a double, it was all in the day's play, and you served a double at the other end. Now you must be careful lest you irritate some and are brought before the judicial council for such flagrant disregard of sportsmanship. A form of disguised watching and informing has entered the precincts of leisure.

When all this started we cannot say. We suspect it was under way by 1583. It may well have been the case that Sir Francis Drake finished his game of bowls, not in defiance of the Armada, but in humble subservience to the laws of his club. No wonder he went away to sea.

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Water Polo

THE ZENITH

Trinity Senior Water Polo team has reached the highest place in the league ever attained before in post-war polo.

Out of ten matches, Trinity won six, drew two and lost two.

The team's performance is more than worthy of commendation when one realises that three of the players—Williamson, Sharpe and O'Brien-Kelly—have never played senior water-polo before this season.

Last Thursday in their final match, Trinity beat Pembroke 4-1.

In the first half, Trinity pressed continually, but it was Pembroke who scored in a breakaway. Trinity were losing 1-0 at half-time, but in the second half Trinity scored four goals without reply, E. Skelly (3) and J. Sharpe (1) being the goal scorers.

On Monday, June 10th, D.U.S.C. hold their annual gala in Iveagh Baths at 7.30. The programme includes swimming and water polo against United Hospitals, London, for the "Gink" Cup, and there should be a very thrilling contest.

May Fete

At the annual May Fête at Trinity Hall for the Dublin University Missions, the American tennis tournament attracted a record entry of 54 competitors. Either the weather or the prizes, which were kindly presented by Miss Hilary Barton, may have been responsible for this. The prize-winners were: Mr. A. Rogers partnered by Miss McClure, and Mr. Bonar-Law and Miss Davis, runners-up. The booby prize went to Mr. Holland and Miss S. Harris, followed by Mr. W. Moore and Miss J. Welsh.

Stepaside Rally

Although the annual hill climb held at Stepaside under superb conditions last Saturday was sponsored by the D.U.M.C. with the L.C.C., the surprising feature was the absence of Trinity motorists. Of the 28 drivers, one, Mr. Ian Grieve, had to withdraw before the start, leaving Mr. Tim Maxwell, driving a Fiat 1100, the only College competitor. He was unplaced. It seems that the undergraduate interest was completely non-existent, and the marshalls of the course outnumbered students. Either the inviting cool of the sea or the disturbing events in Italy kept Trinity motoring enthusiasts away.

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