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# Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

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

Vol. V—No. 12

THURSDAY, 13th MARCH, 1958

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## BULGE BATTLE BEGINS

### D.U.C.A.C. Proposes

THE Board's Committee considering the expansion of student numbers has now completed its enquiries, and its Secretary, Mr. G. W. P. Dawson, told "Trinity News" that a report will shortly be available. The results of the recent reading-room survey will be included, as well as reports from such bodies as D.U.C.A.C. and the Coffee Bar Committee.

The main requirement of D.U.C.A.C. in the event of a substantial increase in the numbers at Trinity would be another playing field of about four or five acres.

The Rugby Club and the Cricket Club are already limited in their fixture arrangements, whilst the Association Football Club are handicapped by not having the use of a pitch for home matches on Saturdays. With the price of land at around £1,000 per acre within a reasonable distance from College and suitable pitches not available for renting on Saturdays, D.U.C.A.C. have proposed that the Board's Bulge Committee should consider recommending that the second field at Trinity Hall for use of men's clubs be developed and rented at a reasonable figure.

The warden sees no objection apparently, but the cost of enlarging the changing hut would be about £750-

£1,000, while the extra labour entailed would cost £3 per week.

The equipment grants now standing at about £1,660 would have to be increased by at least £500 should numbers rise by 50 per cent. The chief complaint of D.U.C.A.C. is that the grant is fixed at £3,000 p.a. regardless of any increase in numbers paying the capitation fee.

The women's Cricket and Hockey Clubs are capable of supporting a 50 per cent. increase, and little difficulty is expected by the Tennis Club.

Serious congestion, however, might arise if numbers increased considerably at the squash court. A new court, complete with balcony and lobby, would cost £2,750. D.U.C.A.C. also warns that a second extra sports pitch and an extra £1,000 equipment grant would be required if numbers increased by 100 per cent.

### TRINITY HAS MUSCLE CLUB

#### Undergraduate is Mr. Apollo

A small but enterprising band of enthusiasts has been responsible for the development of Trinity's latest sports group, the weight-lifting association, which is now a section of the Athletics Club. Already this group can boast twenty members and a range of barbell equipment valued at over fifty pounds.

On Monday, Wednesday and Friday, the muscle-builders can be seen performing in the gym. Some of the more advanced members can lift 350 pounds in the "squat" position, or 200 pounds in what is technically known as a "bench press." One member of the club, Freshman Leo Halliday, has already won some recognition in body-building circles, and can boast the impressive title of Mr. Under-21 Apollo, 1956.

"Trinity News" interviewed one of the brains behind this new organisation, Mr. A. Thompson, a Junior Sophister Natural Scientist. Mr. Thompson shrugged his powerful shoulders when our reporter congratulated him on his enterprise. He stressed that the activities of the club were carried on in a scientific fashion, and that "archaic" methods of weight training were not employed.

He pointed out that the value of weight training had been appreciated by Mr. Cyril White, the newly-appointed Athletics coach. Mr. White now recommends weight-lifting to his charges in

the Athletic Club, and Mr. Thompson told us that his club's equipment was now in use almost every evening in the week.

Further members of the club would be welcome, it appears. Mr. Thompson emphasised, however, that the club does not supply free leopard skins to those who join.

#### Jobs for the Boys

The list of vacation work jobs so far gained by the Irish Students' Association for Irish students appeared on Front Gate on Monday last. The list contains 500 jobs, of which 180 are for Trinity people. Mr. Noel Igoe informs us that these jobs will be distributed to-day in the S.R.C. rooms in No. 4, between 2.15 and 4.0 p.m. Apparently, cannery jobs are not on the list, but some are available, including "vac" work handled by the English National Union of Students. Mr. Igoe asks us to tell Trinity students not to go to Newman House for jobs, as this will disrupt the allocation system.

SPECULATION regarding a possible extension to the coffee bar was stimulated this week by the news that the College architect had been surveying the building.

A "Trinity News" reporter visited Professor Furlong, the Chairman of the Coffee Bar Committee, to ask him for his comments, and was told that while nothing had been yet decided by the committee, two ideas had been put forward which might come into effect next term. The committee will meet again to-day to discuss these proposals.

The first suggestion is that Botany Bay, or at least part of it, should be transformed into a French-style coffee courtyard. The drinks would be purchased in the present premises and, if the weather was fine, carried outside where tables and chairs would be set beside the tennis courts.

The second concerned the possible erection of a refreshment tent in College Park during summer functions there.

Mr. Furlong emphasised that these were only ideas which the Coffee Bar Committee might put forward to the Standing Committee; and added that the matter was relevant to the "Bulge." Even at the present time the accommodation in the coffee bar was insufficient and the position would obviously get worse.

"Trinity News" invites suggestions on these two proposals, and will be glad to pass on any comments to the Coffee Bar Committee.

### NEW STEP AGAINST DISEASE

#### Course in Radio Isotope Technique

Applications have already been received for the newly instituted course in the application of radio isotope technique which will take place in July next in the Physics Department. Dr. C. F. G.

be graduates and almost all will not be Trinity men. Dr. Delaney explained to our reporter that isotope technique was of particular importance in medicine, and that a knowledge of the technique would be of assistance in work on brain tumours and the thyroid gland. Dr. Delaney also mentioned that some of the equipment for the course, including geiger counters, had already arrived. The course is being financed by Trinity Trusts, who have granted £1,200 towards the cost of equipment.

Dr. E. T. S. Walton, the Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy, also feels that the use of radio-active isotopes "opens great and immediate possibilities in medicine, where they are already used for better diagnosis and treatment in some diseases, and in agriculture and industry." In his view, "its use must lead to improvements in the control of diseases in humans, plants, and animals, to the introduction of new products and to reductions in the costs of agricultural and industrial goods necessary for increased standards of living."

#### DEATH OF DR. E. SCHAYER

"Trinity News" regrets to announce the death of Dr. E. Schayer, Assistant to the Professor of German. An Obituary appears on page 3 of this issue.

Richard Sney, A.I.B.P.

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**QUO VADIS?**

THE appearance of the last issue of "Trinity News" for this term might be considered a suitable occasion for a general consideration of the justification for, and the ideal policy of, such a publication. This sort of analysis is, of course, no novelty in the pages of university journals, but it is in many ways desirable that those who are responsible for the production of college papers should have some conception of what they are attempting to do. Too often, for example, one gets the impression that Editors are merely trying to reproduce a traditional pattern in their particular paper, without having considered whether or not the particular traditional pattern needs revision or complete rejection.

The main function of a paper of this nature must quite obviously be that of providing information. "Trinity News" has an important task to perform in this direction. It is vitally important that, for instance, the front square arts man should have some understanding of new developments in the scientific departments. If a college paper, therefore, succeeds in persuading one person in college that his particular subject is not the only one in which developments take place, that his sports club is not the only one in existence, that something does happen at major society meetings; or even that there are other social circles besides his own, then it is certainly worth producing.

Such statements as these will almost undoubtedly bring forth the comment that "Trinity News" takes itself too seriously, and it is certainly easy to exaggerate the importance of one's own publication. Surely, however, it is essential that a paper such as this should regard its task as serious and important: if the rest of the paper is to be regarded by the Editors as padding around a gossip column, there can be no justification for its perpetuation. Taking oneself seriously, however, does not mean that news should be presented with a uniform solemnity. That policy may or may not be successful in the case of, say, the London "Times," but in a university paper invariably appears ludicrous.

The greatest danger facing a university newspaper is, however, that it may become the mouthpiece of a pressure group. While it is inevitable that Editors should tend to reflect their own views in what they write, nevertheless, there can be no justification for using the paper as a propaganda sheet for, say, a particular society. Often, too, one feels that a "campaign" against some feature in college life is inspired not so much by a genuine desire to alter the existing situation, but as a suitable method of pushing up the circulation without having to go to the trouble of collecting news items. Ideally, therefore, the paper should be informative and disinterested, without being sensational or uninterested. Unfortunately, the ideal is very rarely, if ever, achieved.

**Profile:**

**W. B. CLARKE (Sch.)**

*Captain of the Golf Club*

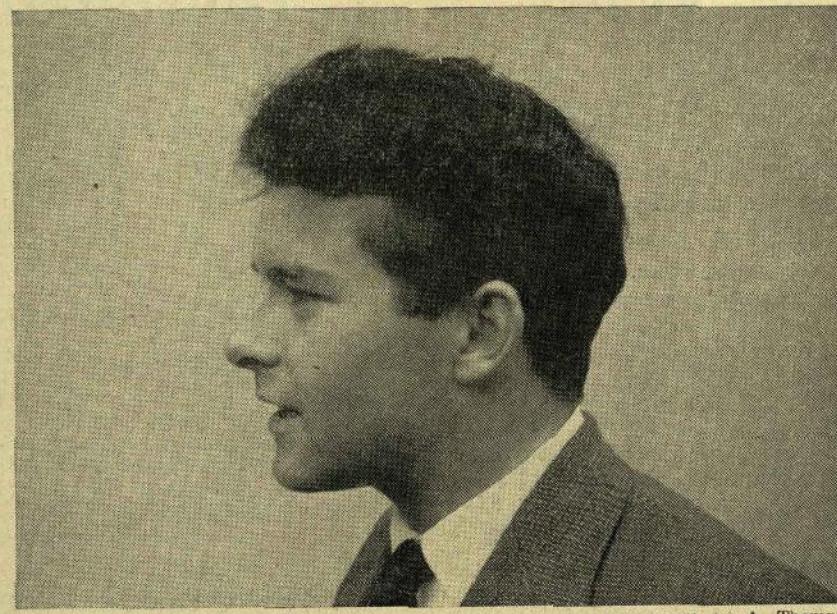
William Brian Clarke, of many aliases, was born in Dublin in August, 1937. Since that date, his life, both by compulsion and by choice, has been one of adventure.

At an early age he accompanied his family to Burma, where his father was a civil engineer. In 1942, as a result of the Japanese invasion, he left the country in the belly of a Blenheim bomber. The rest of his happy and mischievous boyhood was spent hunting birds, with a cross-bow of his own making, in the idyllic surroundings of Simla.

In 1949, Brian returned home to achieve some smattering of education in

He entered College with a handicap of 14. Since then this handicap has been steadily whittled down so that it now stands at five, and he is now the proud possessor of a pink. His golfing ability, coupled with commonsense and the ability to get on with people, have earned him the secretaryship and, finally, the captaincy of the Golf Club.

Although Brian is the premier golfer of his year, it is not his only game. In fact, every game, worthy or unworthy of the name, is included in his repertoire—stretching from marbles upwards. He is not even content with conventional



Photograph by A. Thompson.

Mountjoy School, Dublin, from which he emerged a Junior Exhibitioner and a sizar in Experimental Science.

During his first two years in College we heard little of Brian, who was living at home, working occasionally and, more important, steadily improving his golf.

As was expected, the Clarke power of concentration in all things resulted in his election to a Foundation Scholarship in 1956. Since then his academic career has continued in the same vein—honours gained by a moderate period of well planned and concentrated work. Thus there is every possibility that Brian, who is now in his final year, will emerge with a First in Experimental Physics.

Even with such a record, it is primarily as a golfer that Brian excels.

games but turns his natural inventiveness to devising games which may use golf clubs, dictionaries, table tennis balls, waste paper baskets or even chairs.

As may be gathered, there is still a lot of the boy in Brian. The elements of boyhood which still persist, and one hopes they will continue to do so for many a long day, are those which make a boy so likeable—effervescence of spirit, good humour, a mischievous grin, and the ability to take you as he finds you.

These attributes, coupled with commonsense and abilities in many spheres, make Brian both an amusing and a sound physicist, a good companion and a sportsman of no small merit.

**I was There—**

**At the Hist. Inter-Debate**

The Hist. held their most important function of the year last week, when delegates from five debating societies in Great Britain attended the Biennial Inter-Debate of the Society. I was most interested to compare this debate with that of the Phil. the previous week. It seemed to me as I considered the participating universities that the Hist. had followed their previous custom in sending invitations to those old-established strongholds of debating which are now being accused of introversion and decay, while most of the Phil.'s guests were from those comparatively recent societies vigorously striving to establish their reputation.

The motion, "That castles in the air are not worth defending," was as vague as the most irrelevant debater could desire. The speeches were extremely varied in style; those seeking a serious discussion of the value of high ideals must have appreciated the careful reasoning of the Scotsmen, Strachan and Bradley, while the Oxford and Cambridge Union Presidents obviously pleased that larger part of the audience who preferred witticism and proficient rhetoric.

Mr. Strachan of Edinburgh Speculative Society gave the debate a good start with a serious consideration of the principles involved in the building of castles in the air. His use of the antiquated terms of Whig and Tory politics, unfortunately, marred his effectiveness.

Mr. Tuson of Durham was extremely successful in combining humour and serious argument in the correct proportions. This made his speech to me the best of the evening. He won the attention of his audience by his opening remarks, and then held it by clear-headed argument.

The Auditor, Mr. Sides, showed an understandable but disappointing lack of preparation. He differentiated between ideals, an essential for everyone, and "castles in the air," which are, in Mr. Strachan's phrase, "the dreams of a neurotic."

Mr. Fairbairn was extremely polished in delivery, and told at least one very amusing if irrelevant story. He made his

speech on what, I suspect, to be his favourite thesis irrespective of any motion, the dangerous dependence of the modern world upon science as an all-knowing oracle.

Opinion was sharply divided after the debate on the merits of Mr. Athulathmudali and Mr. Norman-Butler, repetitive Presidents of the Oxford and Cambridge Union Societies. Mr. Norman-Butler, nephew of the British Home Secretary, in particular gave an extremely accomplished display of rhetorical skill which earned a deserved ovation. His talents should, however, have been directed towards the motion, his witticism being continuously irrelevant. The art of debating seems here to be employed only "for art's sake" and by thus divorcing itself from reality runs the grave danger of uselessness and extinction.

Mr. Bradley of Glasgow had the distinction of being singled out by the Chairman, Noel Hartnett, for the thoughtful sincerity of his speech. He firmly believed that such noble ideals as world peace and the alleviation of poverty should be considered not as Utopian visions but aims attainable by personal dedication.

Dr. McDowell was the attraction at the end of the evening. After several apologies concerned with his late appearance and confused arguments, he gave his inimitable speech in which original lines of thought tumbled over one another to find expression.

Returning to my initial comparison, honours were about even between the two debates. If Oxford and Cambridge can turn their oratorical ability to more realistic discussion before it is too late, they could regain their supremacy once unquestioned, but now surpassed by Glasgow and threatened by many others, including Trinity.

When the motion had been defeated, Mr. Noel Hartnett concluded the debate in an extremely vehement and sincere appeal to the universities of Ireland to realise their deficiencies and live up to their responsibilities. His familiar but effective tirade challenged hypocrisy and apathy in every walk of Irish life.

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**Letter**

**to the Editor**

S.R.C.

Sir,—May I congratulate you on your leading article on March 6th which outlined so well a situation which should occupy the mind of every Trinity student. It is not surprising that in an era when aathy is so fashionable that the solution to this important problem of representation has eluded the most enthusiastic democrats and leaders.

It should be apparent to all that no progress can be made simply by criticising the major societies and the Junior Dean. It has never been the function of these parties to provide the rest of College with what it is too lazy to provide for itself—a students' representative council. Rather the Junior Dean should be congratulated on realising the need for such a body and taking some concrete action to see that justice is done. Supposedly, it is the intention of the Junior Dean to withdraw from the present council when sufficient preliminary organisation has been completed and it will then be the responsibility of the students to maintain what is, after all, an organisation worth maintaining.

If, however, any interest is to be aroused, the present council will have to show some signs of life and I suggest that this would best be done by holding a democratic election so that the interests of all on future operations could be made known and laid down in a proper constitution.

D. W. Piel.

# Music Supplement

## The Halle Centenary

By Sir John Barbirolli

At the conclusion of the opening concert of the Centenary season on October 16th last, one of those moments of undying satisfaction—impossible to put into words—filled my heart and mind. I tried to leave the platform, my orchestra, and the crowded eager faces of the audience, to return to the quietness of my room for a few minutes of solitude with my emotions.

The audience that evening had other ideas and, as frequently happens on such occasions, "a few words" had to be said. After thanking the audience for their wonderful reception of our efforts, I said, quite simply, "The natural eloquence of the occasion itself has robbed me of any eloquence I may have ever possessed." Remembering that as a speaker I have a répertoire of rarely being at a loss for words, this was probably one of the shortest speeches of my life, but perhaps one of the most heartfelt.

On January 30th, 1858, Charles Halle conducted the first of his "Grand Orchestral Concerts" in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester. Not many days ago, on January 30th, 1958, I conducted the Orchestra that still proudly bears the name of its founder whose mantle Providence had destined me to inherit, in the Centenary concert at the Free Trade Hall. (Not the same building—the original hall was destroyed during the war bombing, and rebuilt in 1951.)

Curiously enough, the greatest programme problem of the whole centenary season was to find a worthy one for this centenary commemoration. To reproduce the facsimile of the first programme was out of the question. To begin with, it would have been far too long for such an occasion, and, even more important, musically unworthy; so a search began in my mind for what might prove both worthy and apposite. The *Freischütz* Overture, the first piece that the orchestra ever played, selected itself, for it is at all times a magnificent opening to any programme. The great B flat Concerto of Brahms suggested itself as an act of homage to Halle the pianist, allied to the fact that he played its first performance here not long after it appeared. As soloist, a British pianist was indicated since this was a national occasion, and as Clifford Curzon is one of the supreme interpreters of this masterpiece at the present time, this choice presented no difficulty. For the crown of the concert, again owing to the unique occasion, a British composer of the right calibre

seemed obvious; but not so obvious was the choice. It suddenly dawned on me lying in hospital (where most of these programmes originated) that Elgar's First Symphony was the piece.

It can rightly be called the first great British Symphony; it was given its first performance by the Halle under its then permanent conductor, Richter; and the venue was the Free Trade Hall. Surely then, no one can dispute the fitness of



Photograph courtesy Evening Mail  
SIR JOHN BARBIROLLI

this great work to express our feelings of solemnity, heavenly gratitude and exaltation on that evening of January 30th, 1958!

Within these two outstanding events in musical history there are, interwoven, several other histories involving such personalities as my predecessors (the past permanent conductors of this Orchestra), Charles Halle, Hans Richter and Hamilton Harty. Also the great composers such as Wagner, Strauss, Elgar and Sibelius, who have shared their fortunes (and misfortunes) with the Halle Orchestra.

A glimpse into the past reveals that among the soloists who appeared with Halle were such names as Clara Butt,

Clara Novello, Grieg (conducting his A Minor Piano Concerto with Halle as soloist), Paderewski, Brodsky (who played the first performance of the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto), and many others whose very names stir in the heart such romantic imaginations.

As I write these few words, I have just finished a rather strenuous six hours' rehearsal, the main work being Gustav Holst's suite, "The Planets," and I recall that as an impressionable youngster of twenty I played in the cello section of the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra during the first public performance of this work. It received a tremendous ovation and, after many insistent calls, Gustav Holst was brought on to the platform. He was very short and very short-sighted, with thick glasses and ill-fitting dinner jacket, with trousers so short that they revealed about six inches of glaringly red woollen socks. What a contrast from the mighty utterance was this simple, modest and seemingly adorable person. I was privileged later to come to know him more intimately, and this first impression was ever intensified and upheld. He loved "Die Fledermaus" and whenever I conducted that opera in London I would always find him chuckling away in a seat behind the conductor's desk.

In two days I shall be conducting in Switzerland and later in Holland, Scandinavia, Italy and Roumania. One of the most interesting journeys I shall make this year, though, will be during next May when I shall take the Halle Orchestra to Hagen, where Charles Halle was born. This pilgrimage will I feel, be a fitting conclusion to this wonderful year of celebration.

The visit will, of course, be more than a pilgrimage. We shall give a concert in the Town Hall, and already Herr Biederbeck, the Town Clerk of Hagen, has told me that the applications for tickets far outnumber the amount of seats available.

From Hagen we shall continue on to the Prague Spring Festival for two concerts, returning as quickly as possible to England for Festivals at Manchester, Bradford, Buxton, Harrogate and Cheltenham.

Can you wonder that the Orchestra players are looking forward to their vacation, which commences on July 20th. I hope it will prove a "Festival" holiday. Nobody will ever have deserved it more.

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## Contemporary Music and the Audience - - - By Brian Boydell

Every musical performance depends upon the co-operation of three elements: a kind of "triangle of forces" which must be carefully balanced for a really successful result. These three elements are: the composer who creates the music, the performers who play it, and the audience who listen to it—without whom all music would be pointless. Moreover, the audience usually pays the bill, so that they have a greater influence on music that you might think.

Now, although I must admit to having occasionally seen critics referring to coughing and the dropping of umbrellas, nearly all their blows are aimed at the musicians. Of course, I suppose the customer is always right, but I sometimes feel that the listeners should come in for their fair share of criticism from time to time, particularly in relation to their attitude to contemporary music.

You know, the extraordinary thing about the "modern" audience is that for the first time in the history of music it refuses to be a "modern" audience, demanding an almost exclusive diet of music written between about 1770 and 1890, whereas not much longer than a hundred years ago, people took a greater interest in the creative work of their own generation. Perhaps it is because we live in an "escapist" age, and take every opportunity of running away from the present to bury our heads in the comforting illusions of the past. There are other reasons, too—but in case you are angrily denying the truth of what I say, have a look at the posters for the average public symphony concert and you will see that all the vintage works are in bold type, while the contemporary works are usually left out altogether or just slipped in apologetically. Of course, it is only fair to recognise the fact that the art of music has been going through a period of major revolution—the modern composer

to-day is much more "modern" than his counterpart a hundred years ago, but he does crave to be taken seriously. Some people who "know what they like" (meaning, of course, that they like what they know) are largely responsible for spreading the idea that the contemporary composer has a delightfully easy job to-day—for with no rules to restrain him all he has to do is to put an assortment of crotchetts and quavers in a pepper pot, and sprinkle them over the page—or, at best, he is hopelessly involved in a sinister and colossal leg-pull. If you subscribe to such a notion, just pause to think for a moment whether you consider it feasible that a whole generation of creative artists would seriously waste their lives in subterfuge.

In these days, when most people prefer their emotions pre-digested, many of us are apt to forget that a good deal of effort is necessary to obtain the greatest enjoyment from anything worth enjoying. It is true to say that contemporary music needs rather more effort to understand that the well-worn and familiar idioms of the past. But I am quite sure that modern music could provide real enjoyment for many more than it does if only the public would face up to certain things. Firstly, contemporary music is not a fraud—composers prefer to be respected before they are well settled in their graves. Secondly, although everyone might superficially prefer a life of spoon-fed laziness, it is essential to realise that all true enjoyment is attained only through real effort. And finally, one must accept the fact that contemporary music is not the same as nineteenth century music, and although we may be brought up on the nineteenth century idiom, one must refrain from dismissing the music of to-day just because it doesn't fit into a pre-conceived picture of what music should be—based only on nineteenth century notions.

## ON BEING A MUSICIAN

JULIAN DAWSON, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M.

When you consider a career in the musical world in the same light in which you might consider a career in the business or commercial world, you cannot fail to be struck by the precariousness of a musical life, and by the many apparent disadvantages involved therein. Are there good prospects? Often very few and insubstantial. Is there financial security? Very, very rarely—and so forth. With these, and many other factors against a full-time musical life, why on earth would anyone even remotely consider taking it up? The answer is the same as that which all artists would give! That when a person has the ability and power within himself to create, it is impossible to try and ignore it, and that to leave it unused will produce the greatest frustration and confusion within that person.

Having then an innate artistic sensibility and a vital creative energy, the artist must then seek an adequate vehicle for its expression. This is no simple matter, as often an artist will have two forms of expression at war with each other to decide which is to predominate. Goethe, for example, was torn between painting and poetry, and Schiller often longed to be a composer. The task when this has been decided is to acquire a fluent technique (whether in composition or performance) which will serve as a language both personal and at the same time comprehensive. The solo instrumentalist has the hardest task here, for he must be able to re-create the composer's thought, and create an interpretation that will be his own. But he is and must be restricted by both the style and by extant information of the composer's original intentions. For to impinge his own personality on the composition can efface its intrinsic value, and implies the presumption of the performer that he is greater than the composer. Many instrumental players fall into this trap. The great test for any instrumentalist is whether or not he can play a work written in a formal strict

style, and bring it to life with vigour and freshness while still adhering to the demands of the style. Perhaps this is a test for all art, and that the greatest works are produced under the discipline of a formal style. The eighteenth century style in music was both limited and even stereotyped, and yet within it Mozart wrote works of everlasting value and beauty.

To return to the pros and cons of being a musician. The artist to-day, whether directly creative or interpretative, has a vocation of great responsibility and, I think, great potentiality. It is within the artist's power to direct and to stimulate emotional life, for good or ill. Just as Hitler can sway a vast crowd by sheer personal fire through the medium of oratory, so the musician can raise an audience to Himalayas of emotional and even spiritual ecstasies. His way is not so sensational as Hitler's way, but it gains its effect as surely and thoroughly. It is easy to imagine many eyebrows being raised at this suggestion of music, or any art, having such an important part to play in life, but when one considers the sufferings and sacrifices, the depths and the heights to which many of the great masters had to go to produce their greater works, one cannot but be both humble and deeply grateful for them. And the same can be said of great performers.

War engenders great and heroic deeds, because it calls forth a deep sense of humanity in man. Suffering in an artist begets a great work of art, for it likewise gives a deeper understanding of humanity. And if an artist has no understanding of his fellow-man, his work will be cold and uninspired.

Music is, therefore, a high calling. Often it is a very un-enviable one, demanding more than it gives. But like all life, it has descents and climaxes and points of repose. And its great advantage as a career is that the musician can rise higher (and sink lower) than many another man.

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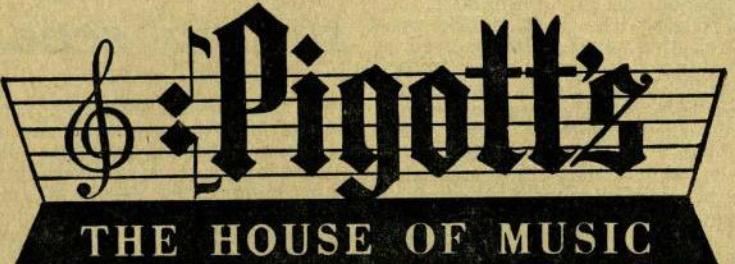
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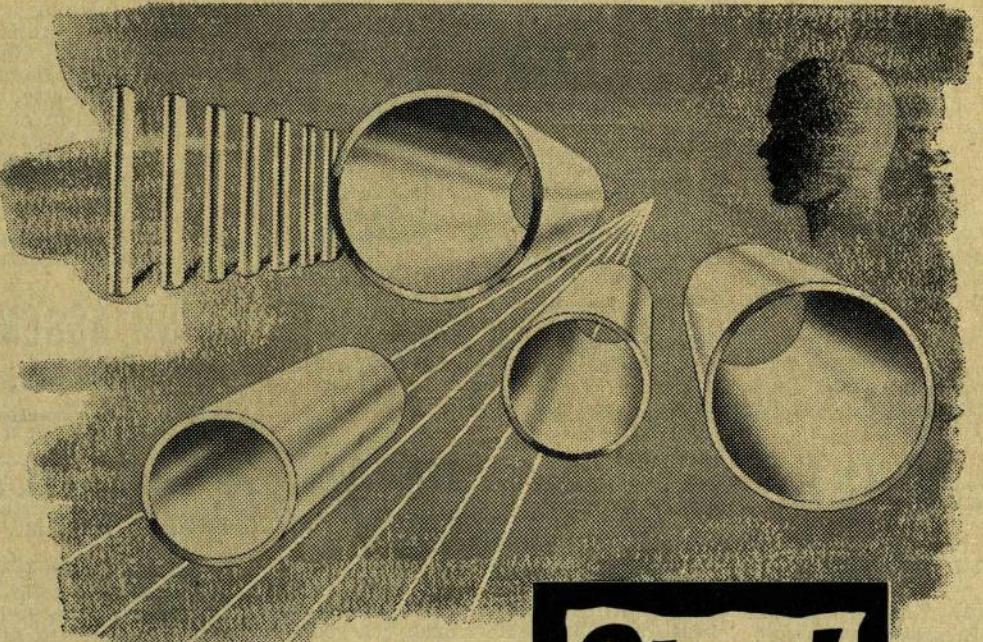
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## Music Reproduction in the Home

It is a frequent cause for regretful comment by enthusiastic musicians that people nowadays are not interested in producing music at home for their own enjoyment; instead, it is re-produced after having been stored in some such device as a gramophone record or flown through space on a radio wave. The equipment used for such reproduction is commonly known as "High Fidelity" or "Hi Fi," but we do not like the title because of late it has been degraded to just another superlative and anything one degree better than the crudest electric gramophone, and sometimes not even that, is frequently described as High Fidelity. Since this description is no longer of any assistance to the prospective purchaser, we propose to try to give him some help in making his own judgment.

The essential requirements are the sound source, an amplifier and a loudspeaker. Some form of equaliser is required with certain of the sources, or it may be part and parcel of the source; and the more elaborate outfit will probably include a pre-amplifier. The amplifier is the heart of the system, and its purpose is quite simple. The music as it is stored or flies in by radio does not contain much energy, so it must be made stronger, or "amplified," before it is changed back into sound, which is the function of the loudspeaker.

The impulses corresponding to the musical notes come from the radio tuner in an electrical form, but in the case of a gramophone record it is necessary to convert them into this form before they can be applied to the amplifier. The music is, of course, stored in a wavy line cut as a continuous spiral around the record and, as everyone knows, the record player consists of a turntable and a pick-up. As the turntable, with the record on it, moves round it draws this groove past the stylus point of the pick-up, and the wavy motion is communicated to this which, in turn, is coupled to

some device for translating these mechanical vibrations into electrical ones. The pick-up has a very exacting task, and it is an unfortunate fact that in general any measures taken to improve the perfection with which this is carried out result in less electrical energy being available from it. Thus it is necessary to interpose a pre-amplifier between it and the amplifier. The groove on the record must wave further from side to side for bass notes than for treble, and if the former were recorded at full strength the grooves would have to be so far apart that the playing time of the record would be greatly restricted. Similarly, very high treble notes might be obscured by minor irregularities in the record material, so when recording the bass notes are reduced in strength and the treble increased. On playback with a pick-up which responds equally to all notes, therefore, these differences have to be compensated for, or "equalised"; hence the equaliser.

There are two general types of pick-up: magnetic, and crystal or piezoelectric. The former basically have an even response, so they demand a pre-amplifier equaliser. Crystal types, however, have a response which rises in the bass and falls in the treble, thus they, partially at least, equalise the recording characteristic. Any further equalising can be carried out with quite simple circuits, and, since the output is higher than in the case of magnetic pick-ups, these need not provide much, if any, amplification. Unfortunately, the fidelity of even the best crystal pick-ups does not quite compare with magnetic, but, due to these two attractions, plus the fact that they cost considerably less, they are much used in all except the most advanced reproducers.

Different types and makes of record use different recording characteristics, so several different replay characteristics may be available from the equaliser. In addition, some variation in the overall tonal response may be needed to suit a particular listening room or the listener's taste, so separate bass and treble tone controls are often provided too. A volume control is another necessary addition, if only for the sake of the neighbours! Radio tuners usually need no pre-amplification or equalising, but only V.H.F./F.M. radio provides music of sufficiently high quality to justify the use of a high fidelity amplifier. Another possible sound source is magnetic tape, and "tape decks" usually come complete with the necessary pre-amplifier equaliser.

Any sort of reproducer embodies at least the first three essentials just discussed, and it is the degree of perfection with which these operate and the extra refinements, if any, which distinguish a true high fidelity outfit. Possible departures from perfection, distortion that is, can take several different forms, and most of these are open to direct, objective measurement. However, the prospective purchaser will not be able to make these measurements, and in any event it is true that in the final analysis the criterion is largely subjective. So if you are thinking of buying a reproducer, listen to it. Listen to it carefully in your own home if possible, but at least in surroundings resembling a normal living room, since it will sound very different in a shop with a hard floor and walls and a large glass window. Listen to a loud musical passage at a volume level just slightly higher than you will ever normally use. Is the sound still true and are the various instruments clearly distinguishable? At a lower volume level are the very high and very low notes still heard in correct proportion to the middle register? For really natural bass, the loudspeaker must be large and separate from the rest of the equipment, but if your purse or your room limits you to a single unit, especially a smallish table model, check very carefully that the bass is not excessively "boomy." Better a slight loss of bass generally than an enormous thump all on one note. Try a ladies' chorus, or even one strong soprano; is the sound clean or harsh? Do the same thing with a solo violin and a large string section. Listen to a piano solo and a single horn, preferably in the upper register; if the piano twangs or the horn wobbles, reject the record player, it is suffering from wow. On a very quiet passage can you hear rumble or other mechanical sounds? The record player is again at fault. Finally, lift the pick-up off the record, but do not place it on its rest, and turn all controls right up. With the ear close to the loudspeaker there should be only sufficient background hum and noise to let you know that the set is switched on.

The variety of apparatus is quite wide and there are other refinements which have not been mentioned due to lack of space, but the foregoing information should be sufficient to enable one to make a selection. You will probably not be popular with the salesmen when you start applying all these tests, but if you can select a reproducer which satisfies them and is within reach of your pocket, you need have no hesitation in purchasing it. Such may be rare, but they do exist.

A. B. CURRAN,  
By courtesy of Philips Electrical (Ireland) Ltd.

## What is Jazz?

By H. W. M. GILMORE

Surely this is a question to which there can be no definite answer. Many books have been written on the origins of jazz, especially the classic and pre-classic era 1860 to 1930 with copious references to recordings in an attempt to indicate the styles of playing, tone, improvisation, instrumentation, the trends of development and even to outline the entire subject in an attempt to define what is true jazz and what is not, who were and are the really great exponents, and whose mode of expression does not qualify them to be recognised as jazzmen.

The reader will not have to go very far before it will become increasingly apparent to him that few authors reach entire agreement on every aspect. The outstanding reason for this apparent lack of definition is the path of progress that has been followed by the jazz movement. It has been one of many branches and interminglings, and the answer to our question becomes almost entirely a matter of individual opinion and taste as to which of these branches have extended too far from the roots and stem to be any longer considered a part of the general movement, but this does not mean that some of these divergencies cannot any longer be looked upon as good music and hence be automatically discarded by the more broadminded musical listener. A good example of this immediately springs to mind in the music of Glenn Miller. His music is undoubtedly of a very high standard, a perfection in its own sphere which will probably never again be equalled even by orchestras using the original arrangements. Its roots and inspiration are unmistakably in jazz, but few people could consider it to be within the bounds of the subject.

Now let us look at an outline of the evolution of jazz and comparison of ideals in the various factions. After the Negro marching brass bands of New Orleans came the small jazz bands of five to seven pieces, typified by Joe "King" Oliver's Creole Jazz Band and Louis Armstrong's Hot Five and Hot Seven. These bands played for dancing, using, to a great extent, the popular songs of the day, many of which have now come to be accepted as "standards." Their other, and probably much more important source of material, was the Blues, a simple 12-bar chord sequence capable of an unending flow of indescribably beautiful variations in the hands of gifted jazz musicians. The musicians didn't read off written scores but improvised freely throughout or executed simple and flexible "lead" arrangements. The traditional line-up was composed of a three-part front line, consisting of a trumpet (or cornet) lead playing the melody (possibly with another cornet playing a second part as in "King" Oliver's Band) with clarinet playing an agile treble part above, and trombone filling in a glissando bass part underneath. These were backed by a two to four-piece rhythm section of piano, guitar or banjo, tuba, or plucked string bass and drums. It is interesting to note that at this time the piano's function was to produce a good, steady four-to-the-bar chordal background with an occasional solo. Later on it was pushed very much more into the front line with the development of the increased single note technique (notably by Earl Hines) until ultimately in modern jazz it has been practically completely divorced from the rhythm section, being often used for complex chords played on weaker intermediate beats, especially between soloists' phrases.

In the late twenties the swing movement was growing in New York until in the thirties it had practically extinguished the small group jazz of Chicago. Ensemble passages were carefully arranged for larger orchestras of 12 or more musicians, but scope was still left for solo improvisation by featured soloists. However, as the arrangements became tighter the degree of free improvisation was gradually reduced to nil. Here we find one of our controversies, namely, at what point does the swing movement cease to remain within the jazz field? Many contend that great orchestras, such as Ellington and Basie, have never been outside it, while others hold the view that once tight and precise arrangement is used, the music ceases to be jazz. If this were the case we could then argue that the modern jazz movement should be entirely excluded, for here we find no

ensemble improvisation which is held by the purist traditionalist to be the highest and most important aspect of jazz.

The modern jazz movement was initiated in the early forties by a small number of competent and imaginative swing musicians, notably "Dizzy" Gillespie and Charlie Parker, who outlined a style which later came to be known as bop or be-bop. From this, with various cross-influences, emerged the present day "East Coast" hot and cool styles.

It is interesting to observe that the saxophone and trumpet did not become really popular until the innovation of the swing orchestra. Armstrong did not change from cornet to trumpet until he joined Fletcher Henderson's orchestra in New York. It follows logically that whereas the saxophone is relatively unimportant in traditional jazz, it plays an important rôle in the modern idiom. However, we find that the trumpet has come to be accepted throughout the movement by all but the purest of the pure. In modern jazz the spotlight is turned from the melody to the chord sequence and from ensemble improvisation to solo improvisation. The ensemble passages in bop often consisted of two front line instruments, for example, trumpet and alto, playing the melody in unison. Later, unison was replaced by counterpoint. If more front line instruments—possibly a tenor—are added, the harmony becomes tighter. The arrangement is run through once or twice and then follows a sequence of solo improvisations terminated by more ensemble.

Much experimentation has been carried out with unusual instrumentations using cellos, French horns, flutes and very advanced chords and discords, but it is not a new idea, for we find it in Jimmy Noone's Apex Club Orchestra in 1927 and Django Reinhardt's Hot Club de France in the late thirties.

Up to now I have written of jazz produced by coloured musicians, but we cannot afford to overlook the white influence on jazz and interpretation of jazz. Just before 1920 an interest was being taken in Negro jazz and a few white groups were formed and modelled on the Negro pattern. They lacked rhythmic subtlety, playing practically entirely on the beat all the time, and the musicians did not obtain that degree of relaxation evident in most Negro groups. We also find a parallel swing movement in the thirties from which emerged the orchestras of Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller and others. Later the modern idiom was absorbed into white swing, notably Stan Kenton's orchestra and ex-Kenton musicians such as "Shorty" Rogers, who in turn have been responsible for the development of the West Coast jazz school. The characteristics of this style lie on the cool, unemotional, vibrato-less approach, with emphasis on the melodic aspect.

Jazz has been and is progressing continuously and very definitely towards European musical style. It has grown from a folk art into an academic subject. Time alone can tell us if that path is to form an asymptote or a tangent.

## The Concert Audience

By BRIAN BOYDELL

A visitor from some distant planet might well be amazed by the extraordinary cacophony with which we traditionally show our approval of the beautifully organised sounds which we know as the art of music. If we look a little further into this matter of applause I think we'll find not only that it has very little relation to the musical value of a performance, but that it reveals some disturbing facts about the attitude of the "music-loving public."

We don't have to go further than Dublin to find examples of wild and irrelevant enthusiasm—but in spite of the fact that eggs were not six shillings a dozen until recently, and that tomatoes have been grown here for some time, we have to go to Vienna and Berlin for the best example of their use in greeting a performance. We do at least appreciate things in Dublin.

It was in 1868, during a performance in Dublin of Weber's "Oberon," that (according to Scholes) the prima donna was applauded for fully 15 minutes. The applause only subsided when she agreed to sing "The Last Rose of Summer." The orchestra didn't have the music, so a piano had to be brought on to the stage by Oberon and five demons from the coming scene. The audience, after that treat, was apparently satisfied, so the action of the opera was resumed.

Only a few years ago, when Rachmaninov visited Dublin for the last time, the public in the Theatre Royal refused to budge until the famous Prelude was played. As the great pianist sat down to give his fourth encore, the first three notes were instantly recognised and elicited a spontaneous burst of applause followed by a buzz of excited whisperings—completely drowning the greater part of the prelude. Was the audience only interested in the first three notes (with their popular morbid associations)? Or were they chiefly interested in the idea of the Great Work being played before their eyes by the Great Man?

The applause which greeted a certain violinist at the R.D.S. some years ago when she produced noises from all four strings at the same time by means of her bow and all ten fingers (though funny enough she didn't use her teeth) reminded one of the story that is told of the occasion when Beethoven's violin concerto received its first performance. As an encore after the first movement, the soloist threaded his bow through the strings, held the violin upside down, and proceeded to delight the audience with a piece of four-part harmony. The applause for this item left the master-work in the shade.

If it weren't for the fact that it is a mark of social distinction to attend performances of serious music, it might be well worth while running a series of Chamber Circuses. If suitably disguised in the mantle of Great Music, I suggest that a programme something like this should bring the house down:

1. "The Devil's Trill" by Tartini (arranged Dragonetti). Double-bass solo

by a four-year-old prodigy from the Fiji Islands.

2. A pot-pourri of Arias from Rossini transposed up two octaves, sung by Signorina Coloratura, the wonder soprano-piccolo.

3. The same, transposed down three octaves and sung by M. Profundiev (recently expelled by Communist Russia).

4. Programme trio in C flat minor describing the dropping of the first atomic bomb. The cello is played by a performer who dangles from a parachute in full aviator's kit, complete with gloves. The bassoon (which is made of plastic) is played under water in a large glass tank on the stage. The performer will rise for air at the conclusion of each movement. The pianist has no arms.

All these cynicisms boil down to a few cynical conclusions. If the performer wishes to call forth rapturous applause without spending money on a professional claque, he has a few well-tried formulae at his disposal:

He must perform a work which is almost impossible to execute (its musical value is irrelevant).

He must play a Presto faster than it has ever been played before.

It is a good idea to end the concert with a piece that is so short that it is over before the audience has formed any judgment.

If a singer, he should end on the highest, lowest, softest or preferably loudest note in his power—as long as this power is in some degree exceptional. Otherwise the performer is left to confine his attention to music, and forgo the stimulating cacophony of hand-clapping.

It would be interesting to employ a psychoanalyst to examine the members of an average audience, I wonder would his investigation reveal something like this: 80 per cent. (the "right" people) come for social and personal reasons and to be amazed by feats of technical brilliance. This is rather an involved class which is impossible to sub-divide. Ten per cent. (the amateur critics, pedagogues and pseudo-musicians) spend a great deal of time during the performance forming a critical judgment of its merits, so that they can make an intelligent contribution to the discussion which is bound to arise afterwards. Two per cent. (the musicians) come as a result of purely musical motives, and to enjoy the positive musical value that the performance has to offer. Then we have 8 per cent. left over to include those with various, dubious and inquisitive motives.

The opinions inferred by this outburst of cynicism are purposefully exaggerated, patronising, highbrow and infuriating, so that they may be, perhaps, provocative enough to make us pause for a moment and allow our thoughts to pierce the foggy gloom of traditions associated with the performance of music, and dwell on the true nature and purpose of music itself.

## MAHLER TO-DAY - - - - -

By ROBERT AVERY

With Mahler there can be no compromise. His is a subjective art and rejects an objective criticism. We must understand with his devoted wife, Alma, and close friend, Bruno Walter, or we must leave alone. Yet Mahler, once he has engaged our interest and thence our sympathy, demands we follow.

Mahler has long dwelt in the obscurity after death. Now his work is beginning to be played more and more outside Germany and Holland; the first country, guided by Mengelberg, to notice the cogency of Mahler's thought. It emerges now, not as an answer, but as a vital statement of the modern dilemma. Mahler's own Vienna stood as the pivot of the coming struggles; the progenitor of strife. The music of Mahler is strife: the conquest of death.

Mahler anticipates the whole canon of his writing as early as the Resurrection symphony; death, recollections of youth, hell, faith in eternity, the Resurrection. Together or separate, these

episodes dominate Mahler's symphonies. The best loved, No. 4, is a reverie of happiness, and concludes with a vision of eternity. But for Mahler, life which was an idyll in the Bavarian hills, was open warfare at the Vienna Opera and Philharmonic Society at New York. Mahler, with his uncompromising demands for artistic perfection and integrity over personal success, incurred the scorn of egoists like Strauss and Toscanini. Surrounded by dishonesty in his own world of music, Mahler turned from hope to despair. The sixth symphony is fate; fate which had not finished with its antagonist. There were brief episodes of respite and joy with his family; and these were enough to stir in Mahler his lost faith once more. The closing scene of Goethe's "Faust," recalling the Resurrection symphony, became the vehicle for expression in the eighth symphony of the abandoned certainty. In a giant paroxysm of sound, each one of us glimpses the hidden glory. Yet it was sight soon

cast away. Assured, Mahler received two blows beyond his great powers to withstand: the death of his daughter and the affliction of his incurable disease. The last complete utterance came in the ninth symphony. The model remains, but joy has turned sour. A life spent in belief in man ends with his condemnation, and the composer seeks only within himself the peace that the world could not give. The end is calm. But it is not the triumph over death; merely the acceptance of it.

Mahler's answer to existence is both faith and resignation. Neither is conclusive, for though faith is rejected, we cannot accept the Ninth as the final word. Part of a tenth symphony was sketched, and the struggle had not been abandoned. But Mahler, unlike Beethoven, reveals the futility of a struggle man has continued through the ages, and which threatens now to destroy him. His Ninth is no Ode to Joy, but in a joyless world he compels us to listen.

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# Impressions of Trinity's Music

By Robert Avery

College Singers give their concert in the shadow of the Library. There is a refinement and a uniqueness which sings of the spirit of Delius. For Singers are the aristocrats of Trinity's music. Their purity of tone, their diction, their style belong to the Court; to the grace of the age of great Dublin. Or, retiring still deeper into the past, the imagination is stirred to remembrances of Arden's Forest; to the meadows neath Spencer's Kilcolman; and to seek upon the plains Morley's Fairy Trains.

This transport to the pastoral is effected by weeks of practice and study in basement, in attic, and on week-end excursions to the Wicklow Hills, to sing out across the echoing valleys as wandering minstrels of old. The roaming lyrst mingles his note with the gentle tinkling of the bell of the ram. The pipe makes dance for Colin. The string strums them home from vale to modern burgh. This we escape, go hear the tune on trim lawn, flecked with daisy, on a summer eve in the Fellows' Garden.

There are no instrumentalists in Trinity to-day. But the swift may share Buffet and the Trout in middle day. Come from without renowned Irish musicians to give us authentic chamber performances. The Graduates' Memorial Building is often condemned, but the Debating Hall is the perfect recital room. Here the audience surround the

players informally like the Margrave of Bradenburg's court, listening to the music of one, Bach. The performances remind us of the essential of this music, enjoyment. Whether it be an early Haydn quartet or the Glosse Fuge, it is a pleasure destroyed by the vast concert hall. You may sit on the plush reserved for Auditor and Committee, crouch on the floor, or stand erect at the door to sprint for a lecture at the last chord. Here we feel Haydn's great symphonies would gain. A small band, directed within such intimacy, would conspire to make us realise in an age of discord we had missed one of the finest symphonists of that age of Burke. Yet the Emperor Quartet still restores something of the lost Augustan Empire.

There has been much preparation, much business, much anxiety. Notes have been learnt by sight and by ear. The details of the interpretation have been minutely explained. The orchestra and soloists have been met. The Hall has been attacked. The fiercer the attack, swifter is the repel, as the notes are hurtled back at you from the echoing roof. Now is the moment to mount the pyramid balustrade, as frail as the walls of Jericho, for the trumpet shall sound.

Commencements, Trinity Wednesday, Society inaugurations are all highlights in the calendar. With these stands the presentation of a great musical work. It is a privilege to be contributing to the occasion; to sing sandwiched between a Doctor and a Junior Freshman, with the conductor at the apex of the triangle. Such is the conflict. The Freshman is brilliant. The Doctor is sure. The conductor is always right.

Soloists, leader, conductor received, you praise Bach for Kyrie Eleison. You have started, and not waited through "Messiah's" overture. It is all right once the performance is under way. You can even ascertain the merit of the performance. If the conductor demands the extra pianissimo, the Berliozian interrupted crescendo, all is well. The front row is an excellent thermometer, too. It should seem to stare quite through you.

Something must always remain in reserve for the Amen. This is sometimes the last ditch. It must be broad, assuring. The fugal lines must have the relief of the classical pattern. The last note must be held, and the conductor may want it swelled until you are fit to burst. Then the audience will be on their feet. You rise, not to acknowledge their applause, for you are cheering too. It is the true tradition. It is the triumph of the conductor. Without him, the Doctor, the Freshman and you would never form an ensemble.

"Trinity News" has pleasure in presenting its first Music Supplement. The Chairman and Editors would like to thank those who kindly consented to contribute articles, and also the business concerns who agreed to insert advertisements. Thanks are also due to Radio Eireann, for their permission to publish the articles by Brian Boydell, and to the "Evening Mail" for providing photographic blocks.

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## The New Church of Ireland Hymnal

By CANON ROBERT J. ROSS, M.A.

The first authorised hymnal of the Church of Ireland was published in 1873, and an appendix was added in 1890. Twenty years later the General Synod unanimously resolved to revise this hymnal, and the music edition was published in 1919; in 1936 an appendix to this book was issued. When the General Synod was asked in 1950 to reconsider the present hymnal, the request was timely, because thirty-five years had passed since the book had been officially adopted; years marked by the occurrence of two world wars, it is true, but fruitful in our increased knowledge of hymnody, and a period of worthy improvement in Church music.

The Joint Committee which was then appointed to revise the hymnal presented its final report to the General Synod in 1955, and two quotations from the preamble to that report give evidence of the Committee's awareness of this increased knowledge and change in taste. We said: "In choosing new hymns, we kept in mind the need to provide our people, both North and South, with the words of hymns with which they have become familiar through the Daily Services of the B.B.C. In the schools in the North of Ireland the pupils have learned many new hymns which have not yet found their way into the Services of the Church." And again: "Since the year 1915 many men and women of the Church of Ireland have served abroad in two great wars, and they became familiar with other Hymnals, and have learned to know and love many fine hymns not in our present book. The Church of Ireland ought to make these available for her members by drawing on the rich treasure of hymnody."

The New Hymnal will contain some 687 hymns; 160 of these are new hymns, leaving 527 hymns carried over from the book in use at present. It is the music set to these 527 familiar hymns which will immediately rouse most interest, because our people will be concerned to know if they have been deprived of old and well-loved tunes, even if they are bad tunes. In 307 cases the tune or tunes set to a particular hymn in the present Irish Hymnal will still be the same in the new book, and in 220 cases the tune has been changed. For example, the tune "England's Lane" will be the only tune provided for the hymn "For the Beauty of the Earth," in place of the present provision of "Ratisbon" and "St. Hugh." The tune "Ratisbon" is, of course, found elsewhere in the new book, but Arthur Patton's "St. Hugh" has gone. A good modern tune, "Sirius" by George Thalben-Ball is provided for Joseph Addison's hymn (380), "The Spacious Firmament On High," in the place of John Sheeles' somewhat uninteresting 18th century tune.

A number of the new hymns will carry the tunes with which they have already become associated, and there is no doubt that the book will be enriched by John Ireland's "Love Unknown" (My song is love unknown), by Vaughan Williams' "Down Ampney," by C. V. Taylor's "Abbot's Leigh," or W. H. Ferguson's "Ladywell," and the work of other distinguished living composers, and by the inclusion of an increased number of Plainsong settings with appropriate accompaniments. The Music Committee has had the advantage of the Chairmanship of Professor George H. P. Hewson, M.A., Mus.D., who, as Musical Editor of the New Hymnal, has characteristically given very much time and unstinted care to his task.



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# REVUE MUSIC

By George Desmond Hodnett

What is a revue? This is the sort of question with which judges make headlines when they suffer from lack of notice (pun for law students), yet I have heard it asked in Dublin—a city where, someone has said, any man and woman talking must be straightening out a love affair and any two men talking must be plotting a revue. What two women talk about I wouldn't know, but they do it for hours.

Revue is not the same as variety or "music hall," though every second variety show tries to make matters simpler by calling itself a revue. In both cases there is a sequence of items unconnected by a "plot" (where you have one the result is a musical play, called a "musical" for short). Variety is, in fact, a collection of whatever "turns" are free for the week of the show; they may have never been together before, and may not be again, but as their turns are self-contained that makes no difference. In revue you collect your cast first and rehearse them as a unit; most of them have often played together before, and at the end of the run they solemnly swear they never will again. They will, however.

The cast are chosen by auditions, the object of which is to pick out those with good singing voices in order to put them on the stage management. Joking aside, producers do in fact tend to choose their casts on "straight acting" principles for musical shows, leaving the musical director to extract singing from a collection of mime experts, funny faces and vital statistics. In one show (a musical play at that, plot and all) I made the interesting discovery that the prima donna was stone-deaf. There was but one thing to do, and I did it. I found an excellent singer, who had, in accordance with the rules, been given the job of hauling the curtain ropes. I got her to sing, behind a flat, while the prima donna opened and closed her mouth like a fish. It worked.

Because you obtain your cast well in advance, revue can be scripted, up to a point, to suit the artistes—for revue is scripted as a balanced entity; this is not possible in variety. Balance is revue's substitute for plot, and there are several types of it—balance between long items and short ones, between humorous and sentimental, between musical and non-musical, between elaborate and simple—and the scripter has to strike a balance between these different balances, so to speak. All this is subject to mechanical factors—e.g., allowing time for changing clothes, and shifting scenery and props; your sentimental vocalist, for example, should not have to choose between coming on stage late and appearing on time, but without his trousers.

The items in a revue are of three basic types: musicals (songs with or without added dances, mimes, etc., and, more rarely, instrumental turns, this last being more a variety type), sketches (ranging from a half-hour skit on a play nobody has seen to a "quickie" nobody gets time to see) and point-numbers (here all devout producers offer thanks to heaven). These last-mentioned form a hybrid class between the other two, ranging from a song talked-rather-than-sung to a recitation with occasional "remarks" on the piano. Because so many revue artistes cannot sing, a show tends to be overbalanced with these items, and there is a tendency for a song written as such to decay into a point-number in rehearsal as it is discovered that: (a) the man can't learn the tune so he'd better talk his verse; (b) the girl can't learn it either, so she'd better do that too; (c) neither of them can sing anyway. Of course, such a number should not be put on stage at all. There is a world of difference between the decayed song and the point-number. Songs usually deal with cliché ideas (love, etc.) of which we are tired, the only justification for mentioning them again being that we have hung a presentable piece of music on them. The point number, on the other hand, is suited only for subtle or topical material, its loose structure allowing rubato, significant pauses, mime, etc., to an extent that would not be possible in a relentlessly-moving song in strict tempo.

Incidentally, an item is often considerably altered in rehearsal, usually by cutting down on lines, props, etc., and the producer may fail to notice that things have reached a stage when it is no longer worth doing the number at all. There is a moral in The Thing on O'Connell Bridge—for it is said that the original design was not too bad, but successive decisions, such as "Let's do it in concrete, it's cheaper" and "Let's cut out the bronze fountain—plastic will do," reduce it to something that not even an Alderman would have accepted in the first place.

To avoid awkward slushing of scripts, write them to revue length. Stage time is different from ordinary time—five minutes is not long in a coffee bar, but on stage it seems an eternity (I wonder why?). So half that is about as long as a number dare last—except, of course,

the traditional long skit on the play nobody has seen.

Point numbers are so varied that one cannot say much about them from the musical angle in a short space, except that the piano accompaniment (or "remarks") must be accurately timed and apt. Aptness means applying the principles of musical meaning, which we shall deal with in the next section.

Now as to songs. Here we answer the question most often asked of the songwriter: "Do you write the words or the music first?" The correct answer is: "Where possible, both together," and, in explaining why, we explain a lot about the popular song. The revue song is closely-related to the "pop," but there are differences. Theatre music sounds, and has always sounded, like the "pop" music of a generation before—for the very good reason that an audience normally includes people of all ages, and the music must not be too corny for the teenagers or too modern for grandpa. At present, a "thirties" style is about right.

The practice of "putting music to" a lyric is barbarism, and that of "putting words to" a tune is savagery. Very few good songs have been produced this way. Where the lyric is of such merit that it cannot be tampered with (e.g., "Trees") or the music (e.g., Fibich's "Poem" when used for "My Moonlight Madonna") there is no alternative; but, since the relation between music and lyric is one of give-and-take, it is obvious that if either is inflexible the other must become strained and distorted. A song must be written by one composer, or by more than one in close collaboration.

Given that a lyric has proper form, and that the tune has likewise, and that the two fit "mechanically," most people would say that the song was finished. It is not, although the Top Twenty is full of songs that have not complied with these bare elements. (Currently, my ears are being assailed by something about a "Special Angel" in which the short "e" of "special" is prolonged for a beat and a half in slow tempo, making the vocalist sound as if he were being strangled; and—worse if possible—a rock-and-roll number on the original subject of "Rhythm" prolongs the "y" for a crotchet, thus taking the life out of one of those rare and valuable words which sound like what they mean! These juke-boxes are enough to turn one off one's hamburger.

The real work is in the artistic relation between music and lyric. For example, one must not commit the fault noticed by Addison in the Italian opera of his day: "It frequently happens that, through translation, the musical emphasis falls on the least significant words . . . I have been entertained by many a melodious 'the,' and words such as 'of' are adorned with a thousand frills . . . to the eternal honour of our English particles." Addison was referring to translated material, and there is surely less excuse for this sort of thing in composition de novo.

Then there is a rule that "slender" vowels must not be placed on low notes, nor "broad" vowels on high notes—they sound strained and are difficult for the vocalist.

And, certainly not least of these cross-cutting requirements, one should accompany the lyric at each point by the note, chord, cadence, phrase, tempo, etc., that means what the lyric is saying at that point. This is no vague "arty" concept—there are definite rules about it, lots of them. If you sing in a jolly six-tempo that you're utterly miserable, nobody will believe you. If you say you're happy, and do so on the leading-note, they won't believe you either—or if they do they don't know anything about songwriting, so there!

And finally, having done all this, you now have only to relate the song to the stage-routine. A dance chorus will be put in the middle—if the number is fast it will be jive, rock-and-roll or (how did you guess?) a skit on the Charleston; if slow, the woman of his dreams will drift spectrally round centre-stage wearing mauve gauze, while he lurks in the dark at stage-right in a trench-coat looking like someone waiting to ambush a Black-and-Tan lorry.

I have not covered one per cent. of this fascinating subject. You will have gathered, I hope, that revue is nothing without original music. "Autumn Leaves," however beautifully sung, is not revue. This implies that revue composers are necessary, however evil. And there are worse paths in music that one could follow. The unfortunate jazz musician, for example, is the prey of histrionographers, discographers and all sorts of ographers, all dedicated to finding out what he has for his breakfast. The revue musician, if he is in late-night revue, is never up for breakfast. The erudite jazz-student can tell you the exact number of gin bottles (32) by which "Fats" Waller died surrounded. Who ever counted a revue musician's vintra bottles? I bet they just cart them away.

## FOUR & SIX

### Or, Bilge, Bosh and Cantings

(With apologies to T.C.D.)

Firmly grasping my stereotyped list of Names that Must be Mentioned, I pulled in at the Engineers' Ball at the Shelbourne last Thursday.

Gerry Shanagher was not there.

There were two genuine stags, Paddy Burgess-Watson and Michael Brereton (Burgess-Watson shudders to see his name in such company) but Tomacelli was only half-stag, theoretically being attached to demure Jane Gwyn but in practice dancing with the most extraordinary variety of women. They say he danced with Jill Robbins—is that girl really still around? Mind you—she can still extract enough energy to show up-and-coming Junior Freshwomen like Jean Palmer-Lewis, the girl with the stiff upper lip, how to rip it up. Ann Deevies said she was wearing her dress by special request. This certainly surprised me as I have always considered her a fairly conventional and well-brought-up girl. Doubtless her partner, the enigmatic David Robertshaw, has been giving her ideas.

Tim Boyd-Maunsell, accompanied by Pamela Wilmott, made a bet with Henry Smith (who was that strange woman he was with?) that Henry would not jump off the balcony for a bottle of whiskey. Henry jumped. Other effects from the balcony included Philip Wall-Morris pelting everyone with ice: keep going, Philip. John Jessop was a lucky fellow. He managed to rescue Jill Kirwan when Rod Pentycross thoughtlessly overlooked her.

Unfortunately, the paper will not sell without this gossip column, and unfortunately people seem to be incapable of giving detailed descriptions of parties they have been to without falling into appalling spelling errors. I had to plod the good measure again on Saturday night. Judging I would be attending a respectable and well-liquored party, my steps took me to Valerie Heatley's 21st. My first judgment certainly proved right. . . . George Patrikios, a pretty

sound fellow, was even reduced to light removing for his kicks. Bryana Scott looked her beautiful self in a pink, pink dress: there was many a decent Black overwhelmed with aesthetic enjoyment by the sight. Molly and Jill Elland were talking to someone called Sam who said his father grew roses. Of course, it might have been Brian Fisher. I have been convinced for a long time that his father grows roses. Carefully guided by Brian Wilson, Valerie cut her birthday cake with well-rehearsed ease. For an exhibition of ease, however, I thought Brendan Haythornthwaite playing the piano with his left hand and blowing into a comb-and-paper with the other took the proverbial biscuit.

Some misunderstanding seems to have arisen somewhere along the line between Valerie's father—a surgeon at Dun's—and his bashful students. Barry Brewster feels he must have had a near double at the party—not having been invited himself—as he received a particularly unfriendly look from Mr. Heatley the next morning during an operation.

Ebbie Hepburn and Jane Bayldon also gave a party that night. These two personality misses have certainly found their way around, making sure that everyone who ought to have been, was invited.

Jane certainly made a hit with Bob Barton, who tried to protect her wherever she went. Evidently beards are a new experience to her. Brendan Carroll kept losing Zoë, who kept losing Pat Burke, who kept losing Brendan. John Grieves was with an insipid blonde, who seemed to understand his requirements. Oxo Jackson (where did that man come from?) and Glen Graham had to take Jenny McGrath, who was being playful, in hand.

There was another small party at Bruce Arnold's flat. Evidently everything which happened at the first party happened again. [See last week's issue of "B.B. & C."]

## TRINITY IN PERSPECTIVE

### An Egyptian's Impressions of the College

An unusual question presented itself to me on entering this College. The question was that of ascertaining the true character of Trinity—is it English or Irish? To all appearance the atmosphere in Trinity is very English and perhaps it is rendered so by the presence of a prodigious contingent of English students, which has increased, is increasing (but ought not to be diminished).

A newcomer to Trinity cannot avoid being struck by its aggressively masculine character. This strikes me all the more forcibly in my Economics and Political Science class where there is only one young lady.

The cobble-stones in the Front Square must cause great discomfort to ladies, and particularly those amongst them whose taste for elegance dictates the wearing of high-heeled shoes.

Astonishingly, and in this modern day, anti-feminism appears to be an established phenomenon in Trinity. And now that women will be admitted to the reformed Upper Chamber in Westminster, the G.M.B. would appear to be almost an isolated stronghold of man seclusion. It is rewarding to contemplate the attitude of these anti-feminist elements who find it legitimate to make use of the levy while denying women the advantages of equal participation in all spheres of Trinity life, including sport and debate. It is worth noting that the levy is the same for men and women. Trinity women should fight to bring an end to this anachronism. Soon, the die-hards will witness the same fate of their counterparts in the House of Lords.

Omar El Badri.

## Obituary

### DR. E. SCHEYER

To-day, several miles outside Dublin, the body of Ernst Scheyer, M.A., Dr. Juris, will be laid to rest on a silent mountainside near Glencree. With him the Dublin University Modern Language Faculty shall see the passing of an era, the end of an epoch. Dr. E. Scheyer, born in Silesia in 1890, was in the eyes of his many students vitality incarnate. Few men have suffered as he; few have come out so triumphant.

His career, a succession of glittering highlights, is thrown into the shadow by the personality of the man himself. We first learn of him at Breslau studying law, then appointed Attorney General, and later Judge, and also gaining an officer's commission in the First World War, though still in his twenties. But for us his career begins with the storms of the late nineteen thirties. Interned in a camp at Sachsenhausen because of his Jewish faith, a veil of darkness is drawn over his life during the last few years preceding the second "Great" War.

By a curious trick of fate he was released and managed to escape from his homeland with his wife and two children, but was forced to leave behind everything that was precious to him—

above all, the books he loved so much. It was his love of books that gave him rebirth when he reached Ireland. His past was torn down, so he built himself a future. He began to teach. At first it was a modest private tuition, but soon his achievements were noticed. He was offered a post at St. Andrew's College, and another for a short time at St. Columba's. Meanwhile the titanic struggle to keep himself, his wife and his children alive, mixed with a delayed reaction to the nightmare of Sachsenhausen, had influenced his health; there appeared the first symptoms of the diabetes which was later to lead to his death. He had received a temporary post as lecturer in German in this University, and about ten years ago became permanent. What had become for him a new way of life now became life itself. He worked inordinately, day and night, never resting, never giving his body a chance to rest when his mind could still work on, till finally the physical part of him could take the strain no longer. Last Sunday he died from heart thrombosis. With him he shall take the last memory of Old Germany, the Germany we shall never know again.

M.Y.

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# SPORTS NEWS

## Hockey

### CUP IN SIGHT?

#### Trinity in Leinster Final

Dublin University, 5; Avoca, 1.

ELEVEN years have passed since Dublin University last won the Irish Senior Cup. And in that season, 1946-47, they defeated Railway Union, Avoca, and Y.M.C.A. in successive rounds to become Leinster champions. They went on to defeat the Munster representatives in the final.

Last Saturday, Trinity, having disposed of Railway Union in the previous round, scored a resounding victory over Avoca in the Leinster section semi-final. And by a strange coincidence, their opponents in this year's Leinster final are Y.M.C.A.! Every Trinity supporter must be fervently hoping that history will repeat itself. For victory over Y.M.C.A. would mean a match with either Church of Ireland (Cork) or Lisanagarvey, the Ulster champions, in the Irish final.

Saturday's victory over Avoca was all the more pleasant in that it was so unexpected. The side was sadly short of match practice; only one game had been played since the ill-fated Mauritian Cup venture a month before. And this, a keenly fought game with the 2nd XI,

## Ladies Hockey

### League Match

Dublin University 1st XI, 1;

Loreto 2nd XI, 0.

Yet another home match brought victory to Trinity on Saturday. The weather conditions were favourable, the pitch was hard but uneven, and it proved extremely difficult to master. Hard, clean drives were seldom in evidence.

The obvious comment upon this match is that Trinity were truly lucky to win. It was a most unsatisfactory match, the sort which has to be experienced to be believed. The hockey was of a low standard due to continual interruptions for infringements of every type, and play could never, at any stage, be described as open.

So, for a long time it looked like being either defeat for Trinity or a scoreless draw. Time and again Trinity were threatened but, thanks to many grand saves by goalie E. Irvine, they were never in arrears. Similarly, Trinity had repeated opportunities of scoring, all of which were lost. Trinity were really very lucky, because some of the defence had decidedly unsettled games.

However, Trinity managed to score about eight minutes before the final whistle and thus record victory and League points. It was a resounding shot from G. Ruddock from a pass by O. Johnston.

Next week three League matches have been arranged and keen determination will be required to obtain full League points.

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resulting in a 2-2 draw, understandably did nothing to improve their morale. Against Avoca, however, the side played with great confidence and no little ability.

Full-backs Judge and Steepe were the rock on which most of the Avoca attacks founded; and on the few occasions that the forwards did elude them, there was goalkeeper Stewart to drive them back with lengthy clearances. Judge played his finest game of the season; he won every tackle to which he was committed and his beautifully controlled hitting cut short the efforts of the Avoca forwards time and again.

Together, the full-backs won a breathing space in which their much-tried half-back line was able to turn to thoughts of attack. Blackmore excelled in this respect; he was for ever on the heels of his forwards, supplying them with a constant stream of passes.

The play of this much-criticised forward line was a revelation. The inclusion of McCarthy at centre-forward and the switching of Findlater to inside-left was an unqualified success. The whole line stopped and hit the ball cleanly, and their passing was quick, accurate and orthodox in conception. Trinity were the first to score; McCarthy ran on to a clever pass from Findlater and placed the ball well out of the goalkeeper's reach. Although Avoca quickly equalised, Trinity were soon back on the attack. A quick shot by Lavan, fast following by McCarthy to collect the rebound, and Trinity were ahead once more. Then Findlater ran through the entire Avoca defence and scored a lovely goal. This gave Trinity a 3-1 lead at half-time.

Avoca's hopes of making a second-half recovery were rudely shattered when Percival, their left-back, put the ball into his own goal in trying to clear a Campbell shot. Percival was now moved to centre-forward, the Avoca captain hoping, no doubt, that he would exhibit his scoring powers in another direction! But this was not Avoca's day and shortly before the close Blackmore beat man after man in a brilliant dribble; a perfect pass found Findlater unmarked and Trinity's victory was complete.

Congratulations to W. A. Findlater, J. N. Lavan, D. M. Pratt, and I. S. Steepe, who were selected to play for Irish Universities v. Scottish Universities in Dublin on Saturday.

## CHAMPIONS AGAIN

Last Friday, Trinity boxing team travelled to Sheffield to compete in the British Universities' and Hospitals' Championships. For the sixth successive year they brought back the team award—the Harry Preston Trophy. Trinity finished with a total of 25 points; the runners-up, Loughborough, collected 13 points, and U.C.D. were third.

**Flyweight.** — D. Sherlock outpointed, with ease, W. Griffith (a Welsh international) in the semi-final and went on to beat the holder, W. Fox, in the final. Sherlock put up a brilliant performance, notable for its display of two-handed punching.

**Bantam.** — D. Tulalamba was conceded the bantam title without a fight, although he had great trouble making the weight.

**Feather.** — D. Wheeler clearly outpointed his opponent in the semi-final, but in the final his courage and aggressive way of fighting was to no avail against his Scottish adversary, R. Crawford of St. Andrew's.

**Light.** — T. McCarthy was unable to exhibit his boxing ability in the final when he lost to an opponent who was continually crowding him.

**Light-Welter.** — R. Fisher put up a creditable resistance in losing to a more experienced boxer, R. Wright of Nottingham.

**Welter.** — J. Wilson in a very close contest was defeated by an experienced opponent.

**Middle.** — D. Baxter, after overcoming

## Rugby

### DOUBLE SUCCESS

#### Good Display in Cup Match

Dublin University II, 8 pts.; Blackrock College II, 5 pts.

After a space of many years, Trinity 2nd XV reached the semi-final of the Metropolitan Cup when they beat Blackrock in College Park on Saturday.

For the first time for weeks, the ground was firm and the ball dry and easy to handle. Except for the closing stages of the game, however, when Blackrock threw everything into the attack, it can't be said that the backs on either side were brought prominently into play. It was mainly a hard fought forward struggle in which the Trinity pack jumped and pushed magnificently against their bigger and heavier opponents.

Blackrock began well and for the opening period play was concentrated for long spells in the Trinity half. Although they made frequent openings in the Trinity defence they seemed to lack sufficient skill to score.

Trinity took the lead after 15 minutes when Dwyer kicked an excellent penalty from full 40 yards. Shortly afterwards the same player was just wide with another one.

Blackrock continued to do most of the attacking and on one occasion seemed certain of scoring when their wing got away on the right, but he was tackled into touch by McCord covering across.

In the second half, Trinity went into the attack and Blackrock were put mainly on the defensive. It was no

surprise when Hall increased Trinity's lead with a fine blind side break. Rodgers added the extra points. Blackrock now threw everything into attack and were suitably awarded by a goal five minutes from the end.

It is somewhat unfair to pick out personalities from this Trinity side in which everyone played their part. Perhaps mention should be made of Clinch whose hooking and general play was first class, and Brown and O'Brien whose line-out work against taller opponents was magnificent. Brown in particular is probably the finest junior forward in Leinster. The backs all did well, with particular credit to Hall for his fine try.

\* \* \* \* \*

D.U. 1st XV, 8 pts.; Monkstown, 6 pts.

Play was concentrated in the Trinity half for practically all the first half of the game and they were lucky to be only six points down at half-time.

The tables were turned, however, in the second half when Trinity received new vigour after gaining a deserved try. From the kick-off Monkstown were very determined, and gaining the ball from most of the scrums and line-outs were quick to get it out to their very fast wings who looked dangerous on many occasions. Undoubtedly there would have been an earlier score for Monkstown had it not been for the sound defence of Trinity centres Moore and Steen both of whom tackled very well. Monkstown kept the pressure up and midway through the first half Walsh intercepted a loose pass and sent Price over for Monkstown's first try, which was unconverted. Their second try followed quickly on the first and remained unconverted.

The second half saw play again being forced into the Trinity half, but they fought back magnificently and a cross-kick from out-half Dornan sent De Wet over for a brilliant try just by the corner flag, Reid-Smith adding the extra points.

The Trinity side now seemed imbued with a new vigour and were unlucky not to score another try. Later in the game, however, they were awarded a penalty and Reid-Smith kicked a splendid deciding goal.

After so many defeats this season, it was grand to see Trinity show such mettle. Seemingly overpowered in the first half, they came back with terrific courage—an indication of just what the team is capable. Credit must go to the whole team for the performance. It was rather a pity that Du Plessis had to go on as hooker; he obviously was not happy in the position. He proved a very useful player in the loose, however. Among the forwards, O'Connor and Doyle were outstanding. Dowse was promising in the line-outs. De Wet, after a long absence, proved his worth on the wing and Reid-Smith must be congratulated on his kicking.

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