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# TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Weekly

THURSDAY, 7th DECEMBER, 1961

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## S.R.C. on Offensive

REJECTION OF DISCUSSIONS  
'IN CONFIDENCE'

### Call for statement on rooms policy

**A**T last Friday's S.R.C. meeting, the question of the redecoration of College Rooms once again aroused harsh criticism. No light could be thrown on the Board's intentions, for all the information given to the President by the Bursar had been given in confidence. There was a feeling of indignation that the Authorities should decline to give the official students' representative any information about subjects of general concern.

At the instigation of Mr. Robert Hunter, the Council passed a motion calling on the College Authorities to make an official written statement on their policy on rooms. The president was to refuse to accept any further statements "in confidence."

#### U.C.D. and Trinity S.R.C.'s

The main business of the evening was the adoption of the new constitution. Mr. Collins, from the Students' Council in U.C.D., told the meeting how representation was achieved in that college. The basis of the system lies in the faculties which are represented by a number of members proportionate to the number of students in the faculty.

Anybody could be nominated provided that he had at least ten supporters. There was a certain amount of sympathy with this system, but the President thought that proportional representation would probably not work in Trinity. In spite of Mr. Michael Rowe objecting that students were not fully represented, it was felt that they were being better represented than before.

#### U.S.I. and S.R.C.

Questioned on the relationship between U.S.I. and the S.R.C., David Butler made the position clear. The Union of Students were

lent the S.R.C. office two years ago. It has always been a temporary arrangement.

The Union of Students was quite happy to go, for their present accommodation was totally inadequate. No eviction order had yet been issued and the relationship was very friendly. The President told Mr. Anthony Collins that the service to students would be unaffected; travel facilities, for example, would not be impaired.

#### Buffet.

We saw again the new Butler Council who are proving that they are not only concerned about the students, but are trying to do something for them. The Executive's agitation cannot be popular with the Board, but the Board must now resolve to take the representatives of the S.R.C. seriously. Having admitted the need for student representation in the original constitution the Board cannot now act the demagogue, without alienating the students and increasing their dissatisfaction, perhaps needlessly.



The Senate Elections: Dr. Skeffington and Mr. John Ross at the count on Tuesday.

## Senate election shock

SKEFFINGTON  
OUT

**T**HE news of Dr. Skeffington's rejection in the Elections for the Senate in the Trinity constituency came as a profound shock.

Although it was known that there would be a close fight between the four candidates, Professor Jessop, Dr. Stanford, Dr. Sheehy-Skeffington, and John Ross, no-one anticipated that John Ross would head the poll and be the only candidate elected on the first count. General opinion was that John Ross and Dr. Skeffington would have to fight hard for the third and last seat.

The first count was as follows:

Ross	1,039
Jessop	979
Stanford	973
Skeffington	954

Total valid poll: 3,945. Quota 987.

The second count resulted in Jessop and Stanford both receiving 994 votes, to be elected, and Skeffington 970.

The poll was 68 per cent., which says a lot for the political interest shown by Trinity graduates, many of whom are living and working abroad.

The count took place in the Regent House, instead of the customary place — the Examination Hall, which was being used for more orthodox purposes. From the point of view of the candidates, it was more satisfactory, because in the Regent House they were able to watch the actual count at close quarters. However, the secretarial staff, who act as tellers, were at a disadvantage, for in the Exam. Hall they sit in state on the platform away from the eagle eyes of the candidates.

John Ross should be a welcome addition to the Senate, since he is the first Trinity Senator for many years who is not also a member of the Academic Staff, and so is able to take a wider aspect of Trinity's contribution to Irish politics; one wonders, however, whether the price of his election (the ejection of Dr. Skeffington) was really worth this broadening of Trinity's representation in the Senate.

## Obituary:



### Bambos David

It came as a great shock to learn of the passing of Bambos David, ex-Chairman of "Trinity News," who was so well known in College only three years ago.

To quote from an issue of "Trinity News" early in 1956: "Just over two years ago, Charalambos Alcibiades David came to Dublin, unknown and obscure. Today he is the first personality of College and to social Dublin Makarios is the other Cypriot."

"Bambos was born in Cyprus in the village of Petra; from where he went to school at the Pancyriot Lyceum at Larnaca, followed by a year at Lindisfarne College."

In College Bambos was Chairman of "Trinity News," and Senior Trustee for a considerable time. He was Chairman of D.U.A.I.A., founder of Trinity Handbook and a very active member of the Phil. Council.

Following graduation, with a Mod. in Economics, and marriage to Ioanna Patatimidis, known as Jean to her friends in the Mod. Lang. School, Bambos returned to Cyprus in 1958. Later, he represented Mercedes-Benz in Nigeria, where Jean and he settled down to make a home for themselves and their small son. Only this year they were starting a new branch of A. G. Leventis & Co., in Kaduna.

Those of us who had the privilege to know Bambos will remember him for his zest, his individuality and his ability to make friends.—J.A.L.

## COFFEE BAR COMPETITION

Professor Green, the Chairman of the Coffee Bar Committee, announced last week that the Committee are organising a competition for Murals to decorate the new coffee bar in No. 11.

Sketches of proposed murals should be submitted to him by February 1st. The winner will be awarded a £5-5-0 prize plus the cost of any paints and materials used during the execution of the murals. The winner will have the run of the Coffee Bar during the Hilary vacation to carry out his work. The entries will be judged as soon after February 1st as practicable and the various entries together with the winning one, will then be displayed in the New Couee Bar until the end of term. Those interested in entering the competition will find notices concerning the conditions of entry pinned up in the two Coffee Bars. Further information about the competition may be had direct from Professor Green, No. 20 T.C.D.

## University Newspaper Competition

In College last week-end were representatives of the university newspapers of Trinity, Queen's, U.C.D., U.C.C., and Stranmillis.

They were here to settle details of judging for a competition sponsored by U.S.I. for the best university newspaper in Ireland. Scotland may be included in the competition, too, but as yet this is undecided. Marks will be awarded for news, features, sport, presentation, illustrations and so on, and there is to be also a section for magazines or miscellanies like "T.C.D." and "Icarus." The "Irish Times" has agreed to provide the judges and a prize or trophy.

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# TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Weekly

Vol. IX THURSDAY, 7th DECEMBER, 1961

No. 6

## The Senate Elections

The results of the Senate elections in the constituency of this University give little cause for satisfaction to anyone for whom liberal principles have any meaning. Dr. Stanford and Dr. Jessop have both been re-elected; that is as it should be. Both have served the University loyally and with dignity in the past.

But neither this University nor Irish politics can afford to lose Dr. Sheehy Skeffington, temporary though the loss may be. Dr. Skeffington has often embarrassed "The Establishment," inside College as well as outside. His refusal to remain silent on issues he felt demanded attention have sometimes caused uncomfortable feelings in many to whom diplomacy is a cleaner word than honesty. It is Dr. Skeffington's refusal to compromise which has caused him in the past to occupy bottom place in a poll he should by rights have headed.

And now, the electorate of this University has declined to return him to his seat in the Senate. It has every reason to feel very ashamed of itself indeed. We say nothing of the merits or demerits of Mr. John Ross; they are unknown to us. It may be that he will prove a worthy successor to Dr. Skeffington. Be that as it may, it is a sad thing that the honesty, and uncompromising integrity of Dr. Skeffington should be rejected for an unknown quantity.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

### College Fire Precautions

Dear Sir,  
Mr. Ian Blake, whose letters you published in your latest issue, clearly missed the main point of my letter.

I admitted that my investigation took place only by chance and was not an exhaustive one; but I deny that I am "very ill-informed." I am well aware that an inspection was carried out, the report of which was sent to the Agent on the day following a visit I made to the Pearse St. Fire Station. The chief purpose of my letter was to urge the Agent to take immediate steps to ensure that all the windows open properly and that it is possible for those of us who are not Olympic gymnasts to get out of them. I was pleased to see that, by 2 p.m. on the day of publication of my letter, the window in No. 4 which was actually nailed up (doubtless the work of student vandals, Mr. Blake) had been opened. Since then a half-hearted effort has been made to mend some of the other windows, many of which are still in a most unsatisfactory condition. It would not cost very much money or take up very much time to have this put right. So long as these simple measures are not taken, I will find it hard to believe that the Agent and the S.R.C. really understand that Lives Are In Danger Of Being Lost. Only this morning at 12.35 a.m. I watched Dublin Fire Brigade arriving at Front Gate to extinguish the porters' fire which was causing a large number of sparks to fly out onto the roof of the building and clouds of smoke to billow across Front Square. This was the second time that the Fire Brigade had been called to College since I wrote to "Trinity News."

Mr. Blake alleges that the Fire

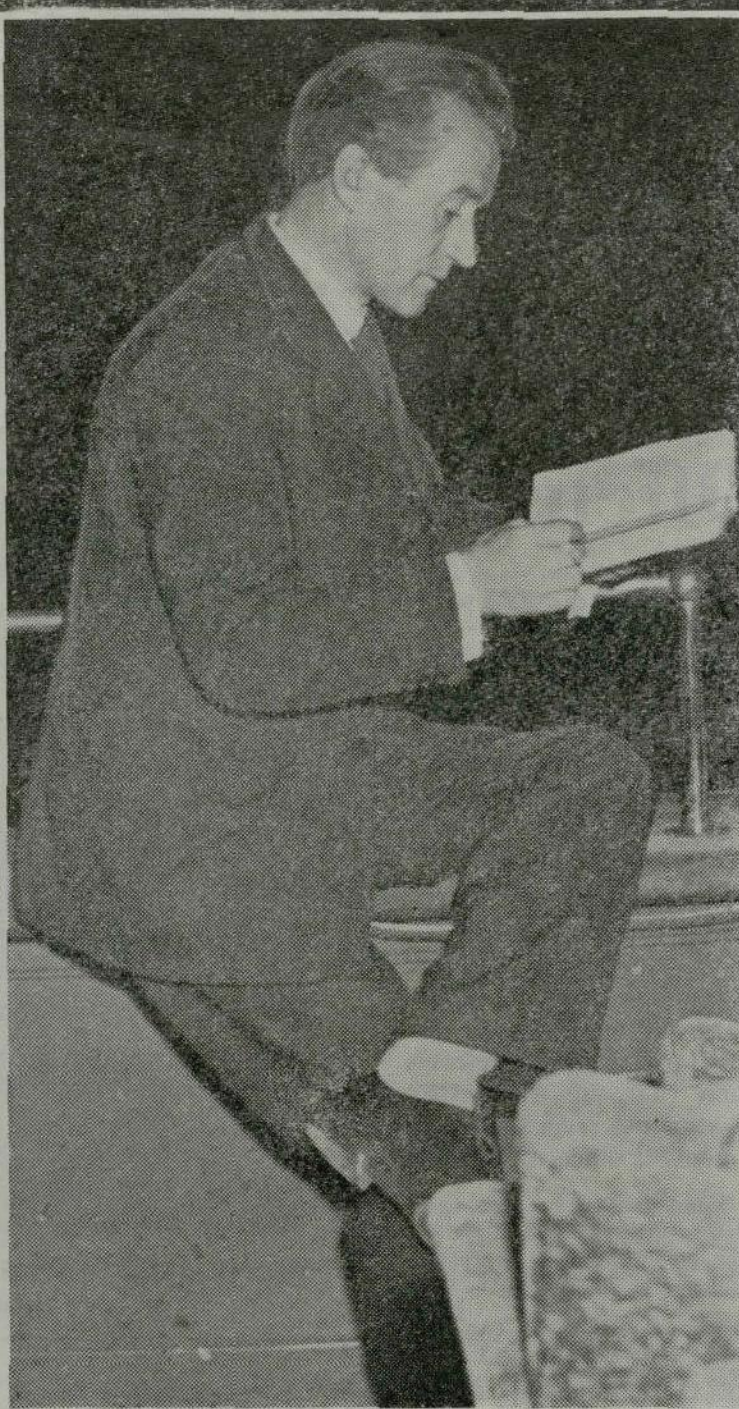
Brigade's report was presented "after nearly six months of constant prodding from the Agent." I heard a different story when on November 30th I had an interview with Mr. B. Larkin, Acting Chief Officer of the Dublin Fire Brigade. Mr. Larkin pointed out that the report, although not a lengthy one, was the result of much work by the Fire Brigade; I can assure your readers that the report contains many reasonable and constructive suggestions. Mr. Larkin explained that the delay in submitting the report was caused not, as Mr. Blake suggests, by the indolence of his men, but by the fact that the College authorities will not accept the Fire Brigade's proposal to have metal fire-escapes erected on the outside of each building. The reasonable objection to this scheme is that the architectural beauty of the buildings would be spoilt; the Fire Brigade has, therefore, had to make alternative proposals.

Vandalism is something which Mr. Blake and every other responsible person deplores, but which will, I am afraid, continue. The only answer is to provide solid fire-escapes which cannot be removed or damaged.

We all seem to agree that the present installations are hopelessly inadequate. Should we not all therefore pass to the obvious conclusion that effective steps should be taken to improve them at once? In my view the College authorities are not doing all that they could and should co-operate with the Dublin Fire Brigade and make our "potentially dangerous buildings" safe. The S.R.C. has no right to support this policy of playing with fire.

Yours faithfully,  
Martin Smith.

CYRIL CUSACK: An "Irish Times" Photo.



## A CAREER IN THE THEATRE

By Cyril Cusack

TO the aspiring careerist in the theatre let me say at the outset that, for most, it is impossible as yet to follow a lucrative career by Irish theatre alone. If you wish to give your allegiance to that theatre, then you had better consider it a dedication. With some, interest in theatre stems from a childhood predilection for the game of "Let's pretend!" This is an illusory approach and should be dropped from the start. "Let's not pretend!" must be the starting-point for any aspirant to the theatre. We may call it the world of make-believe, if you like, but this is not the same thing.

It is, in fact, the opposite from pretence; for, to make-believe, is not this to call upon a faith of some kind? And what is the strange faith of the theatre which we ask others to accept? Since, classically, we understand the purpose of drama to be purgation, it is a belief in the truth and efficacy of laughter and tears; it is a dedication. Therefore, when it comes to theatre, let us not pretend; to do so is to set out on a slap-happy jaunt along the high-road to self-deception.

### Know Thyself

The young person with ambitions—say, primarily as an actor—in the Irish theatre should, before consulting anyone else, consult himself. Is he concerned with it as a medium through which to express himself in some such dedication, in the light of some such faith? Or is he, as we toss the phrase, "in it for what he can get out of it," for the world-wide sale and distribution, through the stage and its offspring, screen, radio, and television, of that interesting commodity—himself, as a simple careerist, ready to give the public what he thinks it wants, and use

to the full any and every form of publicity in order to exploit this unique commodity?

I might seem to advise rather as Machiavelli does his prince. As you enter the world of theatre you must abandon all your illusions—or none. If you fail in this it is certain that you will one day awake to a deadly awareness that you have taken the wrong turning and that it is too late to turn back.

If the young enquirer categorise himself as an idealist I need say little. He will try to do just what he wants to do and in his own way. And this is perhaps best. However, it might serve him well first to reflect on two important considerations. First, in what degree does he possess any talent for the theatre? This he should seek to ascertain with as little waste of time as possible; the amateur group will do for a gauge. Secondly, assuming a talent, he must consider how adequately to disguise his idealism so as to avoid the contempt of those who recognise in it only a form of lunacy. It may be necessary, therefore, to keep his ideals under cover, even from colleagues, amongst many of whom will be found a cheap, secondhand brand of cynicism quite prevalent in recent times and self-consciously reckoned by some to be

the hallmark of maturity and wisdom. This must be seen for what it is, of course, as the rallying burble of the real lunatic. If, for protection, he should decide to adopt, chameleon-wise, a cynical pose somewhat similar, let him be sure not to carry it too far. It is true, he might acquire some reputation as "a character," but "characters" are becoming all too common in Ireland to-day and, probably owing to the public's greed for an increasing variety of monstrous figures in which to vest its hidden eccentricities and perversions, their popularity is short-lived and more translucent than it used to be in the day of, say, Dublin's "Endymion." It is unlikely, in any case, that the embryo actor of to-day can afford to indulge in extravagant antics or consume the amount of alcohol necessary to support such a role.

### The Hidden Roles

There are other areas of theatrical endeavour, of course, e.g. state-management, scenic design, stage-direction. There is from time to time some shift around in the meaning of these various titles, which gives rise to confusion. Only the terms "actor" and "dramatist" appear to remain constant. In the U.K. now, I am informed, Stage Management has come to be identified with the Business Management; while the actual management of the stage in the course of presentation is in the hands of someone known as the Deputy Stage Manager. The person responsible for the direction of a play, commonly referred to in Ireland as the Producer, elsewhere receives the title, as in film-making, of Director.

It is possible to pass pell-mell through these various functions, ending up as a Director with a power complex and notions of grandeur sometimes induced by the nature of the work, which consists, in the first place, of cutting, editing, even of re-interpreting Shakespeare and other playwrights; then, with the players—who often show a surprising lack of initiative—of moving them about on a small wooden area at least effectively enough to prevent their bumping into one another; of falsifying their natural inflections, and generally of impressing one's personality on others totally different. An insidious by-product of the director's job comes from the effect he is expected to make on young people who, in their efforts to attract attention, will genuflect or prostrate themselves before him as he passes; all of which helps to bring to boiling-point that faintest suspicion he may have had from the start, that the Director is, indeed, a sort of god-almighty—a form of insanity which, while always irritating to others, can at times be very consoling to oneself.

### "Put Money in Thy Purse"

At this kind of work you may, while in Ireland, collect anything between, say £10, and £100, per production, always, however, with a fair certainty that, the greater your fee, the less likely you are to be employed. Possibly, after a too lengthy period of waiting, during which you may even find yourself referred to in the popular press as last season's "genius," and with insufficient time in which to develop the compensatory mental condition aforementioned, you may decide to go in for Business Management.

This role of Business Manager—it, too, might be described as a part to be played—should carry with it an air of authority, in every sense of the word, and a certain amount of weight, hardly less than twelve stone. Of some advantage, too, is a paunch; but, above all, if he is to persevere, the Business Manager must maintain a pachydermitous front. He is liable to be hated by everyone, including the management which has appointed him and will suspect him of squandering its money in riotous living, and also by the artists he has engaged, for and on behalf of the aforesaid, for they will believe that he is responsible for minimising salaries to the point of absurdity, earning a false popularity mainly at their expense. So that, if previously he has passed precariously through other channels of theatre, now he must be prepared to shed that tender skin, which hitherto has suffered nothing sharper than some critic's rusty barb or a cliché witticism from some up-and-coming director.

CONTINUED Page 4  
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# Icarus:

## A POST MORTEM

by Alec Reid

It is surely a proof of the vitality of any magazine that it should be capable of change, above all of change reflecting the aims and standards of those who produce it and those at whom it is directed. No one then, should regret that this term's "Icarus" has a new cover or that, as the editor, Ian Blake, points out on his contents page "The Layout of this issue is the only Editorial." Opinions may differ as to whether cover and layout are good or bad, the change, *per se*, is probably healthy.

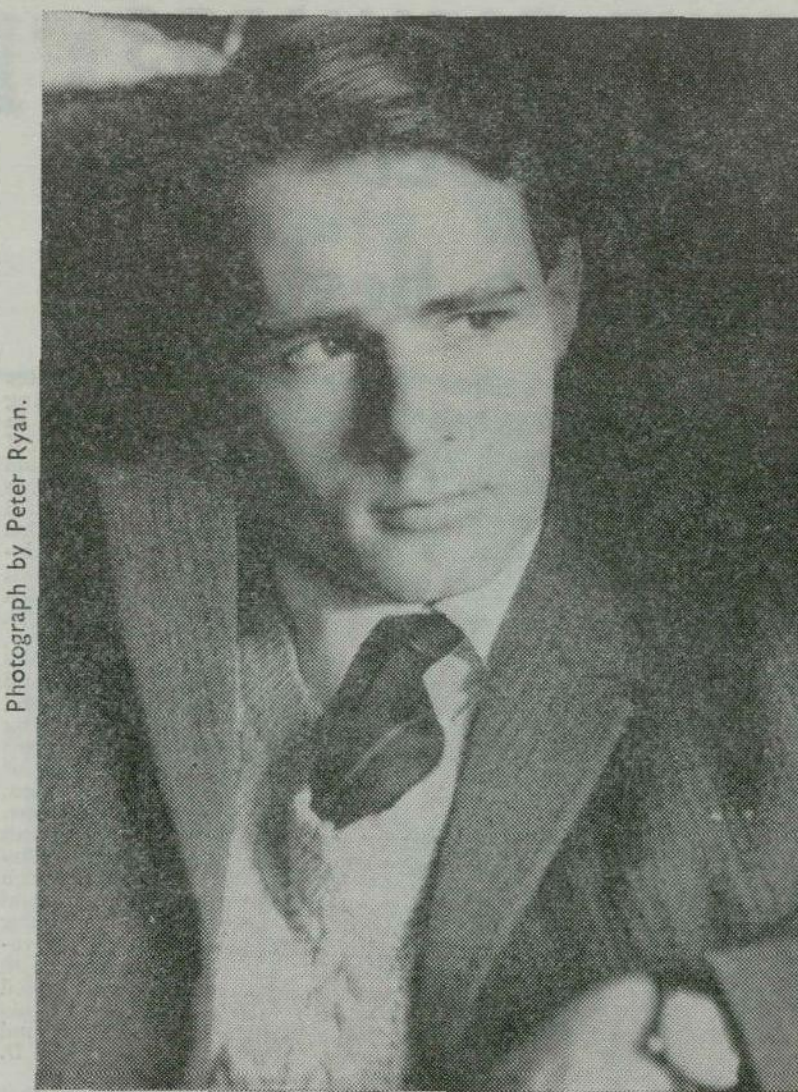
Since the editor has gone to such lengths to stress his innovations however, they deserve at least some examination. The present issue begins with a "critical" article by Donald Carroll on Emotion and Motion in Undergraduate Verse and then follows three poems by Brendan Kennelly, Deborah de Vere White and Alan Young, on a dead girl, a dead child, and a dead boy. Of these Deborah de Vere White's makes the greatest impact—here surely is as sensitive and promising a poet as "Icarus" has discovered this long while—Alan Young's is, perhaps, a thought over dramatic and Brendan Kennelly's, for all its technical polish, lacks his customary certainty. (One would like to hear Mr. Kennelly distinguish between his doctors, priests and civilians). The poems as a trio do not seem to illustrate much. They are, with the exception of Miss White's, good competent "Icarus" stuff and no more. Are they, however, part of the lay-out that replaces an editorial? Are they deliberate variations on a set theme?

Next we have three stories interposed with poems, and here surely there is a common thread, Richard Eekersley, James Douglas and Ian Blake are all concerned as the introductory quotation suggests with "the end of innocence." Of the three stories, that by Mr. Douglas is perhaps the most subtle. It is easy enough to think of the end of innocence as the knowledge of evil; it is disturbing to realise that it equally involves and may be marked by the knowledge of good.

After the stories comes another trio, this time three poets, Michael Longley, Derek Mahon and Timothy Brownlow. Here we find the most reassuring piece in the whole issue, an angry and effective sonnet by Michael Longley, reassuring because this, more than any other contribution, seems to care more about getting something said than the manner of saying it or the action of utterance. The major criticism of this "Icarus" is that it has a curiously self-conscious air—the business of being a writer seems to matter more than using writing as a mode of communicating experience. Some one has suggested that F. R. Leavis lacking direct artistic originality invented his critical phraseology as a compensation. One might say, though it would be harsh that many of the present contributors have specialised in delicate recording to replace the experience, indeed the life, they have not lived.

All in all this is an interesting and provocative issue. Thought has gone into the writing and the production. The more perturbing things are the pre-occupation with "young" subjects—dead children, the end of childhood, undergraduate verse—and the self-conscious detached formalism of some of the writing. This issue is honest and not as pretentious as some of its predecessors but "Icarus" could well do with more urgency, indeed more of the primitive, in the near future.

## Profile:



Photograph by Peter Ryan.

## CARL BONTOLT

**S**LIGHTLY slouched shoulders, a brief-case, and a duffle are the outward signs of the inward grace which is Carl Henrik Bonaventura Daniel Harald Bontoft Vicomte de St. Quentin. The succession of names has something to do with his aristocratic background, but to his family and to his college associates he is known as Bonty. This minimising of his name in no way deters from his many qualities, or hinders his indulgence in numerous societies.

But to the makings of the man. In January, 1940, under a somewhat crowded sky little Bontoft was born. From then on came a period of continental education, the little lad moving from Denmark to Germany, and finally as a Top Scholar to Marlborough, England. The tight lipped form of education did not suit him too well, for he

had to leave this heart of England on grounds of ill health. He recommenced a period of Continental wanderings, taking such jobs as woodsman, station porter, interpreter, night-watchman, and prep-schoolmaster. His talent for languages has much to do with his background, his mother being

Scandinavian and his father half French, half English.

And then he came to College, where he was perhaps first noticed through writing the music for a Players Revue. This talent for music is both a relaxation and a creative force. When he is depressed or frustrated, he sits at the piano and rattles off tunes to the hundred till he feels more like facing the world. He finds the world a queer place. People to him are often moving pictures that act and talk in preconceived ways, and for these he has little time. They will never know that he has little time for them because he includes everyone in what he does, but the difference is seen to his few close friends. To them he can be both mother and father. His is full of sympathy for dead-beats yet hates to see anyone wasting themselves.

He gives most to Players and to Choral, for both of them require his musical talent, but in the news-journal T.C.D. he tries to keep the balance between intellectuality and dreariness which is always a difficulty in a magazine of such magnitude. He is a Senior Sophister in German and French which allows him a certain influence in the Mod. Lang. discussions and tea-parties, and though interested in languages remains a second class student not through a lack of knowledge but through a lack of time. He has fallen into the easy Trinity sin of doing too much outside the curriculum.

Outside of College and still in Dublin, he sings in the Protestant Cathedral every Sunday as well as playing the organ for another smaller church. He hopes to conduct with the Radio Eireann Orchestra as well as composing serious music for Church and State. His church going is a real thing, not a mere physical duty, but is wholly personal. He would hate to see anyone bullied into doing what was against their principles, however stupid. He merely shows them just how stupid their principles are, and lets them figure it out from there.

At home he enters quite unself-consciously into the Parish work of his father and mother, entertaining, succouring, yet still finds time for excursions up to London to drink with his friends or arrange Revue music or performances with the more sane of Players gentlemen.

Bontoft could never be called a hearty man. He dislikes the animality that is part of the more hectic of College games. His only interest in physical exertion is in gym and home sports. But he has a passing admiration for the tall fit men who end up in the Terries or in the Parachute regiments. As long as they are stupid he is contented, for then he can admire them for what they are, and could never see himself in a similar position. He has dark Scandinavian features which add to his rather ethereal personality. It is perhaps an over-intense idea of sympathy that might give one a certain distrust in his friendly grin, but his charm and his tolerance of idiots make him a very delightful companion as well as a charming person to know. He is a talented musician, a talented linguist, but above and despite his aristocracy he is a talented gentleman.

## ARGUS

PLAYERS have given birth to yet another term production, and though I haven't seen it, not having been invited, I hear it has all the ease and delight that have become accredited to them.

One thing they did was to give a delightful party afterwards. Whether the male population of Trinity feels that in this year there are more women than usual I don't know, but they all seem to arrive at a party armed with a cheap bottle and hope that their hosts have provided both better drink and innumerable women of lascivious looks and impoverished tastes. They have, of course, a vague idea that Players will provide the best that there is, but even Players is not miraculous. The ideal in women now seems to be something that is blond, hair falling to the shoulders or lower, a pug face, a desire to jazz and love like mad, and with the minimum intelligence. She should look like a ski-ing model from the front page of some women's journal, and should be terribly supercilious. After consideration maybe Players could supply this sort of thing, but how terribly dull. The ideal should get perked up a bit.

Saturday saw the unfortunate defeat of the first rugby men by the other rugby men. This was all very unfortunate and horrid, particularly as it was just one of those things, but it could have been caused by the day before. Stalwart Edward Clarkson got together some of the lads and laid on a strong boozing session in young Bosworth's rooms.

It was amusing to look around the G.M.B. and notice the

fanaticism of some of the college maidens. Five beautiful girls sat amongst that hall of men revelling in the acts of animality; not clinging in horror to their squires, but sitting forward eyes aglow in obvious enjoyment as yet another good man fell.

Mr. J. Grocock's new deal, recorded in this paper as headlines last week leads to some interesting speculation. Where are the instrumentalists going to play? It is obvious that if they could earn a few pennies by their endeavours it would be better for them, if not for the audience. They intend to work over lunch times, so what better place than Buffet. Buffet would be converted into a Grand Hotel type of eating house with microphones and speakers so that the whole world through the auspices of Radio Eireann could enjoy our lunch with us. As soon as the Smellies get here we can have a real old orgy. Be that as it may instrumentalism on Buffet would be divine. The cost of the food could go up to pay for the musicians, and amorous advances could be made to the sweet sound of strings and wood.

What better setting than Buffet with the old masters and mistresses staring down, for the budding composer to compose in? What more interested audience could any ensemble demand? Whether Mr. Grocock has approached the authorities with this in mind, I don't know, but with the alertness of intelligence for which the authorities are renowned I am sure they will jump at the idea, and see in a moment its full intrinsic value, so continuing their work of making college a more comfortable and happier place.



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## Colours Match

# MAGNIFICENT FORWARDS UNREWARDED

## Read at his best

ONCE the rain had started last Saturday Trinity's hopes of containing U.C.D. in the Colours Match seemed to grow slimmer and slimmer. Nobody gave the pack much of a chance against their heavier and more experienced opponents, but as events turned out the forwards were magnificent and it was simply because they did not have a place-kicker of consistency that Trinity lost.

The Trinity eight delighted the spectators with an inspired display in the loose and under Powell's leadership made U.C.D. look ragged and disorganised. Argyle and Ross were tireless and in the thick of everything while Bielenburg, Powell and Caldicott did not allow O'Halloran and Watson to dominate the line-outs. Newcomer Burke and Pike especially did sterling work in the tight and it was unfortunate that the heeling was slow, affording Mulrairie little time to evade Kelly and McKenna.

Both sides had shots with penalties from difficult angles but they were all short. U.C.D. were heeling the more quickly but their centres either found the slippery ball difficult to handle or were tackled in possession so that Tormey resorted to kicking to his wings. Trinity's defence was secure with Lea fielding and kicking soundly while Siggins' tackling was one of the features of the match.

Trinity's most dangerous move in the first half came when Read broke clear of the close marking of Doyle and Tormey. Instead of passing the ball out to his three-

quarters he changed direction and linked up with the forwards who surged upfield. A loose maul developed just inside the twenty-five and Trinity were awarded a penalty. Unbelievably Lea hooked the ball wide from this relatively easy position so that half-time arrived with neither side having scored.

More difficult penalties were missed by Coker and Cross in an effort to get that lead which in the circumstances would have proved vital. Trinity came dangerously close to scoring a try when Read dashed round the blind-side and ran almost to the line but Coker could not gather his pass and U.C.D. scrambled the ball away.

It was now U.C.D.'s turn to press, in an effort to wear the Trinity forwards down. One run by Thornton caught the Trinity defence napping as he sped across the field but the movement failed just short of the corner. From a relieving twenty-five drop-out a Trinity forward was penalised for obstruction and Cross kicked a good penalty goal.

Trinity, with everything at

stake, for the last fifteen minutes produced a series of exciting attacks on their opponents' line in an effort to equalise. Instead of passing to his wings, Read made several dazzling runs, jinking his way through U.C.D.'s watchful defence before passing. This pressure was rewarded when a defender was offside on his own twenty-five but it was Coker's turn to hack the ball wide of the posts.

Undaunted by this failure, Trinity continued to make dangerous, incisive attacks and only fine kicking by Cross and Tormey gave U.C.D. breathing space. Then came the movement by which the Colours Match of 1961 will be remembered. Lea, fielding dangerously near his own line and deciding that the time had come for Trinity to replace discretion with valour broke through the entire U.C.D. back-line and with the forwards now covering started off a crisp passing movement before Read linked with Siggins who cut inside and raced for the line. Unfortunately his final pass did not go to hand and after a fierce last-ditch maul U.C.D. cleared and were safe.

This was to be Trinity's last chance on an afternoon that they should have won deservedly. They showed us what a fine side they are though and doubtless revenge will be sweet when the two sides meet again in the Cup match next term. Our disappointment was great but we can console ourselves with the thought that of the fifteen players originally chosen, at least twelve could be at Lansdowne Road next year.

## Harriers

The Harriers spent from Nov. 21st to the 26th on tour in Scotland where they ran against St. Andrew's University on Nov. 22nd and against Aberdeen University on Nov. 25th. The St. Andrew's match was held under miserable conditions over a very hilly course and undoubtedly these facts caused the D.U.H. runners some discomfort which partly accounts for the margin of defeat. S. Whittome ran his usual fine race to finish 2nd followed by A. R. Sparshott and F. H. Quinlan 4th equal. The packing, on which the team's success depends, was absent in this match and the next D.U.H. man home was P. J. Davey in 11th place. D.U.H. placings were: 2nd, S. Whittome; 4th, equal, A. R. Sparshott and F. H. Quinlan; 11th, P. J. Davey; 12th, A. Shillington; 13th, B. E. Davies. Result — St. Andrew's University won, 34 pts. to 47.

The result of the Aberdeen match was also disappointing. D.U.H. lost by 4 pts., having beaten Aberdeen by a similar margin a fortnight earlier. S. Whittome once again ran a fine race to finish 3rd. The half-mile stretch of soft sand caused most D.U.H. men much embarrassment with the exception of A. Shillington who sped over them to come in 6th equal with F. H. Quinlan. D.U.H. placings: 3rd, S. Whittome; 4th, A. R. Sparshott; 6th, equal, F. H. Quinlan and A. Shillington; 10th, P. Toomey; 11th, P. J. Davey. Result — Aberdeen U.H., 37 pts.; D.U.H., 41.

Last Saturday the Eire Novices' Championships were held near Santry. D.U.H. had high hopes of winning the Championships but unfortunately the whole team, with the exception of S. Whittome, A. Shillington and B. E. Davies, ran far below its usual standard. However, from a total field of 9 teams, they emerged 3rd. Result — 1st, Civil Service, 56 pts.; 2nd, Clonliffe Harriers, 116 pts.; 3rd, D.U.H., 149 pts.

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## Colonel May

(Ireland's Leading Tipster)

As the Colonel watched Limeking (8/1) run away with the Bishops-court 'Chase last Saturday at Naas, he realised that this meant that the term's profit had reached £25-18-8. Another most impressive winner was Silver Green who should do very well in the Gloucester Hurdle at Cheltenham next March.

The big race of the week is the Rhydney Breweries 'Chase at Chepstow. In a high class field, Pas Seul should prove to be too good for the opposition. At Lingfield on Friday Major Cazalet will probably continue his phenomenal run of success with Out Of Town. The Irish meeting is at Mullingar, and Tom Dreaper's Kerforo will be on a three-timer and should oblige.

Next term the Colonel is planning a series of visits to leading Irish flat and jumping stables. The Colonel would like to take this opportunity of wishing all his many followers a Merry Christmas and he hopes that their vacation will be as prosperous as this past term. Just My Mark should compensate for ungenerous aunts!

## Boat Club

The two Trial VIII's, Romulus and Remus, raced from Guinness' Wharf to Butt Bridge on Nov. 28th. Romulus struck 36 at the start and strode to 32, and Remus 32 dropping to 29. Thus, it was not surprising that by the end of a minute Romulus had a lead of one length, which they maintained over practically the whole course. At the finish, Romulus won by 1 length in a creditable time of 7 minutes 5 seconds, which is only 6 seconds slower than the record set up by U.C.D. this year.

Romulus were undoubtedly the better crew and retained a better rhythm and stride over the course. It would be unfair to dismiss the performance of Remus who though a length down were able at a lower rating to decrease this distance at the finish. This race was encouraging, particularly as the time was fast for relatively unfit crews.

It is hoped that this will be an annual fixture. The fact that Trinity can now race off Trial VIII's as Oxford and Cambridge do promises well for the chances of the Boat Club for the coming season.

## CYRIL CUSACK from page 2

But this role, too, has its compensations. You will be merrily greeted and courted by both players and public, the one to shake the hand that holds the purse-strings, the other regarding him carefully as the passage-keeper to backstage privileges; while both have a lurking suspicion that you are, in fact, the management. If you are discreet, in time you will come to be looked up to as a person of some influence, and, what is more, taken note of from above. This desirable confusion arises from the habit some Business Managers indulge, of posing as the backer behind the scenes.

The Business Manager may receive a percentage of a production's profits; he may take a salary only; or he may have a bit of both worlds. But, for his own peace of mind and as a protective measure, it is better for him not to become too absorbed in theatre, but to cultivate an interest in other more remunerative activities, such as dairy-farming, Dry Sherry importing, or the building of chassis. The profits accumulated from such areas, if properly controlled and not devoured too rapidly by your friends of the profession, should provide something for your old age, which life in the theatre advances often prematurely.

To return again to what may possibly be the first aim of the theatre-apprentice — to acting — this still carries (oddly enough) with it the aura of rogue and vagabond, and this is an impression which, unfortunately, a certain type of irresponsible actor, usually new to the profession and rather garrulous about it, will perpetuate. But your aims may hover uncertainly in the environs of the state or, rather, semi-state theatre, where you could develop bifurcally as a semi-civil-servant and a semi-public figure, though you also would run the hazard of becoming semi-literate. Your salary here, which would range somewhere in the region of £12 per week, may be implemented by lending your voice and personality to television advertising in the interests of Custard Powder, Dry Cleaning, and endless varieties of toothpaste, deodorants and such. It is to be feared, however, that in such a theatre in Ireland your chances of travelling abroad, of touring the provinces, of generally improving your mind, are strictly limited. Nevertheless, the compensation here lies in the fact that you may find a measure of security and, dropping the earlier guise of rogue and vagabond, may, in a matter of years, acquire an air of responsibility calculated to inspire confidence and entitle you to good placing on a Civil List.

## Dedication

Summing up, if you are one dedicated to Irish theatre, then I'm afraid you must, at considerable sacrifice to yourself, go out and help to infuse it with a more generous purpose. At present it wanders rather aimlessly, its several tails happily wagging, through Irish low comedy up to a fairly slick imitation of American "grand" tragedy, swinging derivatively down again into "new" revue, and up along the line again

to the "newer still" iconoclastic school rearing to go from the gutter with a few dirty words picked up and peddled as pearls. The more reputable effort is given over to the exploitation of Synge, O'Casey, and Shaw, till these venerable masters are nearly wrung dry.

If, on the other hand, you are an admitted careerist, you may use Ireland as simply a stepping-off ground, a shop-window for the more lucrative and publicised venues of London and New York, where you will be able to speak enthusiastically of your native theatre from a safe distance. This way you may well end up with a knighthood, a small estate in Ireland, and possibly a longer lifetime in which to enjoy the inexpressible gratitude of your fellow-countrymen for having contributed so much to the build-up of British or American theatre and screen.

Hopefully I suggest that the Irish theatre is still growing up. It has passed through its infant prodigy stage, with the earlier Abbey; it has now, I trust, almost covered its adolescence, shooting out scantily in all directions; it remains only for this present generation of theatre-workers to help bring it to maturity.

—Cyril Cusack.

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