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# Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

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

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# Exhibition a Success

## Unlucky Buffet

Opened 12 noon, Friday, 13th January, the new servery hadn't a chance. From the start little things niggled and now patrons shuffle resignedly over the rough, unfinished, grit which prefaces the sudden descent into disillusion. The tiling on the floor and walls is smart but will it ever be clean again as long queues (subtly hidden by the Bath House) tread in the dirt picked-up crossing the threshold? Customers waiting as ever can appreciate the economical air-conditioning provided by the cutting gusts howling in from the Bay. Hiding behind his major success, the adequate rows of coat-racks, is the agent, Col. Walshe, the disappointed chairman of the Buffet Committee which meets to-day to iron out the increased number of snags provided by contemporary chromium-plated ingenuity. Criticism levelled at the red, yellow, and black metal spheroids ornamenting the bannisters of the treble stairways to the serving-counters above should be passed on to Col. Walshe who is just as anxious as you are that buffet should be a success.

We are always grateful to receive letters, but we cannot always be certain of including them. If you disagree with views expressed in the paper, do not hesitate to do so in print; if you have a grievance which you want to air, brevity will help it to reach our columns.

While the effects of 'flu on the staff creates an extra headache for the Agent the hungry student has some fiendish obstacles to overcome on his trek through the bread-lines. On the upper storey each customer's initial stoop to get a greasy tray is rewarded by a prod in the rear from a stadium-style crush barrier. Then, the too short service area having prevented one from exercising freedom of choice, the hygienic glass flaps guarding the desserts and confectionery hamper the customer in getting at the food. Next query—is the tea being served here today or must one get a pass to show the guardian of the urns in the dining hall? It'll be cold anyway.

The hall seems as crowded as ever and less comfortable and even if you have no coat and want to leave quickly and quietly by the front entrance don't forget you can't because it's locked. If you aren't quite sure what to do at any time remember there's bound to be a tastefully printed notice somewhere telling you politely what and how to solve your problem. Always keep two things in mind, buffet will work perfectly in a year or two when the new dining hall is built and there's always the coffee-bar.

Entertain  
at the

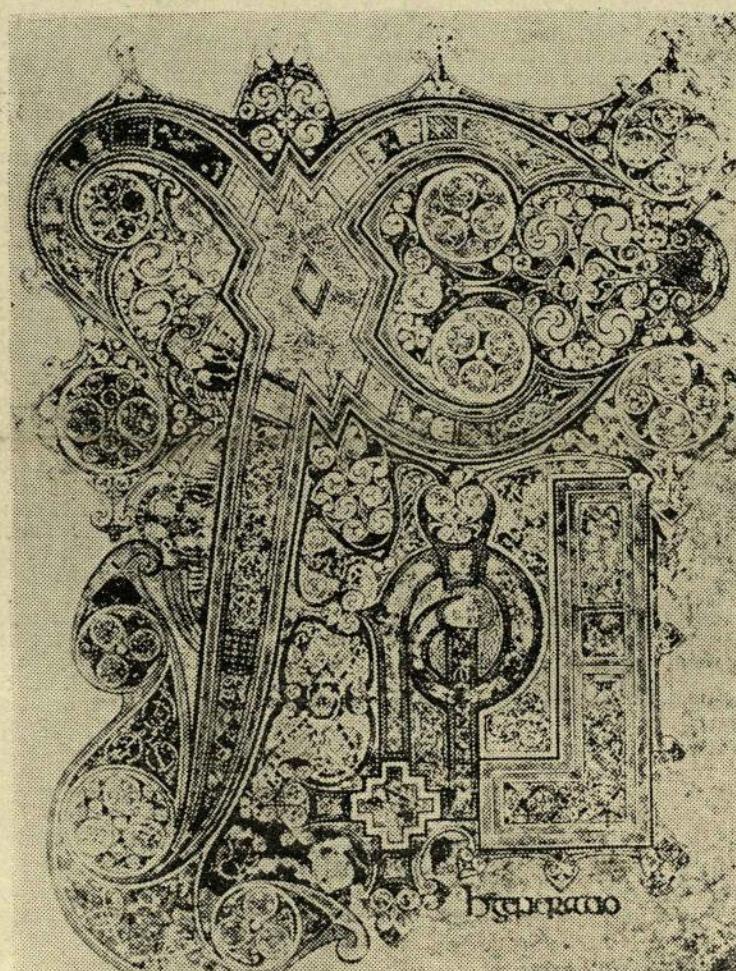
## Georgian Room

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

METROPOLE  
O'CONNELL ST., DUBLIN

## High Praise from Critics

THE exhibition of "Treasures of Trinity College" was opened in Burlington House, London, on 11th January. When this exhibition was first thought of, the Library Extension Committee resolved that it should be professionally designed and promoted and, therefore, capable of standing up to the judgment of professional critics. In practice, the exhibition has been enthusiastically received by the press, radio and television. The only sour note has come from "The Daily Worker." The only major newspaper not to have covered the exhibition (and this is a sad loss) is "The Sunday Times."



Courtesy of Irish Times.

The Chi Rho page from the Book of Kells.

"The (London) Times" reported: "The whole exhibition is extremely well displayed, very effective use being made of enlarged photographs, both of landscapes and buildings, and of details from the manuscripts." The B.B.C. critics called it "A Triumph for Photography." "The Daily Telegraph" talked of the second of the exhibition's four rooms, in which photographs of old prints "evoke the grace of Dublin and fine plate reminds us of the range of the treasures owned by Trinity College." "The Guardian" finished its criticism by saying: "It must have been a difficult exhibition to stage and design. Sir Hugh Casson and Mr. Alan Irvine have made a good job of it. Some of the intimacy of an eighteenth century interior, some of the quiet claustrophobia that belongs

to a great library, and something of the atmosphere of a shrine to contain a renowned jewel have been achieved."

The "renowned jewel" was, of course, "The Book of Kells," on which most newspaper and periodical reports, naturally, concentrated. "The (English) Tatler" somehow thought up the caption "A broth of a book," but more than made up for this by reproducing a series of brilliant photographs of the official opening.

The Library Extension Committee is considering whether or not it will be possible to bring to Dublin this exhibition, which will be on view in London until 5th March, and which the London editor of "The Irish Press" described as "one of the finest of its kind I have ever seen in London."

## Traffic Wardens: Legal?

Traffic control is of great importance because it will concern us all sooner or later, said Mr. R. O'Donohue, Secretary of the A.A., at a Law Society meeting last Friday. Governments should realise that serious action is required. It is not enough to patch the breaches in the dyke. Is the existing method the right one, he asked,

and how far should one's movement be controlled? The debate: "Traffic Wardens are Contrary to the Spirit of the Common Law," revealed that members' experience, though conflicting, was favourable to the London system. One speaker said that it had cost him nothing; his secret was to use another motorist's unexpired time?

## U.C.D. v. U.S.I.

The National Union of Students (England) have said that instead of taking two teams and an individual from the final of the Irish Times debate for the Observer debate, they will take only one and an individual this year. The "Phil", being the winning team will thus be able to go forward. But King's Inns Debating Society (2nd place) and U.C.D.'s L. and H. (individual speaker), the other two teams involved, have objected strongly to N.U.S.'s decision. They have even gone as far as to suggest the breaking off of debating relations between U.S.I. and N.U.S., and want the "Phil" not to enter the debate, as a protest.

Hallam Johnson, however, said recently that the Society as a whole had approved of his decision to go forward, and it is believed that Peter Donnelly, the L. and H. individual speaker, will go forward on his own, discarding the aegis of his society. U.S.I. are evidently behind the "Phil" (except, of course, for U.C.D. and King's Inns) and feel generally that U.C.D. is the great trouble-maker. The "Phil" decision to act contrary to the other Irish teams involved, although bringing about certain dissension there, is the best course for protecting U.S.I.-N.U.S. relations.

## Nuclear Friction

The campaign for Nuclear Disarmament is looking up. Under the strong (American) guidance of Charles Posner something is at last being done by this organisation in the college. A protest is being arranged for March 1st, to pre-echo Aldermaston. This is in co-operation with U.C.D., some Trade Unionists and the National Progressive Democrats. There will be marches at the same time in Cork and Belfast, and a mass meeting is proposed in Dublin for the night of the 1st.

Unfortunately there is a fly in the ointment. There are now members of two C.N.D. organisations in College. The people who are arranging the protests are delegates of the Irish C.N.D. movement, but there is also the Dublin University section of the movement, run by a different committee and officers. Whether or not friction will arise depends on the ability of the leaders to submerge personal differences and ambitions for the good of the aim.

As a postscript to the C.N.D. meeting on Sunday stones were thrown through the windows of Michael Downing's rooms (Downing is one of the prime movers behind the renaissance of protest against nuclear arms in this college). It is about time that people realised that they cannot combat ideas with violence in actions so reminiscent of those of the Czarist reactionaries.

## CAFE

Both our Cafe and Restaurant are decorated in gay contemporary colour schemes. The Cafe in grey and yellow, the Restaurant in pink and grey. Just the places to relax over a cup of coffee, a tasty lunch or a substantial tea after the exertions of study.

**Switzers**  
CAFE AND RESTAURANT



## TRINITY NEWS

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Vol. VIII TRINITY NEWS No. 7  
THURSDAY, 2nd FEBRUARY, 1961.

## POLICY

**L**AST term, "Trinity News" had a clearly-identifiable "slant." We had no rigid editorial line; rather we showed an increased consciousness of broad Irish issues. We endeavoured to destroy the widely-diffused image of Trinity College, the self-sufficient cultural fortress. We consistently looked outside and stepped beyond our encircling railings. We sought by feature articles to arouse interest in national affairs, and to express opinions about them in editorials.

Any newspaper needs a policy—none more than a College one. In the miniature world of the University it is hard for a paper not to be dilettante, amorphous, aimless. But editorials by their very nature must be as miscellaneous and accidental as the events which inspire them. In this series of issues we intend to comment on current national affairs and on College matters—in what proportion it must be left to the quirks of Fate to decide. However, a definite general policy will be clearly visible in the rest of the paper. By devoting a considerable amount of space to reviews we hope, perhaps presumptuously, to pass judgment on the Dublin artistic scene.

Irishmen have consistently been more successful in art than in politics; it is tempting to attribute the Bohemian disorder of our political life to the emotional excesses of a nation of artists. Whether or not this is valid, there are even now many people who see Ireland as a land which breeds artists and gunmen in about equal proportions. The happy decline of the gunman (a process which has not yet reached the stage of extinction, as last Friday's revolting murder sadly shows), which has opened the road to political maturity, has been matched by a disastrous decay in the artistic life of Ireland. The "gun" has contributed richly to Irish writing—to Yeats, O'Flaherty, O'Casey and O'Connor. But now that it has gone and we have the "new" Ireland, internationally minded, putting her economic house in order, the old dynamism seems to have vanished.

We believe that the artistic stagnation of Dublin is serious, but not fatal. Exactly how serious we want to find out. By including regular reviews of Dublin's painting, music, theatre and films we hope to estimate what is valuable in the city's artistic life. Obviously this evaluation cannot be comprehensive and no final conclusions can be drawn from it. But we hope that, at the very least, individual reviews will help those seeking entertainment and/or artistic merit in Dublin. For all their inexperience and rashness, student critics are bound to have similar prejudices and preconceptions as student audiences. Thus our judgment, though perhaps less reliable, will be more immediate than that of the critics of the national papers.

Nor is it too much to hope that the sum total of these reviews over a six-week period will lead us to some conclusion about the merit of this present chapter in a glorious history.

# ★ ★ ★ REVIEWS ★ ★ ★

## FILMS:

## Mystery and Enchantment

"ORFÉE": D.U. Film Society.  
Director: Jean Cocteau.

"BLACK ORPHEUS": Astor Cinema.  
Director: Marcel Camus.

Only their names and some few elements of plot connect these two utterly dissimilar films. The contrast between Cocteau's almost supernaturally brilliant fantasy, and Camus's colourful exciting and, to me, deeply moving fairy tale, demonstrates the immense freedom and flexibility of which the film form is capable.

Before attempting to take Cocteau's fantasy by the horns I would straightforwardly like to admit to being totally mystified during large parts of "Orfee." In this experience I gather I am not alone. Cocteau has refused to make any concession to conventional cinematic procedure, even to give normal clarity and sequence to his story. Perhaps we are meant just to sit back and enjoy the fantasy, but our convention-ridden minds go on demanding—"What does this mean?" One cannot but admire the enormously imaginative exploitation of the technical possibilities of the cinema. At a low, almost comic, level Cocteau has used trick photography to make mirrors turn to water, men walk as if flying, gloves glide mysteriously onto hands, etc. On a higher plane Cocteau's powerful cinematic imagination has given us a hell which is a decaying mansion, smartly dressed businessmen as infernal judges, and black, ghostly motorcyclists as the devil's earthly agents.

This is all very well, but ingenuity palls after a while. Befuddled admiration is no substitute for participation when watching a film, and by the end I was so discouraged by unsureness as to whether Orpheus was actually alive or dead that the film lost almost all of its impact. Obviously it is not a valid criticism of a work to say—"I don't like it because I don't understand it." Clearly there are several possible levels of meaning in this film; many interpretations suggest themselves afterwards. But afterwards is no good in the cinema—in the film an effect must be made immediately. A painting or a line of poetry can be lingered over; but we cannot do this with a cinematic image as the next one is upon us immediately. For me Orfee had a cold impersonal brilliance which was basically unsatisfying.

A film less cold and impersonal than "Black Orpheus" is hard to imagine; here is the sensual warmth, the living

pulsating heart which is absent from "Orfee." The two films are as different as a fairy tale from "Waiting for Godot." That the fairy tale emerges as anything but escapist and trivial is due to the way Camus, with an old, old story of love, fate and death, has made a film bursting with life, warmth, freshness and beauty. He has set new standards in the old conventions.

We must feel intensely for the characters if a story is to have any meaning for us. Camus has done just this by extracting brilliant performances from Breno Mello as Orfeo and Marpessa Dawn as Euridyce. Mello has exactly the sensitive strength and loveliness required; Marpessa Dawn, in an extraordinarily difficult part, had a spiritual purity far transcending physical beauty. The supporting roles were brilliantly taken.

The old legend has been used to give a Greek inevitability to the story. Our preknowledge of what will happen in-

creases the depth of our reaction to the film. At first the legend is just a passing joke, a coincidence; but by the end it is central—it alone gives meaning to the action.

But Camus has an even better device up his sleeve. A final unity is given to the film by the masterly use of what for want of better words we call background or atmosphere. Reason recedes and finally disappears in the dazzling enchantment of Rio at Carnaval time. In the terms of this background (in fact it is really a foreground) the story is completely acceptable. First we watch the frenzied gaiety of the preparations; then, on the night of the Carnaval, the story moves to its horrifying climax. A spell is cast over us as we watch the grotesque abandon of the dancers, the incredible richness of the purples and golds of the dancers' costumes, the intense, climatic rhythm of the music, and above all, the fantastic and terrible figure of Death, omnipresent, human, yet supernaturally evil, mercilessly seeking out his prey.

"Black Orpheus" is a technical triumph for its director; it sets new standards in acting, in the handling of large masses of people, and in colour. But Camus has not found it necessary to go beyond the basic conventions of storytelling; he has made a sensational, intensely human film; he has breathed a warm enchantment upon us. This film is what "Orpheus" now means to me.—B.R.R.A.

## MUSIC

## Efficiency, But...

PROMENADE CONCERT  
AT THE GAIETY THEATRE,  
SUNDAY, 29th JANUARY

"Carnival Overture," Dvorak; Divertimento for Orchestra, Daniel McNulty; Concerto in F Minor, Chopin; Symphony No. 2 in D, Brahms. Conductor: Milan Horvat. Piano: Eleanor Pembrey.

It is high time that something was done about the relentless procession of healthy-looking technically efficient, and musically insensitive young girls who are projected at an unsuspecting public for no other reason than that they have good connections with one of the gombeen men who run Radio Eireann. It is also time that the said gombeen men did something about the second-rate concerti with which we are being afflicted lately. Why, for instance, has there been no performance of a Mozart piano concerto within living memory? Even when one of the finest Mozart pianists in the world was brought over, at enormous expense, she had to play the Schumann concerto, which God knows is played too much already. The Chopin concerto has its moments; as a concerto it is quite dreadful, and should be suppressed. It could, presumably, be saved by a brilliant performance; Miss Pembrey was appallingly efficient, musically quite immature, and

will never be brilliant. Her dress was quite unsuitable.

The Brahms was another matter entirely. For some reason, the second symphony is curiously neglected in the concert hall. It is true that the first and fourth have more by way of Teutonic massiveness; it is also true that the second contains what are among the sublimest mysteries in all music. But the wonder of this symphony will not reveal itself in performance easily. It must be played with a mixture of contemplation and exhilaration; its splendour must be coaxed forth with joy and with devotion. Milan Horvat's performance should not, therefore, be easily underrated. It could easily be questioned in many details; why, for instance, was the vitally important 'Cello phrase in bar 352 played quite so détaché? Brahms' staccato marking is obviously a qualified one. It was a pity, too, that the upper strings could never quite project the shimmering beauty of some of their music through the Gaiety's lamentable acoustics. The horns played excellently, which in this work is a sine qua non; the trumpets were terrible and should be interred in the Curragh.

The Dvorak and the McNulty were easily digestible, and palatably presented.—W. M. O.

## A COLLEGE JOURNAL

By Martin Marprelate

also distributing with abandon roneoed slips of paper, rather strangely worded: RIGHT NOW — OR WRITE NEVER UNIVERSITY GAZETTE: Comes out once a term.

We need: Stories scintillating  
Articles anonymous (not  
really)  
Poems practical (never)  
Sports sprightly.  
Humour healthy  
Cartoons contorted

And only YOU can do them.  
MATERIAL should be sent to:  
THE EDITOR,

Tullamore University residence,  
Milltown (opp. dropping well)  
Dublin.

The newspaper, or rather periodical, which accompanied this improbable effusion turned out to be well produced, and included a well conceived interview with Cyril Cusack. It also included some desperately silly comments on Lady C., including the lofty information that bawdiness is immature. Someone should have told that to Dan Chaucer, Shakespeare, and a few more of the lads. I gather that it is dependent to a certain extent on private patronage. It contained items from Queen's, and from all the colleges of N.U.I. Trinity was not represented at all, and you know what to do about it.

of books and plays. Several prominent lecturers have taken a sound drubbing, and it will be interesting to note developments. Certainly it couldn't be done everywhere.

At least, not in an institution not a hundred miles from front gate, where two articles in their S.R.C.'s newspaper were suppressed last week. One was an article on birth control, reprinted from an English Catholic periodical, and the other a short story which had references in it to College chaplains. Not the least sinister aspect of the affair is that it was the printers who reported the articles to the college authorities. Comment on the whole business is unnecessary.

★

I end, this week, with a little story, strange but true. An undergraduate who shall be nameless received, once upon a time, an astronomical gas bill. Being of an ascetic disposition, he was inclined to mistrust the accuracy of the College Officer responsible. So, for some days, he took readings from his gas meter. As things transpired, not only was his gas meter going backwards, but the gas meter of everyone in the same block had some kind of defect which made an assessment of their gas consumption impossible. There is a moral here, and I think it is to be found somewhere in the tangled web of College financial methods, on which enigmatic pronouncement I will enlarge next week.

★

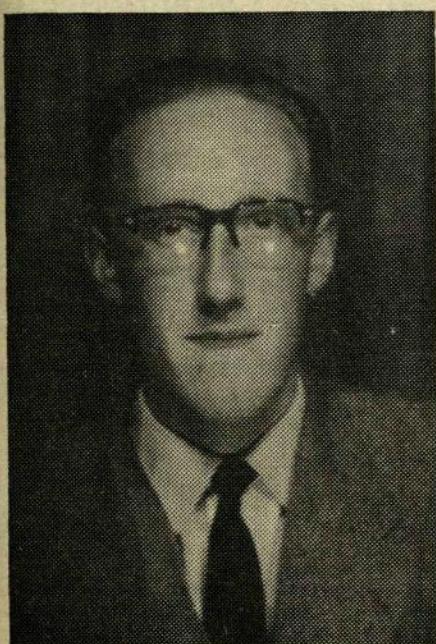
Those of us who came back early came across two vaguely isolated looking undergraduates, selling at front gate copies of an inter-varsity periodical entitled "University Gazette." They were

Current activities of the Oxford magazine *Isis* are causing considerable flutterings in domineering dovecotes. *Isis*, it seems, has taken to publishing reviews of lectures in the same way as reviews

# ★ ARGUS ★

## Own Definition

This column is about people who do things, and how they do them. It is about those who make Trinity brighter, more serious, gayer, redder, bluer, hairier, furrier, more peaceful, more lyrical, more fantastic, more vegetarian, anti-disestablishmentarian or even Hungarian — in fact it is about College life, in an unsociological sense. We are talking, fairly casually, not very seriously about people. We remark without underlining. For example, we will not preach Neville Keery's spectacular lecture from a table in the Hist, as an intellectual reveillé. It would be useless anyway. Perhaps our credo is in a sense purely negative since its essence is refusal to recognise the terms "personality" or "socialite." Lilies are relatively minor flowers on our particular field.



Hallam Johnston.

## Speaking Likenesses

Jack Daniels and Hallam Johnston of the Phil., won the "Irish Times" Debating competition just after last term ended. Let us Examine Success.

Jack wears a green, spikily-collared, faintly army coat, either because Wittgenstein, whom he intensely admires, had one like it; or because it goes rather well with his hair. He comes from Waterford, possessing the merest Wagnerian subtlety of German blood. At Kilkenny College its Berkeley, Swift and Daniels. His official name is "T.H." but this goon-wise dilution of the truth fools no-one. He "belongs" to the Mental and Moral school, has read papers on Casement and Sartre, and been called "the Castro of Ireland" by the Cuban Ambassador in London.

Sartre is significant. Jack allergic to the "phoney" needs to Existentialist as well as live. To him it is utter dishonesty to polish shoes without "feeling it here." On his walls hang "mangled coat-hangers" representing some unusual life-cycle with twisted spokes. A horseshoe hangs upside down over his door as a precaution against superstition. Scared he may be at a loss for something to talk about, he charmingly wears a paper-clip in his coat. But it often remains a conversational wallflower for weeks at a time.

## Calm About It

Hallam Johnston, Esq., Phil.-President has been profiled in this newspaper but remains as elusive as if it had been printed in invisible ink. He has never been dumbfounded, terror-stricken, aghast or even merely tense in his life. But then he reads Ian Fleming. A brilliant extemporary speaker, he "thinks on his feet," which irritates those who prefer to dramatise their mental processes.

He and Jack once served "the London Underworld" as barman for six weeks; when Jack probably carried the glasses sincerely, while Hallam dropped them unperturbedly.

Last summer on holiday in the Arran Islands with Jack, Hallam became engaged to an American girl, Sue Brooks. We wish them every happiness.

## Wings of Poesy

It would be rather too obvious to visit Trinity's "Quality Lit Set" the week Icarus comes out. Here they are in Teething-time when some tremors of life are still visible beneath the taut surface.

This term's editor, Rudi Hopzapfel, is rushing around with his impressive briefcase full for once. There is so much to do that even his conversation is now un punctuated. Another book is on the way, again in collaboration with Brendan Kennedy (the sparkling, hurling-playing, bottom-strapping lyricist from Kerry). Unlike dapper Rudi, Brendan favours a baggy outfit with pockets big enough for several volumes of "the best, man, the best!"

Mike Leahy will be contributing again. This neat little Mental and Moral student, black-haired, black-clothed, pointed-features, seems the personification of his spiky very intelligent muse, as he walks precisely and quickly, seemingly on tip-toe across Front Square. He is one of the old régime, alone with Bruce Arnold, the arch nationalist, whose carefully conventional appearance is sometimes spied in the summer with a shawboater. Cheli Duran is the only woman connected with "Icarus." After an over-powering, Dylan-Thomassian outburst, this culture vulture from America has been silent for a while, no doubt too busy with the Art Society.

This term's sub-editors are Peter Bell and Mike Longley. Peter Bell has produced one short story, one letter to "Trinity News" and one beard. Mike Longley, who always looks as though he is about to grow a beard, comes from Belfast and has a meditative muse. His speciality is love poetry which he produces with unembarrassed regularity. A very promising newcomer, Derek Mahon, also from Belfast, made his debut last year—the only Junior Freshman in the issue. He is more rhetorical both in writing and conversation than most of his taciturn countrymen.

## ★ Party Piece ★

There was quite a gathering of the clans at Islandbridge on Friday. Jim O'Brien with Norman Gillett and Sheila Kirwan in tow eventually coaxed the Rattletrap to the Boat House where Charles Norman was already discussing the intricacies of knitting with Mike Walsh-Kennedy. Charles Dewhurst resplendent in side-burns and white waistcoat steered Jenny D'Arcy serenely round the floor, carefully avoiding the war dance of Jim Kelland and a slightly bewildered Mida Montague. Gregg McCambridge and Caroline McClean made a happy pair and Ever More-Nesbitt was roused to enjoyment at the sight of Dave Dowse blushing rosily when he'd lost his kilt.

John Feeny's impromptu twenty-first party saw Anne Shawyer looking cool and collected, but Kieran Roche was definitely worried by Anthony Gillam challenging empty beer bottles to one-sided drinking bouts with warmhearted indiscrimination. Dave Chads and Tim Weston crooned soft and sultry lullabies whilst debonair Johnny O'Keefe danced



Brendan Kennedy.

in the parlour with Mary Young. Harriet Reilly talked on volubly and even included sabreless Brian Hamilton in the conversation.

## Anatomy in Scandinavia

Medical students feeling like a change during the summer vacation, but not wanting to lose touch with their work, may find the Medical Summer School in Scandinavia an ideal answer. This year's school, organised by four Scandinavian Universities, is the sixth which has been undertaken, and the organisers are confident that they can now produce a thoroughly satisfactory formula.

Expert lectures are to be delivered on: Otto Laryngology at Aarhus; Neurology, at Oslo; Urology, at Gothenburg; and Pediatrics, at Copenhagen, and ward rounds and operations can also be visited.

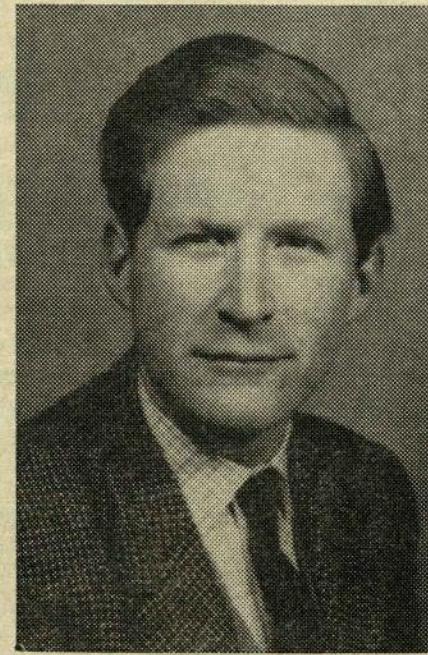
Sight-seeing tours, dances and parties are all part of the programme, and there will be time for casual shopping. English is the official language of the course, and the cost, for board, lodging, travel between towns and organised trips, is £30. It lasts from August 7th to August 27th. Those interested can obtain application forms and further information from: Secretary-General, M.S.S.S., 61 Föreningsgatan 1F, Gothenburg C, Sweden.

## Profile:

## DAVID BUTLER

### Bismarck and Buffoon

Was anyone ever a more difficult subject for a profile than David Butler? One would have to be removed from college life altogether to remain unaware of his existence, or totally deaf not to hear his ear-splitting yells. To relate the myriad activities and give abundant testimony to his boundless energies



would be to regurgitate ad nauseam that which is only too well known!!

He is a living refutation of the cliché that the energetic are possessed of only second rate minds; every society or staff that has been the recipient of even a

fraction of his time has found itself revitalised. Revitalised, and not merely in hectic motion, for he understands first, then moves.

Probably—though he is unaware of the fact—the "News" has offered him the happiest outlet to date. His talents are journalistic, in the best sense of that word. Unfortunately his ambitions are bluntly political. He hopes to take his place in Irish politics, to heal the 600 year-old fissures of National life. An ambitious and noble aspiration. One wonders if he—or anyone—is equal to it. Does he underestimate the vitality of that bottomless morass of spiteful reiterations that was and is Irish history? And what of his English public school manner, that mocking contradiction of his deepest sympathies? There is a certain irony in this most open and forward of men choosing the via dolorosa of bitter frustration.

Or is he all that open and obvious? Butler is one of those people seen and heard so often that we despair of ever coming to know them. Everyone—probably including himself—is aware of the comic side of his nature. I had not observed him a week, when I was moved to write this Limerick:

The Bishop of Tuam's bright son.  
Had his head shot off by a gun:  
But it's really no shame  
He continues the same,

A thoughtless figure of fun.

One would have to have a heart of stone not to laugh at him. But he has his own sense of humour, reserved for those who would penetrate beneath the appearances. One congratulates the best editor Trinity News has ever had, but this writer, at least, throws up his arms in despair over giving its readers a portrait of that odd combination of Bismarck and buffoon.



**B  
Nylon  
S**

## VERSATILE NYLON THE *STIMULATING CHALLENGE*

### FOR GRADUATES

Nylon, the first synthetic fibre produced is also by far the most versatile—in ropes, tyres, transmission belting, a bride's trousseau—and its potential is only marginally explored.

British Nylon Spinners Limited are the largest manufacturers of nylon textile yarn and staple fibre outside the U.S.A., and are engaged in an increasingly diversified programme of nylon development. The Company already employs 450 graduates, an unusually high percentage of its personnel. Because of this, B.N.S. know how to use good ideas, and how to employ graduates capable of original thought to their best advantage.

**PHYSICISTS** with 1st or 2nd class Honours are offered a career of scientific challenge as members of a team solving a variety of complex problems, such as the study of molecular structure, using spectroscopic and X-ray crystallography techniques, the properties of nylon yarns and the development of new processes and products. Publication of papers on research is encouraged, and members of the staff are given every facility to collaborate with learned societies and with university research staff.

**CHEMISTS** The interests of our chemists range from the synthesis of new polymers to the continuous production of nylon on a plant scale. Studies include polymerisation and degradation kinetics, characterisation of macromolecules and the development of novel analytical techniques. Their work covers a wide range of pure and applied chemistry, extending to chemical engineering and textile technology. The problems involved require geniuses, or at least 1st or 2nd class Honours men.

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# SPORTS NEWS

Rugby

## UNENTERPRISING DRAW

### Trinity Still Show Few Signs of Settling Down

Trinity, 3; Lansdowne, 3

THE fact that I have not seen the 1st XV in action for a period of some two months makes my task of writing the initial report for this term somewhat difficult. When one watches a team week in week out it is easy to form opinions and express hopes; at this moment I find myself a little out of touch. We have, to all intents and purposes, reached the half-way stage in the season, and I think it is fair to say that what is virtually last year's cup-winning team has not lived up to our high expectations.

A crushing defeat by U.C.D. followed by a magnificent display against Cambridge University leads one to the conclusion that there has been a considerable amount of inconsistency. This inconsistency seems to lie within the composition of the team itself, the back division in particular being subjected to constant changes. The team has simply not had a chance to settle down, and I find on my return that this policy of chop and change continues. A new out-half has been found in Harris, there have been changes in the forwards, and it has been deemed expedient to drop Lea. Such variations may well be for the good, but I have a sneaking suspicion that they will not be permanent.

To turn now to the match at Lansdowne Road. Here were two teams so evenly matched that the game was either going to be high-scoring and interesting, or one which developed into a rather dull impasse. Unfortunately the latter situation prevailed, with the better side being unable to gain any real advantage or lasting superiority. This may have been a delight to the purist, but I fancy that the majority of the spectators found the proceedings rather uninteresting. Lansdowne, in fact, could have ended up easy winners, but for the fact that Kelly was dreadfully off-form with his place kicking, even missing the simplest of shots from in front of the posts. The home team bore down strongly on the Trinity line from the kick-off, and only a timely kick for touch by Chamberlayne eventually drove them back. Chamberlayne, in fact, had a splendid game, and must have furthered his claims to a regular place on the side. He did a tremendous amount of work in the loose, but was not always entirely successful in curtailing the movements of out-half Kelly.

The Trinity backs handled the wet ball with much more assurance than

### Table Tennis

#### Wine Cup Victory

In the colours match with U.C.D., played in the Gym at the end of last term Trinity deservedly won 6-3, mainly due to the "tail" of the team which "wagged" very successfully. This is the first such victory in seven years and shows that the sport in Trinity is definitely on the way up. The club's No. 1, Don Mahony, had a convincing win over the ex-schoolboy champion, L. Quin, in straight sets and the No. 2, Tommy Chan, had no trouble in beating F. Behan in the shortest distance. The ladies' team also won 7-2. Teams (men)—Don Mahony, Tommy Chan, Diarmuid McSweeney (capt.), William Neill, Reynold Harrs, Pat Barry. Ladies—Adelene Clu, Maeve Chan, Kay Howe, Helen Irwin, Jennie Leonard, F. Abiola.

In the Leinster Junior Championships last week the club had marked success. A. Shingadia and K. Singh reached the semi-finals of their zones, while L. Brown and D. McSweeney won zones B. and A. respectively. This means that the last two have earned a place in the final pool of zone winners from all over Leinster. In the Ladies' event K. Howe did well to get to the semi-finals of her zone.

The new "Dunlop Barna" table which D.U.C.A.C. generously granted last term has now arrived and League teams are at last able to hold their matches and practice on a championship table which, so far, at least, seems to be producing better results.

their opposite numbers, but they made little headway against keen tackling. Both sides often resorted to kicking ahead, but these kicks were for the most part unintelligent, and never looked likely to produce any results. Trinity's tight scrummaging seemed much improved, and even if they won a few strikes against the loose head, frequently had the Lansdowne pack in the retreat. In the line-outs, however, they had a marked superiority, time and time again Powell jumped and got the ball away cleanly. Harris, however, had some difficulty in getting his backs moving smoothly. He is a very neat footballer, but rather slight in build and was being constantly harassed by the Lansdowne wing-forwards. Trinity's score came when Robbins broke on the blind side and passed to Hall, who put through a grubber kick over the line for Siggins to gain the touch down. This was a fine piece of anticipation by Siggins and throughout the game he was always seeking to create his own opportunities. Lansdowne almost replied immediately after this when their left wing crossed in the corner, but fortunately for Trinity he just put his foot in touch in his efforts to round the defence.

Territorially the second half was nearly all Lansdowne, but though Kelly ran elusively, their movements lacked finish against the tight Trinity defence. Kelly missed kicks at goal at frequent intervals, and Lansdowne simply did not appear to have the ability to score, until Harris had the misfortune to have his clearing kick charged down over his own line. The ball rebounded into the corner, where the Lansdowne wing got the touch-down for an unconverted try. For one short period in the second half Trinity suddenly showed more life. Hall burst through in his own "25" and passed to Moore who moved upfield at great speed with Chamberlayne in support. The movement broke down near the Lansdowne line, but Trinity continued to attack. A strong run by Robbins might have led to a try when after kicking ahead over the line he seemed to be obstructed by the Lansdowne full-back. Siggins had another good run, and Lansdowne had time to miss another penalty before the final whistle sounded.

### Water Polo

#### Steam Slows Play

In the only game they played during the vacation the Senior team were narrowly defeated 3-2 by Pembroke. Steam rising from the water reduced visibility to a few yards and was responsible for many passes going astray. It is unfortunate that vital matches have occasionally to be played in such poor conditions. The goals were scored by Jagoe and O'Brien Kelly.

In the Junior League neither team has reached top form, though a good display of light-hearted polo was given when the A-team beat the B-team 7-1. The scorers on the winning side were: Stead (4), White (2), and Rooley; Condell netted for the B-team.

Would all Freshmen please note that the Irish Inter-Varsity Freshmen's Championships will be held on 17th February. Trials will shortly be taking place during club meetings (Tara Street Baths, Friday evenings at 9 p.m.).

### Sports Profile

#### C. J. LEA — All Rounder

Chris Lea can lay claim to being one of the most versatile sportsmen in College. As a rugby player he came into prominence with startling suddenness shortly before last season's Cup matches, in which he showed outstanding promise. This promise has not, perhaps, been quite fulfilled as yet. Chris is an able threequarter, sound, sure in his handling, but somewhat laboured in his running.



He has now—only temporarily, we hope—fallen from favour with the first fifteen selectors.

He has achieved most recognition as a rugby player, as his pick testifies, but in fact, he appears to be more gifted as a cricketer. An accomplished and stylish opening batsman, Chris has a penchant for adventurous flashing outside the off-stump. He has adapted himself to Irish cricketing conditions better than most, but retains his preferences for hard English wickets on which he has scored prolifically on tour. He is a brilliant fielder with an insatiable appetite for impossible catches.

When one remembers that Chris plays squash and golf regularly, is secretary of D.U.C.A.C., collects stamps, is a council member of the Phil., and finds time to indulge in an Honours Modern History Course, we fail to be surprised at his gargantuan appetite.

More honours came last Sunday when Brian Hamilton won the East of Ireland Men's Foil Championship very convincingly, winning all his fights in the Final pool.

To-day (Thursday) the Club has one of the year's major fixtures when we meet the Oxford University Assassins. The match will be in the Dixon Hall at 2 p.m., and electric equipment will be used throughout.

### Harriers Tour Cancelled

The Harriers finished last term in fine form by securing third place in the Eire Novices' Championship, and last Saturday showed a continuation of that form when an "A" team ran in Phoenix Park against St. Columba's College. The Harriers won by 28-50 points chiefly by the efforts of A. Sparshott, F. Quinlan, B. Davies and P. Davey, who took the first four places for D.U.H.A.C.

The proposed cross-country tour to England has unfortunately had to be cancelled, but the Harriers are undaunted and are prepared to do battle with the more local opposition, especially Queen's, Belfast, on March 4th.

### Racing COLONEL MAY

Colonel May, whose vacation selection, Hardy Boy, won at Plumpton, at 100/30, was greeted on his return to College by the news that former colleague "Windsor Lad" had defected to the opposition. It was only after several double brandies that the Colonel recovered sufficiently to say that he expected "Honest Boy" to win at Doncaster on Friday.

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### Boxing

#### U.A.U. Championships

This term sees the climax of the boxing season, for in early March Trinity defends the U.A.U. Championship which it has held for the last nine years. However, there are a number of bridges to cross before Trinity defends the Sir Harry Preston Cup in London.

The first fixture of the term is an "away" match against St. Patrick's Boxing Club. These are invariably tough opponents and one is encouraged to think that they are even tougher than they look. But they can be beaten by cool and calculated boxing, and with the help of Frank Kerr in the corner, Trinity are prepared to prove it.

The only home fixture this term is the Irish Universities' Senior Championship on Tuesday 21st February. This will be Trinity's last fight before the U.A.U. Championships and should be an entertaining evening. The Junior Championships will be held at Queen's University on St. Valentine's Day.

On Thursday, 2nd February, the club holds its annual ball with D.U.H.A.C. Tickets are still on sale at the Front Gate or through a committee member of either club. There will be a very interesting cabaret—and the footwork should be worth watching . . . .

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