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Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

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Effects of Mass Movement

Reviewed in D.U.A.I.A. Inaugural

THE opening meeting of the Association for International Affairs in no way matched the brilliance of another meeting addressed ten days ago by Prince Peter of Tibet. The meeting on Tuesday night, when Mr. J. W. Jackson read his address, "Mass, Movement and Mechanism," suffered from the loss of Mr. Christopher Chataway, Conservative M.P. and founder member of the World Refugee Year, who at the last minute found he was unable to attend.

Trinity inaugural meetings have been hit badly this year by prominent members being absent, and on nearly all occasions a British M.P. has been at fault. One is surprised that the relaxation of the Whips in Westminster should not have followed the October landslide for the Tories, yet both Sir Edward Boyle and Konni Ziliacus for the Phil. and Chataway for the D.U.A.I.A. found that their presence was needed despite having promised to attend important functions elsewhere. The effects on the Chairman's nerves must be shattering, since very little notice is given and we can only count ourselves wealthy indeed that in Trinity College, Dublin, we have such a talented staff from which to choose a replacement.

Dr. O. L. Sheehy Skeffington stepped into the breach and showed us why he is such a forceful Senator in Dáil Éireann. Since refugee problems were the keynote of the meeting, he reminded us that in the strict sense of the word Ireland has three-quarters of a million refugees in England alone, and in justice we must not fail to thank that country for housing and feeding the Irish who cannot be similarly treated in their native land. His one regret was that Ireland's home policy was not as illustrious as its foreign policy.

The Chairman's address was clearly delivered and not hampered by an open window blowing his script and a venetian blind rattling like his cuckoo clock references. Mr. Jackson pin-pointed the problems of refugees throughout the world, defining their roots as economic and human. The mechanism for removal of the problem came in things that could not be bought—help, education, health and finance.

Brigadier R. J. C. Broadhurst opened with a resumée of the Old Testament and would have reached the Apocalypse if time had allowed. He said it was ten years since he had been in the Arab Legion and proved this by referring to "Mr. Eden" and "the boy-king of Jordan" (Hussein). The Brigadier maintained that only U.N.O. had the key to the problem in the Middle East, since



—Photo courtesy of Irish Times.

DR. H. O. MACKAY
who speaks at the Phil. to-night on a paper about Sir Roger Casement.

accounts for U.N.O.'s impotence in crises from Hungary to Tibet via Suez. He reminded us that our neighbour was still the whole of mankind, and ended on a Chinese proverb—that it is better to light a single candle than keep swearing against the darkness.

On the line of that proverb we should attack the refugee problem.

SHAREHOLDERS INFURIATED

Buffet is as bad as ever. Buffet is worse than ever. So we have been hearing from the hardened Buffeters as they push along in that seemingly endless queue. Maybe some of their grumblings are justified. Where are the vast improvements promised by the Board? Where is the ante-room to house the queue and the service equipment?

Until this year, Buffet was operated by Co-op. At the suggestion of Board representatives Co-op. decided that it couldn't carry out the improvements needed to cater for the bulge. They finally agreed to hand over what was their only reliable source of profit. Somewhat reluctantly they agreed to present £1,500 of their resources to the Board on condition that certain improvements were effected by October 1st, 1959. The improvements have not materialised and now there are rumours of a revolution. It appears that some of the shareholders of Co-op. feel they have been cheated and they intend to insist that the £1,500 be returned. For the present, you can have a cup of tea and a few potato cakes in reasonable comfort at 2.25 p.m.

CHURCH AND STATE God Left with the Hindmost?

IT is regrettable that the Phil. had a smaller audience than usual last Thursday night. Both the paper, "Unto Caesar, or God," by R. D. H. Bluett, B.A. (Mod.), Honorary Member, and the ensuing discussion were extremely interesting and of a very high standard indeed. The subject was approached by Mr. Bluett from an historical viewpoint but this soon gave way to the more practical question of whether the State should rule the Church or vice versa.

All activities are subject to the moral law—God's law—and State rule against the principles of the spiritual rulers of the majority is absurd. It must be agnostic rule. He condemned the view that the State should legislate only in material matters. It is the duty of the ruler to suppress all evil so far as he is able, and although Acts of Parliament will make no one righteous, they can assist in raising the moral standards of the country.

The essayist dealt in some detail with the problem of religious intolerance in its three aspects of penalties on persons of an unfavoured religion, suppression of undesirable religions and banning of proselytising. It is often a duty to prevent a person from erring, even though he errs in good faith.

The distinguished visitor, Mr. Donal Barrington, praised the essayist for such a well-written and comprehensive paper, although he didn't entirely agree with it. He said that Mr. Bluett didn't regard truth as objective, and that he tended to use false analogy. God gave us free-will, but He gave us also a sense of responsibility, therefore the State ought to legislate in favour of all its citizens. It is concerned with maintaining a certain minimum moral standard and it is not thereby condoning moral licence. Moral evil should be combatted by moral means. We should beware the State which tries to set itself above God by restricting our free will.

Jobs for Science Students

On Wednesday night, November 18th, in the Physics Dept., the Appointments Officer spoke informally to a large number of Science students on "Careers for Scientists." He outlined the possibilities of work in education, in industry and in Government service. Teaching is not such a "dead-end" as many consider it, for pay is quite good and conditions are pleasant. There is a great need for graduates in all branches of science in education. Industry offers many different types of work, but there are some signs that the great demand for scientists may be slackening a little. In Government service, conditions and colleagues seem to be pleasanter than in industry.

A time of questions and discussion followed. It was emphasised by the President, Mr. Davies, that a Science graduate need not use his science, but might consider a career in management. A student should not come to a university merely to acquire a professional training.

The type of work chosen depends on the character of the individual—whether he is fitted for the "rat-race" of industry or the more leisurely atmosphere of a school; whether he is an "organisation man" who will rise to the top in a large firm, or one who prefers to get on by "marrying the boss' daughter" in a small one.

Mr. Barrington's arguments were criticised as being immoral by W. N. Keery, Sch. He claimed that the essayist's initial assumption was based on the idea that the majority was right. Religion is only a belief, and the believer does not know it is true. This point was questioned by G. C. Kerr, Auditor of the Theo., who showed that belief decides all our actions; in fact, belief makes us. He also claimed that the Christian Church cannot dictate to the State. Its job is to point a better way, which man may or may not follow. This point had already been approached in an excellent maiden speech by J. C. Bird. Mr. Bird said that the Church is demonstrating its weakness by sheltering under the State.

The Hon. Librarian, Mr. T. C. D. Mulraine, revealed that he was not sure whether man obeys his temporal or spiritual ruler in spiritual affairs. Mr. T. H. Daniels criticised the Roman Catholic Church for supporting a ruling foreign power in Ireland and then changing its loyalties when nationalism gained the upper hand. The question of censorship was discussed at some length by Messrs. A. Moore and G. B. McAvoy.

To-night the Phil. promises another sensational meeting. Mr. T. H. Daniels will be reading a paper on Roger Casement. The two guest speakers will be Mr. Montgomery Hyde and Dr. H. O. Mackay, F.R.C.S., Chairman of the Casement Repatriation Committee. Both gentlemen are authorities on Casement and disagree strongly. They are appearing on the same platform for the first time.

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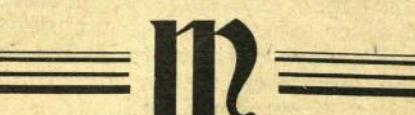
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Vol. VII TRINITY NEWS No. 5
THURSDAY, 26TH NOVEMBER, 1959SOUNDING BRASS AND
TINKLING CYMBAL

THE "Guardian," in its issue dated 17-11-59, contained an interesting article under the heading "Conduct of Student Newspapers." It appears that an international student press conference, held in England earlier this year, has produced a charter for the conduct of student newspapers. It lays down that a university newspaper must be free from any regulation by the Government or university authorities, free from regulations by any other student organisations, and free from all pressure, financial or otherwise, from other external groups.

These in themselves are the admirable conditions under which journals in Dublin University are allowed to prosper. Gone are the days when each Thursday the Chairman of "Trinity News" and each Friday someone from "T.C.D." trod the long alleyway to the Provost's House to stand on a mat and hear rantings on near libel and threats of expulsion.

But alongside these conditions which a student newspaper demands of the community lies a more fundamental set of conditions which a newspaper OWES to that community. (Note, not to its reading public, which often is very different.) Top of this list should be impartiality and fairness, with an effort, of course, to be witty and not destructively personal at the same time.

With regard to this latter, too many quite innocent Trinity students have of late been singled out and journalistically smacked down and pelted from behind a high wall of anonymity. Quite libellous insinuations have been made on actions and morals, and all unfounded—which may or may not be worse. Such flagrant bad taste could not be excused if all who wrote it were themselves like Venus and Adonis, which is very much in doubt.

This situation has needed an airing now for a long time, but "Trinity News" does not wish to cast the first stone—since it has been responsible for similar poor writing in the past. It endeavours only to remind its older brethren that it should by now have profited from its long experience and perfected a style that is not sensational at the expense of the few to achieve an ardent, if limited, public.

"Trinity News" will be the first to admit that its own record is not spotless, but it is many years since it resorted to such depths. Those were our teething troubles, and please God they will not return. As a robust seven-year-old we appeal to our elder journal, which alone carried the burden of reporting Trinity activities until 1953, not to insult a university mind by serving up such sensationalism which is in the best tradition of the worst American magazines.

"Trinity News" suggests that in future "fairness"—especially to the individual—be added to that essential code for the conduct of university newspapers. Personal dislikes of voice and mannerism will always continue to be fine food for private circulation, and that is where they should be kept.

RONALD JOHN McCAY—BEATNIK!

If you sing or hum a tune, tap a beat or play almost any kind of music, or instrument or gramophone, even in a room full of people, there is generally no echo. But not if Ron McCay is in the room, for this man who has rhythm in his blood will take up any tune; improvise, augment and accompany the most innocent whistle. And not even Ron's quite excellent nasal backing comes anywhere near his prowess when sitting before his beloved tight skins, brushes in both hands, one

him well for making the most of what Trinity had to offer.

But all this fervent activity which has always surrounded his person had to take its toll somewhere. Senior Freshman examinations in the Mod. History School ensured that R. J. McCay followed new lecturers on many more subjects. This was not taken as a warning, for even now he is branching out on new enterprises—the founding of a strict-tempo "Group Two" being the best example to date.

It is in managing the affairs of Players and the Jazz Appreciation Society that Ron's influence is most felt—and it is in management that he is most at home. The marked thanks of the D.U.A.L.A. were accorded to him only last Tuesday for his organisation of last year's highly successful Carnival of Nations, but mention the fact that being an impresario is obviously his métier and he will be the first to shy away from the thought. He would rather settle for his present semi-amateur status and enjoy a less hectic life.

Those who have seen Ron on the bandstand are fascinated by his wild affectation and the speed in which he can go into a musical trance; his gimmicks are unique. Those who have met him are confronted with an open, genuine personality, who, in these days of craft and cunning, one could almost describe as simple. He speaks with no double meaning and is only too happy to get an undertaking started: to help and generally get very little credit. His work put in behind the scenes in this University has been inestimable over his four years here. He has long since ceased to represent Trinity in cross-country, but his efforts in other fields shew no sign of waning. Not many societies have a comparable backroom boy and that is their loss.

To return to his first love—music. Victor Sylvester is his god, and his hands and feet his slaves; McCay is the middleman. He has never asked to be anything more. He is generally so carefree that he will take you up on a song anytime, anywhere. No one can make three hours pass on the mail-boat quicker than he can.

But this is where we came in . . .
"It was just one of those things . . .!"
. . . and some of us, of course, go out.



foot on a drum-pedal and the other setting his time on the floor.

McCay is a fourth-year Arts student, who throughout the length of his College career has met and made many friends and been the power behind many thrones. Born in London in 1937, educated at Stowe and now residing in Chester, he came to Trinity with his tastes already developed. At school, music and drama occupied most of his spare time and, frightening to relate, for some time he was a provisional pilot. Extensive travelling abroad and a quite unbelievable organising power equipped

Pyramids of Time

The pyramids of time build up
Beneath a dark black pool;
And we pretend they are not there
But laughing, blind, we stand and stare;
While they laugh back—"You fool!"

Now is eternity, we think;
Our being cannot change;
Our eyes can see through their closed
lids
And they can see no pyramids.
But they laugh back—"You fool!"

One day the pyramids will rise
Above the dark, black pool,
And we will see with bitter eyes
Their shadows and our faded lies
While they laugh back—"You fool!"

Liam O Dhi.

GOSSAMER WINGS

"ICARUS"—on Sale MONDAY NOV. 30 Price 1/-

The tone of this term's "Icarus" is set by the Editor, Michael Leahy, who states his views forthrightly in an intelligent editorial. His aim is to provide a useful and interesting selection of short stories, poems and reviews, and if he is somewhat smug about the quality of the work of his contributors, he has none the less produced a lively "Icarus."

There are five short stories of varying length and quality. John Jay's "Dublin Morning" is outstanding for its humour and strong autobiographical flavour. Another seasoned contributor is David Thornley, whose "Trident" is a powerful but depressing story which poses a question which every thinking person asks himself sooner or later in his life, but which is only answerable with an unsatisfactory platitude. An impressive and much shorter story is "The Wait" by Brendan Kennelly, who writes with understanding, suspense and an acceptance of tragedy. Tony Hickey's "Invasion" is perhaps more suited to a science fiction novel, while one feels that Rudi Holzapfel's "Interview" is best left to the judgment of the reader.

Michael Leahy reviews two books of contemporary English poetry in an entertaining and lucid style and gives quotations to support his views. Bruce Arnold does a competent review of Denis Johnston's recent book, "In Search of Swift."

A new feature is "Notes on Contributors and Contributions," which

succeeds on being amusing if not very informative.

The poetry is, on the whole, good, and as one expects from the editorial, it avoids obscurity.

Mr. Louis O. Coxe, the Visiting Lecturer, contributes "Best," an early poem, which generalises on man's hopelessness and ultimate fate. Michael Leahy is represented by two poems, "Method" and "Crime and Punishment." He combines clarity and smoothness of diction and lives up to the "object all sublime" expressed in his editorial.

Cheli Duran's "My Soul, When They Hang," is a strongly metaphysical poem which succeeds through its imagery and intensity, while Brendan Kennelly in "The Journey," shows the disintegration of a tinker's life in a moving and effective way.

"Cyrene," by José Xuareb, reminds one of Macaulay in its smooth combination of place names, and successfully evokes an atmosphere of the past. Simon Busti's "She Walks Alone" is in a mystic vein and is effective.

"Minuet," by Bruce Arnold, runs smoothly, and the author's facility of technique more than compensates for a basic penury of ideas, but Brian Osman's poem, "To R.", only leaves one with the desire to know the identity of the lady in question.

This is an "Icarus" which should be assured of a high circulation, for it combines humour, gravity, passion and thought. There can be few who will not find in it much to their taste.

College Observed

The Presents for Refugee Children Campaign, which started nearly three weeks ago as the result of a practical joke, has gone from strength to strength. Various methods have been used to publicise the appeal, and the campaign's tent will remain pitched at Front Gate until Saturday to receive gifts. The aim of the campaign, which is appealing to the whole of Dublin, is to provide a Christmas parcel of food and toys for each child in a particular camp in Western Germany.

Appeals were sent to numerous shops and firms, and leaflets were delivered through letter boxes, sent out in laundry bundles, and handed out in the streets. Posters have been widely displayed, and sandwich-board men have toured the principal shopping centres. Guy Milner, of No. 3 College, who is organising the campaign, has recorded two interviews for Radio Eireann. But on Friday comes the most imaginative move of all. Thanks to the generosity of the management, a bring-a-gift sherry party is to be held at the Gresham Hotel. The occasion is expected to provide both valuable gifts and valuable publicity.

The results so far have been very encouraging. After two days of collecting goods and money, it was estimated that roughly 250 parcels could be provided for the refugees. The second day produced nearly four times more goods than the first, but slightly less cash. If progress is maintained at the present rate, the campaign should be an unqualified success.

SUBDUED SILVER

The evocation of "The Golden Daies" in Players' Theatre last week was a brilliant idea, but it would probably have bored Queen Bess. Though forbidden by the quite delightful programme, she might have done a little "counterwailing in grieved wyse." Mr. W. Oddie, the compiler and producer, used readings, clavichord, some rather harsh lightings, and madrigals with strangely sepulchral effect. The readers slunk on and off the stage like "dammed spirits" retiring to their "wormy beds." It is very difficult to compress the spirit of forty-five amazing years into three-quarters of an hour, but where was the golden laughter, the golden gusto, and the best of the golden poetry?

This was sober analysis from without rather than sympathetic elucidation from within. The mood of the period would be better evoked by a perplexed soliloquy of Hamlet than by Ulysses' philosophical speech on Degree. Mr. M. Leahy read beautifully; Mr. Oddie read less beautifully, but was far more vigorous and moving. Miss P. Gibbons' voice was shrouded in gloomy Russian hopelessness, and she read Calpurnie in "Julius Caesar" as if she were Portia.

But there were magnificent moments in spite of this almost deliberate monotony, and the compilation was organic if inadequate. The reading of the two descriptions of Queen Elizabeth, the juxtaposition of the condemned Sir Walter Raleigh's letter to his wife with the dignified peace of "Give me my scallop shell of quiet" had extraordinary emotional effect. I was frequently delighted and occasionally extremely moved. The madrigals were pleasantly sung, and the clavichord, tenderly played by Mr. C. Bontof, was pure gold among some rather subdued silver.

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Oh! The glories of having plenty of room in which to dance. Of having one waiter for each full table, and a clear, non-stuffy atmosphere. These were the rewards of those stalwarts who supported Bill Morris, President of the S.R.C., and Larry O'Shaughnessy, Dance Secretary, who otherwise would probably have danced alone at the Metropole last Thursday evening. In fact, the right number, for a social if not a financial success, turned up and we were able to notice (only just) that the same people as always patronise these events. Nearly all those mentioned in last week's junior edition of "Four and Six" had sent their parents to represent them at this later celebration, and how we were glad that their beastly reporter had not sent his father to take over from Russi Wadia on the bandstand and peer at us all through his heavy horn-rimmed glasses! He has trained his children to throw mud, which is much worse than jellies. But quite a miscellany (in the best sense of the word) were there. Des. Molony quickened up the rather advanced waiter by ordering a meat sandwich at 10 minutes to midnight, whilst Ann Ward wondered that she had not been obliged to shout "Timber!" every time she was accompanied back to her table after a dance. The Charleston appealed very much to Ann Mahon, but did not succeed in making Peter Haley-Dunne vary his style. No one fell over the balcony, and only towards the end did anything madly gay happen, when Peter White's table began to warm up. The ear-rings which Brian Hamilton attempted to auction did not belong after all to Bernadette Duffy, but all this was by the way and Erif still sat soulfully at the feet of the M.C. Peter Thomas was quite happy tucked away in his corner, Botros cut a fine figure without his umbrella, and Gerry Blanchard and Dorothy Wilcox showed us how earnestly they intend to compete for the title of Trinity's No. 1 ballroom dancing couple.

A la Barbec Q

Friday evening last saw a quintet of the fine flower of Trinity manhood in command of a nite-club (sic) in Wicklow St.; the Messrs. Frost, Thompson, Teidre, Bleber and Tompkins welcomed those of their guests who had got past the porter and ushered them into the lavish dining-room where they mixed like oil and water. The water flowed like wine usually does, and among those present could be seen Trinity darlings, Focke and Harley, looking doubtful as to how to behave at a party to which they had been invited. Group II played gallantly, but Ian Chalmers and Lisa Hay couldn't have noticed. Robin David ("You must

let me in, I'm a friend of Paul Focke") was charming (?) that ever-susceptible Wendy (Judo) D'Arcy, while a morose Peter Hunt spent the evening on the balcony trying to avoid an old flame. I believe I forgot to tip the wine-waiter.

Tom Saville, flying in the fog on the Millars' Martini, landed late at the Airport on Friday to find his place tasteless, but his position charming; while Gregg McCambridge scorned the Airport chickens. The speed of the Galway right-wing did not deter Robin Harte, Big White Chief David Kerr was amused by Malcolm Vern and his "squaw's" sing-song.

Saturday night was Knights' night at Islandbridge. With both bars full to capacity, there was plenty of room for dancing to the new beat of Group II. George Patrikios and Helga, along with Hubie and his charming Swede, attempted a foursome reel to a Cha! Cha! Paddy Burgess-Watson just looked worried. Interval music was provided by Brian Fisher and Paddy Backman and "Tiny Moron" and "Ingers" seemed to enjoy it. The upper bar running dry, Rodney Ging and Co. were called to the lower bar. Gerry Blanchard and Peter Martin distributed themselves evenly among the guests and the night ended successfully.

David Leonard and his parents, assisted by Sylvia, entertained at Dun Laoghaire on Saturday night with a smooth and lethal brew. In spite of the petrol shortage, everyone—except Barry Brewster—arrived intact, although George Green was forced to take the bus. Brian Fisher canvassed for the Knights' dance, but John Baxter resisted and preferred to discuss skiing with Josephine Eldred. Sidney Baker and Noel Roberts seemed to be enjoying themselves; in fact, so did everyone else.

What could have been nicer than the cocktail party given at Fairview last Monday evening by (take a deep breath) Fiona, Diana, Rachel, Maureen and Isobel? Technicolour drinks ensured that we eventually paid no heed to the red, gave no caution to the amber, and sped merrily to our destinies by way of the green. Amicability was the keynote: Auditor Simons and President Bird, satellites for Bridget Hull; press-lords Brady and Gynn discussing respective efforts; Carol Ann Challen looking attractive in red; Peter Tillman competing with Rev. K. Maguire in dark suits; hard-man Mariano forgot his films for once, and Joe Boultee thought of former days. An excellent gathering, and it was left to the toughest among us to beat it to the Bi.

"THE FLAGPOLE-SITTER"

Produced by Antony Apsler. Players' Theatre, 23rd and 24th Nov.

This play deals with the most urgent ideological problem of our time: The relationship of society and the individual. Mr. Apsler in a short play of 20 minutes could not have been expected to solve the problem; what he does do is to present a more than usually perspicacious exposition of it.

The central character is a man who has climbed to the top of a flag-pole to find in himself the peace society is unable to give him. He is not thus anti-social; his actions do not hinder society; they merely ignore it. But his actions disturb society, notwithstanding. This being has decided not to partake in normal human intercourse and in standard ideologies; he is, therefore, abnormal, warped. Society, in Mr. Apsler's play, is so disturbed that it implores the individual to return to normality. Both, in the end, realise they need each other; society and the individual are mutually dependent.

The flag-pole sitter climbs down.

The play, dealing with such a theme, is of necessity faintly abstract. It has no characters, but types portraying vast sections of humanity. Buildings are represented by piles of bricks, the lights in them by candles; the stars are cardboard ones, hung out on a clothes-line by clothes pegs. And yet, with all this, Mr. Apsler has miraculously avoided pretentiousness. His theme is presented with humour, sometimes with beauty, and the play has always that maligned and neglected virtue, contact with its audience.

The production itself was adequate. Richard Stack's interpretation of the flag-pole sitter ignored much of the calm peace of some of his material, but projected the general theme well enough. The supporting cast were good, in less demanding roles.

PRO TERRA HIBERNIA

The sun comes over the mountains,
Put the dawning brings no light,
For the earth lies all deserted
And as lonely as the night.

It shines on sods unbroken,
On earth all hard and black;
Nowhere a toiling ploughman
Or reaper's sweating back.

The son has left his father,
Left too the lonely land,
And gone to the sea that beckons
With cold deceptive hand.

There's earth with none to break it,
Or tame its wayward soul;
Though many generations
Have fought to keep it whole.

We talk of wars and heroes
Who for their country die;
But what of those who reap and sow
Under the changing sky?

From the land must come our life-blood,
The strength to fill our veins.
Out of the land we must pluck life,
Out of the winds and rains.
We are a small, wild country,
And all the wealth we own
Lies in the bogs and pastures,
The heritage we disown.

Rosemary J. May.
c/o. 6 College.

The Mating Season

The motto of the Law School is "Honi Soi Qui Pense," but the Law Society disregarded this recently and produced two good debates. Firstly, with "Psychology or the Cat," it they racked their brains (joke) and we had good stuff from the Misses Milson, Johnston, Johnson, Lovett, McKenna, etc. (pay me later, girls), and a few nuggets from Messrs. Cronin, Cochrane, Godfrey and Jones; the latter is very liberal with his politics these days (never had it so bad). Secretary Gibbons (or the double, men) made the best joke, something about pulling habits out of rats, and warded off dubious remarks of the Chairman, Ernest Woods, S.C. A great little debate in all.

Last Monday the Liz. and the Law got together with a balloon debate, and a right good one too. Henry VIII as done by Raymond Kennedy exhorted Wolsey to leave his vest factory; Eleanor Percy was the Mad Hatter—or was it vice versa? Gillian Howe (pron. Ho!) made a frighteningly brilliant Mary Grant (pron. Who?) and Hugh Gibbons (known in the criminal records as Hughie Gubbins) made a thorough portrayal of Ulysses S. Grant—he was the only lawyer to speak, by the way. Dot Skerrett was then hilariously immoral—or was it vice versa?—and Bridget Hull, Carol Challen and Frances Giles were cogent. T. D. Maloney talked about the one true faith—or was it vice versa? Eventually Gen. Grant went up in the balloon, the real darling Chairman, Ullick O'Connor, was brilliantly witty—and funny—and we all went, happy, for Gin.

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NO DISGRACE IN DEFEAT

Trinity Go Down Fighting in a Grand Game

Bective, 8; Trinity, 5.

THE meeting of the two most effective clubs in Dublin fulfilled its promise, when at Donnybrook on Saturday Trinity were narrowly beaten by a superior side. But defeat was no disgrace, as Trinity played their best rugby of the season. There cannot have been a better club game in Leinster this year.

Despite a damp pitch and a greasy ball, neither side tried to play a forward game, although Bective were superior in this department. An unfortunate feature of the forward struggle was that although both sides tried hard, neither could heel the ball from loose scrums with any consistency. Trinity, who were not so effective in the set scrums, consequently saw less of the ball. Whenever either set of backs gained possession they were ever-willing to initiate attacking movements from any part of the field. In consequence, the play fluctuated from end to end, with neither side dominating for any length of time.

Bective started at a tremendous pace and only lack of speed among their backs prevented them from scoring. It was noticeable from an early stage that on account of the prodigious passing of Rees and Horne, wing-forwards were to have a lean time. A touch-line penalty by Keogh put Bective in front. After this, O'Connor, the Bective out-half, broke through and sent a forward over near the posts. The try was converted. At this stage it was all Bective.

The Trinity forwards then awoke, with Leeson, O'Brien and Meates working at full pressure in the loose, and Hill very much in evidence in the lineouts.

The backs rarely wasted the ball and their handling and passing was undoubtedly an improvement on previous showings. Bective's territorial advantage became less marked, and Trinity, for sheer determination alone, well deserved their score towards the end of the first half. From a quick heel inside the Bective "25," Rees' long pass gave Hall enough time to change direction and burst through a wall of defenders to score near the posts. Reid-Smith converted.

The cut and thrust pattern of the first half continued in the second, but

Idiots v. Angels

A Fancy Dress Hockey Match is being staged this afternoon at 3.30 p.m. in College Park as one of the more exciting events of Trinity's World Refugee Week. Entrance will be free, and there will be a collection in aid of the Refugee Fund.

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although Bective were without a forward for the last half-hour, Trinity could make no impression on their formidable pack. If Trinity could have gained possession of the ball when it was most needed, they might well have won, for their backs looked the more likely to score. They could not, however, and it was the Bective backs who came very near to scoring on at least two occasions. Endall made several penetrative runs, one of which might have led to a score if his pass to Reid-Smith had been better. Rees was always busying himself around the field, and his quick darts and counter-attacks were always dangerous. Trinity were defending desperately in the closing stages, but for the last five minutes threw everything into attack, playing thrilling rugby.

Although disappointing, this defeat is not a serious setback. This was, if anything, an improvement on previous form. On this showing, Bective are a formidable side, and one can only hope that they were not in their best form when beaten by U.C.D. The possibilities for the Colours match grow more and more intriguing.

Hockey—1st XI.

THE TOUR IN RETROSPECT

As usual, the hockey tour was a trying and concentrated one. Although games were played against top-class sides, the team played well and the results should give cause for some confidence in the future.

It was unfortunate that the opening match of the tour against Beckenham ended in defeat for Trinity, for this was a game that could easily have been won. Beckenham looked an inferior side in the opening quarter and were a goal down after about 30 minutes' play, but Trinity faded out in the second half and defensive blunders allowed Beckenham to score on three occasions.

The match against Oxford is usually the highlight of the tour and this occasion proved to be no exception. It was, perhaps, a little disappointing that Oxford were unable to field their full University side, but they did have six regulars in action and with the remaining five well in the running for "Blues." Trinity had to give of their best to win. They did just that and at the end fully deserved their 3-1 victory.

FENCING

The first round of the Dublin Foil League competition, which was held in the Morehampton Road Salle on Monday, was something of a disappointment. Trinity put up four teams, but the only satisfactory result was the 5-4 victory of the ladies' "B" team, consisting of Hui Pin Lim, Juliet Maguinness and captained by Mary Dixon, over the British Legion ladies.

The two men's teams were supposed to fight Achilles and the College of Surgeons, but both had a walk-over as their opponents failed to turn up. This was particularly unfortunate because this would have been the first opportunity of seeing how this year's teams shape under match conditions.

Ray's Restaurant
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Morning Coffee - Luncheons and Teas
Parties Catered For

Ladies Hockey

TRINITY TOO POLITE

Trinity, 0; U.C.D., 5

Last Friday, Trinity seemed to lose themselves and the ball in the fog. They were completely out-maneuvred by a brilliant and efficient fighting-machine. U.C.D.'s achievement, although assisted by the individual brilliance of J. Moynihan, who scored a hat-trick, was essentially a team one. Trinity's attitude to the match was more suitable to tea with the vicar.

U.C.D. gained an early lead and afterwards Trinity did all they could to help them increase it. Trinity's defence was as full of holes as an old stringbag. U.C.D.'s defence was remarkably quick on the ball and easily broke up the half-hearted strolls of the Trinity forwards.

This was just an episode in U.C.D.'s triumphal march to win the Chilean Cup. Trinity have never played so badly, and they will not play so badly again. It is obvious they have the ability to win matches. All they need is more practice, some fighting spirit, and the courage to be rude to the vicar.

U.C.D., who won the Coffey Cup from the holders, U.C.C., on Friday, firmly removed the Chilean Cup from Queen's on Saturday. The winners, though they played five matches in three days, retained all their vigour and authority. The score was three all till ten minutes before the end. Then with sudden, almost casual inspiration U.C.D. rammed home three beautiful goals.

Hilary Kirwan, Trinity's left-half, is to be congratulated on her selection for the Irish Universities' team.

Boxing

TRINITY JUST MAKE IT

There was a large crowd present on Tuesday night for the Boxing Club's match against the British Army. There were some very close contests, but Trinity just managed to pull through by four bouts to three.

In the fly-weight division, Dermot Sherlock (Trinity) was decisioned by J. White, but one felt inclined to attribute Sherlock's disappointing performance to lack of training more than anything else. Another Trinity man to be narrowly out-pointed was Don Tulalamba (feather-weight), but there could have been very little in it.

In the welter-weight division, Trinity was represented by two men—R. Molesworth and P. Edwards. The former dropped a close decision to a very rugged opponent, while the latter boxed most promisingly to out-point his opponent.

Trinity's captain, Danai Tulalamba, although winning convincingly enough, appeared to make rather heavy weather of it against a man he would have normally beaten easily.

The special contest, between M. Brennan of the Royal Navy and J. Holbrooke of the 11th P.A.O. Hussars, produced some of the best boxing of the evening, with Holbrooke getting the decision.

The remaining two Trinity successes were scored by a strangely aggressive G. Lemon, who carried too many guns for his opponent, and by D. Millar, who boxed immaculately to win a decision from a very strong, tough opponent.

It was a pity that there were so few contests on the programme, but it was a grand evening's boxing which everyone thoroughly enjoyed.

SWIMMING

D.U. easily beat Dublin S.C. in a swimming match last Thursday, winning by 31 points to 19.

C. Blois, in winning the free style event, beat the club champion, M. O'Brien-Kelly, for the first time, but the time was fairly slow. R. Rooley had an easy and well-judged win in the back-stroke. J. Sharpe was beaten into second place in the breast-stroke; R. Jagoe was third. Trinity scored full points in the butterfly with P. Wooley and R. Rooley 1st and 2nd respectively. Trinity also won the flying squad—the team being C. Pringle, J. Sharpe, M. O'Brien-Kelly, W. Taylor.

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