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SUPPLIES

from

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Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

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

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THURSDAY, 4th DECEMBER, 1958

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TRINITY SHOULD WIN

T.V. Here To Stay

In recent weeks there have been rumours of lively debates and outstanding new figures at the Hist. However, last week, when the motion was "That T.V. sets should be destroyed," the standard of debate was very low, and the speakers school-boyish in outlook.

The two best speeches were by Messrs. Kennedy and Dillon, both old-hands. Mr. Hinchliffe opened the debate with apologies for his laryngitis and he—who should have known better—set the fashion for the evening by reciting a number of American T.V. advertising slogans. Mr. Hunter in his forceful, unashamed, Ballymena manner opposed the motion by describing T.V. as a valuable medium of popular education and entertainment. The Rec. Sec. thought that if the motion was lost, the outlook for humanity would be dismal—when Mr. Kennedy raises his voice above its usual monotone he can be really convincing. Mr. Edwards talked about education, and Mr. Raymond brought us back to American T.V. While Mr. Hagard was urging us to tolerate the low and middle classes, a very high-browed gentleman, who hadn't shaved for some time, gave an impersonation of Mr. Wilkins trying to get the motion amended. He fell silent when the Auditor grimaced.

By this stage Mr. Fergus Pyle was heard to mutter strange oaths each time American T.V. was cited or even mentioned. (Eventually he went out to collect Messrs. Jadeja & Co.) Mr. A. Adeleye said that the ability to select programmes was important and that some viewers were wise and some were otherwise! Messrs. Knott, Caldicott and Tillman made competent maiden speeches of varying standard. Then Mr. Dillon woke the house up, but he, too, soon relapsed into giving a recital of T.V. ads. Mr. Bagley (maiden) accused the proposers of the motion of having been left behind at the turn of the century. Messrs. Jadeja, Holland and Haley-Dunne obligingly modernised things at once, by attempting to change the motion in a manner which threatened the existence of the Auditor's umbrella.

A few fines were imposed, the 18th speaker (the 7th maiden) was heard, the house divided, and the motion was lost on the casting vote of the Chairman, Mr. Hilton Edwards, who said that T.V. was here to stay, but that Ireland couldn't afford her own station.

PICTURE CLUB

A group of students under the direction of Mr. G. P. Dawson have formed a Picture Club. The Trinity Trust Fund has donated £100 to enable a wide variety of pictures to be bought. Starting from next term, these will be on loan for a small fee to anyone in College rooms. The money raised will be used to purchase more items.

Meet

at the

METROPOLE

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- GEORGIAN ROOM
- LONG BAR



Rated 6/5 on at U.C.D.

A VICTORY for Trinity after four years seems likely in Saturday's Colours match at Lansdowne Road. The team have settled down to make a good combination and this has been reflected in the recent results, particularly in last Saturday's 10-3 victory over Bective, the first for many years.

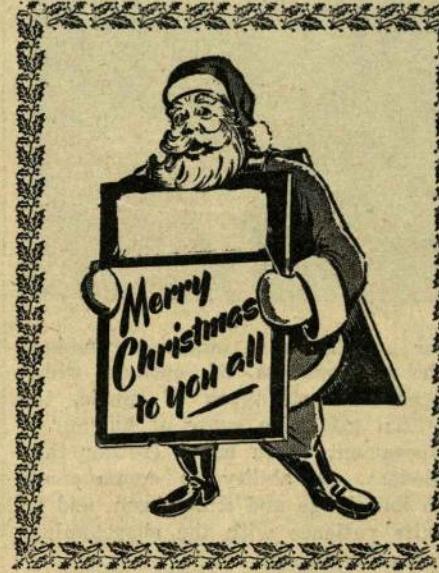
U.C.D., on the other hand, have been making heavy weather of their matches and this, together with doubt about Mulcahy's availability to play though selected, points to a Trinity win. No wonder the unofficial betting circles in U.C.D. are cautiously quoting Trinity at 6/5 favourites.

Tony Reid-Smith, Trinity's captain and dashing wing three-quarter, thinks that a dry day would favour Trinity, but he does not underestimate the opposition, particularly in the forwards.

A rousing cheer from the touch-line will help the team to play all out for the whole match.

Forecast: A win for Trinity by 15 points to 6 on a dry pitch, or 6 points to nil if wet.

Trinity supporters are gathering in the East Stand. Bring anything that will add colour or noise to the proceedings. Kick-off, 2.15. Admission, 2/-.



NEW LOOK S.R.C.

The new-look S.R.C. seems to be getting through a considerable amount of work this term. Our reporter interviewed the President, Mr. J. T. Killen, Sch., to find out exactly what had been done, and what was planned for the future. Mr. Killen told "Trinity News" that the production of the 1959 College Diary was one of the main activities of the moment, and that delivery is expected shortly. The price will be 5/-, showing no increase on last year's price, which seems to be quite an achievement considering the rise in printing costs since last December.

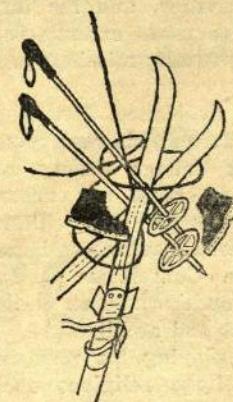
The organisation for the Commencements Ball on December 11th is well under way, and latest reports indicate that already well over 100 tickets have been sold. But besides this, a great deal of planning for the future is going on. Cheap travel rate and concession cards are two of the major facilities offered by S.R.C., and there is already

available a list of travel rates for the Christmas vacation. A new list of concessions for holders of the student cards is also being produced, and the President hopes that the price of these cards may be reduced from 2/6 in the near future.

Next term, the President plans to have the operation of the S.R.C. room in No. 4 re-organised. It has already been decided to have the rooms open at regular intervals, and there full information on travel, concession cards, College notepaper, as well as lecture note-books, will be available. Re-organisation of the secondhand book mart has already commenced, and surplus stock is being sold off. The President envisages a book service coming into operation next June where secondhand books on the courses may be sold for cash, instead of exchanged for a docket and payment being made when the books were sold.

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COOKS

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Discretion Prevails

A serious motion believed to have caused Mr. Roche, President of the Philosophical Society, to threaten resignation if tabled has been replaced at the discretion of Mr. C. A. Chapman and Mr. F. Baigel by one "That this house feels that the President's conduct deserves resignation." A second motion of confidence, "That this Society reaffirms its complete confidence in the leadership of Mr. Laurence Roche," has been put forward by the ex-President, Mr. D. O. Cummins, and Mr. J. T. Killen.

The trouble seems to have culminated in this action as a result of the President's visit on Thursday last to U.C.D.'s Literary and Historical Society's inaugural. Apparently this is only the third time in four years that a President has missed a Phil. meeting and the other two occasions were as a result of a death and a representation of the Phil. at Glasgow.

PROF. WALTON TO U.S.

Although arrangements are not yet completed, there is a probability that Prof. E. T. S. Walton, Trinity's Nobel Prize atomic physicist, will undertake a lecture tour of the United States in the near future.

This in no way suggests that Prof. E. T. S. Walton has been converted from his opinion, as stated in the minority report of the Irish Government's Atomic Energy Committee that an atomic reactor would be too expensive a project for Ireland.

Careers Supplement

As usual, "Trinity News" will be publishing the Annual Careers Supplement with the first issue of next term, February 5th, 1959.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

Trinity Handbook Christmas Cards are now on sale each day from 12 noon to 2 p.m. at Front Gate and at other times in the Lunch Room, No. 6. "Views of Trinity," price 4d. each.

Another Chance

"Building for Books," Trinity Library Appeal Fund film, will be shown in the Dixon Hall on Friday at 5.15 p.m.

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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.

Switzer

CAFE AND RESTAURANT



TRINITY NEWS
3 Trinity College

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REUNION

IRELAND is probably the last country in which a movement towards the Reunion of Christendom would even be likely to be sincerely suggested. However, in other less conservative countries Christians are realising the urgent necessity for such a Reunion, since a divided Church offers weak opposition to the might of Communist tyranny and has little hope in its mission to spread a single faith. The extremes of Christianity, both of which are all too clearly found in Ireland, are merely assisting the Gates of Hell to prevail over the Church.

Outside Ireland, however, there are two movements in the Roman Church, the Liturgical movement and Catholic Action, with a certain amount of Papal support, which show significant signs of moderation in Church worship such as praying the Mass and the participation of laymen.

At the other extreme, many American Non-Conformists are realising the necessity for Episcopalian Authority and a set liturgy.

More optimism is to be found in the Eastern Orthodox tradition, where seventeen Autocephalous Churches are in full intercommunion, and the Anglican Church in which the Reunionist Oxford Movement (wherein surely lies the most hopeful path to Unity) is still making headway in its efforts.

Also, within the Roman Church itself four societies are studying Reunion (one of them, the Maredzous, having close connections with the Anglican Communion) and this is significant. However, it is unfortunate that the Roman Church does not participate in the discussions of the ten-year-old World Council of Churches since their views, if sincerely put, would be invaluable, especially in moderating the extremist Evangelicals who esteem the pulpit higher than the altar. Authority can be abused, but if the Church is to be a force in the world there must be some sense of discipline based on reason and unadulterated Scripture.

THAT WONDERFUL WHISKEY

“GREEN SPOT”

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Profile :

Joseph Grocock
Musician

The practice and love of music, unlike most other activities, attracts far more amateurs of varying degrees of proficiency than professionals, and it is usually amongst the amateurs that we find that enthusiasm which is the mainspring of all successful musical achievement. It is not often that we find someone with a sound professional experience of music combined with the infectious enthusiasm of the amateur. It is even



rarer to find these qualities combined with a broadness of outlook which ranges over all types of music, the essential gift of a sense of humour, a temperament which burns (rather than explodes), an ability to communicate both knowledge and enthusiasm, and an infinite patience with the shortcomings of amateur efforts.

It is because Joseph Grocock is one of this rare species that Foras Eireann chose him for the important job of Music Advisor, with the task of initiating an active musical life in the smaller communities all over this country. If you could see him adjudicating brass bands in Mayo, gently advising nuns on the possible refinements of the penny whistle, teaching notes to a newly-formed choir of the Irish Countrywomen's Association, or running a course on musical appreciation for teachers, you would realise how magnificently he is fulfilling this extremely important task. Furthermore, although we accept him as the ideal conductor of the University Choral Society (a position which he has held for the past 14 years) we would realise so plainly why this is so, and why the performances of this Society are always inspired by enthusiasm and real musicianship.

He was born in Croydon in 1913, and as a Chorister at St. Michael's in Tenbury had what is perhaps the most valuable initiation for a musical career. A scholarship in classics and music brought him to St. Edward's School at Oxford, and he completed his official education as a pupil of Dr. Thomas Armstrong at Christchurch, Oxford, where he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Music. In 1935 he was invited to take the post of Praeceptor at St. Columba's College, where, since then, he has built up a fine musical tradition with a very active music society and a large and astonishingly varied school orchestra.

One of his incidental activities at St. Columba's College might well have led to luxurious retirement in a haze of cigar smoke if he had not been so devoted to a task with less material reward. This incidental activity is his composition of a series of brilliantly comic pantomimes, one of which, "Jack and Jill and the Drainpipe," has been produced three times by the B.B.C. There is, however, a more serious side to his composition; for amongst his works are a number of very fine songs and organ pieces, quite an amount of excellent school music, and his four-part "Nursery Rhymes."

It is quite impossible in a short space to mention all the varied activities of such a hectically active musician. One is constantly amazed by the conscientious thoroughness with which he approaches every task. These qualities cannot fail to be apparent in the triennial performance of Handel's "Messiah," in which we wish the University Choral Society and their inspiring conductor all the success they so well deserve.

Profile :

Rev. R. K. Maguire
Duffle-Coated Dean

Our trans-Atlantic cousins on both sides of the forty-eighth parallel are noted, it is often said, for easy sociability and high-powered, streamlined statesmanship. While the accidents of birth do not qualify him as a trans-Atlantic cousin, three years of life and experience in the New World have confirmed in the Rev. Kenneth Maguire his natural tendencies and characteristics; tendencies and characteristics which



make him known to a wider circle in College than the Anglican elect.

Born in Bray in the not too distant past, educated at the High School, Dublin, in the classical tradition of that academy, Robert Kenneth Maguire entered College in the nineteen-forties as a sizar in Classics. College gave to him much more than a training in dead languages; the rough and tumble of the College Classical Society, the social and mildly religious life of the S.C.M., the inexplicable activities of Harriers, fringe-membership of D.U. Players, and, not least, the Divinity School, began to mould the pattern of his life. Graduated and ordained, he served for two years as curate in Armagh ("My chaplaincy of the women's prison there was a valuable preparation for my future work"), before the needs of the Church overseas called him to a new world, a new service and a new life. The great city of Montreal, mostly French, partly English, presented very different problems to the quiet, rural seat of St. Patrick.

Since returning from Canada in 1952, to take up his present duties as Dean of Residence to Anglican students, Mr. Maguire has retained a deep interest in Canada, and Canada, it seems, in him. He acts each summer as unofficial consul to many Canadian visitors, and each Christmas his mantelpiece is snowed under with trans-Atlantic greeting cards, the flamboyant mingling with the nicely elegant.

In 1954 he revisited Canada, and last summer he preached the Gospel in St. Bartholomew's, N.Y., commuting, as he says, between there and Montreal. Paris, too, has been the scene of his evangelistic activities, and his interest in the Church overseas extends further afield to our University missions in India and Malaya.

As Dean of Residence, Mr. Maguire has organised around his own rooms in No. 9 a minor College society, of indeterminate membership, not exclusively Anglican, through it there filters to students of diverse faculties an increased interest in the Church, in its work, teaching and worship, and, on occasions, in its music, art and architecture. This, in addition to playing his part in the Chapel, the College religious societies and the lecture-room. As pastor, adviser and friend, his time and energies are readily available and frequently enjoyed.

An inveterate traveller, he has "done" much of Ireland by car and noisy scooter. In the summer he likes to travel to countries where the sun really shines, from Yugoslavia to Madrid, with a special love for Italy and France. His less mobile interests are in the theatre, cinema, the graphic arts and popular music.

An open, sociable, energetic, understanding personality characterises the Dean and suits the office.

College Observed

At the end of a University term it is not unusual to want to look back and review developments or otherwise. It is not the function of this column to give College generally or students in particular a pat on the back, but in reviewing the past term we can only look to a future full of hope. Next Wednesday, approximately the one thousand one hundred and first Trinity Arts term will end. What has been gained in the past seven weeks? Generally our institutions have gone from strength to strength; in sport, our hockey, rugby and athletic clubs have proudly and successfully carried our name beyond the railings; in Art, the D.U. Players continue to trump their last successes; a new jazz society has appeared on the scene; the "Knights" are now securely domiciled; the Hist. and Phil. have never known better days as far as membership goes; the Commencements were one of the best for many years. With such a record we can only lament the shortness of a seven weeks' term, and its obvious deficiencies. No sooner has the student set off from London, Edinburgh or Belfast than he seems to be packing his bags to return again. If one has not a mind of pure steel, work is either done in the seven weeks of term or the seven weeks of vacation, according to whether one enjoys Dublin or one's home town more.

Besides introducing a certain erraticism into work, these ludicrously short terms also prove in the long run more expensive, especially to the student who lives in rooms and pays a year's rent for five months' minimum occupation. The man who has the greatest opportunity to get the most out of College life, to be the best off regarding travel sickness, burst suitcases, knowledge of Gaelic and financial stability, belongs to a small and select group, i.e., the inhabitants of Co. Dublin. But he, too, has probably had his share of it by attending one of England's best public schools in his youth. He it is who has that which is easily recognised, but never as yet defined, viz., the Trinity accent.

The last pleasant duty of this term should be to make the journey to Lansdowne Road next Saturday to cheer on Trinity in the annual colours match against U.C.D. This local "Derby" is the product of a situation which often escapes our attention: Dublin, besides being a city of three separate cathedrals, also boasts two entirely independent universities and in this respect is a unique city. A win for T.C.D., sufficiently cheered, will do much to upset the odds now being laid in Earlsfort Terrace, and will go a long way to reverse our past unsuccessful record.

It only remains to wish all Trinity personnel, past, present and future, the happiest of happy Christmases.

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December 4, 1958

TRINITY NEWS

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FOUR & SIX

The Boat Club "At Home" was held on Saturday at Islandbridge where the usual organisation, or lack of it, was apparent. Judging by the number of fights and those sprawling on the floor, hindering many intent on dancing, the bar must have done a roaring trade, but perhaps this profit was offset by the equally large number of gate crashers—but at least three were stopped and Ewen Bird nursed his eye in the cause of the Club.

Paddy Bachman, propped up by the microphone, crooned in his own imitable style, assisted by Hugo Massey who bewailed the loss of Terry O'Donnell—what lovely beards!

Among those attempting to dance and adding some note of respectability were Bruce Arnold and Gay Turtle (all in white!), but what a style of jiving! Ron Pilkington's was better, much to the joy of Wendy D'Arcy, whilst George Hallowes and Jean Delap danced very correctly, and Suzanne Sheridan preferred to dance close, so did Gerry Blanchard and Lisa Hey.

A number of Queen's men were determined to ruin everything by pour-

ing stout in the piano, but this is essentially etiquette amongst rowing men.

Last Friday night two Freshmen, Peter Carter and Gerry Boyd, gave a party in Percy Place. George Patrikios' disappearance was as subtle as his entry. Like six others who surrounded Riannah Edwards, he was soon bored with the fight. Drew Cameron and Roger Chevely did not compete and were quite content with Wendy D'Arcy and Maureen Hughes, respectively, and who wouldn't be? Incidentally, no one saw Brian Hamilton and partner, for Louis and Tony Shelton eventually showed up, smelling of strong drink.

In another room that Hula hoop expert, Jane Johnston, was employed in giving lessons (Hula hoop, of course!) to Dave Pearson and Richard Tomkins—her only successful pupil was Mike Bodgin; one up for Players.

As one who wasn't actually invited, I must say thank you on behalf of my compatriots for the cordial welcome—although the drink eventually expired and the cheese positively reaked. We'll come again next time.

As I See It BY AN ANGLICAN

What should a Church do? The answer for the average Christian must be that the Church is to be a guide and friend throughout our earthly life and to help us to lead that life as closely as possible to the Christian ideal. A man belongs to a particular Church because it offers the best road to Christ for him. Regrettably, we do not all travel on the same road in harmony, but it is the fact that we get there that matters.

What is the road offered by the Anglican communion? Here is an association of churches all over the world in communion with the See of Canterbury, preserving a Catholic tradition. Based upon the Bible, reason and tradition, the doctrinal position of the Anglican Church rests upon the Christian Faith as expressed in the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds. Unlike extreme Protestantism which regards the Bible as the sole source of truth, and unlike Roman Catholicism which makes the authority of the Church and, ultimately, that of the Pope supreme, the Anglican Church accepts three sources of authority—reason, Scripture and tradition. It claims to be a Divinely instituted channel of grace having historical continuity with the primitive Church. It has maintained the apostolic succession and ordained its priesthood by the laying on of hands, upholding the historic threefold ministry of bishops, priests and deacons.

It believes that God's Grace is mediated to man principally through the Sacraments of Baptism and Holy Communion, and it regards participation in the Holy Communion as a distinctively Christian mode of worship. It believes that God is actually present in these Sacraments and that through the sacramental life of the Church the communicant may be infused with a power that is not his own to help him to become a new creature. Thus the Anglican comes close to the reality of God through the worshipping community. Though individuals may give differing emphases and hold every shade of orthodox opinion, the community is welded together by the liturgy preserved in the Book of Common Prayer. Critics of the Anglican Church refer disparagingly to

its liturgy as a kind of aestheticism. That material things should be used for the glory of God, that the senses and body of a man no less than his soul should pay homage to God's greatness seems rather to testify to the unity of body and soul and the sacramental nature of the universe. Familiarity with services and prayers may result in mechanical worship, but as a rule familiarity makes the liturgy more meaningful.

It must not be thought from all this that Anglicanism is complacently satisfied with things as they are. The Anglican fellowship is a live missionary body (though not a proselytising one). It humbly recognises that Anglicanism is not the whole church, and is imperfect. But here is to be had just that combination of stability and flexibility of loyalty to the fullness of historic truth and of freedom to recast its historic formulations, which is required for a full response to the great challenge of our age. Those who are aware of the emptiness, sterility, unreality and illusion offered by much of our contemporary culture may sense the opportunity for a new birth which the age offers.

But the grace to recognise and respond to the rebirth within the fellowship of the Anglican Communion is not always sought by Anglicans. Too many of them take their Church for granted. Christ is there for every man, but every man must seek Him. The Church is for seekers. The Church is not, as it seems so often to be in Ireland, just a safe place where soothing doctrines lull respectable people on Sundays. Too often there is a lack of fire and inspiration, yet this despised institution has led millions to a clear understanding and love of God.

The Anglican heritage makes it a suitable instrument for what is surely the mind of Christ—the restoration of the visible unity of the Church. For the Anglicans look forward to the time "when we may henceforth be all of one heart, and of one soul, united in one holy bond of truth and peace, of faith and charity, and may with one mind and one mouth glorify Thee."

W. G. F.

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Louis' Success

Players' term production, "The Infernal Machine," is another personal success for its producer, Louis Lentini. While there are no weak links in the cast despite the unorthodox style of the play, the message of which is rarely grasped by the audience. Gloria Miers (Jocasta) and Drew Cameron (Oedipus) are involved in what is for us the "inconceivably tragic"; and the "conceivably tragic is more effective because it is 'conceivable'."



Louis Lentini

Perhaps the best piece of acting, though small, was by Marion Lurring, but the situations of Oedipus and Jocasta are less conceivable and the actors tend to stand outside their parts. Gloria Miers and Drew Cameron strive valiantly, with Gloria competent and Drew more naturally convincing in his rages at times, especially in some of his scenes with Tiresius, but here he is dealing with the human and understandable, which are more easily portrayed. He somewhat lacks the subtlety for the less obvious emotions. They are continually set an insoluble problem of sympathy, which deserves praise for the producer to tackle it, but leaves little hope of inspiring interpretation.

Terry Brady combines movement, voice-quality, costume and make-up to produce a truly unearthly being. Penelope Gibbons' interpretation of the Sphinx is well done and the chorus of Brian Osman and Brian Eardley was satisfactory if it did not fully realise the humour potential. Creon (John Hunt) was refreshingly practical and earth-bound and here we do perceive the contrast—excellent acting by Hunt on a par with Michael Bogdan and Marion Lurring. Mike Leahy, too, proved competent, while William Oddie and Richard Stack were both as they should be. Full marks, too, to John Hickmott and "the drunk."

MOTOR SPORT

The above club is trying to stimulate undergraduate interest in motor sport. This year, trials suitable for non-expert drivers and riders will feature prominently in the calendar of events. To start with, an open trial for production motor cycles will be run by the club on the 20th December. All those owning any form of machine, and with any spark of interest—are encouraged to enter for this event. Just sign up on the Notice Board at front gate.

The social side is not being neglected and the Annual Prize Distribution and Dinner Dance will be held in Dublin Airport on December 17th. Watch the Notice Board for further details of events in December.

A MAN OF COURAGE

It was one of those occasions, rare on British trains, when total strangers converse beyond the bounds of mere formality or politeness. We were not wearing the same ties, so there was no obvious explanation for the fact that, after leaving Crewe, conventionally seated behind our respective newspapers, we were chatting together with only a hint of native reserve by the time we reached Rugby.

It turned out that we had all, on some occasion, served in the same theatre of operations during the war, so, not unnaturally, our talk reverted to those days: of the dreariness of the desert, of the mistakes of our commanders, of the men we knew and of their personal exploits. One of us, a former colonel, related how a young subaltern in his regiment had crossed the lines with a small patrol and had successfully ambushed and destroyed a whole enemy company. "Splendid chap. Got a V.C. for that."

It was then that the man in the corner—a doctor, he had told us, with a practice in the North—who had so far contributed little to the general conversation, started to speak:

"I once knew a brave man, too," he began, "but not in the war. He'd worked in a cotton mill most of his life, and when I met him he'd just retired and was looking after himself in a small

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The Forgotten People

Seven hundred people a night are still crossing into Western Germany from the East. A quarter of a million children have been born to Arab refugees from Palestine since the end of the war, and must grow up without education or any objective save that bred by the hate and despair that surrounds them. In Hong Kong, some 700,000 refugees throng together in foul conditions, many dying of tuberculosis and malnutrition.

These are but a few of the many horrors that 20,000,000 people have to contend with to-day, simply because they have fled from injustice or persecution. Giving these details at one of the light lunches held in aid of refugee funds each week by the S.C.M., Mr. Stephen Mackie appealed for far wider student support. If we believe in the idea of a world community, we are surely bound to accept some responsibility for these conditions. If you are at all concerned by this, you will be very welcome in No. 7 at lunchtime next Tuesday.

A MAN OF COURAGE

cottage on the outskirts of his Lancashire home town. His name was Baker, James Baker, but for some reason everyone called him Bill. He didn't do much during the day—just pottered about—but every evening, wet or fine, he used to go for a walk: down the street and across a field, then along the canal to the bridge, and back via the 'Raven' for his daily pint of bitter. The routine never varied.

One night in late November it was very foggy and I asked him to stay indoors on account of a bad cough he had, which the weather would only aggravate. But habit proved stronger than professional advice, and off he went for his walk." The doctor paused, and looked out at the fleeting landscape. "That was the last time I saw him alive. Apparently some girl had missed her way in the fog and had fallen into the canal. She couldn't swim. Bill heard her, dived in and got her to the bank. Then he went to the 'Raven' for help. The girl survived, but the combination of shock, exposure and old age proved too much for Bill and he died that night."

We nodded sympathetically, but without enthusiasm. The doctor smiled. "Not much of a story, you're thinking? Nothing to compare with your V.C., eh, Colonel?" The train clattered through a station. "But you see," he went on, "Bill was blind." P. T. Welch.

Varsity Round-up

A German student has recently expressed through the columns of the Exeter University paper, "South Westerner," his disappointment and shock at the reception given by English people to President Heuss during his official visit to England. This view of a young student might not perhaps be shared by some of his older compatriots who would better understand the British attitude; it does show, however, the good influence which can be exerted by young people with unbiased ideas, who can mix with and learn to understand the students of other countries.

* * * * *

Winner of Manchester's Fresher Queen contest this year has so far had more excitement than she bargained for. She has been interviewed by the Press, treated as a local dignitary and twice kidnapped by enthusiastic male students with sports cars. Some of our own Junior Fresh girls are doubtless bright green with jealousy.

* * * * *

Birmingham's "Guild News" reports that several student leaders returning from the Fifth World Conference were among those killed when a Russian TU 104 jet crashed on October 14th. Among them were the presidents of the Czechoslovakian, Hungarian and Guianan Unions and students representing eight other countries.

* * * * *

In a recent U.C. (London) questionnaire, 71.4 per cent. of the men interviewed and 84 per cent. of the women

expressed theistic beliefs, 13.4 per cent. professed themselves to be agnostics and 11 per cent atheists.

* * * * *

Quotes from Durham "Palatine": "First you grab yourself a poppy, then you dance with her, then you make love to her, and then you buy her an orchid."—Lecturer translating "Cicero."

"Life is too short for games of Chess."

"I haven't time to be educated in Durham; I want to get a degree."

* * * * *

Leeds "Union News" reports that College girls in Agra have been warned not to wear anything that might prove too "alluring" to male students, after a girl in a tight sari had "disrupted" a class. If the modern trends in scarf, stocking and duffle-coat fashions continue in Trinity, authorities may reach the stage of begging girls to be alluring as the male students are dying of boredom!

* * * * *

Accounts to date of the recent Sheffield Rag show a profit of £8,203, nearly £3,000 having been obtained by street collections and £2,083 by a car competition. The Treasurer emphasises that this is an interim report and bills still remain to be paid. It must also be remembered that some students overstepped the mark, incurring fines and criticism from outside the university, but on the whole this appears to have been a well organised and worthwhile performance.

DEPRESSION

Once I sat by a grave and wept for a life that was death and a world that was dying into the earth. Death and life and I sat close together and shivered in our coldness and quivered in our warmth.

The earth felt heavy and moved with the almighty upheaval of the living sliminess of things dead and half-dead, living and half-living, and all the while the swallows dipped and turned at the circuit of their flight, then the hills moved with the great sadness and the heaviness of the sky choked in my throat and punched in my chest and everything was now; now was everything for ever, always it was now and now was ever always and everything and the hills moved. The great rolling hills moved at the pulsing sadness and love was lost in the hills and was hiding in the graveyard under the mouldering moving earth; love was trapped in the earth and the earth was stifling all love.

Then I moved myself away from the moving sliminess of the great sadness

and went like a stone to wander for love, but love was lost in the moving of the hills and had fled from the valleys, the sweet heavy smell of the honeysuckle, and the sickly sweet smell of the rose. It had fled from the cities and was lost in the lanes; no longer did love play in leaves of the beeches, the flight of the swallow, the gurgle of the stream and the bouncing of the butterfly.

Then love appeared, large, shadowy and frightening in the all-possessing loneliness of the sea and I started to know love again. Love begat love until love was all around me playing and laughing, ever increasing, loving ever more lovingly. Loving in the wind, loving in the ruffling of my hair, loving in the fear, loving in the content, loving in all the interlocking strength, in the broad fat strength and in the delicate tracery, lovingly loving in the delicate weakness and the fine silvery strumming straightness, always increasing and strengthening and becoming more loving.

Letters to the Editor . . .

Dear Sir,—It is an unpleasant thing to talk about, but I do feel that someone must speak up for the coloured South African. The little article in last week's "Trinity News" does not howl loud enough. But then what good does howling about an unhappy, oppressed race do when the people here and in England are so busy howling down Fred Smith who shot his dog because it savaged his children that they never give a thought to the man without rights.

If a black man in South Africa is caught having left his pass at home (if indeed a small area containing 30,000 Negroes with not as much as a single lavatory between them can be called a home) he is soundly beaten up with a truncheon, loaded into a van and dropped into a filthy cell. When he is released no less than two weeks later he has lost his job, his family has probably starved to death or his wife may have sold herself to save the children.

The white man, rich and snug, thinks that blacks provide cheap labour and excellent sport. "Beat up the black bastard"; I regret that is the only sort of howl you hear in South Africa.

Do you think, sir, that a mixture of Dutch and English makes a cruel explosion? I don't think that they are any more lacking than we are. While we feed our pampered Peks on chickens' liver and cream buns, there is a black child starving for a handful of maize.

"Justice, thou are fled to brutish beasts and men have lost their reason." If you don't regard the blacks as human, surely you might rather look on them as a higher species of animal than a smug, bad-tempered Pug. But damn it!! It is

not a pleasant thing to talk about. Let's forget all about it. It is not difficult.—Yours sincerely,

"Amazed."

Dear Sir,—Even the casual visitor to Dublin is struck by the squalor and poverty of the city, behind the happy facade of stately buildings, wealthy shops and gay public houses. Spending much of the year here it is possible to become accustomed to children begging through the night, crumbling Georgian tenements, recurring protests against unemployment, accepting these things as part of that picture which is Dublin.

It is pleasant to shift the responsibility for such conditions onto an incompetent Government, bad social workers and other blame-bearing organisations. However, it is possible for anyone willing to relieve some of the suffering of his fellow citizens.

The Sociological Society is already arranging work with blind people, old people and children and hopes to be able to do some work in youth clubs later on. There are many jobs and several people in different faculties in College have kindly offered to perform some of them in that odd hour between lectures. But we would be very grateful if anyone interested in doing any kind of social work would contact any member of the Sociological Society, c/o No. 6, College, or Mr. David Cranfield at No. 30, College.

Students at this university gain a great deal of entertainment and interest from Dublin life. This is one way in which we can contribute to it.

Yours faithfully,
ROSALIND MORREAU
(Chairman, D.U.S.S.)

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JAZZ INAUGURAL

The first meeting of the D.U. Jazz Appreciation Society last Monday in the Regent House was an inaugural to excel all inaugurations. Very few words were wasted, indeed even the odd titles which the leaders condescended to give were practically inaudible. But this was of very minor importance and was overshadowed by the surprisingly high standard of the musical offerings.

"Group One" was rarely heard in better form, no doubt due to the initial pace-setting by John Wadham, a stand-in on drums. Bob Jones (alto sax) is still, however, very patchy and no doubt for this reason most of his later solos were drowned by the backing. The outstanding musician of the evening was undoubtedly John Curran, a visitor to Trinity. Judging by his facial expression, he obviously felt every note, especially during his quite brilliant tenor solos. When "Group One" and Harry Gilmore's group combined, the frontline of two trumpets, tenor and alto, proved most effective and at times looked quite professional. It is, however, in this section of the band, and to a certain extent in the rhythm section, which frequently failed to provide the all-pervading beat which is the life-blood of good jazz, that any future weakness may be. The pianist, Nick Fitzgerald, and the leader of "Group One," David Pearson on trumpet, are now good enough for what they aspire to form a professional group. As a dance band, "Group One" are building a reputation of which any university would be proud.

In different vein, the "boogie" style piano playing by the Chairman of the Society, John Goldberg, was very diverting and restful on the ears, excellent interval music. Indeed, the whole atmosphere was definitely alien to the august snoring portraits in the Regent House,

and at times the response of the audience was vaguely reminiscent of an L.P. recorded in the Festival Hall. It was obvious that the meeting was a great success, and if the Society does no more than maintain its initial high standard, the D.U.J.A.S. will soon be the most discussed and the most appreciated society in College.

"ICARUS"

The key to this term's "Icarus" is to be found in its editorial which advocates that "poetry must concern itself with human relationships and situations if it is to remain anything more than a mere exercise of mind or tongue." It is indeed welcome to have an editor of "Icarus" who believes that "the proper study of mankind is man," applies to poetry.

My hopes having thus been raised, I did not find myself disappointed in what followed. The four short stories are all highly competent, each writer giving ample evidence of that difficult equipage of detachment, sympathy and awareness, so essential in works of this genre.

A timely and most welcome feature is a superb debunking by Mr. C. V. Morris, of poetry which is pretentious and obscure for the sake of obscurity. There has been too much writing of this nature in the past few years, and I feel it a happy sign that "Icarus" is able to laugh at the pretentiousness of much of the poetry of its former issues.

The poetry in the main bears out the good intentions expressed by the editor. The stark and somewhat disturbing realism in the poems of Messrs. R. J. W., R. Ewart, and M. Leahy make these contributions stand out foremost. Bearing in mind the metre (or lack of it) which Mr. Leahy chose for his "The Conditions of Apprenticeship," the crispness of the language is remarkable. Of the other poems, that of Mr. Keeting is the one metrically most interesting, and deserves praise, while the remainder are never anything less than competent.

This "Icarus" is for me the most satisfying I have read. I shall be surprised if that is not the general feeling.

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Adolf or Marilyn!

The motion for the History and International Affairs Societies' inter-debate last Tuesday was "That Hitler is the typical product of the twentieth century." Count Tolstoy opened by gallantly struggling to convince the house that Hitlerism was democratic, liberal, and socialist, and therefore a typical product of our times. That he failed to stick the first two adjectives to the Fascist regime is perhaps not surprising, but he succeeded in making the (perhaps rather obvious) point that extreme Rightist and extreme Leftist tendencies are usually identical and that, therefore, it is wrong to call Hitler untypical because he was not socialist.

Next, Mr. Hunter opened the opposition by saying that he was going to define the motion and then not doing so. Instead, he asked whether anyone could be typical of any age? If broad trends could be typified by people, he argued, teddy boys and Marilyn Monroe were surely more typical of our times than a mere dictator. He went on to point out parallels to Hitler in former times, on the premiss that if Hitlerism had appeared in other ages it could not be typical of ours. He ended neatly by showing how closely Addington's eulogy on Amiens corresponded to Chamberlain's on Munich.

Miss Humphries, supporting the motion, admitted that Hitler had his parallels, but said that just as there could be typical twentieth century chairs there could be typical twentieth century dictators. This issue of the chairs was to confuse practically every future speaker.

Mr. Bayley, after a slight tussle therewith, made a well-delivered and well-received speech, in which he said that Hitler was typical of all dictators through the ages, but not necessarily of the twentieth century. He also gave us a short history of the rise of Hitler, of doubtful relevance.

The next five speakers brought the debate the way of all debates, and the usual series of discreet exits had begun when the entry of Messrs. Haley-Dunne, Telfer, Waddia and others enlivened the closing stages by various means, subtle and not so subtle.

One was not surprised, however, when the Chairman, Mr. Abrahamson, confessed in his summing-up that he was a little disappointed in what he had heard.

The motion was lost by 16 votes to 18.



Write your own "Remark of the Week" or has T.C.D. turned Turtle?

Imagine, for a moment, that you are neither particularly intelligent nor attractive, and yet at the same time have not succeeded in making yourself into a "College character." How are you to set about making yourself one or all of these vital things? Read this column and you will find out!

The secret of the whole matter is psychological. Even if you do not possess these qualities, you can persuade other people that you do. The easiest way of explaining this is to take the case of an imaginary personage, whom we will call, *faute de mieux*, Jolly Tortoise. The first step, of course, is for Tortoise to get herself on the staff of "T.C.D." This is not so difficult as might appear, for it is a career open to an ambitious woman; and it is surprising how unambitious most women are!

What, then, is the next step? Simple, of course! Just write notice after notice about yourself until you have dimmed it into the silly duffers how important you are. You will soon find that the sceptics can resist for only so long, and then they, too, succumb: "Prop a gander up against a wall and shoot it," as Dr. Goebbels used to say. Would you like specimens of these notices? Just read on:

(a) Making the morons realise that you are a very intelligent (though nicely so) person. Here are three specimen "Remarks of the Week":

1. Miss Jolly Tortoise: "Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more."

2. Miss Jolly Tortoise: "The stag at eve had drunk his fill, when danced the moon on Monan's rill."

3. Miss Jolly Tortoise: "Never put off till to-day what you can do tomorrow."

The originality of these piercing remarks will strike everyone immediately—just wait and see!

(b) Now they're wised up on the fact that you're bright, you must make yourself a "character." This is the most important step, so don't try and avoid it, you in the back row.

1. Miss Jolly Tortoise: "I always wear red stockings, they're so sexy."

2. Miss Jolly Tortoise: "I always wear black stockings, they're so academical."

3. Miss Jolly Tortoise: "I always wear purple stockings."

Did you get that subtle touch at the end?

(3) Now you've paved the way, all you've got to do is to link your name with the elusive loved one. No sloppy stuff (e.g., "Ooh, James/Barry, you icky-wicky darling"), but try something roguish and quaint. What about these rib-ticklers for a start?

1. Miss Jolly Tortoise: "Let me tell you about sex, Barry."

2. Miss Jolly Tortoise: "Let me tell you about sex, James."

3. Miss Jolly Tortoise: "Let me tell you about sex, Barry/James."

Of course, you could combine all three by a small notice in "Bells, Books, and Candles": "Miss Tortoise, dressed in a cocktail-coloured dungaree, was chatting about intellectual subjects with James/Barry." What more could you want?

For the road to success: Read "Trinity News" (and avoid "Remarks of the Week").

She was to me . . . and is

There was a place up North of Lac d'Alfen where Odile and myself used to go when we were kids.

We used to clump up the cobbled road, winding up into the mountains, passing white kilometer stones with back numbers; they looked fresh, square, and clean. We would say, "Grüs Gott" to the Alsation peasants, and "Bonjour Monsieur 'dame" to the tourists. Always we would go hand in hand, loving each other and subtracting each kilometer stone from the distance left to go. Sometimes we would let go our hands very gently, and pick bilberries at the side of the road. I would give Odile mine, and she would give me her's, feeding me one at a time and kissing me between each one.

Once we met a peasant leading a horse with his forelock cropped level, and she turned and stroked the straight hair on my forehead. She murmured "Une frange," and I looked very freckled and blushed hotly in the sun. Then she kissed me very softly and I smiled at her, aching all over with love, to show that I was not hurt. We were very happy.

After we had passed twelve kilometer stones we would branch off along a track that lead to a log hut, carved all over with initials, and we would go in together, feeling close to each other.

If it were raining, the hut glistened wet, and smelt of pine. We would go in, leaving the rain and the day outside. It felt warm and cosy inside, and lying on the soft hay with our coats beneath us, I would hide my face under the curtain of her hair and she would run her fingers over her hair, making it ripple where it lay on my cheek.

If it were sunny, the hut looked a browned gold in the warmth of the sun, and the earth would be black and crumbly underfoot. We would lie inside in a patch of sunlight and the curtain of her hair would shine golden from the brightness of the window. I would half-

close my eyes and it would feel like a gossamer veil and I could see the individual hairs, each one a silver streak of gold.

Once she rested my head on her small girlish form and I turned my face into her body, feeling her, sweet, soft, fresh, and her fine woollen cardigan smelling of fresh pinewood from the logger's fires. I fanned her hair out over the back of my head and I felt warm, enclosed and gentle.

When we kissed we kept our mouths closed and our lips pursed forward, and her lips would be very sensitive and soft. Sometimes she would run her hand down the hard knuckles of my spine and make me feel strong and protective.

About an hour before sundown we would start walking back down the road to the chalet, and when night came we could see the glow worms at the side of the road in the bilberry bushes, and the cicadas would be singing all around us in the mountains. Sometimes the sky would flicker with summer lightning and the night would feel soft, warm and velvet.

Occasionally the evening rain would catch us, and I would unbutton my coat, for her to nestle into my shoulder under its spread, and we would walk along together, near, belonging and closest together.

Soon after that summer the diphtheria came down the valley and she died. When I heard, I thought I would die of a broken heart, but we were very young and immature, and everyone was wise when they said I would get over it.

She was to me, and still is in the stillness of the night, lovingly loveliness, almost to breaking.

Now it is only sometimes, when I wake up and hear the rain outside, that I find myself crying and wishing that I could smell the curtain of her hair lying soft on my face. And sometimes I am crying for something that is not the same at all.

John Holt.

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Hockey

Cup Semi-Final

Railway Union 2nd XI 2
Dublin University 2nd XI 2

Following closely the example of their respective 1st elevens the previous week, Trinity and Railway 2nd elevens fought out a two-all draw before bad light stopped play. A well-taken goal by Hughes in the opening minutes was nullified when slack tackling and covering allowed a Railway forward to score with an acute angle reverse-stick shot.

There was no further score up to half-time, but both goals had near shaves. Wood in the Trinity goal made some fine saves, while at the other end Fuller put the ball in the net but someone was off-side, and Hughes demonstrated his prowess at some other game with an overhead smash of quite terrifying ferocity; the umpire, possibly fearing reprisals, disallowed this worthy effort.

Playing up the hill in the second half, Trinity were more on the defensive, but managed to take the lead when Moffett, following in hard, banged home a rebound from the goalkeeper's pads. With literally seconds to go, Railway equalised following a galmouth mêlée. Twenty minutes of extra time failed to produce further goals.

For Trinity, full-backs Shirley and Johnson stopped and cleared well, but their positional play leaves something to be desired. The half-back line of Bonar-Law, Blackburn and Varian was solid, though somewhat lacking in constructive ideas, and Varian must curb the tendency to try and do the full-back's work as well as his own. In the face of ruthless obstructive tactics, the Trinity forwards adopted commendable direct methods which were deserving of more than the two goals they achieved. Wingers Wheeler and English were given little chance to shine, but the inside trio of Hughes, Moffet and Fuller showed tremendous fire, their constant harrying of the goalkeeper being especially worthy of mention.

Swimming

WON AND LOST

When D.U.S.C. met Clontarf S.C. at the Iveagh Baths on Thursday last, a win in the swimming was balanced by a defeat in the water polo.

C. Blois won the freestyle in the good time of 37.2 secs. As a newcomer, N. Upton showed the shape of things to come by pushing O'Brien-Kelly all the way, giving Trinity a first and second in the backstroke. The breaststrokers were well beaten but have now gone into training. The medley squad, Taylor, Sharpe and Blois, took the lead early on and held it all the way.

The water polo team won the pre-match sprint, O'Brien-Kelly bringing victory in the last few strokes. This was the most exciting race of the evening. In the polo they were outclassed by a strong Clontarf team who won 6-1. J. Sharpe scored Trinity's one and only. More training as a team would be a great benefit.

The freshman championships are being held to-morrow night. All freshmen are invited to compete. Come along to Tara Street Baths at 9 p.m.

SPORTS NEWS

Rugby

COLOURS TEAM

R. McMullen (Mountjoy College). New colour; junior inter-provincial cap; several immaculate full-back displays this season. Height, 5-7. Weight, 11-7. Age, 21. W. Ireland hard court champion. Studies Agriculture.

N. de Wet (Jan van Rietsh School). Colours in 1955-6. Represented S. Africa, athletes, 1950. An experienced and powerful winger. Height, 5-11½. Weight, 14 st. Age, 28. Faculty, Medicine.

A. Endall (Ampleforth School). Right centre. Cheshire county cap. New colour. Height, 5-10. Weight, 12-13. Age, 21. Studies History.

M. Moore (St. Columba's College). Left centre. Colours in 57-58. Has played for Combined Universities. Height, 5-11. Weight, 11-10. Age, 19. Faculty, Natural Science.

A. Reid-Smith (St. Peter's, York). Left wing and captain. Tony has played for Leinster and the Universities. Height, 5-9. Weight, 12-1. Try-getter and kicker of distinction. Medicine.

R. Hall (Dublin High School). Out half. New colour. Junior inter-pro. Natural footballer. Height, 5-6. Weight, 11 st. Age, 20. Economics.

R. Robbins (Mountjoy). Scrum half. New colour. Junior inter-pro. Height, 5-9. Weight, 12-2. Age, 19. Studies Law.

D. J. Fitzpatrick (Dublin High School). Prop-forward. Junior inter-pro. Colours in 56-57. Height, 5-10. Weight, 13-3. Age, 21. Medicine.

F. B. Doyle (Terenure College). Hooker. Colours 57-58. Tennis inter-pro. Height, 5-11. Weight, 13-12. Age, 24.

R. Meates (Dublin High School). Prop. New colour. Junior inter-pro. Height, 5-10. Weight, 13-6. Age, 22. Dentistry.

N. O'Brien (Beaumont College). Second row. Played for the Wasps. New colour. Height, 6-1. Weight, 12-13. Age, 20. Engineer.

G. Browne (Foyle College, Londonderry). Second row. New colour. Height, 6 ft. Weight, 13 st. Age, 23. Veterinary Surgeon.

H. O'Connor (Terenure College). Wing forward. Connaught cap and Irish international. Colours in 52-53. Height, 6 ft. Weight, 12-10. Age, 25. Medicine.

P. R. C. Dowse (Portora Royal School). Lock. Colours 53-54. Irish trialist and has played for the Universities. Height, 6-1. Weight, 13-7. Age, 25. Medicine.

G. Patrikios (St. George's College, Rhodesia). Wing forward and a new colour. Height, 5-11. Weight, 12-9. Age, 21. Faculty, Medicine.

Boat Club

"Gors'" Unlucky

The annual "At Home" was held last Saturday in good racing conditions. As usual, visiting crews failed to appear at scheduled times and much of the racing took place under the glare of car headlights.

In one of the first races of the day, D.U.B.C.'s "Trots" VIII lost narrowly to Queen's I. Our "Gors" crew, however, went through to the final, beating on the way U.C.D. first and second boats and the experienced Queen's first boat, which included several men who had rowed for Northern Ireland in the Empire Games.

In the final the "Gors" met U.C.G. and were leading by three-quarters of a length when a very bad clash of oars occurred. The umpire declared "no race" and because of the darkness and the risk of damaging oars and boats it was decided to abandon it. Trinity had the race in their pockets and would definitely have won had there not been the clash.

After the dance on Saturday night it was found that several photographs were missing from the clubhouse. These photographs are irreplaceable and can be of little value to the persons who removed them. If you have one, please return it to Mr. J. V. O'Brien's rooms in No. 23. No names will be asked.

D.U. Harriers

Victory in the Mud

D.U. Harriers 1st Team
The Harriers came back to form on Saturday last with a resounding victory over Oriel College, Oxford. The Trinity eight, learning from past mistakes, formed a very determined pack and right from the start a group or maroon vests could be seen well to the fore.

Conditions over the course in Phoenix Park were the worst experienced this season and, consequently, there was a noted decrease in times.

Colin Shillington gave his usual fine display, winning the race, followed by Stephen Whitcome, who has made great improvements since the beginning of the season. Green gained third place, with Brian Roe, John McCaughey, Duncan Tull and John Baxter holding the next four positions. David McDonald and Cecil Kerr fought it out with two other Oriel men for 9th and 11th position, respectively. Final result:

D.U.H. 1st, 25 points; Oriel College, 60 points.

BOXING CLUB

The Boxing Club have a fixture on Tuesday December 9th, at 8 p.m., in the Gym. Their opponents are Cambridge University.

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Women's Hockey

Scottish Tour

Edinburgh University, 3; D.U., 1
St. Andrew's University, 0; D.U., 1
Glasgow University, 4; D.U., 3

Last week's Scottish tour brought Trinity two defeats and one win; thus a potentially good team achieved results well below expectations. Both forwards and defence had their off-days, but the real trouble lay in poor co-ordination of attack and defence. Here the inexperience of the inner — Gladys Ruddock missed two matches through injury—proved disastrous. Both were prepared to work hard, but their efforts lacked crispness; in consequence, the halves over-stressed their attacking rôle and gave the opposing forwards too much scope.

The match against Edinburgh started well when Adrienne Jessop quickly scored, but Edinburgh rallied and the interval score was 1-1. In gathering gloom, Edinburgh broke away from strong Trinity pressure and snatched a goal which might have been prevented. As dusk gave place to dark, Edinburgh started a passing movement from which Trinity conceded a corner. The Trinity goalie, seeing the ball very late, made a good save, but pulled a muscle in the process and was virtually powerless as Edinburgh scored again.

At St. Andrew's next day, Trinity, playing against the incline, were unable to score before half-time. Thereafter Trinity encamped in the St. Andrew's "25," but it was only just before the final whistle sounded that a well-taken shot by Hilary Barton off Hilary Kirwan's through pass gave Trinity victory.

The last match of the tour saw a battle of the forwards. First, Hazel Henry scored a fine opportunist goal, then Glasgow equalised and a ding-dong struggle began. Gladys Ruddock and Enda Broderick in turn gave Trinity the lead, only to have it squandered by a defensive lapse. Five minutes before time Glasgow scored their fourth goal and took the lead. The secret of their success was their speedy right-wing who continually drew the Trinity defence out, leaving the centre open.

Saturday Special Does It Again!

Last Saturday's success of Flame Gun — when Marnack, our second tip, did not run owing to fog at Uttoxeter — brings our profit on a weekly £1 each way bet to £30 for this term. We suggest placing this sum on King at Lingfield Park at 3.30 where he appears to have a very simple task.

"Colonel Tottering."

Richard Sealy, A.I.B.P.

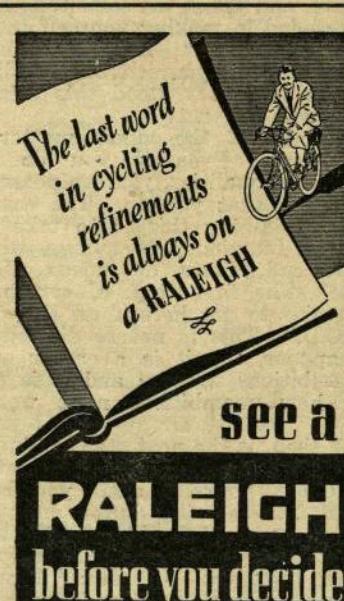
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