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Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

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

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Vol. III—No. 17

THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1956

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WINDY WEDNESDAY VENGEANCE IS OURS

Sun First — Rain Second

DESPITE unfavourable weather forecasts, and a showery beginning to the week, Trinity Wednesday provided a great show of colour and excitement. Early heavy rain and a strong wind did their best to deter visitors but they were bravely shunned. When the sun did shine and College Park looked almost as fair as the young ladies, the whole scene glared with gaiety and vitality. The heavy showers did tend to drive visitors indoors to view the Moyne Institute and the renovated Museum Building but the majority gathered in the shade of the trees or ate strawberries in the Pavilion.

For the athletes the going was fairly firm, but the strong winds did most to prevent the setting up of new records.

A reception was held by the U.P.S. and was well attended, despite the uncertainty of the weather. This uncertainty was largely reflected in the type of dress worn by the ladies. Africans and Indians appeared to have left their flowing costumes behind them, favouring more unconventional Eastern dress. Even so, the ladies managed to out-rival the attraction of the races.

Through rain and shine the band played gaily, though armed with raincoats. Few people let the weather bother them and Roistar got a place in the Derby. Results were as follows:

Half-Mile Handicap—1, R. J. Mackay; 2, H. G. Reynolds; 3, J. R. C. Seager. Time: 1 min. 55.6 secs.

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Freshmen's Half-Mile Scratch—1, B. D. A. Hannan; 2, D. Mawhinney; 3, D. G. Abbott. Time: 2 mins. 6.2 secs.

Inter-Club Relay—1, Rugby; 2, Soccer; 3, Boxing. Time: 48.6 secs.

Women's Inter-Club Relay—1, Hockey; 2, Squash; 3, Cricket. Time: 63.7 secs.

Inter-Faculty Relay—1, Medical; 2, Experimental Science; 3, Engineers. Time: 47.8 secs.

The bottle of champagne awarded by "Trinity News" to the most fashionably dressed girl at the College races was won by Miss Paula Simmonds.

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Success to Night Raiders

A SPECTACULAR raid on Queen's, Belfast, took place on Tuesday evening. It was carried out by four Trinity men representing various societies in College, three of whom are on the staff of two College publications. Skeleton keys, celluloid, glass-cutters and a hired car, made up the elaborate equipment detailed by the party. The raid was skilfully planned and skilfully executed.

At exactly 9.30 p.m. one member of the party, carrying a large bag, left the black saloon car, rounded a corner, and disappeared into the red-brick Union Society Building. A minute later two more, also carrying bags, followed him into the shadows of the Council Rooms. And then, yet a fourth member. Silently the doors of the Council Room were closed and locked from the inside. Two of the party remained on guard in the corridor. Inside

no sound was heard, but the strains of a pipe band rehearsing on the floor above. Ten yards away, people were sipping coffee. Two shadows glided across the floor in the direction of the trophy case. With cold and efficient ease the case was opened and four trophy cups removed. The avengers left in good order, boarded their car and drove away. The whole operation lasted only three minutes.

The raid was made in retaliation for last year's attack on the Phil. and the Hist. by Queen's men, when an elephant's tusk and "Wolfe Tone" were stolen. Fortunately, the Trinity men met with less resistance from Border patrols.

The Trinity men were lurking everywhere. Two of the party nearly joined the Union and one was asked for his overdue subscription. Thus, every entrance and exit was examined and the effective plan evolved. The most amazing facet of the raid was that despite the large collection of tools taken along, only a screwdriver was needed. Moreover, the get-away was aided by an anonymous gentleman who politely held the door open while two strangers, carrying bulging bags, left the building.

The booty was on display at the Ball last night, much to the delight of all present. The raiders intend to hand back the trophies to the visiting Queen's teams this week-end.



The Polish Group wins the Carnival

The results of the Carnival of Nations held in the Dixon Hall last week were made known on Sunday. For the second successive year the Poles were the victors, followed closely by the Indian group. The West Indians, entering the competition for the first time, finished very promisingly in third position. This group was composed entirely of U.C.D. undergraduates. Fourth and fifth, respectively, were the Malaysians and Italians.

GAELS GULLED

The culmination of the series of disturbances which have recently upset College occurred last week at the Carnival of Nations. On Thursday, R. C. Barton attempted to force an entry

backstage at the Dixon Hall.

On the following night, R. J. Wathen, wearing a mask and helmet bearing the name "Cromwell Club" reached the stage during the Gaelic Society's act but was hit with a bottle and thrust from the stage. On Saturday night, the same act was ruined by the insertion of "Rule Britannia" and "God Save the Queen" at strategic points on the tape.

Vincent Byrne, leader of the Irish troupe at the Carnival, laid responsibility for this at the door of the Cromwell Club

— an organisation which our investigation reveals does not exist. Mr. Byrne said: "The Carnival is an international gathering which is run for charity."

To atone for their misdeeds, the alleged Cromwellians arranged a programme of hymn singing in the Bay on Sunday at 11 p.m.

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Vol. 3 TRINITY NEWS No. 17
THURSDAY, 7TH JUNE, 1956

FACE-LIFT

FROM vegetables to flowers; indeed, bouquets. . . .

Recently, the University College, London, newspaper printed an article about this College which described Trinity buildings as "unwholesomely dirty and rotting."

In fact, an amazing amount of restoration and reconstruction has been undertaken in College during the last few years. Appropriately enough, work began on the Provost's House. The result has been the subtle redecoration in period style of one of the finest examples of Queen Anne architecture in Ireland. The glowing colours used in the magnificent ballroom evoke the luxury of an age which had time to enjoy stately, if artificial, living.

Next in importance, and next to be approached, was the library. The sweeping design of the library windows was revealed. When the frames were painted white, the symmetry of the building itself was underlined. Balustrades, broken or wasted by the corrosive city soot, were replaced; and after cleaning, the detailed stonework could be appreciated.

Thirdly, any threat of demolishing the Rubrics was averted when the tired brick-work around the sagging windows was reinforced.

Large-scale reconstruction is being attempted, too. New laboratories were built at the end of the Museum Building, and the Zoology Department completed in 1954. The dull brick surfaces favoured by Henry Horatio Dixon have been hidden beneath the shining white paint which one associates with a public lavatory.

Next on the list is the Chemistry Department. Professor Cocker believes this to be the oldest undergraduate laboratory in the world. It is trite, but true, to add that it looks like it. There is a thick encrustation of rust on all the iron fittings. Dust falls continually during delicate experiments, radically altering results.

In the Medical School, a new physiology lab. has been added, and a fabulous experiment in modern design carried out in the anatomy lecture theatre.

The authorities are to be congratulated on the care and taste with which they have handled the hard job of restoring and modernising these ancient buildings. We can only hope that this architectural face-lifting will eventually be extended to Front Square and some of the less salubrious living quarters of College.

Profile:

Ronnie Snow — Socialite

Any newcomer to College who points out a tall figure in Front Square dressed in drain-pipe trousers and check cap and is told "that's Ronnie Snow," is making his first acquaintance with one of Trinity's leading socialites—nor will it be his last, for Ronnie is to be seen at all the best (or shall it be said "T"?) parties and gatherings in College.

Born 24 years ago in Johannesburg, Ronnie was educated at St. Andrew's, Grahamstown, and after that spent two years at the University there before coming here in 1952 to study medicine. As befits the budding doctor, he has a flat in Lower Fitzwilliam Street. In the holidays, while believing that travel broadens the mind, he is also of Dr. Johnson's opinion that the man who is tired of London is tired of life, so he divides his time between galivanting round the Continent and living in London. However, although a South African, he has mellowed sufficiently in the years he has spent in Dublin to become an ardent Hibernophile.

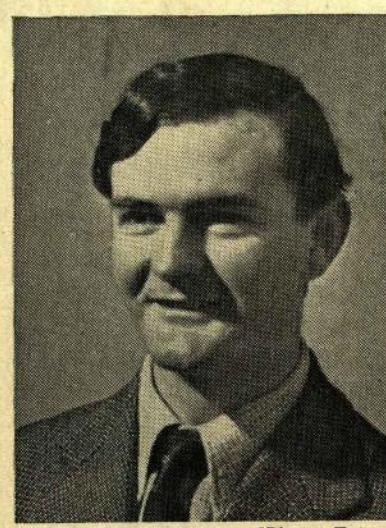
Ronnie will be especially in the news this week as he is Hon. Sec. of Trinity Week and as such is the organiser of the social set-up for the seasonal outflow of nervous dissipation. But to those who think of him only as a lounge lizard or flaneur, it should be remembered that he frequently gets up at the unearthly hour of five o'clock for the purpose of riding uncertain quadrupeds over certain obstacles, and also holds

a jockey's licence. Indeed, his chief activity outside College is the Turf, although he has recently taken up fishing with more enthusiasm than success. In College, he is prominent on the Rugby field, and even more prominent in the Lincoln or Davy's, where he shows a remarkable aptitude for putting down half-ones, and still

more half-ones, to chase the first few down. While eschewing "the flannelled fools at the wickets and the muddied oafs in the goals," he coxes in an amateur capacity for faculty fours who require his services.

In the narrower field of medicine, his presence among the back-benchers acts as a gentle general anaesthetic, though capable of bouts of cerebral activity when examination time approaches. As one who knows what he likes when he sees it, without delving too deeply into the pros and cons, his tastes in music are the lighter classics and traditional jazz; while his favourite authors are Wilde and Evelyn Waugh. Although holding with the maxim that "the proper study of Mankind is Man," he is by no means averse to such artificialities as the theatre, preferring

revues and musical comedies to stronger meat. As to the outcome of his College career, only the passage of three more years will tell. One thing certain is that if he galvanises as many people out of their accustomed lethargy as he has done heretofore, his time will not have been wasted.



[Photo: Tanguay]

Hon. Sec. of Trinity Week

Round the Societies

Phil.

HUMOUR IS HUMAN

On Thursday last, the Phil. held one of its most successful and amusing meetings of the year when K. R. Johnson read his paper on "Humour." The essayist described his subject as large, but little discussed, and claimed that humanity was the common factor in all humour. He went on to describe humour in life and literature, and claimed that British humour, with a few exceptions, had declined in quality since Shaw.

In an extremely entertaining speech filled with illustrative anecdotes, the distinguished visitor, Mr. A. Thomas, from Radio Eireann, said that humour was everywhere; it was a thing which was subject to change and dated quickly. He suggested that Irish humour was inferior to the English, possibly because the Irish were too happy.

R. D. H. Bluett attacked the subject from a metaphysical point of view and pronounced Kaut's definition of humour superior to that of Bergson and Hobbes. He claimed that we do not laugh at anything we take seriously.

Connolly Cole spoke about spoonerisms, while R. D. F. Kimmitt, in the one serious speech of the evening, attempted an analysis of humour. D. R. D. Bell claimed that analysis was pointless and showed animals had a sense of humour as well as humans, after which the essayist exercised his right of reply. The President, Mr. T. H. Robinson, gave his last summary of the session in a fashion completely in accordance with the tone of the evening.

Law

LEGAL INJUSTICES

The Law Society, chaperoned by its new Auditor, Heather Colhoun, and under the watchful eye of its Auditor-elect for the coming session, John Temple Lang, held a somewhat laborious debate on "That press reports hinder the promotion of justice." It was discovered later that the opposer of the motion, Mr. C. A. David, had drunk too much of the waters of the River Lethe in Jammet's and was thus fortunate in being

SWEATER BOY

Debonair Desmond Ferris will be one of three mannequins to show latest fashions for the discerning male by the Dublin Fashion Salon. At present Mr. Ferris is resting, but we notice he has an eye to publicity and the art of modelling by keeping close to experienced Clodagh Phipps.

unable to attend.

Mr. Lane, in proposing the motion, gave a substantial argument in his inimitable parochial tone, and the other set speakers, Mr. Lowry, Mr. Knight and Mr. Medawar, were noticeable for their lack of knowledge of the subject. Most of the speakers dealt with criminal justice, while Mr. Murray gave a diatribe against numerous acts of political injustice perpetrated by the British in Cyprus. Miss Eve Sampson, who took the chair, gave an apt and distinguished summing up.

The Gram.

CORNELIUS TO ELGAR

Last Thursday the programme began with Cornelius' overture, "The Barber of Bagdad." This was followed by Bruckner's Seventh Symphony. Bruckner is rather under-rated as a composer, his music is very appealing and romantic, and yet has good architectural construction. One fault which might be found with the Symphony is that it is too long, especially the second movement, the adagio, in which there is much repetition.

The second part of the programme consisted of music by English composers. Vaughan Williams' "Fantasia," on a theme by Thomas Tallis, is typical of his flowing music, and the theme is taken from an old hymn tune by Tallis which appears in the English Hymnal. The second of the "Wand of Youth" suites by Elgar was also played. This is light, but musically very fine.

From Our Readers

SUMMER SCHOOLS

Dear Madam,—May I invite the attention of your readers to the seventh D.U. International Summer School, which is to be held from 4th to 18th July on the theme "The Arts in Ireland." We expect a number of visitors from different countries, and hope that as many Trinity students as possible will join the School. Associate membership costs only 10/-, plus 5/- subscription to the D.U. International Affairs Association.

Those who are interested may have further particulars from the Registrar of the Summer School (David Large, c/o. The Common Room), or from the Chief Stewart of the Summer School (P. Bourke, 8 College).

—Yours faithfully,

W. J. L. Ryan, Chairman,
Summer School.

Review of 'Icarus'

This term's edition of "Icarus" brings the usual "mixed bag" of satisfying and near-satisfying contributions. It begins most promisingly with a hitherto unpublished poem by W. B. Yeats, kindly allowed for publication by his widow. This piece in itself is set in marvellous comparison to Dr. Donald Davie's "Via Portillii." This piece is witty, compact and stately, and has a unity curiously unlike most of Dr. Davie's work. The sketch presented by Mr. Louis MacNiece is pleasant, but commonplace.

In the undergraduate poetry section, the works put forward by Miss Anne Cluysenaar and Mr. Tommy MacGloin quite easily outshine the other contributions. Miss Cluysenaar's "In Memory of An Animal" is deep with natural feeling, quiet and meditative. Her adaptation of a thirteenth century French poem is cleverly contrived, remaining fairly close to the spirit of the poem and yet adding fresh originality. Mr. MacGloin's meaning is often elusive, but one feels he has something to say.

The poems of Mr. Rivers Carew and Mr. Eamonn O'Tuathail are pleasant exercises with heroic strains, but show inexperience and lack of emotional depth. Their ideas are less ordinary than those of Mr. Duncan Forson in "Working Song," and Mr. Richard Kellett in "Crossing." So much more could have been made of Mr. Kellett's theme than this short piece.

Miss Frances Killingley gives us a thesis on the work of Professor Tolkien's trilogy, "The Lord of the Rings." She draws the conclusion that the story is reminiscent of "Gulliver's Travels," although the picture presented is more real because the author puts the "Hobbits" in a kinder light. Her views are true and sensible, and would inspire anyone to read Tolkien's little fairy-tale.

Mr. Connolly Cole's play has an easy-going style and "loneliness" as its central theme. Perhaps the dialogue is a little too much like a Hemingway novel. In his essay, Mr. Richard Weber chooses to point out the defects of Patrick Kavanagh's poetry and Mr. Michael Srigley reflects on the use of similarity of themes as a means towards the enrichment of verse. "The Defeat of Decorum," by Mr. Terence O'Donnell, is a trifle long and makes heavy going in places, but the author maintains our interest.

A little dull in parts, "Icarus" presents us with a varied selection of writing, laid out in an attractive manner. The magazine deserved better treatment than it received.

College Observed

IT IS only right that the Irish way of life should be the antithesis of that of England. Thus we see that if during war-time the English queued, the Irish must queue in peace-time. Long queues outside the Metrovox Cinema have quite accustomed me to them.

Nowadays Buffet is a constant problem to student and organiser. The queue is so long. Far from wishing to abolish the queue, I advocate a development of the idea which would entail certain necessary reforms. I suggest we plant the Hampton Court maze in the middle of the Dining Hall. Passing round and round, meeting many interesting people and eating the odd forkful of that delicious sheepdog pie, we might even meet—eventually—Miss Kelly in the centre. By placing herself discreetly down a man-hole, she could collect the bills far away from disturbing influences. Moreover, the maze would deal adequately with the "one o'clock rush," and leave Miss Kelly in dignified isolation. Her being so close to the cellars would be found extremely useful for those wishing to slip along to Players' Theatre or the Examination Hall. From two o'clock a special guide would be provided for all graduates. Admission would be free.

Smells

A DIABOLICAL smell met my nose when I was passing the bath-house on Tuesday afternoon. This particular odour easily overpowered the many others which crowd into the Bay, vying for supremacy. I suggest it might have been left over from the purgatorial fires which raged in the G.M.B. on Monday night. When I last saw the Lady Housekeeper, she was enjoying her new quarters in the Bay. She probably has an "air-wick."

One unfortunate in New Square is constantly suffering from the smells arising from decomposing vermin. Other unfortunates in No. 2 suffer from a similar plague. Delirious jazz and floods of water are supplied freely from the rooms of the Gaelic Society. But it is good to see that true Gaels can take as well as give. Only the London-Irish are still complaining about the Carnival incidents.

AT HOME

FOR the first time in ten years the Hist. held no "At Home" on Trinity Wednesday. This is no real departure in principle, however, since its abandonment has been contemplated for the last two or three years. The "At Home" has never paid its way. Even so, one must lament the passing of something which has become a tradition of the Hist. and which has fulfilled a vital function on Trinity's most important and social occasion.

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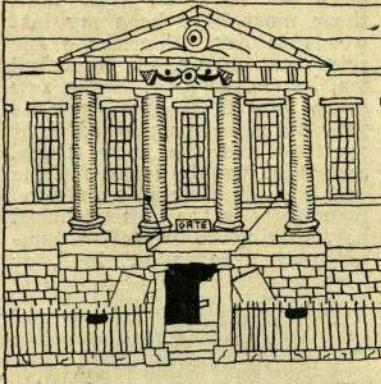
Michael MacLiammoir met Hilton Edwards whilst touring the South of Ireland in Anew McMaster's Shakespearean company, a meeting as fortunate for the Irish theatre revival as that of Stanley for Livingstone. As the tour progressed, the idea of the Gate theatre company became an obsession nurtured in the snugs of the South. The subsequent partners were totally different personalities. Edwards, English by birth and demeanour, had trained with the Old Vic, sang ballads with the B.C., and was possessed with amazing energy and driving force. MacLiammoir, who acted as a boy with Beerbohm Tree, steeped in a love for Ireland and its folklore, had forsaken the stage for an easel, but bitten by the bug, in his early twenties he subsequently resumed his homage to Hecuba.

The first performance of the new company was in "Peer Gynt" at the old Peacock theatre; Hilton Edwards directed, but MacLiammoir took no part. It wasn't until some time later that the Gate Theatre was opened. Aided by business friends, a search for suitable premises was started and in the heel of the hunt Herbert Buckley suggested the old Rotunda meeting rooms. Previously a concert hall with a stage at the other end to its present position, it didn't appear to offer much comfort, but with reconstruction by Michael Scott under Edwards' eye, a new stage was erected with an apron and overhead lighting bridge, later to prove invaluable. Decor and the inscription of "Fir agus Mna" in numerous languages on the appropriate doors was by MacLiammoir. On the opening

night the audience froze in their seats, due to a failure in the heating, but the venture received a warm welcome.

Exciting work was done in those early days in the twenties. MacLiammoir was writing and designing, and later Denis Johnston appeared on the scene with "The Old Lady Says No," Coralie Carmichael and Meriel Moore were among the leading ladies in those brilliant productions of "Tsar Paul," Elmer Rice's "The Adding Machine," "The Hairy Ape" and "Anna Christie" by Eugene O'Neill, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and plays by the Irish partner. Orson Welles blew in, demanded an audition and a part, became the talk of Dublin and then blew off. James Mason also came for the experience, and later Dame Sybil Thorndyke appeared in "Ghosts."

However, the company were heavily in debt, from which they were frequently partially rescued by Lord Longford, who assumed a seat on the board of directors, a seat which grew larger and more powerful as the debt grew. Invariably his monetary assistance pre-disposed to a voice in their engagement and the casting of the actors, which caused some conflict with Edwards, and in the end when the Dublin Gate Theatre went on their first tour to Egypt, Edward Longford opened at the vacant theatre with his own company which included several of the first group's members and his own proteges. Confusion occurred by two companies using the same name and finally he became known as Longford Productions with an agreement by which the theatre was to be occupied by each company for six months of the year.



had its writer in Lady Longford, a small tight person, spiderish in appearance and with a distinct penchant for sugary remarks spiced with vitriol; she is the perfect complement to her husband who is florid of face with a tiny bow limited by his breadth, to be seen at the top of the stairs at all his opening nights, red carnation in the buttonhole of a perpetually blue suit. Her plays have proved to be mostly commentaries on middle-class Ireland, which she observes with a cat-like keenness.

Several tours were undertaken by MacLiammoir and

Edwards, as the Gate became popularly to be known; travels which took them to Egypt and to Greece, and within recent years to Elsinore Castle for the annual production of "Hamlet";

Hilton Edwards is still a first rate director and as an actor fully equals his partner, and though occasionally flashes of the old brilliance are glimpsed, especially when they both occupy the stage together, they should realise that youth deserves an opportunity to play the lead also. Recently this has been permitted to a certain extent, but the casting has not warranted the opportunity.

Ever since the 500-seater theatre in green and gold, with its carved ornate Georgian ceiling, has opened it has been threatened with closure. At periodic intervals the Corporation demand that alterations be made to conform with fire precaution regulations, minor work is being done on each occasion to appease the inspectors but no more. The entrance staircase, flanked by water colours by Lord Longford at two guineas each, or designs by MacLiammoir, is at the root of the trouble. Coinciding with the remonstrances, rumour circulates that the Gate is closing, this has been happening for years, but the present one appears to be the strongest yet. The closing of this intimate playhouse, uncomfortable though it may be, would constitute a tragedy from which Dublin theatre would never recover and must not be allowed to occur, for it has been amply proved by similar events that a theatre company without a resident theatre is comparable to a displaced person without a country.

TRINITY PATRIOTS

3—ISAAC BUTT (1813-79)

Even as a boy, Isaac Butt showed signs of a strong, determined character. At 15 he entered College and in 1833 he was one of the founders of the "DU. Magazine." His work was mainly political, but he also wrote "Chapters of College Romance," which reflected the life of the time. At one time he was almost sent down for smashing the lamps in Front Square, but was allowed to stay and later became Auditor of the Hist. In 1836 he was given the chair of Economics and in 1838 was called to the Bar.

Butt's main interest lay in politics. During the Famine his sympathy for the Irish peasants was aroused and he began to associate with the Young Ireland Group, defending O'Brien and Meagher vigorously when they were charged with sedition.

When the Fenian movement began he was known to be in favour of self-government. He realised, however, that an insurrection would fail. It did fail, but Butt defended the prisoners without accepting any fees. They were punished, and their champion suffered too, for he had no money and was imprisoned in the Marshalsea prison.

In 1871 he became leader of the Home Rule party in Parliament. His party grew, but soon began to split up in itself. This broke his spirit and he turned against Parnell and the other Irish leaders.

Butt returned to Ireland and continued his political activities till his death. Sigerson wrote of him that he was "a man of the few foremost men" who did not "scorn to stoop from Fortune's brilliant ranks and share a weight of woe to which he was not born."

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the dance. It says much for Gilda's popularity that within 24 hours she was coaxed and captured by Ian Wilson, who last night certainly seemed old enough to appreciate her new dress.

Carnivalito
In spite of cloak and dagger precautions, some fifth-columnist had leaked the news of the Carnival party to the grapevine and a long queue of gate-crashers was waiting in Fitzwilliam Street on Saturday to get past fighting Rick Tomacelli. Ignoring two inebrates chained like suffragettes to the railings, I presented my carte d'entree to Paul Spyropoulos and entered Dante's Inferno. The lurid flicker of candle-light cast monstrous writhing shadows on the walls as a ripe hors d'oeuvres of nationalities jived and wriggled to calypso records supplemented by African drums and muraccas. Marco Tomacelli, new "Sunday Express" reporter, was struggling to tune his guitar to the 'cello voice of Giovanna, while Ronnie Cohen added to the triumphal chorus with his accordion. Jan Kaminski deserted Marina for the higher pleasure of a metaphysical discussion with Jimmy Christou, and John Dumas maintained the tone with moth-like verbal flutterings. One question asked by all the girls: Who is the hula-hipped West Indian? Another asked by all the men: Who is his partner? And another: Doesn't Pat Burke find it hard to be so consistently pleasant? Darenot Owe'm Flood got in on the excuse of German interests, and quickly annexed Mimi, who obviously didn't know about him. Billy Porter, pretending to be Pat Anderson, and Connolly Cole, pretending to be Billy Porter, had a great time. Bantam boxer Tulalamba was out for the count.

The bridge was still being held against the onslaught of big businessman Terry Bent and his henchman, but Rysiek Kozubowski retired to the shoving parlour. Mopsie chased Andrei (or was it the Other Pole?) around the room, and

Andreas chased his brother out. But the memory lingered on.

Trial Tea

Heather Colhoun and her Merry Men—John the Templar, and Michael, anyone's idea of a good knight—gave a bun fight to welcome the shade of Lord Evershed to No. 6. Loretta Brown dunked her ginger snap in the milk and asked for a luggage rack to take to Naples, where a certain drug-addict is taking a test-cure. "Can anyone introduce me to a Tomacelli?" she pleaded. Noragh (pre-Trinity Norah) Bennett was supporting Missions to Seamen. I wonder why? Florence Labinjo, the girl in the starry sari, was reminiscing about Kehinde Williams, and told me that Sadru Jetha has finally gone west of Zanzibar. Jack and Jill were there too, and little Miss Kirwan seemed to be suffering from tea-pourer's arm. Luckily strong-arm Fil was able to help, but privately considered that her own parties were better. Janet (née Freeman) Humphrey was doing her worst to look seductive behind a plastic table-cloth, and Rosemary Moore was all around. Eventually the Auditor arrived, and most of her "friends" left.

Flash Back

It was not my fault that I did not notice in detail what was happening on Trinity Wednesday. I couldn't be everywhere at once! Through a haze:

Connolly Cole at the last moment still looking for a morning suit to go to the Pavilion.

Louis Lentini's topper making him look more like a depressed undertaker than ever.

Ann Kyle watching Michael Hall drinking R. B. D. French's brew.

Tom Bennett making his second social appearance of the term at Colin Tite's party.

Obsolete Valerie Morrison reviving under John English's care.

All the big boys collected round the Bielenbergs. Constant Pry.

FROM AN ABANDONED WORK

Up bright and early that day, I was young then, feeling awful, and out, mother hanging out of the window in her nightdress, weeping and waving. Nice fresh morning, bright too early as so often. Feeling really awful, very violent. The sky would darken and rain fall and go on falling, all day, till evening. Then blue and sun again a second, then night. Feeling all this, how violent and the kind of day, I turned, and back with bowed head on the look-out for a slug or worm.

Great love in my heart, too, for all things still and rooted, bushes, boulders and the like, even the waving flowers of the field, not for the world when in my right mind would I ever touch one, to pluck it. Where-as a bird now, or a bat, fluttering about getting in my way, all moving things, getting in my path, a slug now, getting under my feet, no, no mercy. Not that I'd go out of my way to get at them, no, at a distance often they seemed still, then a moment later they were upon me.

Birds with my piercing sight I have seen flying so high, so far, that they seemed not to move, then the next thing they were all about me, crows have done this. Nor will I go out of my way to avoid such things when avoidable. No, I simply will not go out of my way, though I have never in my life been on my way anywhere, but simply on my way. And in this way I have gone through great thickets, bleeding, and deep into bogs, water too, even the sea in some moods, and been carried out of my course, or driven back, in order not to drown. And that is perhaps how I shall die at last if they don't catch me. I mean drowned, or in fire, yes, perhaps that is how I shall do it at last, walking furious headlong into fire and dying, burnt to bits.

Then I raised my eyes and saw my mother, still in the window waving, waving me back or on I don't know, or just waving, in sad helpless love, and I heard faintly her cries, just cries they were. The window-frame was green, pale, the house-wall grey and my mother white and so thin I could see past her (piercing sight I had then) into the dark of the room, and on all that full the not long risen sun, and all small because of the distance, very pretty really the whole thing, I remember it, the old grey and then the thin green surround and the thin white against the dark, if only she could have been still and let me look at it all.

No, for once I wanted to stand and look at something. I couldn't with her there, waving and fluttering and swaying in and out of the window as though she thought she were doing exercises, and for all I know she may have been, not bothering about me at all. No tenacity of purpose, that was another thing I didn't like in her. One week it would be exercises, and the next prayers and Bible reading, and the next gardening, and the next playing the piano and singing, that was awful, and then just lying about and resting, always changing. Her death, I don't remember much about her death, all I remember is the frying-pan coming down on her head and the bacon and eggs leaping out like pancakes and going to waste.

But let me get on with the day I have hit on to begin with, any other would have done as well, yes, get it out of my way and on to another, enough of my mother for the moment. Well then for a time all well, no trouble, no birds at me, nothing across my path except at a great distance a white horse followed by a boy, or it might have been a small man or woman. This is the only completely white horse I remember, what I believe the Germans call a Schimmel. Oh, I was very quick as a boy and picked up a lot of hard knowledge. Schimmel, nice word, for an English speaker. The sun was full upon it, as shortly before on my mother, and it seemed to have a red band or stripe running down its side, a bellyband I thought it must be, perhaps it was going somewhere to be harnessed, to a trap or suchlike. It crossed my path a long way off, then vanished, behind foliage I supposed, all I saw was the

sudden appearance of the horse, then disappearance. It was bright white, with the sun on it, not a blemish. White, I must say, has always affected me strongly, all white things, sheets, walls and so on; even flowers, and then just white, the thought of white. But let me get on with this day and get it over.

All well then for a time, just the violence and then this white horse, when suddenly I flew into a most savage rage, really blinding. Now why this sudden rage I really don't know; these sudden rages, they made my life a misery. Many other things did this, my sore throat for example, I have never known what it is to be without a sore throat, but the rages were the worst. Like a great wind suddenly rising inside me, no, I can't describe. It wasn't the violence getting worse in any case, no connection. Some days I would be feeling violent all day long and never have a rage and other days I would be feeling quite quiet for me and have four or five rages. No, there's no accounting for it, there's no accounting for anything with the kind of mind I always had, always on the alert against itself. There was a time I tried to get relief by beating by head against something, anything, but I gave it up. The best thing I found was to start running. Perhaps I should mention here that I was a very slow walker. I didn't dally or loiter in any way, just walked slowly, little short steps and the feet very slow through the air. Whereas I must have been one of the very fastest runners the world has ever seen, over a short distance, ten or fifteen yards, in a second I was there. But I could not go on at that speed, oh not for breathlessness, it was mental, all was always mental, figments. Now the jog trot, on the other hand, I could no more do that than I could fly. No, with me all was slow, and then these flashes, or gushes, vent the pent, that was one of those things I used to say, over and over, as I went along, vent the pent, vent the pent.

Fortunately, my father died when I was a boy, otherwise I would have been a professor, he had set his heart on it. A very fair scholar I was too for a time, no thought, but great memory, I used to tell him the things as we went along, he liked that. One day I told him about Milton's cosmology, away up in the mountains we were, resting against a huge rock looking out to sea, that pleased him greatly. Love too, often in my thoughts, when a boy, but not a great deal compared to other boys, it kept me awake I found. Never loved anyone I think, I'd remember, except in my dreams, and there it was mostly animals, dream animals, nothing like what you see walking about the country, I couldn't describe them, lovely creatures they were, white mostly. In a way perhaps it's a pity, a good woman might have been the making of me, I might be sprawling in the sun now, sucking my pipe and patting the bottoms of the third and fourth generations, looked up to and respected, wondering what there was for dinner, instead of stravaguing over the same old roads in all weathers, I was never much of a one for new ground. No, I regret nothing, all I regret is having been born, dying in such a long, tiresome business I always found.

But let me get on now from where I left off, the white horse and then the rage, no connection I suppose. But why go on with all this, I don't know, some day I must end, why not now? But these are thoughts, not mine, no matter, shame upon me. Now I am old and weak, in pain and weakness murmur why and pause, and the old thoughts well up in me and over into my voice, the old thoughts born with me and grown with me and kept under, there's another. No, back to that far day, any far day, and from the dim granted ground to its things and sky the eyes raised and back again, raised again and back again again, and the feet going nowhere only somehow home, in the morning out from home and in the evening back to home again, and the sound of my voice all day long muttering the same old things I don't listen to, not even mine it was at the end of the day, like of a marmoset sitting on my neck with its bushy tail, keeping me company. All this talking, very

By
Samuel Beckett

low and hoarse, no wonder my throat was sore. Perhaps I should mention here that I never talked to anyone, I think my father was the last one I talked to. My mother was like that too, never talked, never answered, since my father died. I asked her for the money, I can't go back on that now, those must have been my last words to her. Sometimes she cried out on me, or beseeched me, but never long, just a few cries, then if I looked up, the poor old thin lips pressed tight together and the body turned away and just the corners of the eyes on me, but it was rare. Sometimes in the night I heard her, talking to herself I suppose, or praying out loud, or



SAMUEL BECKETT

reading out loud, or reciting her hymns, poor woman. Well after the horse and the rage I don't know, just on, then I suppose the slow turn, wheeling more and more to the one or other hand, till facing home, then back.

Ah, my father and mother, to think they are probably in paradise, they were so good. May I go to hell, that's all I ask, and go on cursing them there, and they look down and hear me, that might take some of the shine off their bliss. Yes, I believe all their blather about the life to come, it cheers me up, and unhappiness like mine, there's no annihilating that. I was mad, of course, and still am, but harmless, I passed for harmless, that's a good one. Oh not really mad, just strange, a little strange, and with every passing year a little stranger, there must be few stranger creatures going about than me at the present day. My father too, did I kill him too? Perhaps in a way I did, I can't go into that now, much too weak and old. The questions float up as I go along and leave me very confused, breaking up I am. Suddenly they are there, no, they float up, out of an old depth, and hover and linger before they die away, questions that when I was in my right mind would not have survived one second, no, but atomized they would have been, before as much as formed, atomized. In twos often they come, one hard on the other, thus, how shall I go on another day? And then, how did I ever go on another day? Or, Did I kill my father? And then, Did I ever kill anyone? That kind of way, to the general from the particular I suppose you might say, question and answer too in a way, very addling. I strive with them as best I can, quickening my step when they come on, tossing my head from side to side and up and down, staring agonisedly at this and that, increasing my murmur to a roar, these are helps. But they should not be necessary, something is wrong here, if it was the end I would not so much mind, but how often have I said in my life before some new awful thing?

This is the end, and it was not the end. And yet the end cannot be far off now, I shall fall as I go along, and stay down, or curl up for the night as usual among the rocks, and before morning be gone, oh I know too I shall cease and be as before I was, only all over instead of in store, that makes me happy, often now my murmur falters and dies and I whinge for happiness as I go along and for love of this old earth that has

carried me so long and whose uncomplainingness will soon be mine. Just under the surface I shall be, all together at first, then separate and drift, through all the earth and perhaps in the end through a cliff into the sea, something of me.

A ton of worms in an acre, that is a wonderful thought; a ton of worms, I believe it. Where did I get it, from a dream, or a book read in a nook when a boy, or a word overheard as I went along? These are the kind of horrid questions I have to contend with in the way I have said.

Now is there nothing to add to this day with the white horse and white mother in the window? Please read again my descriptions of these, before I get on to some other day at a later time, nothing really to add before I move on thus in time, skipping hundreds and even thousands of days in a way I could not at the time, but had to get through somehow till I came at last to the one I am coming to now, no, I see nothing, all has gone but what I have said. So let me get on to this second day and get it over and out of my way and on to the next.

Now the chief event of this second day is that I was set on and pursued by a family or tribe, I do not know, of stoats, I think they were stoats. Indeed if I may say so I was fortunate to get off with my life, strange expression, it doesn't sound right somehow. Another man would have been bitten and bled to death, perhaps sucked white, like a rabbit, but if I could have, and then had, I think I would have just lain down and let myself be destroyed, as the rabbit does. But let me start as always with the morning and the getting out, clear of the house. When a day comes back, whatever the reason, then its morning and its evening too are there, though in themselves quite unremarkable, the going out and coming home, that is a remarkable thing I find. What time of year, I really do not know, does it matter? Not wet really, but dripping, everything dripping, the day might rise. Did it? No. Drip, drip all day long; no sun, no change of light, dim all day, and still, not a breath, till night, then black, and a little wind. I saw some stars, as I neared home. My stick of course, by a merciful providence, I shall not say this again, when not mentioned my stick is in my hand, as I go along. But not my long coat, just my jacket, I could never endure the long coat, flapping and flailing about my legs, or rather one day suddenly I turned against it, a sudden strong dislike. And often when dressed to go out I would take it out and put it on, then stand in the middle of the room unable to move, until at last I could take it off and put it back on its hanger, in the wardrobe. But I was hardly down the stairs and out of the door into the air when the stick fell from my hand and I just sank to my knees to the ground and then forward on my face, a most extraordinary thing to happen, and then after a little over on my back, I could never lie on my face for any length of time, much as I loved to do so, it made me feel sick. And there I lay, half an hour perhaps, just looking up at the sky, my arms along my sides and the palms of my hands against the wet pebbles and my eyes wide open, straying over the sky. Now was this my first experience of this kind? That is the question that immediately assails one. Falls I had had in plenty, of the kind after which unless a leg broken you angrily pick yourself up and go on, cursing God and man, very different from this. With so much life gone from knowledge how know when all began, all the variants of the one that one by one their venom stalling follow one another, all life long, till you succumb. So in some way even olden things each time are first things, all a going over and over and all once and never more.

But let me get up and go on and get this awful day over and on to the next. But what is the sense of going on with all this? There is none. Day after unremembered day until my mother's end, then again in a new place soon old until my own. And when I come to this night here among the rocks with my two books and the strong starlight it will have passed

from me and the day that went before, all past and gone or perhaps just moments here and there still, this little sound perhaps now that I don't understand so that I gather up my things and go back into my hole, all so bygone it can be told. Over, over, there is a soft place in my heart for all that is over, no, for the being over, I love the word. And often as I went along I have said it, with each step, or with every two steps, that is one syllable for each step, and in the end I would be saying vero, vero. Oh but for these awful fidgets I would have lived my life in a big empty echoing room with a big old pendulum clock, listening and dozing, and the case open so that I could watch the swinging, moving my eyes to and fro, and the lead weights dangling lower and lower until I would have to get up out of my chair and wind them up again, once a week.

The third day was the look I got from the roadman, suddenly I see that now, the ragged old brute bent double down in the ditch leaning on his spade or whatever it was, leering round and up at me from under the brim of his slouch, the red mouth, how was it I wonder I saw him at all, that is more like it, the day I saw the look I got from Baile, I went in terror of him as a child. But let us get away from those old scenes and come to these, and my reward. Then it will be not as now, I see that suddenly now, day after day, out, on, round, back, in, like leaves turning, or torn out and thrown crumpled away, but a long unbroken time without before or after, light or dark, from or towards or at, the old half-knowledge of when and where gone, and of what, but kinds of things still, all at once, all going, till nothing, there was never anything, never can be, life and death all nothing, that kind of thing, only a voice dreaming and droning on all round, that is something, the voice that once was in your mouth. Well in any case once put on the road and clear of the property what then, I really do not know, the next thing I was up in the bracken lashing about with my stick making the drops fly and cursing, filthy language, the same words over and over, I hope nobody heard me. Throat very bad, to swallow was torment, and something wrong with an ear, I kept poking at it without relief, old wax perhaps pressing on the drum. Extraordinary still over all the land, and in me too all quite still, a coincidence, why the curses were pouring out of me I do not know, no, that is a foolish thing to say, and the lashing about with the stick, what possessed me, mild and weak to be doing that as I struggled along, awful English this. It is the stoats now, no, first I just sink down and vanish in the ferns, up to my waist they were as I went along. Harsh things these great ferns, like starched, very woody, terrible stalks, take the skin off your legs through your trousers, and then the holes they hide, break your leg if you're not careful, fall and vanish from view, you could lie there for weeks and no one hear you, I often thought of that up in the mountains, no, that is a foolish thing to say, just went on, my body doing its best without me.

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IT'S NOT T!

Has it occurred to you that U is the next best thing to T, standing for Trinity, where a similar code of behaviour prevails to rule our salad days? And are you curious about S and C? This is rather like Godot. We wait for an invitation to it, but it never comes. Only the elite go to Strawberries and Cream on Trinity Wednesday?

For the newcomer in Trinity there are a few sure methods of letting everyone know whether you are T or not-T. A voice "rawther" well-bred and carefully modulated to reach across the noisiest room is a great asset, and a habit of treating all those who have not been introduced as servants will not go amiss. In addition to this, if your manners occasionally are the brand that would not be tolerated in a sales girl, you can be sure you will be looked on favourably in T circles. If, however, you do not come to Trinity with such ready-made advantages, it is up to you to become T as soon as possible.

If you went to one of those welcoming tea-parties and got inveigled into what is now called the C.U. (E.U. to old lags) and stayed to become an active member, you can consider yourself non-T; this is no doubt a noble and highly respectable society, but nonetheless the fact remains that if you like that sort of thing, the S.C.M. is much more T.

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THE MAN HIMSELF

Samuel Beckett is perhaps the most well-known of the Trinity Graduates to-day, for he is the centre of a literary controversy that has spread round the world from America to Japan.

He studied Italian and French in Trinity, won a scholarship and became a Gold Medallist in 1927. Characteristically shy and quiet, he had, however, a fondness for Beamish—in fact, since he left there is none to be had in Dublin. Food was not so important to him, and his mother used to pay periodic visits to College to try to force him to eat. Although he wrote continually, he also played golf for Foxrock and won his cricket colours.

When he left College he went to France and lectured in the Ecole Normale Supérieure. "Horoscope," his first book of verse, won the Nancy Cunard Prize. In 1930 he returned as a lecturer to Trinity. Students were eager to hear him, although his technique was to deliver one profound sentence every four or five minutes with deep silences in between.

Beckett had difficulty in being recognised as a writer and his first fiction work was banned in Ireland.

With "Molloy," "Malone Meurt" and "L'Innommable," his reputation increased, and "Waiting for Godot," produced by Roger Blin, the champion of lost causes, started a violent controversy. It has now been accepted enthusiastically by audience and critic, and produced in Germany, London, Dublin and as far away as Tel Aviv.

"Texte Pour Rien" is Beckett's latest work. Like all his books except "Murphy," it is in French. French has, in fact, become his native tongue. His writing is illegible in any language.

CAP AND GOWN

Cambridge Goes Modern

This year for the first time in Cambridge history, women have been allowed sit their exams. in the same room as the men. Girton women arrive in buses and taxis every morning to take their places in the examination hall. One student has been heard complaining bitterly that a girl in a backless dress sat in front of him for a maths paper and that he "found it difficult to concentrate on sine curves." A touching incident occurred when a student and his girl stopped on the steps of the hall to give each other a kiss for luck.

Trinity has become hardened by now. Or does Maeve's presence in Regent House still raise the blood-pressure all round?

Helpful

Notice in Trinity College, Cambridge: "In case of fire, shout 'Fire!'"

Pickets Outside Buffet

On April 16th, almost all the French Universities went on strike in protest against the food served in their canteens. They claimed it was badly cooked and insufficient. It seems a familiar cry.

Police Raid

Police raided the Central Reference Library of Manchester University to stop a student row. A group of men who wanted the secretary of their society to speak at a meeting decided he would have to be taken by force and tried to carry him off. He fought back, and in the general chaos the librarians panicked and dialled 999. The police arrived and carried off the unfortunate secretary to the barracks. No more work that night.

Hit Them For Six

Summer is icumen in, and so are the drab florals in College Park. May I offer a little serious advice to young hopefuls trying to catch the eye of the rare, discerning male?

The H-line should have been dropped long ago and the waist line returned to the waist. This should be modelled narrow, and the effect enhanced by a very full skirt. The hang of this is immensely improved by a stiff underskirt. Opportunity for individual choice is afforded above the waist; big, rounded or square Spanish necklines are the most becoming.

The Irishwoman, says Betty Whelan, continues to favour bog browns and greens. When these are seen against the almost inevitable grey skies the result is monotonous and depressing. Be courageous, and go all out for contrast with gay Californian cottons. Big hats are always in fashion, with an oriental trend towards turbans and coolie hats. For dressy wear, stiletto-heels are high fashion, but the equally fashionable cork-heels should only be worn on the beach. Pretty, cheap straw sandals and bags can be seen in most of the Dublin shops, and are quite suitable for those idle afternoons in the park.

Beach wear this year is very exciting: checked and flowered bloomer swim-suits are being worn, with flowered bathing caps to match. The smartest way to get dry is to sport a striped towelling jacket, or flaunt a huge, poncho-shaped towel in Mexican colours.

What to wear in town? A slim, sheath dress with a straight accompanying jacket is recommended for those who are slim themselves. For formal occasions, the Empire line is chic and sufficiently youthful. This has been modified to show a high bodice with a very full skirt. The popular Princess line features a moulded waistline with a front panel falling in one piece from shoulder to hem.

The truly elegant suits are always fitted with a slightly shorter jacket this year. Boxy suits should be worn casually or for the races, and teamed with soft moccasin—as practical and far more attractive than "sensible" brogues.

Betty Whelan considers that lilac and pink are the colours this season, and evening dresses should be ball-length. This is far more practical for people who want to enjoy themselves than a sweeping ball-dress, and, after all, no one can look soignée in crumpled net with a down-trodden hem! Keep your fabrics crisp—avoid satin and concentrate on the prettier cottons, nylons and piqué.

Take these hints; your purse will not suffer unduly, but your dowdier girl friends will when the men begin noticing the best dressed girl in Trinity!

Johanna Pat
(Betty Whelan Agency).

SUMMER SALAD

"I recommend 'Salad Days,' especially to Trinity people," is what Denis Carey is reported as saying in the "Irish Times." The excellence of the production makes the revue a must for all Dubliners, but it should be of particular interest to Trinity students. Not only does it portray life in a university similar to ours, but Denis Carey himself, the producer, is a Trinity graduate. Taking a Classics degree, and studying Law as well, he did no acting. Since he left College he has become more and more important in the theatre, till, as the producer of the Bristol Old Vic, he became known as one of the most original in England. His "A Winter's Tale," for instance, was very well received.

Perhaps it is not surprising that Denis Carey should have taken the theatre as a profession. His mother acted in the original Gate Theatre Company with MacLiammoir and Edwards, so it was natural that he should assimilate the enthusiastic spirit of its early days. And it is only to be expected that he should cross to England, for where is the opportunity for a producer in Ireland?

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Cricket

COLOURS MATCH LOST

THE Trinity Week match between Trinity and N.I.C.C., played on Monday and Tuesday, resulted in a clean-cut win for the northern side, which included four international players. The margin of victory, 88 runs, could have been reduced considerably if Trinity's fielding, especially in the out-field, had reached anything like first-class standards.

N.I.C.C. batted first on a pitch that favoured batsmen rather than bowlers, and before lunch 119 runs were on the board. After lunch, however, the rate of scoring dropped and the side was all out for 215. Dawson took four wickets, but one felt that more than one of these successes was due to mistakes by the batsmen rather than any particular skill on the bowler's part. Coker, who at times bowled with penetration, and Harkness also captured two wickets each.

At the close of play on Monday evening, Trinity were in a not impossible position, with the score at 46 for two. B. K. Wilson had been lb.w. to medium-pace bowler Hewitt, and I. Steen had been caught behind the wicket off the same bowler.

On Tuesday, however, few of the remaining Trinity batsmen, apart from Coker and Harrison, displayed any skill or determination and the innings closed with the score at 135.

Trinity's bowling improved considerably during the N.I.C.C. second innings. Dredge had the good figures of 5 for 18, and bowled accurately, allowing the batsmen little opportunity to score freely. Such was his success that with eight wickets down, N.I.C.C. had only compiled 116 run.

Trinity were left with 197 runs to make in the remaining

time, but never looked like reaching the required total. One outstanding feature, however, was the batting of T. P. Smith, who, fresh from his inter-provincial experience, hit 57 runs out of a Trinity total of 108. He scored freely all round the wicket, and displayed a wide range of elegant strokes.

If Trinity wish to maintain their position in the league, an all-round improvement is urgently needed. Greater consistency in the batting and bowling and much more alertness in the field are essential; whatever the reasons are for batting and bowling failures, there can be no excuse for slack fielding.

Rowing

One All — No Decider

At Lough Erne on Thursday, the 1st eight defeated a Portora Royal School eight by one and a quarter lengths. This victory was some compensation for the defeat by the Portora eight inflicted in the Head of the River race. Unfortunately, the Portora crew will not be able to travel to the Trinity Regatta on June 8th-9th to gain their revenge. Main opposition to Trinity in this event is expected to come from the Garda eight, although the U.C.D. crew have shown considerable improvement in recent weeks.

Swimming

CLOSE DECISIONS IN GALA

The Trinity Week Gala, organised by the D.U. Swimming Club, held on Monday evening, provided close finishes in a number of events. In the men's 100 metres, breast-stroke, Gibson won by inches from E. Briggs.

The men's 100 metres free-style was won in the good time of 65 secs. by Pigott, who after a close and exciting struggle just beat Lockhart by a yard. The outstanding woman competitor was Miss Boyle. She won both the 60 metres free-style and the 100 metres events. Miss Boyle also came second to Miss Craig in the 60 metres breast-stroke.

In the latter part of the evening the inter-club relays provided considerable excitement. The men's event was won by the Squash Club, with the Hockey Club second, while the Elizabethan Society were first in the ladies' relay.

The 100 metres handicap for men ended in a dead heat between Dowse and Shelley, and following a Trinity victory in the polo squad, the programme ended with a water-polo match between Dublin University and Pembroke, which was drawn. Pearson scored all three goals for Trinity.

Golf Wedges Foursomes Lost

Monday's Wedges (2nd team) match was played against Sutton in difficult conditions. Trinity were beaten 4-1.

The point came from two halved matches, where those concerned were B. Nicholson, partnered by J. O'Barry, and W. Cummings, playing with R. Skuse.

Sailing DIVISIONAL RESULTS

The following are the results of Friday's Sailing Club Divisional races at Dun Laoghaire:

Division 1. — Mopsy (J. Cussen); 2, Piglet (J. Hodson); 3, Cotton Tail (M. Lewis); 4, Flopsy (R. Sides); 5, Peter (T. Kelly).

Division 2.—1, Piglet (J. Dunlop); 2, Peter (G. Green); 3, Cotton Tail (Miss L. Baskin); 4, Mopsy (W. Miller); 5, Flopsy (F. Leeman).

Division 3.—1, Peter (J. Olhausen); 2, Piglet (Miss F. Bawtree); 3, Cotton Tail (V. D. Smith); 4, Flopsy (Miss V. Barrett); 5, Mopsy (R. Miller).

A WEEK OF SPORT

TRINITY Week has got off to an extremely successful start. An entertaining cricket match in the Park was followed yesterday by the colourful College Races, which produced a high standard of field events. In addition, athletics in both flat and the Swimming Gala and the Boxing fixture have attracted a good deal of interest. The Tennis Championships are to be decided to-day, and the water events with sail and oar complete the programme on Friday and Saturday, after the Motor Cycle and Light Car Club have held its meeting.

People in the sports news this week include T. P. Smyth, who scored a stylish half-century in the second innings; Mackay, Taylor and Lawson, all of whom were again prominent on the athletic field. Miss Boyle's double win was a feature of the Gala. The Boxing Club as a whole deserve special mention for Tuesday's high-class exhibitions.

The Regatta promises to be as successful as ever. Keen competition is anticipated in the novices fours, for which crews from almost all clubs and societies have been entered.

Boxing

First-Class Bouts in the Gym.

WHEN the University middleweight, D. Baxter, out-pointed T. McCormick last night, he assured a hard-won victory for the Trinity Club. It was one of the best matches of the year, for Belsize Boxing Club of London sent a team comprised of former Dublin men, most of whom had been champions in their class before they left Trinity.

The hosts were successful by the narrow margin of three bouts to two.

A large audience had obviously not forgotten "Spud" Murphy, the former Universities' flyweight champion. Boxing well within himself, Murphy could do no better than take a points' verdict from T. McCarthy, who produced one of his best exhibitions to date.

Belsize's other success came in the lightweight division. D. Ritchie narrowly defeated R. Fisher in a close contest.

Tennis

LADIES WIN THE GILL

On Thursday last, the D.U. Women's Tennis Team scored their first ever win in the Gill Cup which is played for annually between Trinity and U.C.D. The competition began in 1945.

In the opening singles, Miss Horsley scored a convincing win over Miss M. O'Sullivan, a leading Irish player. Miss Horsley lost the first set 2-6, but rallied strongly to take the next two, 6-2, 7-5. Miss R. Ritchie, Miss M. Lodge and Miss A. Dowley all scored good singles wins for Trinity, while Miss V. Mullen was only narrowly defeated in a close game, 5-7, 7-5, 4-6.

In the doubles, the U.C.D. players could only win one set in three matches.

Trinity's welterweight, C. Smith, had little difficulty in overcoming J. Wallace, and Club captain J. C. Walsh left the match open with a meritorious victory over R. Shanks.

No punches were pulled in the Baxter-McCormick middle-weight bout. The present champion might have been troubled with McCormick's "shoulder" defence, but by the third round he was on top, throwing hard punches to the body, as well as causing his very fit opponent to miss on many occasions.

Special Contests—Results

Light — W. Gregory (Dublin University) beat V. Ryan (Arbour Hill).

Welter — J. Wilson (Vet. College) bt. C. Gamble (Dublin University); J. Joyce (Arbour Hill) bt. S. Onojobi (Dublin University).

Cruiser — C. O'Flynn (Dublin University) bt. J. Healy (College of Surgeons).

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