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Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

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

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NO UNION IN THE G.M.B.

Lively Evening at the Hist.

In spite of a small attendance, the limited and oft-discussed motion, "That this house would welcome the formation of a Dublin University Union Society," produced much lively speaking at the Hist. last week.

The Senior Dean was in the chair, and the Board might well act on the outcome of the motion made what would otherwise have been an extremely dull topic into rather an absorbing one.

In proposing the motion, Russell Telfer claimed that only 10 per cent. of College got any real benefit from the Hist., Phil. or Liz., and that the majority of students got no benefit from their capitation fees whatsoever and, therefore, they should at least have a chance of voting for a Union. He claimed that the G.M.B. must be turned into a University Union, with bars and restaurant facilities, and that all faculty societies could then be housed under one roof.

M. O. Voigt, speaking second for the motion, said that a Union was necessary, as at present first year students had no common meeting place in which they might be encouraged to participate in University activities. He also claimed that at present there was no suitable place in which to entertain visiting sports teams and that the S.R.C. were sadly out of touch with most students. He was adamant that if there was a Union the Hist. and Phil should continue as before.

Robin Harte (Sch.) upbraided the Hist. for their reactionary views in which, he said, they tended to forget all but themselves. The new plans for the Dining Hall, where men and women will eat together, are a sign of the times, and this hall might well provide a union and even a jazz cellar.

The Treasurer stated that at present the major societies cannot provide adequate toilet and cloakroom facilities for their members and that money was wasted due to the fact that both societies offered the same services.

Speaking last for the motion, the Correspondence Secretary said that the G.M.B. was already a Union, so he could not see the point of the motion.

The Record Secretary started on a firm footing against the motion by simply stating that the Board had insufficient financial backing either to alter the G.M.B. or build anew. He praised

the present system of two major societies and deplored the idea of Union. In these societies, he said, the officers learn much that is useful later on, whilst the Hist. has a unique place in Ireland.

P. T. Haley-Dunne elaborated largely on the great traditions of the Hist. and declared that as late as 1956 the two societies had refused to merge.

B. Holland claimed to have been in several university unions which were without atmosphere and a threat to individualism, whilst the final speaker, R. Somers, stated that he had already been a member of two red-brick universities whose unions he could only describe as ghastly in so much as one's life was completely organised by the union leaders and there were never any chances of peace.

The motion was lost by 7 votes to 33; a fair indication that any change would not be welcomed.

Summing up, the Senior Dean said that he could not give the Board's point of view, but, personally, he was glad that the Hist. had decided that Trinity should maintain her individuality and tradition of two societies under one roof and he hoped that the present officers of both societies would work to see that this was maintained.

PETITION REJECTED

At the S.R.C. on Monday night a letter from the board was read, which confirmed their decision to lower tenure of rooms in College to two years. This was in answer to a petition that circulated among men on Commons some time ago. The petition suggested that the new rule should not apply to those men who had entered rooms under the three year tenure, but the letter stated that scholars excepted . . . only in most exceptional cases will tenure of rooms be extended beyond two years . . . It is interesting to note that on the date that this letter was received, a notice lowering tenure of rooms to three years, date 3rd March, 1959, was still at Front Gate.

The U.S.I. Vice-President i/c. Grants and Welfare Mr. A. Powell also spoke, explaining the reasons behind a U.S.I. scheme to circulate questionnaires regarding student grants and expenses. He outlined the present position of students in Ireland and the governmental attitude towards them and their representative bodies, stating that the situation at the moment was far from satisfactory. One way to bring attention to this fact is to publish a memorandum based on findings of this enquiry into student grants. An interesting comparison made by Mr. Powell was that though Ireland has one of the highest number of students in the world, proportionately, 3% of the students are on grants, as opposed to over 60% on grants

in Britain. Mr. Powell thanked the S.R.C. for allowing him to speak, and said that he hoped that student opinion in Trinity would be built up on this matter.

Mr. Baxter then read a report on the U.S.I. sports council meeting held recently. He said that the first meeting was hardly a success and that it was doubtful if U.S.I. could help in this matter. Though the Colleges involved were going ahead independently on this matter, the achievement of autonomy for Irish University athletics seemed unlikely.

T.D. on tour for Library

Deputy Robert Briscoe is at present in the U.S.A., where he is approaching prominent industrialists concerning the Library Extension Fund. He is also arranging a meeting of the American Council of T.C.D. to-day.

A letter has been circulated over Lord Rosse's signature and already, within a fortnight, has resulted in contributions of over £1,000 from graduates in Great Britain who had not already subscribed. Total subscriptions to date from all graduates amount to over £28,000, together with £13,000 from graduates collectively, including T.C.D. Trust and the University of Dublin Fund in America.

In an interview with a "Trinity News" representative, Mr. J. V. Luce, Secretary of the Library Extension Fund, expressed the desire that the S.R.C. should not organise a collective appeal. However, he had consulted the Scholars' Committee and S.R.C. as representative of the student organisations, to make sure that there was no hostile reaction to the proposal that the students should be asked to co-operate in raising funds for the Library Appeal. Reactions from these bodies were favourable and the Provost decided to proceed with the plan to send a personal letter to every student. Already several students have contributed.

"ICARUS"

This "Icarus" is well produced and is, on the whole, up to the usual standard, although some of the poetry is rather weak. Outstanding amongst the poetry are poems by Monk Gibbon and Thomas Kinsella, while Brendan Kennelly is represented by two contributions which add to his growing reputation.

Outstanding among the short stories are the customary strongly-flavoured story by John Jay, and "Magma in the Tortilla," by Rudi Holzappel.

Dr. Sheehy Skeffington contributes a penetrating article on the late Albert Camus, and there is an interesting discount by Alec Reid on the history of "Icarus."

Altogether this is a satisfactory "Icarus," and we feel sure that its bank balance will have increased as a result!

Library Extension Appeal

★ Our Aim —

A New Library where all Students can read without any restrictions on hours of study.

★ Our Present Need —

The fullest possible support from our students to demonstrate that the whole College is whole heartedly backing the project.

★ Our Target —

£500,000.

The Provost wishes to thank all students who have responded to his recent letter.

Further information may be obtained from Mr. Luce, 9 College

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LUNCHEONS DAILY

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THURSDAY, 10th MARCH, 1960

Verecundia et Ingenium

PROSPECTIVE employers of graduates of this or of any other university look for qualities other than academic ability and gamesmanship. A sound basis of common sense is, of course, important, but perhaps even more vital is a more elusive and sometimes intangible endowment. "Manners maketh man" is a tag so often trotted out that many completely ignore the simple message it enshrines.

The eighteenth century education produced men who, whatever their failings, had a manner and an address which has rarely been seen in the present generation. True that polish too often concealed vicious insincerity and covered lives glossed, in many instances, by complete and utter artificiality. But they gave to the world a way of living that is reflected in the monuments that they bequeathed whether in building, writing or art.

The eighteenth century has gone. The brash, lively twentieth is insensitive to the lessons it can learn from that previous age. It brands gentility as effeminate, politeness as toadying; "nice" has almost become an epithet. One would not for a moment advocate the often excessive politeness of a former age, but looking around us what in this field have we to offer to succeeding generations? The average undergraduate more often than not enters College utterly brash and gauche. Throughout four years he ignores or is incapable of assimilating that polish which either his school has been unable to effect or breeding to allow. We are mainly concerned with the small things as we pass through College. One would imagine that a boy whose background has denied him the opportunity of acquiring acceptable manners would observe those of others and through imitation learn ways of behaviour which are unwritten. But what is the case? On Commons, a formal meal where one might reasonably expect some acceptable standard of dress and behaviour, what is seen? Table manners which in many instances are utterly revolting and clothes so casual as to be sloppy.

The emancipation of women, it is largely claimed, has resulted in a decline in the sometimes excessive gallantry with which they were regarded. That very emancipation is, however, no excuse for the new phenomenon—the almost-gentlemen—to treat them in an impolite way. Too often the better the education of the average student the more casual and ill-bred his general behaviour.

It was said of Lord Melbourne: "His easy, genial and witty manners and his knowledge of the world and of human nature supplied the want of other gifts." Whatever job we finally land, unless our knowledge and practice of the small courtesies of life are adequate, snags, intangible at first, will soon appear. Here in College, while the ill-bred are unable to change their ancestry, they can at the very least learn from those around them that loudness and brashness will get them nowhere in the long run. Lord Melbourne has

Trinityites who imagine that their fees are extorted from them by some mysterious figure, hard-faced and Machiavellian, may be surprised to learn that the operation is actually carried out by a pretty and efficient blonde. Susan Ryland, secretary to the Accountant, is in her unassuming way one of the pleasantest features of College, and with tact and charm has brought the painless extraction of money to a fine art. Her frequent presence in the Coffee Bar belies the impression that the office staff spend more time observing the goings-on outside the Reading Room than at their typewriters.

Susan was born and educated in Kenya, where her excellent school record included, among other things, a highly skilled proficiency in games-dodging—one which still stands her in good stead. Unable to realize her ambition of becoming another Michaela Denis (and televisioners will perhaps agree that one is enough) she came to Trinity instead in 1951, and has since confined her interest in big game to a solitary dachshund. She retains some pioneering qualities, though, even in Dublin where her family now lives, and has been known to declare that she will drink anywhere, true to her Empire-building background. After taking her degree in History, she joined the office staff in 1956, first in the

Senior Tutor's Office, now in the Accountant's. Outside her working-hours she has a keen interest in opera, music and the theatre, and will occasionally



demolish the pretensions of culture-vulture Freshmen. It is pleasant to know that, at least for the present, she is remaining in Trinity.

MISS I. F. STEVENSON

Miss Stevenson's prospective departure to assume the home-making function elsewhere arouses mixed feelings. With all our hearts we wish her and her future husband all the happiness they so richly deserve, but we are, understandably, more than a little sorry to lose her.

Most institutions have a somewhat impersonal, almost an inhuman, atmosphere about them. Trinity College is

all the greater as an institution because it provides many of the essential features of a home to our ever changing succession of residential students, but in a special sense to some persons of an older generation who are fortunatarily with men. There may be some enough to have residential quarters here. Such persons pass their mortal life in so I would say that Miss Stevenson "Tir na Nog," and one need not wonder belongs to that exceptional class of that they are in no hurry to see a "Tir na Nog" elsewhere.

The central feature of this academic hearth is Commons, and what makes Commons what it is the College Kitchen over which Miss Stevenson has reigned as queen for the last eleven years. Like her predecessor, Miss Montgomery, she has devoted herself

wholeheartedly to promoting the culinary welfare of all who dine in Commons or lunch on Buffet. Her task has been complicated and difficult, but she commands the love and loyal co-operation of the kitchen staff, and but for that the physical conditions (now shortly to be remedied) under which the work has had to be done would have made satisfactory service nearly impossible.

One of the crimes of life is said by the cynic to be that a woman who is attractive and popular with men is automatically unpopular with women, and that popularity with other women is prima facie evidence of lack of popularity with men. There may be some enough to have residential quarters here. Such persons pass their mortal life in so I would say that Miss Stevenson "Tir na Nog," and one need not wonder belongs to that exceptional class of that they are in no hurry to see a "Tir na Nog" elsewhere.

J. J.

"CHIMES AT MIDNIGHT"—Gaiety Theatre

Few men of the present-day theatre have sought so consistently to throw off the shackles of conventional drama as Hilton Edwards and Orson Welles have done. The combination of their talents promised an exciting evening's theatre—a promise which was richly fulfilled. In "Chimes at Midnight," each part of Shakespeare's "Henry IV" has been cut to about a third of its length, and the two have then been skilfully welded into a coherent narrative by the introduction of a spoken commentary taken from Holinshed's Chronicle.

In the original, Falstaff's part in the action is almost incidental, but in this adaptation it is his relationship with Young Hal, and the latter's relationship with his father, which are the main themes. The martial and political events of Shakespeare's two plays are very lightly passed over in this adaptation; Hotspur, for example, is given no time to develop as a character. A great deal of expendable Shakespearean material has been cut; the aim is to give a stirring impression of swift-moving events. The one weakness in the play lies in the ending, where Prince Hal's contemptuous dismissal of Falstaff seems to point too narrow a moral. Kingly duty, for all its sanctity, seems to be a hollow thing when pitted against Falstaff's lovable vitality. It is true that the defect is present in Shakespeare's original, but it was intensified in the adaptation by the fact that the martial and patriotic aspects of the story received so little emphasis.

With this malleable material at his disposal, Hilton Edwards had ample scope for the demonstration of his fluid conception of the drama. The stage, which had several levels, was left bare, although occasional use was made of representational pieces of scenery which served merely to suggest the setting. An army in progress was represented by a roll of drums and a man in armour carrying a banner. The deliberate avoidance of naturalistic effects had the

result of vividly stimulating the imagination of the audience, and of imparting an extraordinary pace and panache to the production.

The acting varies from the mediocre to the brilliant. Orson Welles fills the stage with his immense bulk and his hugely-whiskered face, and the theatre with his resonant voice and powerful dramatic presence. He captured the boastfulness, the mock hypocrisy, the loveliness and the cowardice of the Fat Knight. Yet there seemed to be something lacking. Perhaps the actor was tired after the afternoon matinee, but Welles failed to put across the immense vigour of Falstaff. This lethargy extended even to his verse-speaking; his throwaway technique was engaging, but one quickly felt a lack of variation.

Keith Baxter as Young Hal gave a performance of great dash and energy which was slightly marred by a lack of smoothness in his diction. Reginald Jarman was superb as the King; he gave just the right impression of tortured strength, and he spoke the verse with noble authority. In smaller roles, Patrick Bedford was a lively Poins, and Shirley Cameron conveyed admirably the earthy pathos in the character of Doll Tearsheet.

This is a memorable production, in which one particular moment and one scene stand out. The moment is the sudden, shattering pathos which Welles brings to Falstaff's simple statement to Doll: "I'm old, I'm old," and the scene, that in which we see the dying King, alone and helpless, with only his crown beside him, in the huge emptiness of the stage.

B. R. R. A.

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the final word: "Ability is not everything. Propriety of conduct—the verecundia—should be combined with the ingenium to make a great man . . ."



Social & Personal

We have much pleasure in announcing the engagement of Miss Daphne Short to Mr. W. G. Fearnley-Whittingstall.

History Necessary?

"That the teaching of history occupies an unwarranted position in our modern educational systems" was under discussion at the History Society on Tuesday.

Mr. W. Cox, in proposing the motion, criticised the courses in history, both in school and university. History in itself, he thought, could teach us nothing; too much emphasis was put on chronological history and not enough on its philosophy and psychology.

Professor Otway Ruthven, in opposing the motion, emphasised the need for history for the purpose of showing man his place in the world. Many educators, he felt, did not teach history as such, but taught it in such a fashion as to create national emotionalism. This, she said, was particularly true of Ireland.

Mr. Paul O'Grady, furthering for the proposition, contended that history was not just a jumble of unrelated facts, but had a pattern. From the pattern of history, he felt, one could acquire wisdom which would prepare one for future actions.

Dr. Lydon, for the opposition, said that what was taught in Irish schools was not history. History, he said, was a very necessary subject in an educational system; knowledge of the past was essential for an understanding of the present.

Count Nikolai Tolstoy felt that all the other sciences were subsidiary to history. The teaching of "patriotic" Irish history was, he said, quite justifiable. Most of the political muddles of our days, he felt, were due to lack of knowledge and understanding of the past.

Professor T. W. Moody, who was in the chair, summed up and adjourned the meeting.

Continental Drift

On 2nd March, Aidan Moore managed to make his listeners in D.U.E.S.A. feel rather insecure as he read his paper on "Continental Drift." According to this theory, put out first by Alfred Wagner, South America once formed one land mass with Africa, India, Australia and Antarctic; North America was probably joined to Europe. The South Pole at this period was in South Africa and the equator near England. Evidence for this is found in the remains of glaciation in Brazil, Africa and India, and of tropical forest in Greenland. Plants and animals of the Mesozoic were similar on both sides of the Atlantic. The study of mountain chains and the magnetic properties of rocks also supports the theory. As to the cause, Dutoit and Holmes have suggested that the layer under the earth's crust is liquid and convection currents in this drag the continents apart.

In his closing remarks, Mr. G. L. Davies, the President, said that the subject was still very controversial. It is possible that the continents are still drifting; Washington and Paris, for instance, may be getting slightly further apart—in more senses than one.

College Classical Society

On Friday evening, March 4th, that ebullient and learnedly loquacious man of letters, F. A. Reid, brought a breath of fresh air into the College Classical Society. Chairman to a paper by T. McLoughlin "Milton's Debt to Rome," he complimented the essayist for attempting to link the studies of Classical and Modern literature. The essayist stated that Milton clothed his characters with the imagery of Ovid, and owed his style to his technique in Latin verse; he was a Latinist rather than a classicist.

K. Devine complained of the oversight of Milton's debt to Greece. J. Cormick of the obscure intricacies of his Latinised diction. R. Buttmore attributed this obscurity to his application of the syntax of the inflected Latin language to uninflected English. The Auditor A. M. Gavin thought that for a proper appreciation of Milton's classical allusions it was necessary to have a detailed knowledge of the classics and that for this reason Milton is enjoyed and appreciated by few.

Summing up, the Chairman agreed that Milton was neither Latinist, Hellenist, nor Hebraist: that he preserved and refined the best qualities of all three fields; but that he was predominantly an Englishman. His chief debt to Rome was for the classical virtues—the classical discipline, and the classical spright of form and continuity.

The Society's Auditorial Meeting will be held on Friday, May 13th, when Prof. W. Bear of Bristol will read a paper on "The Native Element in Roman Drama."

FOUR & SIX

OR LAMENT OF THE VANISHED SOCIALITES

This column, aided by an efficient henchgirl, *Biddie Cobalt*, has not felt it necessary to set up as a lecturer on the reputations of others nor to tell socialites what and what not to do. For fear that we might become too nice, we feel that the time—and the last issue of this term—has come when we can be somewhat more unpleasant.

We shall sleep through all the lectures. And we'll pass and be forgotten.

In the days when there were real socialites at College parties and not pathetic social climbing, ill-mannered red-brick rejects, this column featured the doings of *Helga Atkinson*, *Bob Barton*, elegant Boat Club Boys and the like. All these have gone, and what remains? Merely to make the most of what is left and to see appearing weekly the names of those who we do not know. *Bridget Cobalt* has no knowledge of *George Nicholson*—who is *Greg McCambridge* or *Mary Strelley*? Their names appear nevertheless. Only one rule do the compilers of this column follow and that is that the social-climbers are ruthlessly ignored together with the so-called Bohemian casuals. No publicity is worse than bad publicity. But what of the current parties?

Cocktail Time in No. 38

On Thursday a potent cocktail and *Patrick McAfee*, *Warren Taylor* and *George Nicholson* greeted visitors. Despite later manifestations of the knock-out quality of the liquid refreshment, this was a good party—certainly if *Hilary Titterington* could murmur "One of the best." The atmosphere of pleasant informality plus the cocktail produced more manifestations—this time of the Harry Preston spirit—in *Michael Trapnell* and *Ian Gibson*. Meanwhile *Carole Eliot* was being hotly if a little erratically pursued by a bevy of Old Portorans—with sauve *Bill Trimble* in the van. *Messrs. Mulraine, Lea* and

West (J.) were present in gala attire (I wonder for what?), with the last-named showing more than a passing interest in the birthplace of *Geraldine McInerney*. Finally, *Margaret Buttmore* seemed to have some vested interest in *Mike Higgins*, until spirited away by an unknown admirer.

Let's drink a toast as each one of us recalls
Ivy-covered professors in ivy-covered halls.

But there were no professors or socialites when *Hugh Gibbons* invited his pleasant friends to share cake and his elegant Auntie Valerie on Wednesday. While *Maeve Fort* and *Bob Miller* encouraged relative theories, *Maureen Sinclair* and *Sook Yee Chung* handed round slices of tea; *Mike Beausang* let a chosen few know how to get poor quick, but *Julie Watson* had eyes only for the cream sponge, egged on by her genial host who was last seen teaching *Dorna Farzaad* how to make a real cuppa with words of encouragement from *Francis Giles*.

Saturday at Islandbridge

Some of the more hardened among us managed to get out to the Boat Club on Saturday. *John Morris* brought the same mysterious female with whom we've seen him a few times before. *Bernard Whelan* was there with (who could have guessed?) *Jill East*, while *Deidre Batchen* found *Gordon Rebbeck* attractive, or was it his car? *Michael Church* brought *Pru Ferney*, but she ran off somewhere, so he contented himself with being a barman. The Rugger Club turned up in force after their dinner party all very smoothly dressed in dinner jackets. Most of them came in through the door, which was rather surprising, but then cleaners' bills are rather high these days. At the end it looked rather like the last scene of an Elizabethan tragedy as Queen's carried out their dead—sennet without.

Nobel Prizewinner Visits Dublin

To-morrow night (Friday), at 8 p.m., in U.C.D., *Père Pire* will address a meeting to which all are very welcome, during this, his first, visit to Ireland.

Père Pire's world-famous work started when he opened the first home for aged refugees in 1950 in the town of Huy in Belgium. Others soon followed at Esneux, Aertselaer-les-Anvers, and at Braine-le-Comte.

His "European Villages" developed as an extention of this work. His first was started at Aachen (Germany) in 1956. Others have been built at Bregenz (Austria), 1956; Augsburg (Bavaria), 1957; Berchen-Ste-Agathe (Brussels), 1958; the Albert Schweitzer Village at

Spiesen (Saar), 1958, and the Anna Frank Village at Wuppertal (Germany), May, 1959.

These villages each contain about 150 persons living as families and are designed to give these people an opportunity to live normal community lives and to earn their livelihood. They have all been built by voluntary labour and the money has been donated by individuals and organisations.

Along with all this, *Père Pire* has organised his Sponsorship Movement, through which displaced people maintain contact with families in the free world.

If anyone wishes to learn more about his work: University College, 8 p.m., Friday, 11th March.

DEATH of a Tutor

Part 6:

By HUGH GIBBONS

fidently and completely down an open manhole at the bottom of which ran the River Styx; ashes to ashes and dust to dust . . . Sic transit gloria Junior Dean.

* * *

Superintendent Murphy dunked a biscuit in his coffee and eyed Aune Jane quizzically if not politely. "It was a very astute piece of thinking on your part, Mrs. Meddick. But you should have told me earlier."

Jane settled comfortably on the amiable seating Bewleys provide for customers. "Well, I saw that Smythe meant to kill Dr. Gerrard, and I reckoned this was because Gerrard had tipped the police—I beg your pardon, the Gardai—off about Smythe being blackmailed. Smythe had confided in Gerrard—and was framed. And when he killed Richard Mather and then himself, everything was fine. Gerrard nearly got away with it, but not quite.

"He would have if you hadn't seen him," I said.

"I know. But he just paid the price of coming up against a superior intellect—me."

"Huh? Who was it introduced you to the man? Who was it told you to come here in the first place? Me."

Jane picked up a wet spoon and smacked my hand. "And look what sort of a holiday I've had—murder, suicide, blackmail . . . I was supposed to have a rest; and my nerves are ruined in this dustbin."

"But," said the Superintendent, "under the worst dustbins you find some of the most beautiful blue shadows."

This marked Jane. "Just what has that got to do with it? Can't you Irish do anything besides string clichés together on supposedly silver threads?"

The policeman looked hurt, so I said to Jane that wherever she goes, things happen.

She fixed me with one of her assegai glances and said: "You have been reading too many detective stories."

Calmly I pressed my stiletto heel into her elegant little toe. "All right," I said, "maybe I'll write one instead." And we all laughed; hollowly, of course.

Oh, you may think this is the end. Well, it is.

TRINITY — I PRESUME?

Sometimes it can be very hard to disentangle oneself from Trinity, yet still remain in Ireland—if you know what I mean. Short of hiring a Mercedes 200 S.L. and speeding merrily towards the Gaeltacht for the week-end, it becomes a superhuman task to liberate oneself from the tentacles of a university which reach everywhere—except perhaps the University Church and the Abbey Theatre. Strutting along the pier at Dun Laoghaire or descending from the Victoria monument, one encounters a friend from Players reading the theatre reviews in the "Sunday Times"; avidly reading of the latest variety show at the "Adelphi." Did Max Bygraves put everything he had into the part? Rounding a tombstone in Glasnevin, one trips over the extended legs of a history scholar dreamily looking at the granite ball over the green turf over Parnell. Was this the crown intended for the Uncrowned King? After a while one begins to associate correctly the numbers of the cars parked outside "Matt Smith's" most nights. That delta brim on Terenure Road approaching me now—could it be . . . ? How right you are! I pat myself on the back. A cigarette that bears a lip-stick's traces, a familiar cough behind in the Ritz, Ballsbridge—these foolish things will always remind me of Trinity.

Last Sunday was no exception. In the middle of Co. Meath we surely should have been safe. A trickle of mournfully clad women making their way into a white-stone church (the men were hanging round the gate, smoking, their caps screwed down their heads as far as they would go)—this was the only activity. Off, therefore, for an interesting perusal of the local ruin—the tower and half the nave of what had been the Established Church, followed by a brisk two-mile walk down a hill, a slight venture into bogland interspersed with ditch, and a less happy return up the two-mile lane. The occasion was

suitably recorded for all time by a camera we just happened to have with us, but trying to find a cow with which to pose, in this country of bullocks, was no easy matter. To hell with the back half, but the facial bone structure is never the same. Cows are much more photographic.

Anyway, after such unusually strenuous exertion, punctuated sometimes by strange whistling over the fields and stranger and more ghostly shapes moving behind hedges far away, we repaired to the village licensed tea shop—a peculiarly Irish institution. Here, I thought, was an opportunity to secure a Papal knighthood by collecting first-hand songs and stories of the High Kingship, and of the Troubles. The Brendans, O'Dowda and Behan would be left far behind.

By this time Benediction had finished. The men had crossed the road and taken up stations in the tea-shop. The women had, presumably, returned to their houses to prepare high tea, which is to a landlady as bacon and eggs is to a student in rooms. Turf smoke filled the green (painted?), room the silver on a mirror advert. for Jacob's biscuits (you must know the sort I mean) had seen better days and the glasses of porter were set up around the counter. It was a scene which would have set John McCann's heart aglow, but, unfortunately it could not go on for ever.

One thing would have made me happier. Had we left five minutes earlier I would not have seen a Dauphine disgorge the Davey Byrne's boys. How they got on in that place I shudder to think, but I can remember one rather ruddy faced farm worker who was out to the world and past caring, so long as his porter was in front of him.

Trinity spreads its tentacles far. What will happen when the flood-gates are open for the next eight weeks is anybody's guess.

A. C. G.

"CARDS of IDENTITY"

"CARDS OF IDENTITY," by Nigel Dennis. Presented by Trinity Players.

To Trinity, as hosts, fell the honour of opening the Festival on Monday night. As always, our reputation in the fields of acting and production was upheld. But once again Players have been guilty of an error of judgment in their choice of play. "Cards of Identity," despite its clever and original central idea, is not a play worthy of their talents.

Mr. Dennis has written a satire on the frightening power of modern psycho-analysis. The play concerns the "Identity Club" who have discovered the great secret of life: the power to change the identity of any human being. In the first act the comic possibilities of a change of identity occurring before our very eyes are exploited to the full, and the dialogue flashes with brilliant wit. A delightful atmosphere of absurd fantasy is built up. But the play gradually disintegrates. We see a meeting of the Identity Club, the members of which are eager to depose the President. With the examination of various case-histories, the play degenerates into a succession of mere revue turns—funny in themselves but far from being necessary to the dramatic structure. The unity of tone of the first act is never recovered, and by the end of the third we have lost almost all our interest in and sympathy for the characters.

This play, for all its satiric cleverness—as well as the main satire there are some deft blows at British tradition and the U-cult—is fundamentally hollow and half an hour too long. The slightness of the plot made a great deal of padding necessary in acts II and III, and the presence of this dramatic upholstery, clever and humorous though it is, indi-

cates that the author has lost his grip on the structure of the play. The original mood of witty absurdity is lost, and the second and third acts consist rather of embroidery and illustration rather than dramatic progression.

Terence Brady, who directed, saw to it that the play moved at a quick trot—particularly in act I. The grouping was often imaginative, although attention to details of dress was occasionally lacking. Any faults in production were mainly due to unfamiliarity with a large stage. The sets were imaginative and well executed.

The acting was generally on a very high level. Bruce Arnold, as Captain Mallet, had the good fortune to be allotted most of the witty dialogue, but he spoke it with verve. Both he and Juliet Tatlow (Miss Paradise) had a tendency to over-exaggeration, but the latter's whining common accent was a masterpiece. Mike Leahy (Beaufort) and Gillian Crampton (Mrs. Mallet) were the only two relatively normal characters in the play and both gave attractively lively performances. Ralph Bates was admirably cast as Jellicoe, the worst psychopath of the lot, and Brian Eardley was a delight as a transformed doctor who took on the character of a demented Arcadian gardener. There were two virtuoso performances from Mike Bogdin, as a radio commentator, and David Nowlan, as Father Golden Orfe, whose case history brought the house down.

Trinity made an adventurous choice of play, but I think it was a gamble which did not quite succeed. But even if they do not win, as I suspect they will not, they can take consolation from the fact that they caused more real belly-laughs than I have heard for a long time in the theatre.

B. R. R. A.

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SPORTS NEWS

UNIMPRESSIVE WIN

Too Many Opportunities Wasted; O'Kelly's First-Rate Hooking

Trinity, 15; Monkstown, nil

THIS was a match of curious contrasts in which the standard of rugby sometimes reach great heights, and often sunk to a level which would not have done any schoolboy team justice. In retrospect it was one of the least enjoyable games of the season, but one cannot help remembering brilliant individual efforts which were sufficient to ensure victory for Trinity. Monkstown were never more than an average side, and one constantly expected Trinity to embark on a scoring spree. They scored 15 points, but had ample opportunity to double this number. The newcomers to the side acquitted themselves well, and the selectors will find it hard to decide whom to leave out when they come to select the cup team.

Trinity took far too long to settle down, and in the opening 20 minutes looked more dead than alive. Rees was often deplorably slow in getting the ball away, and Hall's usually good handling had deserted him. They were far from being happy together in this half, and the ball frequently never reached the centres. No praise could be too high for the way in which O'Kelly completely out-hooked his opposite number. He must have been a frustrated man to see the fruits of his hard labour wasted on so many occasions. Reid-Smith was unlucky to hit the posts with a long-range penalty kick, and shortly after was wide with another attempt from a similar distance.

The Trinity backs had a good supply of the ball, but were inclined to pass wildly at crucial moments. Siggins was always looking for a gap in the Monkstown defence and often found one, but he dropped too many passes to be a constant threat.

Trinity opened their score when Rees broke on the blind-side and passed to Endall, who forced his way along the touch-line to go over in the corner. This was a good effort by Endall, who is a much better player on the wing than in the centre. Reid-Smith kicked an excellent goal. Working a dummy-scissors, Rees was held up just short of the line; Hall received the ball from the scrum, but dithered around and eventually made a futile attempt at a drop-goal. Little had been seen of Lea in this half, but he now produced a beautiful run to beat the defence and pass to the ever-present Patrikios for the formality of scoring the try. Reid-Smith converted. It has been suggested that Patrikios is not quite the force he was at the beginning of the season. I very much doubt if opposing out-halves would agree.

From the start of the second half, Rees and Hall began to play much better, but it was now the turn of the centres to fumble and lack penetration. Hill was winning the line-outs with almost consummate ease; his return to the side is more than welcome. Rees initiated

movement after movement, often running with the ball himself, but the Monkstown defence held out. Monkstown seemed certain to score with a tremendous foot-rush to the line, but McMullen took the ball from their feet, beat several men and found a lengthy touch. He must surely be one of the best backs in Ireland. Lea excelled himself again with a glorious run in which he first beat the defence, going right he straightened out and beat most of them again on his way to the posts. Hall was on hand for a scoring pass, and Reid-Smith kicked his third goal. Trinity had to slack off in the closing stages, but O'Kelly invariably won the strike against the loose head when it was most needed. He was very well supported by the whole pack, where Caldicott, the new lock, was one of the most hard-working forwards.

Hockey OLD ENEMIES LOSE

Trinity, 2; Railway Union, 1

It was with some trepidation that Trinity set out for Park Avenue last Saturday. Railway Union had already beaten them in the Mills Cup and the Irish Senior Cup. The fact that the Mauritius Cup was only three days off was an additional spur to victory. Defeat at Park Avenue might have meant a complete loss of confidence.

This much-needed win was obtained, but not without some desperate defensive measures and an amount of anxiety. The first 15 minutes belonged almost entirely to Railway Union, but Steepe, Blackmore and Webb were playing very well and the Railway Union forwards rarely got a shot at goal. Then Trinity

HARRIERS

The Harriers scored a long-awaited victory over Queen's at Islandbridge last Saturday—the first for six years. Trinity had the first three men home, and luckily this was enough to counteract a weak tail as Queen's had the next five finishers. Colin Shillington was the winner, but most important, he was closely followed by Brian Roe and Steve Whittome. Both these runners had their best time for the course, and laid the basis of our victory.

On Saturday morning the last match of the season will be run against Cardiff—the Welsh University Champions. This is a great chance to finish the season on a high note, and uphold our unbeaten home record. The whole team are to be congratulated on their year's success—the reward of much hard training and good team work.

The Parke Cup was won by a much improved Robin David, thanks to a dramatic last round of 10 yards victory over Frank Quinlan.

SAILING CLUB

An early start is being made to the season and the six Fireflies are now at Dun Laoghaire, so that the 1st and 2nd teams can get in practice before the Northern Universities' Championships which are to be held there on 28th and 29th March. Unfortunately, the Mermaids cannot be taken down, nor can free sailing nor instruction commence until the end of April when the rest of the sailing fraternity feel the salt stirring in their blood and the boatmen come on duty at R.I.Y.C. and R.S.G.Y.C.

Dun Laoghaire harbour contains some of the finest keel boat racing classes in the world and anyone who would like to crew in races once or twice a week this summer in one of these should contact J. R. Mason in 36 College. This is a

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UNIMPRESSIVE WIN

Frankie Kerr makes it Ten in a Row

Trinity Win Universities' Boxing Championships

LAST Friday, the annual British Universities' and Hospitals' Boxing Championships were held in Dublin, the preliminary rounds being in the Trinity gymnasium and the finals being fought out in the National Stadium.

In the afternoon, Trinity suffered two early setbacks. G. Lennon, a former holder of the middleweight title, surprisingly lost his opening bout, and R. Molesworth succumbed to a persistently aggressive opponent after leading most of the way.

Coe Welsh, looking very much out of condition, stopped his opponent from Cardiff with a series of wild, looping swings, but in doing so unfortunately broke his right hand, thereby giving a walkover to C. Hill (Cambridge).

Altogether, Trinity had seven men to fight out the finals, but, possibly, it was a bit too much to expect seven titles to emerge.

Ronnie Taylor made his semi-final opponent retire in the second round with a cut eye and his opponent in the final gave him a walk-over. Trinity had retained the heavyweight title. One up with six to play.

Dermot Sherlock was perhaps the most impressive of our boxers. Boxing beautifully, he knocked out his Glasgow opponent in the semi-final with a ruthless display of two-handed punching. In

the final, Sherlock again stopped his man in impressive fashion to win the fly-weight title. Two up and five to play.

But now the tide began to turn against us. Don Tulalumba lost a narrow decision for the featherweight title, and in the bantamweight Danai Tulalumba (capt.) disappointingly lost to an opponent who should never have beaten him had Tulalumba's right hand been healed.

David Millar gave a display of superb left-handed punching in his semi-final bout, peppering his opponent with a series of machine-gun lefts. In his light-welter final, however, he tried to mix it with a much stronger opponent instead of repeating his tactics. Knocked down six times, he showed what sheer guts can make up for strength.

Richard Gibbons was a trifle unlucky not to win a title. In the semi-final bout his opponent was R. Shaw (London) who was much too powerful for Gibbons. However, before the weigh-in in the final, Shaw was found to be 10 lbs. overweight, having been underweight in the morning, and was disqualified from boxing. Quinlan (U.C.D.), an opponent Gibbons must have had an excellent chance of beating.

In the best fight of the evening, Jones (Swansea) and MacPherson (Durham) fought each other to a standstill, both taking frightful punishment. MacPherson, the hero of the evening, was given the decision, amidst a tremendous ovation from the crowd, who always love to see a good scrap. Twenty minutes later he was fighting Farnhill (Cambridge) for the welterweight title. Farnhill, who had previously executed two opponents within the space of a minute, battered MacPherson till the referee, not the latter, could stand no more. The fight was stopped, with the Durham man still wanting to continue. Farnhill later remarked that he had never hit a man so hard and still seen him standing on his feet.

And so, after having seven finalists, Trinity only managed to win two titles. But the team had won—that is what mattered.

Once again we must pay great tribute to Frank Kerr who steered Trinity through to victory, and to Captain Danai Tulalumba, who very deservedly received the Harry Preston Trophy on behalf of Trinity, for the tenth time in succession.

There is no reason whatsoever why we cannot win next year.

Final scores: 1, Trinity, 26 points; 2, U.C.D., 18 points; 3, London, 10 points.

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