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Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

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OVERNIGHT PARKING RULES RELAXED

PARKING of students' cars in Front Square from 7.30 p.m. to 9 a.m. will henceforward be permitted so long as the cars are removed before 9 a.m. This amendment has been made by the Board at the suggestion of the Scholars' Committee.

In a letter to Mr. J. T. Killen, Secretary of the Scholars' Committee, the Provost says:

"When I raised the matter of the 1 a.m. rule and the question of students being allowed to park in the Front Square after 7.30 p.m., it was stated at the Board that the main difficulty seemed to be the failure of many students to remove their cars before 9 o'clock in the morning. I have, however, got the Board to agree to the suspension of the 1 a.m. rule, and also to agree that students may park in the Front Square between 7.30 p.m. and 9 a.m. on the understanding that the removal of cars before 9 a.m. will be very strictly enforced. Any unauthorised cars in the Front Square after 9 a.m. will be reported to the Registrar, who will automatically impose a fine of £2."

Dr. McConnell adds that these conditions are to be regarded as temporary in order to see how the system works, but that, if they prove satisfactory, they will probably make up a permanent feature of the regulations.

We are pleased to announce that "Trinity News" is again holding a competition this year for the best-dressed woman student on Trinity Wednesday. Prizes are better than ever and include a free modelling course at the Charles Ward-Mills Fashion School (1st prize) and consolation prizes such as perfume, stockings, etc., kindly presented by several Dublin shops.

The judges will include Mr. Charles Ward-Mills, Miss Una Ryan, top Irish model and beauty queen on several occasions, and a certain Mr. J. Kaminiski, profession unknown. In judging, they will consider poise, charm, beauty, etc., as well as attire.

The competition will be covered by the national press.

HIST. ELECTION RESULTS

Accent on Youth

The vitality of the College Historical Society has been much questioned in the past year, not least by this newspaper. But any worry about its future should be dispelled by the keen contest for official positions when the elections took place earlier this week. Four candidates contested the position of Auditor, and no fewer than fourteen wished for positions on the Committee. The emphasis in this year's elections is on youth, both the Auditor and the Record Secretary being now in their second year in College and some of the Committee being in their first.

Officers for the year 1959-60: Auditor, Ian Simons; Treasurer, Tony Francis; Correspondence Secretary, John Wilkins; Record Secretary, P. R. M. Hinchliffe; Librarian, Basil Haggard.

Meet

at the

METROPOLE

Centre of the City's
Entertainment

- LUXURIOUS BALLROOM
- POPULAR RESTAURANT
- GEORGIAN ROOM
- LONG BAR



Vets. Valued

Significant changes in the teaching of Veterinary Medicine in both Trinity and U.C.D. are foreshadowed by the Government's announcement that as from next January veterinary education will come almost completely under university control. Students will still receive tuition in the Veterinary College in Ballsbridge, but only on the same basis as medical and dental students receive hospital instruction—e.g., each university will appoint its own staff of lecturers and arrange its own courses. The Ballsbridge College will remain the property of the Department of Agriculture, but each University School of Veterinary Medicine will receive increased grants to pay for the increase in staff and facilities entailed.

The system of veterinary education has changed rapidly in recent years. In 1954 a year was added to the five-year course. Then the examinations and degree were changed so that instead of taking Veterinary College exams. and receiving a M.R.C.V.S. diploma and B.Sc.(Vet.) degree, the University now holds its own exams. and awards the M.V.B. degree. Now a separate school with its own lecture facilities will be set up. This is a clear indication that the importance of intelligent, scientific farming has been realised by the "powers that be," and as such is to be welcomed by all those concerned with Ireland's prosperity.

AERIAL VIEW OF TRINITY

This photograph of Trinity is appearing in this term's "Trinity Handbook," on sale at Front Gate from to-day, price 2/-

HOWTH TRAM Whodunit

Sunday last was cold and wet at Sutton. There wasn't the large crowd we had expected, but the tram was comfortably filled on the way to the summit at 10.17 p.m. There we found an accordion band playing and several hundred people dancing, singing and talking. The last tram, we were told, was on its way up from Sutton, and 10 minutes later the white light went out, showing us that it had entered our section. But when it did not arrive, people began to get worried, and finally when two Gardai carrying a red lamp announced that the rails had been sabotaged. After a protracted official discussion, No. 9 moved very slowly down to Sutton, arriving there, amid a tumultuous welcome, 1½ hours late at 12.55 a.m. Once emptied of passengers, and to the sound of detonators, she slowly rumbled to the sheds minus some paneling and a few other odds and ends which souvenir-hunters had picked up.

Another chapter of Irish railway history was over. Would we be boasting if we said that College had done it again? I think not.

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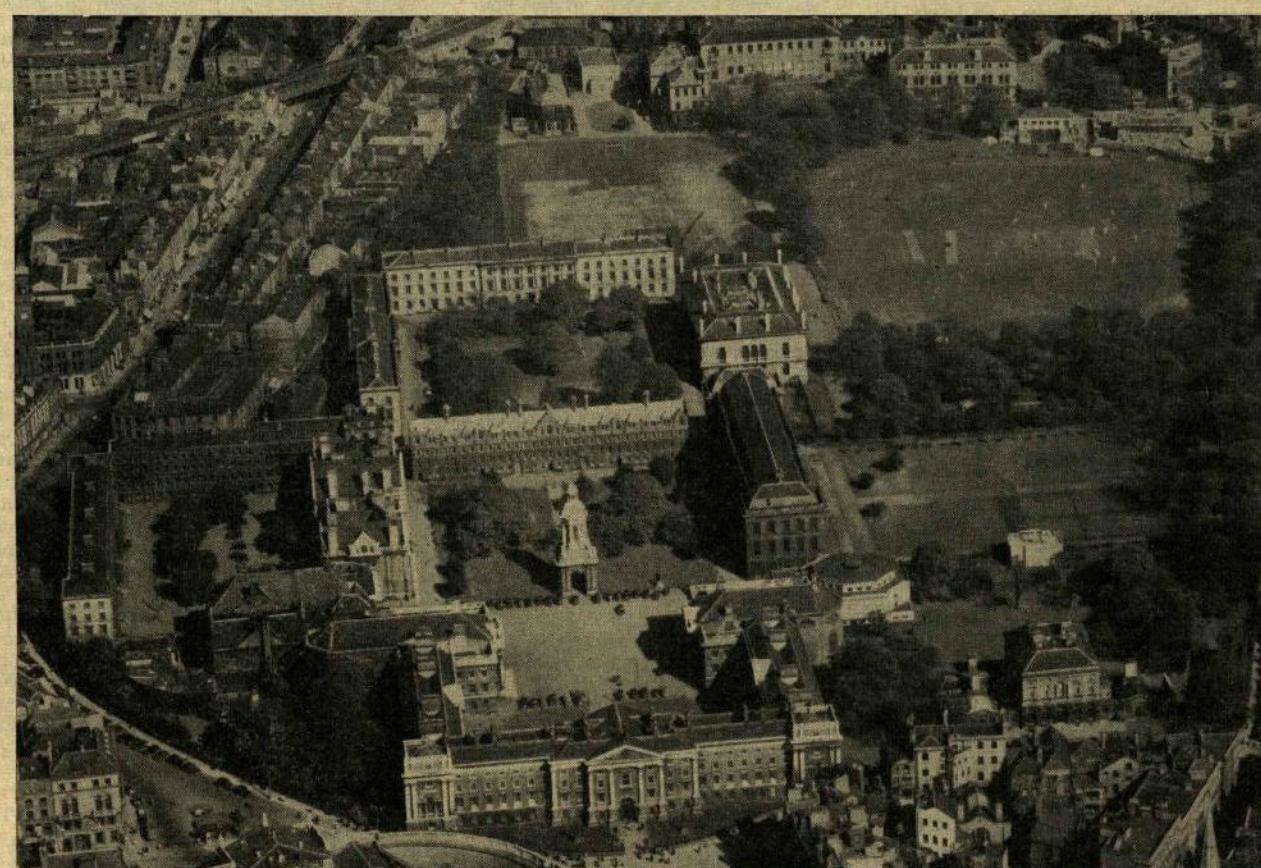


Photo courtesy "Irish Independent"

The satire, said Dr. Crane, is given spice by Swift's choice of the horse as an example of a thoroughly rational being, as he does in the fourth part of the book. This is a deliberate reversal of the examples in the logic text-books where the horse is cited as an illustration of an irrational creature. This illustration forms part of the characteristic method of dividing created things by contraries (e.g., feeling or lacking feeling, rational or irrational, etc.) which was formalised by Porphyry, the third-century neo-Platonist. This method was known as "Porphyry's Tree" and often appeared in diagrammatic form in logic books of Swift's day.

It certainly appeared in one of the books on the Trinity course which would have been considered obligatory reading for any perceptive student, for it was a newly published logic book by the Provost, Narcissus Marsh. This work, "Institutiones Logicae," was written especially for university students and included on page 15 the usual diagram of "Porphyry's Tree." On this same page there was given a short list of individuals making up the species "homo"—the list is "Joannes, Petras, Thomas, etc."

This choice of names should be considered with Swift's well-known comment in a letter to Pope: "I hate that animal called man, but I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas and so forth." Why did Swift think of these particular names? Almost certainly because he had spent in his youth many candle-lit hours pouring over his beloved Provost's logic book in an attempt to achieve something higher than "male" in his examination. Dr. Crane said that he had studied many other logic books of the day, but in no other had he found this exact combination of names personifying mankind. Oh that Littlego logic may make such an impression upon us, as Narcissus Marsh's thesis upon Swift!

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TRINITY NEWS

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EDITORIAL

ONE of the most annoying and the most ridiculous figures among university students is the intellectual snob. He finds the course comparatively easy, but will not work at it, and he despises the plodder because he attends lectures regularly and tries to take advantage of the facilities provided by College and the fine minds therein. Most of the lecturers have far better brains and much more skill than the snob is ever likely to have, and so, though he may feel he can do without them, who is he to scorn the man who is ready to listen to what they have to offer? There has never been a lecture from which the attentive listener can cull nothing whatever of interest. The student who sleeps or day-dreams in lectures, either because he feels he is above the trivialities cooked up by the lecturer, or merely because he is lazy, is simply wasting his time.

This is not meant to be a pompous plea for a little more attention for the poor lecturer who is distressed to find his audience dozing in the heavy summer air. It is not the lecturer but the listener who loses by lack of attention. The student who does not listen to a lecture will simply have to do some more work by himself on the subject dealt with in the lecture. And he who would rather spend an hour in vacancy and then later do for himself the work which would have been done for him by the lecturer is in fact the fool his lecturer doubtless takes him for.

There is a type of student who goes out of his way to show that he considers his personal method of studying completely external to the lecture system. In a lecture on Baudelaire, he pours over a copy of "The Tempest"; in the subsequent lecture on Shakespeare, he can be seen outwardly absorbed in Baudelaire's "Fleurs du Mal." In both he spends his time fighting in his mind to drown the voice of the lecturer and in neither does he cover as much ground as he would have done by ten minutes' work in the Reading Room. What he needs is an intellectual efficiency expert.

The lecture system is not, of course, faultless, but it seems at the moment to be the most practical method of university education. It can never be more than a supplement to the student's own reading, but as such it has an enormous potential value and should not be reduced to absurdity by deliberate inattention.

To miss a lecture and to spend the time studying or writing in the Library is sometimes necessary, but the student who chooses the very hour of his lecture to do this work and then spends the rest of the day in College Park deserves no sympathy when his exam. results appear. To miss a lecture in order to attend to some pressing business elsewhere is often excusable and sometimes unavoidable, but to attend a lecture and to ignore what is said is madness. If lectures were made non-compulsory it would actually be these very students, the intellectual snobs, who would be most in evidence. They are possessed by a childish obstinacy which hinders their potential ability and their weakness can be described in Pope's words:

"So much they scorn the crowd that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong."

You Have Been Warned

Gentlemen, did you know you were not allowed to strip in College Park? At least you are not permitted, however hot the sun or however manly your physique, to peel off your shirt whilst reposing in the Mayfair area along beside the path. During these recent astoundingly and suspiciously summy weeks the Junior Dean, himself making no concessions to the weather, has been patrolling the Park from time to time, justly horrified by the display of any bronzed chest so near a public thoroughfare. So, gentlemen, if you wish to avoid trouble, you are advised either to risk missing this year's sun-tan by staying fully clothed to watch the cricket or else to retire, possibly armed with a telescope, to bake yourself on the far bank.

PROFILES - Revue Producers

TERENCE BRADY

Terry Brady will usually be late for an appointment, almost certainly fail to turn up for any work that's in the offing, and normally will have a clever, witty comment to round off his reason—not, you may notice, his excuse. This may or may not be a sign of the times, but it detracts little from a personality which has made itself most effectively felt since his early and brilliant appearance as Fishkin in "Jim Dandy." Since then it has been a succession of successes: in Players, with Group One,



at the Boat Club and in the History School (though generally in a non-playing capacity), and in fact wherever good talk, sharp wit, and an effervescent abundance of energy are welcome.

Terry was born—but why should I tell you his age when he wouldn't? He went to the London version of Merchant Taylors' School, and from there to Trinity—for the unusual reason that his father had preceded him! He is reading History, and in his spare time, of which he seems to have very little, he listens to jazz, paints in oils, writes poetry, short stories and miscellanea, and talks a great deal. Occasionally he eats—this accounts for his speedy withdrawal at the end of term to recuperate at home. And he drinks most drinks with most people.

He is a very valuable member of Players, both for his acting ability, comic and serious, and for his friendly, easy disposition in humour and conversation. But it doesn't end there. Short stories and poems in "Icarus" have already marked him as a writer of youthful but attractive style. Paintings and sketches in his rooms, both at home and in College, are another mark of his very talented output. And his personality, exuding always sparkle and wit, makes him very much the centre of a new and active group in College, to whom we are all indebted.

YOU ARE OLD, FATHER ANTHONY

Play: "This Way to the Tomb," by Friday, May 29. Production by David

For the first time a Mod. Lang. play can be judged almost as one would judge a Players' production and I feel that there is no greater compliment that one could pay to the English play this year than to criticise it according to ordinary dramatic standards.

Ronald Duncan is one of the more ambitious and, consequently, less known of to-day's religious playwrights. His favourite situation appears to be a gaunt figure, preferably clad in monastic attire, delivering long and rambling, yet essentially poetic discourses to a rapt collection of followers, again preferably in monastic attire. In both the plays of Duncan known to the present writer, "Our Lady's Tumbler" and "This Way to the Tomb," the latter produced by David Gilliat for the English section of the Mod. Lang. plays, the stamp of the author was as evident as the stamp of Brahms in his four symphonies.

Take a far from average collection of monks, one simple yet faithful, one learned and unsympathetic, one artistic and emotional, and place in the middle of these a strong, spiritual leading light, profoundly humble yet unshakable, and the scene is set for Ronald Duncan to pour from their mouths a stream of sublimely beautiful thought. His message is the same as the majority of plays—the ultimate triumph of good.

In attempting to produce this play under the circumstances, Mr. Gilliat was as ambitious as the author was in writing it, and I think he just brought it off. The size of the stage must initially have cramped any enthusiasm for filling it with characters, and maybe for this reason it would have been preferable for St. Anthony in the first act to have addressed seated followers instead of huddling four quite stalwart young men in the corner of the stage and killing any attempt at manual expression. Indeed, the only bouquet for keeping on acting when not actually speaking the lines must go to Miss Gillian Howe, who in this way redeemed her attempt at an American accent.

JULIET TATLOW

In the revue which opens next week in the Players' Theatre there will be a mixture of skit and song, dance and story, parody and satire. For the 26th year the Dublin University Players are putting on a Trinity term show, and, as usual, it is expected to be packed. It will be a mixture under the direction of Juliet Tatlow and Terry Brady. To the revue Juliet brings a wealth of experience, an ability to dance and sing, and considerable skill as an actress. Her personality is one well suited to the rough and tumble of putting a Players' show on the stage. The job of finding an impossible number of scripts, mostly



at the last minute, and keeping a level head in the management of persons, is not an easy one. Rehearsals which have to be arranged and directed, words to be found for music and music for words, and the supervision of the hundred and one details which are vital to the show every night all add up to the business of production.

Juliet is always modest about her abilities, but year after year they are clearly apparent in the activities of Players. Schooled at Glengarriff Park, she came to Trinity in October, 1955. Her first appearance on the stage in College in "The Duchess of Malfi" was a personal, but hardly a total, success. Since then she has acted in a number of plays: the high successful "Jim Dandy," "Exiles," that doubtful drama by James Joyce, and last term's production, "Marching Song." Also with unflagging energy she has provided the very important choreography for revues; revues in Edinburgh, in Trinity and at Wexford.

Though the stage and all that belongs to it is Juliet's first love, she finds time to teach dancing, sometimes to sing with College Singers, and to read Modern Languages with a thoroughness not usually found in that school. May we wish her and her co-director every success in their production of this term's revue, "Vacant Lot."

College Observed

Perhaps I am getting old, or perhaps this strange, unnatural heat is arresting my powers of observation, but I cannot escape the feeling that there is a certain quietness about College at the moment. Perhaps it is the quietness before the storm, perhaps it is the moment before the wave breaks and dashes itself into little pieces upon the shore of frantic pleasure seeking. This will all be proved later. Whether or not the heat of summer has merely caused greater stores of undergraduate energy to remain temporarily underground, or whether it has dissipated them completely, will be seen at the end of next week. If there are no prostrate Gardai in Front Square, if no attempt is made to let down the guy ropes of the marquee on the night of the Big Ball, if the Mod. Lang. plays continue to pass off so quietly and successfully, then, indeed, the quietness of maturity will have descended upon College.

But let us take advantage of this somnolence, be it temporary or permanent, and indulge in a little intellectual toe-dipping in waters which are both quiet and troubled. The question of religion tends to hit the majority of those at a university in fits and starts. Later on these occasional jerks become continuous and ever-present, or cease altogether. Some here, mostly Roman Catholics, have a steady and deep faith. They are the few. Some live without any belief other than their own personal code of good form, or by no code at all. The former is probably the most common form of religion in the British Isles to-day. In the twenties, the Establishment drifted away from organised religion, but continued to live by its code of honour which is, basically at any rate, Christian. This still survives as a way of life to-day, and it is very common in Trinity. Morality is a matter of common sense, evil is stupidity, debauchery is waste. One does not worry too much about God, and if one keeps within those broad moral limits which many keep in their minds—I suppose through a sort of inherited tradition—then, they feel, God will not worry about them too much.

These people are the mean. On either side are two other groups. One thinks about life, the other does not. It may seem incredible, but there are at this University people who never think beyond their own small surrounding, who never rise out of the mole-hole into the light, or blackness, which lies above. Those who are convinced that there is blackness above are much closer to the light than those who are content to sit, wrapped in a trite maxim, in a material paradise, which they know will end and change, but how they do not care.

The most important subject in life and literature is man's relationship with God. To us here at a university, sense is probably the most important thing in our lives. We are all more or less articulate lyric poets, discovering the charm and the emptiness of the senses. We tend constantly to accept and not question, we tend to gloss over and not worry. Why early death? Why war? Why disease and cruelty and evil? These are what we should be worrying about as well as feeding our senses upon natural and human beauty. There are a few who think and reject and accept and grope, and sometimes half find. They are the people upon whom the continuance of religion depends. The greatest sin of all is apathy; cynicism, which comes next, is at least more positive. The aim of a university is to make people question and not accept, to seek what lies behind sense. The senses will last us just as long as we live, no longer.

In this College we are not unreligious. We are perhaps assisted by the example of Ireland's piety. But the spectre of material forgetfulness is creeping in, perhaps from England. If our desires are solely a new motor bike and a pint of stout, we are like moles, dwelling blindly under the ground, who will never emerge into the light, which I believe lies beyond life; if we see only human perfection in female beauty, or in the blue of the sky, or in the green of the grass, then, while we can dimly see the light, we are very far from reaching it.

"Spectator."

Regent House Still Empty

All last week the new Regent House library was almost empty, while every seat in the Reading Room was taken and people sought for more. This is a ridiculous state of affairs. People complain of lack of space in the Reading Room and then ignore new facilities when they are provided. The Regent House is open as a reading room to all students, not only the Mod. Lang. School, and it is at the moment a much more peaceful place to work than the main Reading Room. Let us then use it. Man is acknowledged to be a creature of habit, but can we not break our habits when it is to our advantage, or are we going to wait for next term's flood of Junior Freshmen to lead the way?

FOUR & SIX

H-bombs might hang over our heads, civilisation may be rapidly running the race of self-extinction, we may never have children or if we do their children may be idiots, but yet the activities relating to the pre-propagative social superfluities of men and women still continue not a whit daunted. It's all so — silly sort of thing. Anyway, demand creates supply, so here it comes:

Hilary Titterington and Liz Roberts gave a barbecue at Portmarnock last Wednesday which seems to have had all the necessities for the success for this type of party—sausages, fire with which to cook sausages, wood to make fire with which to cook sausages, paraffin to light wood to make fire . . . etc., not forgetting boy scouts (like Ron McKay and Tony Endall) to rub together to ignite paraffin to light wood . . . David Pearson had fun in the dark with a powerful torch, and Paddy Backman tried to sing out of tune like Jay Alexander, and John Goldberg harmonised with Sheila Kirwan to the beat of the tropical calypso singing of Mike Bogdin.

"La Cantatrice Chauve"—Haircut Anyone?

What was the Mod. Lang. committee up to, thought many people, allowing the French play to run six days as compared with the English play's four? And, worse than ever, what possessed them to permit the producer to choose Ionesco, one of the most difficult of all modern dramatists to interpret? But producer Richard Stack, supported by an able and fluent cast, justified their faith by making of "La Cantatrice Chauve," whose very essence is triviality and sometimes even nonsense, an hour and a half's enjoyment.

The lines are spoken clearly, a feature so important in a play in a foreign language, and the interest never flags. The cast makes remarks about the cabbage they have eaten for dinner or the startling event of a man tying up his shoe-lace in the street in intensely serious tones and thus create a double effect — tragic because of the pathetic eagerness of the characters (representing dull bourgeoisie personified) for something unusual and comic because of the ludicrous contrast, reminiscent sometimes of the Goon Show, between epic manner and trivial subject. Some of the comedy is pure fooling — there is, for instance, a long and complicated discussion about a large family, all members of which are called Bobby Watson — some is achieved merely by good timing.

Dorna Farzaad is perhaps outstanding for her excellent timing. She has the difficult task of opening the play with a series of commonplace remarks addressed to a man hidden by a newspaper and she is careful not to hurry her lines, making the silences as effective as the words. Some productions of this play have the actions greatly exaggerated to add to the atmosphere of madness, but Richard Stack's method with comparatively normal actions at least in the opening scene seems justified because the oddity of the family dawns more gradually on the audience instead of being thrust upon them before they are prepared for it. In connection with this, incidentally, Michael Stubbs' striking decor attains just the right balance between the suburban normality and the frightening disintegration of character which Ionesco tries to show are so closely linked.

Ian Gibson and Anne Leonard are convincing as the young couple who alternate between acute embarrassment and sudden crazy confidences. They both have a good sense of the comic implications of the parts and, though perhaps Mr. Gibson looks as if he would be happier on a rugby field than in this mad subtopia, Miss Leonard succeeding in chilling the audience with her nervous hands and terrified eyes.

Galway Johnson gives a rather watery interpretation of the husband's part, but is noteworthy for his impassive, expressionless face. (Miss Farzaad occasionally succumbed to her sense of humour and it must be admitted that, at least on the first night, when I saw the play, a certain well-known rippling laugh from the back of the theatre was very hard to resist.) Ragaa Mahkanta was by turn dignified, comic and offended, and Barbara Fox looked exquisitely cheap in her long black stockings and conquered the audience with her epic line: "Je me suis acheté un pot de chambre."

"I WISH THEY WASHED THEM"

"They're so much cleaner washed"

Maybe THEY do if its the
Court Laundry
— ask them —

THE WATERS AND THE WILD

By ISHMAEL

IV

Fourth Dream: THE MOUNTAIN

Bad news came winging through the long night's frost,
Came whistling darkly down the northern air,
"Go home, Explorer, there is no life here,
Another climber has been killed or lost."

A cry of terror rent the alpine night,
And high on the mountain's mile-wide mighty wall
I saw two tiny dots begin to fall:
Two tiny stones, I thought them, small and light—
But as they bounded past me down the hill,
I saw the gushing blood, the splintered bones,
I heard them whimpering with strange natal moans,
Like baby foxes that the huntsmen kill.

I watched the glacier and the milk-white snow
Turn scarlet round the things which once were men;
Silence descended on the hills again,
And stillness to the shadowed vale below.

The dawn that lightened on that night of death
Was cold and grey and loveless like the sea,
And all my mountain passion fled from me,
All joy snuffed out upon a single breath.
Death, dawn, and danger are the red Earth's kings;
The lion is Danger crouching in her lair,
Dawn is a grey dove flowing through the air,
Death is an eagle with black beating wings.

I turned in sorrow, for the day was cold
With mute indifference and empty hate;
Better by far that Scoffer at the gate,
Better by far the Coward who grows old.

But then the Wind-voice thundered from above
"If you desire to gain, you first must give;
Life is for the Lover, let him live,
Love is for the Living, let us love."

Law Society—Sick, Sick, Sick, Mate!

Following the Law Society's noted tradition of unorthodoxy, this year's Auditor took the refreshingly enterprising step of having his inaugural in the last half of the last term. But, like a Number 11 bus, it was worth waiting for. The meeting was in all ways splendid from the caviare for the general to the particular, this being "Restrictive Trade Practices." As a subject, this is not calculated to have the average citizen in hysterics, but Mr. Neville Calvert charmingly, steadily, audibly reviewing all sides of the question made this living part of the law vital and interesting; and to Mr. Calvert must go our sincerest congratulations and thanks.

In the spirit of things, Mr. William Finlay prodded, Dr. Fitzpatrick nodded, Mr. Dennis Larkin was solid; but the speakers were affable at all times and the odd digs they had at each other were so amiable as to be unusually refreshing.

BI. ELECTIONS

The "Bi." met in its rooms last Thursday. For the first time in three years, reports were presented by the Corr. Secretary ("good supply of papers for meetings"), the Treasurer ("over £50 profit from the Ball") and by the Librarian ("We've stopped buying 'The Irish Times'"). The twenty odd members present seemed content with the state of things as hardly a murmur was heard—not even the fact that only one-fifth of all Trinity's medical students ('78) had paid the 2/6 subscription caused any comment.

In the elections, George Henry defeated Jeremy Thompson for the Corr. Secretaryship by 16 votes to 11. Also elected were: Record Sec., Betty Williamson (unopposed); Treasurer, W. Beesley; Librarian, R. Roberts, with Miss Hilary Kenny (1st Year Rep.), Joyce Lavan and Mervyn Taylor (2nd Year), Lewis Sevitt and Jimmy McVicker (3rd Year), Anne Gillett and A. O. "Willy" Williams (4th Year), Mary McElroy, David Abrahamson and Jeremy Thompson (Final Year) as Council members.

The Chairman, Dr. McKenna, though more concise than the Thames-like Judge Black—this year away on holiday—was no less amusing and charming. Moderation was the keynote of the evening, but then "moderation is best," said Euripides who was good at tearing up things. Thus in all a most delightful inaugural and of an amiably efficient nature commendable to all societies.

The success of the inaugural made up in part for a disappointing year for the Society. Like an atheistic vagrant, it has been going around with neither visible nor invisible means of support and has suffered thereby in quality and quantity. However, maybe next year's committee can sort it out. Basil Holland, Auditor, has all the qualities desirable in a legal Auditor and a few human ones too. Librarian Basil Hudgash has Hist. experience. Alan Jones, Treasurer, knows all about book-keeping, and Secretary Hugh Gibbons is mad, unpredictable but gets results. So now we can only wait and see, for, as Dr. Singer remarked, time will tell.

IS GOD NECESSARY?

Last week-end the Rev. Roy Henderson, Travelling Secretary of the Inter-Varsity Fellowship (of Evangelical Unions), was staying in College, and in the course of his visit spoke at several Christian Union meetings.

In the G.M.B. on Friday evening, Mr. Henderson spoke on "Does Modern Man Need God?" He suggested that the emphasis of this subject lay on the word "modern." Most people, he asserted, would agree that primitive man needed God in order to explain away the unknown. Since this is no longer a mystery, due to the discoveries of science, many would argue that modern man has no need of God.

However, Mr. Henderson pointed out that not all primitive beliefs were based on man's surmise. Christians believe in God because of the historic fact of the life, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ, and of the supreme revelation of God as shown in this life.

The glory of the Christian message is that not only does modern man need God to save him from himself, but also God wants modern man.

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SPORTS NEWS

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GREAT CUP VICTORY

Athletics

LONDONDERRY TROPHY RETAINED

Field Events Tell Once Again

In the three-cornered athletics match at Cherryvale, Belfast, last Saturday, Trinity retained the Londonderry Trophy, beating Queen's University, Belfast, by three points and the combined 9th Old Boys-Albert Foundry team.

This season Trinity have not been winning their matches on the track but in the field events and this was no exception. The events were relay events with each team having four competitors in each event on the track and three in the field. Trinity had two track successes, the 4 x 440 yards and the 4 x 880 yards. In each case the existing record was broken by 1.8 seconds in the former and by 7 seconds in the latter. Although these were team victories, Shillington's magnificent 1-53.6 in his half mile must be mentioned.

Once again Tjerand Lunde had the best individual performance in three events, and his javelin and pole vault results were better than previously this season. Ben Obviagale did not let his team down and won the discus and the shot.

Results:
4 x 110 Yards—1, Queen's University; 2, Dublin University; 3, 9th O.B.-Albert Foundry; 46.6 seconds.

4 x 220 Yards—1, Queen's University; 2, Dublin University; 3, 9th O.B.-Albert Foundry; 1 min. 30.8 secs.

4 x 440 Yards—1, Dublin University (Hannan, O'Clery, Shillington, Francis); 2, Queen's University; 3, 9th O.B.-Albert Foundry.

4 x 880 Yards—1, Dublin University (Hannan, Bayne, Whitsome, Shillington); 2, Queen's University; 3, 9th O.B.-Albert Foundry.

Mile Team Relay—1, 9th O.B.-Albert Foundry; 2, Queen's University; 3, Dublin University; 4 mins. 26 secs. Individual: Good.

Hop, Step, Jump—1, 9th O.B.-Albert Foundry; 2, Queen's University; 3, Dublin University. Aggregate, 127 ft. 9½ ins. Individual: Barclay.

High Jump—1, Dublin University (Leeson, Lunde, Obviagale); 2, Queen's University; 3, 9th O.B.-Albert Foundry. Aggregate: 17 ft. 1 in. Individual: Lunde, 5 ft. 11 ins.

Long Jump—1, Queen's University; 2, 9th O.B.-Albert Foundry; 3, Dublin University. Aggregate: 62 ft. 1½ ins. Individual: Hamilton, 22 ft. 5 ins.

Pole Vault—1, Dublin University (Lunde, Archer, Leeson); 2, Queen's University; 3, 9th O.B.-Albert Foundry. Aggregate: 32 ft. 6 ins. Individual: Lunde, 12 ft.

120 Yards Hurdles—1, Queen's University; 2, Dublin University; 3, 9th O.B.-Albert Foundry. Individual: Price.

Javelin—1, Dublin University (Leeson, Lunde, Archer); 2, Queen's University; 3, 9th O.B.-Albert Foundry. Aggregate: 502 ft. 9½ ins. Individual: Lunde, 202 ft. 10½ ins.

Discus—1, Dublin University (Obviagale, Leeson, Keyte); 2, 9th O.B.-Albert Foundry; 3, Queen's University. Aggregate: 349 ft. 4½ ins. Individual: Obviagale, 127 ft. 5 ins.

Shot—1, Dublin University (Obviagale, Leeson, Linley); 2, 9th O.B.-Albert Foundry. Aggregate: 120 ft. 5 ins. Individual: Obviagale, 41 ft.

Soccer DENTAL DOUBLE?

Soccer? Yes, in June. This is one of the turns of hospital students. The Dublin Hospitals' Soccer Cup campaign recently got under way. It is hoped to play the final before July, but, of course, shortage of grounds and time leads to postponements. The Dental Hospital having won the Rugby Cup by beating Mater in the final, are out for "the double." They defeated the Adelaide by 8-0 last week. The Richmond defeated Sir Patrick Dun's by 3 goals to 1—it was level pegging until 8 minutes from the end. The Dentals will play Richmond next, and somewhere in the shadows lurk the Mater team. The prospects, if not pleasing to all concerned, are at least intriguing.

Fickle Fortune Finally Swings Trinity's Way

THIS match at Sydney Parade was a trial of nerve and provided a great spectacle for the spectators, who seemed to be almost taking part in the game by the fourth day. This was a cup game which developed the atmosphere of a Test Match. The game began on Friday evening when Trinity won the toss and elected to bat on a hard, fast wicket which promised runs.

The batting side lost Dawson at 29, but Pratt and Foster batted attractively, scoring freely all round the wicket. There appeared to be some doubtful calling and strange running between the wickets and this led to the unfortunate running out of Pratt for a very attractive 44. The Pembroke pace bowlers gave way to the off-spinner Hope, but the scoring rate continued until at the close Trinity were in a very satisfactory position at 108 for 2.

On Saturday the pace men returned to the attack, but Peer, bowling short, was severely punished by Foster with some perfectly timed square cuts. At 128 a wicket fell when Foster, attempting to hook a shot from Peer, lifted his head and was bowled. Singh, throwing caution to the winds, scored freely, but Mulraine was in a dour mood. The former was caught behind the wicket for 43, and then Mulraine was bowled by a good ball from Russell. The middle order batsmen failed to come-off and when the seventh wicket fell at 176 it looked as if Trinity were going to be out for under 200. But everyone reckoned wrongly. Tony Reid-Smith was joined by David Halliday. The latter swung his bat judiciously, while the former played a sound innings of great concentration. He received some help from the remaining tail enders, until at 5 p.m. he was bowled by Hope. He had made an invaluable 51 and the Trinity score had reached the very respectable total of 259.

The Pembroke opening pair were very cautious, but O'Maille should have been taken before he had scored. He looked the least certain of the two and he fell a victim to Dawson for 18. Joined by the skipper, Kieran, Bergin in an ultra-cautious mood played out until the close. The score was 64-1 and the game quite open.

Fortune's pendulum was on the down swing as far as Trinity were concerned on Monday evening. Kieran hit the ball very hard, while Bergin, still cautious, had no mercy on loose balls. As the batsmen got on top, the College fielding deteriorated; chances were missed and the ground fielding was unbelievably bad. Kieran was the first man to go when well taken by Bradshaw in the deep. Haughton, the new batsman, played some glorious square cuts and the score progressed to 185

CRICKET WITH A DIFFERENCE

The conventional dress for cricket consists of white flannel trousers and shirt, white boots of buck or canvas, a white woollen sweater often trimmed with club colours, and club caps of kaleidoscopic variety.

One wonders what the "boys" would have thought had they been in College Park last Thursday afternoon when the Vagabond XI opposed the Gentlemen of Players XI. The teams took to the field arrayed in an assortment of shorts and trousers, which, with a wide stretch of the imagination, could be called white.

Byes, leg byes, no balls or what have you, along with many fluent and lofty strokes, gave the Players a total of 136. Drew Cameron, Mike Leahy and Mike Bogdin were the top scorers for Players, while Peter Hunt and Terry Brady added the village green variety.

Skipper Paddy B. had the honour of taking Skipper Ronnie P.'s wicket. The early Vagabond batting was full of great intentions, but none of them materialised. Openers Hamilton and Pearson were both out trying to hit the ball into Nassau St. It was left to Russi Wadia to pull the side together, but even his 32 was not good enough and the Vagabonds were all out for 90.

Tea was taken at 4 o'clock by courtesy of Misses Turtle, Kirwan and Johnson. Entries for the inter-Faculty and inter-club relays should be entered on the list on the swimming notice board as soon as possible.

Sailing

THE SEASON IN FULL SAIL

On Saturday afternoon, the six Trinity Fireflies sailed to Sutton for a regatta and in the race these achieved third place in the Terylene sailed section and 3rd, 4th and 5th in the cotton sailed section. After the racing came the long sail and paddle back across Dublin Bay.

After a flat calm for over an hour, a good breeze at last sprang up and Dun Laoghaire was reached just before 11 p.m. On Sunday morning the 1st team suffered a very heavy defeat at the hands of the National Y.C. from Dun Laoghaire. The National team made very good starts, so essential in team racing, in both races and were able to keep comfortably on top, finishing 1, 2, 5, and 1, 2, 4. Trinity will certainly have to do much better to stand a chance of beating U.C.D. in the Colours match next week.

The team was G. Henry, J. Mason, M. Brewett, A. McGovern, M. Hare and M. Moorhead.

On Sunday afternoon, the 2nd team sailed a match against the U.C.D. 2nd team. The racing was extremely close, with the result in doubt until the very end of the second race, but U.C.D. finally won by one point. The team was J. Gibbon, G. Wheeler, Miss F. Bantree, F. Byrne, A. Gore-Grimes and J. Millar.

Winners of division racing on Friday were: 1st Division, G. Henry; 2nd Division, Miss F. Bantree; 3rd Division, G. Kelly.

All members who have not done so are asked now to enter for as many events as possible for the regatta to be held on the Friday of Trinity Week, while all members of the College are invited to the Sailing Club dinner at the Royal St. George Y.C. on the Wednesday of Trinity Week. The dinner will be followed by a dance.

FENCING

On Monday evening, at the Fencing Salle in Morehampton Rd., the D.U.F.C. men's "A" team won two further matches in the Dublin Foil League. They beat "Achilles" by seven fights to two, and later on they beat E.S.B. by 9-0.

The men's "B" team also won a victory over U.C.D.F.C. by 9 fights to none.

"A" Team—(1) B. M. C. Hamilton, (2) M. Boyd, (3) M. Makower.
"B" Team—(1) C. Wood, (2) C. Rye, (3) P. W. Wachman.

The College Championships will be held in the Gymnasium on the Friday of Trinity Week at 3 p.m. Entries for men's foil, epee, sabre championships should be given to B. Hamilton, No. 2, by June 10th. Entries for the ladies' foil championship should also be in before Wednesday, 10th June.



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