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Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

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LEA WINS THROUGH

Bulge to Suffer

The Board has recently given its permission, so the Registrar says, for the Dublin Corporation to move the railings in the front of College. At present, the concave curve from the gates to the Provost's House is not perfect but has what can be described as a kind of bump in it. In order to take this away and enable traffic to move in three files rather than two as is at present the case, the Corporation requested that they be allowed move the railings. So the end of the railings nearest the Provost's House will have to be moved back two feet six inches against the wall, and this distance lessening until about ten yards before the pillars of Front Gate where there will be no necessity to move the railings. This pushing back of the "bulge" has happened before and might happen again. It is unfortunate but unavoidable. At any rate it is pleasing to see that the Board was asked by the Corporation, and not told, as would be within its powers.

Lecky to be Closed

The Lecky Library Committee is seriously considering making the Lecky Library a non-lending library. This is because of the large quantities of books which are "borrowed" and never returned. In the last three years the quantity of books lost were 40, 60, 40, respectively. Last year the total cost of replacing books which were not returned, i.e., 40, amounted to about half the grant.

Mr. A. Tait, a Lecturer in Economics, gave the reason why he thinks this loss is so great: "If everybody who took a book out of the Library filled in a form, then we could trace the book. Unfortunately, some people slip a book into their pocket and walk out with it."

The general impression seems to be that the people do not intend to steal the books, but never get round to returning them. Stealing is not a nice word, but unless it ceases one of the most useful libraries in College will lose most of its usefulness.

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Minor Clubs Disappointed?

THE Regent House was packed last Friday evening when the outgoing D.U.C.A.C. Committee presented its report to the A.G.M. and the house waited impatiently and uneasily for the more interesting business of the evening, the election of this year's Committee.

Concerning the reports of the last session, it is only fair to say that although they contained a great deal of important and interesting information, many members present in all honesty were hardly able to contain themselves waiting for the contest and result of the election to the post of Hon. Secretary.

The Captains' Committee's final choice, after much discussion, had been Chris. Wood, of the Fencing Club, and in past years the official nomination would almost certainly have been enough to assure him of election. This year, however, when Mr. Luce, the President, called for any other nominations, the strident voice of Jim O'Brien, Boat Club, answered in the affirmative from the floor. After agreeing that, in the past, the Captains' Committee's man had usually been the best available, Jim went on to add that this year was different, in so far as there was a real danger of the official nominee being subject to undue pressure from certain quarters of D.U.C.A.C. Although hastening to add that he had nothing but respect for Chris. Wood, he clearly implied that the minor clubs, at any rate, thought that they could "get along better" with Wood than with anyone else. Instead, he proposed Chris. Lea, ex-Treasurer of both Rugby and Cricket Clubs, whom he de-

"Trinity News" deeply regrets any inconvenience caused to readers who were unable to get their copies last week. Owing to very strong demand for the paper, all copies were sold out early in the afternoon. Measures are being taken to ensure that an ample supply will be available in future.

T.C.D. DISCUSS CHURCHILL

Last Thursday, Winston Churchill was discussed by T. C. D. Mulraine. In an interesting but not controversial paper he raised no new points. This was the paper one would expect from a young Tory.

This session of the Phil. has been marked by the lengthy speeches of the distinguished visitors. Last Thursday was no exception. Brig.-General Dorman O'Gowan spoke for just 1½ hours. During this time he traced the history of the Marlboroughs from the early 18th century to the early 20th century. He even managed to bring in the Iroquois from America, metaphorically speaking, of course. Churchill's early life was dealt with exhaustively and, it seemed to us, that no stone was left unturned.

Owing to pressure of space, the article which was announced last week on "Ireland: Liberty?" has been held over until next week.

where there was the slightest possibility of some obscure point being mentioned. Brig.-Gen. O'Gowan is well known because of the libel suit he brought against Churchill. This was because of some statement in Churchill's account of the Desert Campaign.

To sum up, the evening was interesting, but rather tiring and monotonous.

FOUR & SIX ON THE SCREEN

On Friday of this week, a film of Trinity Week, 1960, taken by Peter O'Clery and Douglas Hyde, will be shown in the G.M.B., to help the Library Extension Fund. This film will probably attract large audiences since everyone will wish to see himself, if he is in it. What attraction it would have for others it is hard to say. The photography, in colour, is not brilliant, merely competent, and in places marred by over- or under-exposure. This is partly due to the varying weather last year during the Races and the Boat Club regatta when the worst affected shots were taken. How-

scribed as "one of the best, if not the best, athletes at present in College."

After an abortive attempt to propose Glynn Cochrane of the Climbing Club had been quashed by Mr. Cochrane him-

Our Congo Fund has met with an excellent response and has now reach a total of approximately £15. The fund will be closed, and the sum collected sent to the "Irish Times" Fund, at the end of this week. All those who wish to contribute, therefore, and have not yet done so, should leave their subscriptions in an envelope marked "Congo Fund," in the box in No. 3.

self, the house proceeded to vote. As a result, Chris. Lea was elected.

Some people may see this as a victory for the independent against an organised pressure group; others more cynical may regard it as a major club pressure group overpowering one from the minor clubs, but John Baxter, the outgoing Secretary, probably summed up as well as possible when saying that this year there were two exceptional men, and it was just unfortunate that one had to be dropped. In any case, we wish Chris. Lea and D.U.C.A.C. all the best for 1960-61.

Juliet's Debut

There is a special Trinity touch to Art Theatre Productions' presentation of Clifford Odets' "Winter Journey" which opens in the Eblana Theatre, Busaras, on December 1st. It is produced by Louis Lentini, who has done so much work for D.U. Players ("Jim Dandy," "The Infernal Machine," "The Sleeping Prince," "The Enchanted"). Juliet Tatlow, who has just graduated in Modern Languages, has her first professional rôle in the play. Juliet, who has done almost everything in Players with great distinction, leading lady in "The Duchess of Malfi," "Marching Song," "Exiles," among others, star of several revues, was awarded the prize for the best actress at the last Universities' Drama Festival for her performance in "Cards of Identity" by Nigel Dennis. Also in the cast at the Eblana are Pauline Delaney and James Neylin.

ECONOMIC COMMENT

The first issue of "Trinity Economic Review" was on sale last week, price 1/- The publication, by the Commerce and Economics Society, consists of six essays written by Sophisters of the Economics School.

Martin O'Donoghue makes an original analysis of an Expenditure Tax in Ireland—an extremely unlikely prospect. Terry Ryan gives a well-informed approach to the parallelism in Political Theory and the contemporary development of Welfare Economics.

The other articles do not contain the same originality, but are clear and informative.

The deserved success of the first issue, shown by satisfactory sales, should encourage other faculty societies to publish students' work.

ever, there are one or two clever scenes in the film. The opening scene, showing Front Square from the Campanile and the final one showing the Campanile from Front Gate fit well together and give a good beginning and end to the film. Also there is a scene which captures the whole spirit of Trinity Week—a man carefully carrying two full glasses at the Boat Club regatta. The film covers everything from the Mount Venus hill climb to the polo match. If you want to see yourself, come and see it, but don't expect to be tremendously entertained by the parts of the film where you do not appear.

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World Organiser in College

To-morrow (Friday), the D.U. Refugee Committee will start selling greeting cards for U.N.I.C.E.F. (U.N. Children Fund) from a stall at Front Gate. The stall will be officially opened by the Director-General of U.N.I.C.E.F., Mr. Maurice Pate, at 11.40 a.m. Mr. Pate will be accompanied by Mr. W. Meyer, Organising Secretary for Europe and Africa; the Provost, and the senior members of the University staff, and the members of the D.U. Refugee Committee.

Besides this venture, the D.U.R.C. is at present engaged upon: (1) building the Irish village for Father Pire in Europe; (2) assisting with the foundation of the first Cheshire Home in Ireland at Shillelagh, Co. Wicklow; (3) organising Refugee lunches in the G.M.B. each Tuesday next term, and (4) developing contacts and encouraging the formation of similar committees in other Irish Universities.

GAS ALAS

We know that the moves to modernise accommodation in College are being carried out with imagination and success. But some "improvements" are not exactly welcomed with open arms by the occupants of rooms. An example of this is the gas-coal conflict.

In the cause of economy and efficiency a gradual change over is being made from male to female skips. Consequent upon this is the installation of gas fires to replace open coal fires, which necessitate much more labour.

Obviously, the College has a right to make what improvements they like in rooms, but surely a little more flexibility should have been shown in the matter.

A resident of No. 18 bravely fought off the onslaught of this characterless standardisation by repeatedly ordering new supplies of coal, after having promised to permit the installation when his present stock was finished. However, in the end, authority won the day, and the comfortable warmth (both metaphorical and physical) of the coal fire has vanished.

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TRINITY NEWS
3 Trinity College

Vol. VIII TRINITY NEWS No. 5
THURSDAY, 1st DECEMBER, 1960

**BREAKING
THE BARRIERS**

"TRINITY should be more Irish" . . . this has been the cry of the College—and indeed, in a humbler way, of this newspaper—almost since both were founded. But there is another side to the coin. Every few months we see in the paper that another local politician has referred to the College as "the last bastion of Imperialism"; and every year, of course, we get the annual dose of abuse from a more influential quarter.

The Irish barrier is not a thing Trinity can break through all by herself; and one might reasonably suppose that it was time the Twenty-Six sorrowing sisters wiped their eyes and cast a more flirtatious glance at their suspicious-looking Prodigal. At present only nineteen counties in the Republic allow their pathetically inadequate scholarships to be held at Trinity—and of these, six impose conditions which are not required if they are held at the National University. Worst of all, Dublin City and County, with a far higher population than any other area, refuse to allow any of their scholars to come here.

What is the reason for this? Most local authorities can produce a series of ingenious excuses—mostly centred round our failure to make everyone learn Irish—for their recalcitrance, but there is perhaps more honesty in the attitude of the ones who proposed to allow Protestants to hold grants here, but not Roman Catholics. (This was rejected by the Board as an illegal religious restriction, which it is.)

Our readers must judge for themselves why the other University is thus favoured by the small-time band-wagoners—but the real question is, what are we going to do about it?

There is one step that can be taken, which, while it would hardly solve the problem, might at least reveal it for what it is. The excuse about the language can be removed. The counties want us to make Irish compulsory for all students, and this is obviously not worthy of consideration. But the College could institute a course in Irish which could be taken by any student along with whatever ordinary course he was here to do—a four-year part-time pass course, in fact, leading to some kind of certificate or diploma. If such a standard course was instituted, it would be open to those counties which demand Irish for their students to compel them to take the course, and to produce an annual certificate from the College to the effect that he was taking the course satisfactorily. We might even undertake to compel students to take it—but only where an Irish county which was paying his fees demanded it. This could hardly be regarded as a concession of principle, but it would help those counties that are looking for an opportunity to change their minds; and the remainder would have to look for another excuse, which might be hard to find. It would be quite a small gesture, but it might be effective.

Profile: CLIVE MUMFORD

No one would say that Clive Mumford has allowed his College days to slip by unnoticed, but I would hesitate before placing him amongst that anonymous bunch of misfits, eccentrics and extroverts that for want of a better term are called "College characters." For those who have not drunk, lived or "wenched" with him it might be useful to describe him. He is of medium build, athletic, has brown eyes and a mop of hair that would leave an army sergeant-major speechless; and is frequently dressed in an open-neck shirt, jeans and a borrowed duffle-coat. He is a character of many parts with a strong sporting bias, a well-known figure in the Trinity sporting fraternity. His obvious potential has been best realised by the Boxing Club who awarded him his colours in 1958, but this year his come-back after a year's rest has been somewhat handicapped by a broken nose which he received in a recent bout at U.C.D. He has also appeared for the Cricket Club and the Soccer Club, the latter also awarding him his colours.

Off the field his success has not been limited and in the rôle of a light entertainer he has evolved with the passing of time a sound party technique, a vital quality in the Trinity social jungle. He has continually maintained the idea that the greatest thing in life is to take part, though not necessarily to win—and this robust approach has been described as "rugged" and even "ruthless." But his stillborn desire to gain eventual admittance has never resulted in a party hanging fire, for he is always ready to entertain all with his particular brand of keyboard handling. A large circle of friends drawn from all circles of the University is evidence of his modesty, generosity and charm. He is easy-going and takes life as it comes, yet he is always ready to help someone out of an awkward spot. He is well known to the coffee bar habitués and even to the would-be intellectuals of the Reading Room where he has been known to appear for a fortnight or so before exams. And he probably knows the Christian names of more barmen in Dublin than any other student; proof,

surely, of a devotion above and beyond the call of duty.

He was born in the Scilly Isles in 1938 of a family with a long island and seafaring tradition—a tradition that nearly claimed another willing victim, though in the final choice he preferred a university life the more stringent existence and discipline of Dartmouth. Here he has lived ever since in an island community which, surprisingly enough, boasts of yet another representative at this University.

In Dublin he maintains a similar insular isolation in Rathmines, where he has lived for the past two years. A patron of the "Copenhagen," "John's Bar" and the "Stella," he finds them sufficient for his requirements (if need be he ventures further afield to "Harold's," where people pay for the privilege of watching various fleet-footed hounds pursuing an artificial hare. Here he has persevered with the theory that with time and luck the bookmaker can be outwitted—but Kilmartin's are still flourishing).

Educated in England, he progressed from prep-school to Blundell's, where he spent five years and, though somewhat of a rebel, he succeeded finally in reaching a position of authority. He also had the distinction of playing rugby, positioned outside the more illustrious English international fly-half whose début last year caused no mean sensation.

Like so many Trinity students, he has quietened down after an early burst of exuberance and festivity, obviously overcome by the fact that a degree is finally in sight. Having declined an earlier urge to be called to the Bar, he now shows some inclination towards a journalistic career, and he would be a valuable asset to any Fleet Street journal, whether with "Tanfield" or "The Scout." We can be certain that whatever he may do, he will certainly enjoy life to the full and should anyone find himself or herself on that outpost called "the Isles of Scilly" they would be missing a great opportunity if they failed to make his acquaintance.

Players Theatre

This term's Players' production is the most richly satisfying piece of theatre Dublin has seen for some weeks; it is certainly the first term production for at least two years which looks as good on the boards as it does on paper. Players have, in the past, had an unfortunate knack of choosing either bad plays by good authors or plays which, although as literature have had their interest, have been disastrous when faced with the problem of creating and sustaining the link between audience and actor, which is the whole essence of the theatre. Both the plays in this double bill are eminently worth acting; they are both brilliant in their perception of humanity, and they are both vastly funny.

"The Dock Brief" is a play about an ageing and unsuccessful barrister on his first brief, the defence of an obviously guilty and pathetically resigned murderer. The interplay between the two characters, who are drawn with great subtlety and intense humanity, is the play's subject; if the acting has any weaknesses, this inter-play breaks down, and the play with it. This production succeeds richly. Terry Brady plays the barrister. This is one of the finest under-

"THE DOCK BRIEF," by John Mortimer, and

"THE HOLE," by N. F. Simpson.

graduate performances I have seen. Not a word is mis-timed, not a gesture out of place, not a situation misjudged. Ralph Bates is accomplished, but this is Brady's finest hour. Need one say more?

"The Hole" is another matter entirely. N. F. Simpson is that rare creature, the intellectual playwright who can provoke a belly laugh. The play is richly funny, and would justify its existence simply if it were seen, as it is only too easy to do, as a series of very funny pieces of unconnected satire, without central point and without any inevitable climax. It was, in fact, so interpreted by a certain drama critic of this city who ought to know better. "The Hole" is a devastating commentary on the whole history of human ideas and human intolerance; its climax is vitally necessary to the whole central argument. The visionary at the hole, steadfast to his vision amid changing ideas and unchanging inflexibility, is no accident. This production is finely controlled and well timed, and the acting is either adequate or good. This production will last for some two weeks and is eminently worth seeing on any assessment. I should book soon—these things get around quickly.

W. M. O.

ICARUS AIRWORTHY

"One of the biggest pitfalls facing 'Icarus,'" says Brendan Kennelly in his editorial, "is that it might become a melancholy publication to darken the closing days of each term" and he stresses that the magazine tends to lack the humility of maturity and to suffer from taking itself too seriously. In this term's issue he has striven valiantly and, to a considerable extent, successfully, to produce a publication which is not gloomy or self-conscious. The proportion of prose as compared with verse is more balanced than it has sometimes been.

Perhaps the most self-conscious writer still is Bruce Arnold. But his prose is taut, flowing and harmonious, and in reading I unconsciously paid him the compliment of wondering why he added a certain phrase to a certain sentence in the knowledge that there was a reason, though I may not discover it.

The Browning of Mr. Arnold's Swinburne is Michael Leahy whose compressed and jagged verse always involves the reader in a battle for the sense; one understands in fragments, and then almost in spite of the verse rather than because of it. The infuriating thing about Mr. Leahy is that the ideas in his mind are clear enough, but

his words act rather like mirrors set at unexpected angles, cutting and cross-reflecting the thoughts to produce phrases like "balloons have habits of points" which I defy anyone to justify to me—in or out of context.

G. B. Robinson's story, which won the promised £3 prize is good despite a certain laxity of expression and although the occasional crisp images (e.g. "peals of violent laughter ripping the air apart like notes of a cracked trumpet") while effective in themselves, do not blend with the general minor key style.

Michael Longley's "Dead Man's Letter" is restrained and, like his previous poetry, has a strangely haunting quality. The isolated last line, beloved of many student poets, is here used with effect. A newcomer to College, Derek Mahon, makes his debut, and an old-hand, Richard Stack introduces a most refreshing note by using the sadly outmoded techniques of rhyme, regular metre and chorus-line in an attractive and sensitive piece. Brendan Kennelly's own poem "The Swans" uses words and rhyme carefully and effectively; both he and Mr. Stack have sufficient confidence in their ideas to state them lucidly.

C. A. C.

**COLLEGE
OBSERVED...**

I am indebted to Martin Putz and Tony Hickey for reproduction of their article as this week's feature in "College Observed." Martin Putz is a student at Cologne University, where he is reading German and English Literature. Tony Hickey is a student of Arts at Trinity, and the interrogator for this questionnaire.

Q.—Why did you choose to come to Trinity rather than to an English university?

A.—Because some people who have been here recommended it to me.

Q.—But what did you yourself expect to find here?

A.—Since I am primarily interested in writing and hope to continue with this ambition after I graduate, I had hoped to find a productive atmosphere; an atmosphere which would perhaps not only be sympathetic to a writer but also stimulating.

Q.—And have you been disappointed?

A.—No, not exactly disappointed, but I have been surprised by the way in which this productiveness has been expressed. Here in Trinity and in Dublin itself I have been struck by the feeling people give of being satisfied with their world. In Germany among young people there is a greater feeling of protest. They feel a greater need for experiment not only in writing but in living and thinking generally.

Q.—Do you think this protest you speak of to be the natural result of living in a country which has been through such a demoralising period of defeat?

A.—To a great extent, yes, but I also think that this dissatisfaction is a necessary thing if students are going to develop individual talents, particularly among students with creative abilities. The trouble with complacency is that it tends to cause imitations rather than originals and this is particularly dangerous to the literally-minded student.

Q.—Do you think that too few people in Trinity are in fact interested in writing and other forms of expression?

A.—No, I don't think so. After all, there has to be an audience. If everyone was writing verse, who would have either the time or the inclination to read another person's work?

Q.—Is the level of interest in Trinity lower than than the level at your university?

A.—No. The people I discuss my work with at home are very seldom my fellow students. There is a feeling in Trinity which is new to me; it is the feeling of personal contact. In Germany, the number of students is much greater. In one of my literature classes there are 600 of us, so it is difficult both to get to know people well, and get in touch with one's lecturers. To discuss your work with a lecturer you must join a queue; even then you are only allowed a ten-minute period of discussion.

Q.—You have probably heard a lot of criticism about cliques in this College?

A.—They are not exactly cliquish here. It is more the question of a paternal attitude on the part of a few who would prefer to have their own innovations accepted.

Q.—College newspapers . . . what do you think of them?

A.—College newspapers are completely new to me. In Cologne they do not exist in this form. I think that they are amusing, but in a rather narrow way in so much that they are rather inclined to concentrate on College personalities. The references to these personalities mean nothing to me. In fact, I sometimes think that even if I did know all these people I would not find their remarks all that interesting.

Q.—Do you think Trinity people too concerned with life inside the walls of Trinity?

A.—No. I find most people interested in what's going on in the world outside, but here again there is a question of complacency. Many people seem to have set views on most things; to view events from a particular angle, and so, while I am no particular admirer of the Angry Young Man, I do not find this settled attitude conducive to good conversation or general creativeness.

Q.—Do you find a great contrast between social life here and that of Cologne?

A.—I think that parties here tend to be bigger and more anomalous. In Cologne one usually asks just ones friends and parties tend to be more in the form of small after-dinner gatherings. I am not sure but that this is the better thing.

Q.—What finally would you say you like best about Trinity?

A.—Its lack of officialism and the feeling that there is a great deal of personal and social contact between the students and the staff. For example, the other day I attended the inaugural meeting of the Modern Languages Society and I was very surprised to see some of the lecturers there. In Cologne, even if they had been invited, the professors would not have come, simply because they are not interested in getting to know the students and also because such a tradition exists of segregation between student and teacher.

THE FORCES OF THE LEFT

The Right

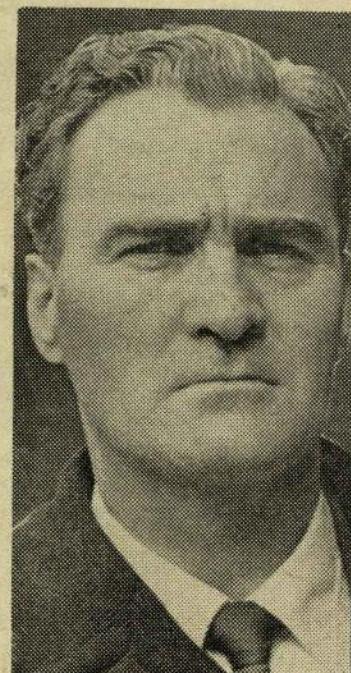
The two major political parties in Ireland are Fianna Fáil and Fine Gael. They constitute the Government and the Opposition, and are divided, not by political philosophy, for neither party has one, but by the support or opposition of the respective leaders to the signing of the Treaty in 1922. Both parties, shorn of the thimble-rig, basically represent the property-owning ruling class of big farmers and industrialists and top management; although this political fact is somewhat obscured by their social composition together with their spurious "classless" appeal. In time, both parties will come together to preserve their vested interest, or, as they would have it, "all that is free and Gaelic in Ireland"; for the Left is closing its ranks, Republican nationalism is dying of old age and high office, and the field is at last becoming clear for the inevitable battle. What was done in England in 1945 may be accomplished in Ireland by 1975.

The Left

If this is, broadly speaking, the line-up on the Right, what of the Left? Had politics run a more normal course in Ireland the Labour Party would now be one of the strongest political forces in the country. There are a number of reasons why it is not. First, the Rebellion of 1916 and its consequences turned militant trade unionism into emotional nationalism. Secondly, chronic unemployment in the Free State, and the presence of an expanding labour market in England siphoned off social discontent at the rate of 50,000 emigrants a year. Thirdly, the trade unions have not fully supported the Labour Party; consequently, the party has lost, not only trade union votes, but also its financial support. Fourthly, the Left is inarticulate. All newspapers in Ireland, Sunday, evening and daily, are controlled by business interests, or by Fianna Fáil or Fine Gael, which, of course, is saying the same thing. Finally, since the Treaty the radical intelligentsia of Ireland has not been attracted to the Labour Party. Such people have formed parties of their own, the two important ones being the National Progressive Democrats, led by Dr. Noel Browne, and Clann na Poblachta, led by Séan MacBride.

Union of the Left

As I have already said, the Left is now closing its ranks. Slowly, but surely all progressive forces in the country are realising that the Labour Party, though weak, has grass roots in Ireland. Therein lies its strength. No other party of the Left has this advantage, nor can they have the same national appeal. For these and other reasons Dr. Browne and Mr. MacBride have now proclaimed their



Brendan Corish.
Photo courtesy "Irish Times"

willingness to work with the Irish Labour Party. The trade unions have achieved unity, and, seeking a political arm, are moving closer to Parliamentary Labour, while progressive university people are at last being drawn to the banner of organised labour. The catalyst of this movement appears to be the new leader of the Labour Party, Mr. Brendan Corish.

The Personalities of the Left

Mr. Corish is the Attlee of the Irish Labour movement. He is no doctrinaire socialist, nor is he personally ambitious.

His power was thrust on him; consequently he is not a man to stimulate rivalry within his own party or groups associated with it, and under his leadership it may be possible to reconcile the different progressive beliefs which constitute the idealism of the Left in Ireland as in other countries.

Dr. Noel Browne is nearer to Michael Foot than to Mr. Gaitskell, and much more emotional than either. Emotional is, of course, the wrong word. It would be more true to say that he has a sense of outrage. Human suffering is as a physical shock to him, and he in turn shocks the complacent and smug by exposing the evils and injustice which abound in our society.

Séan MacBride is a less clear-cut political figure than either Mr. Brendan Corish or Dr. Noel Browne. There is no doubt that he is a progressive, and well to the left of Fianna Fáil, but his political philosophy is shot through with nationalism and sometimes, as at anti-partitionist meetings in Trafalgar Square, he can display an alarming chauvinism. However, he is opposed to physical force as a means of ending partition, and if he can muster under his banner the Sinn Fein vote he will greatly strengthen the Irish Labour movement and forever take the gun out of Irish politics.

The Need for the Left

At present in Ireland there is an entrenched conservative establishment which deems it good that no child will be educated whose father is poor, and that medical attention is a chattel which can be bought with other goods of the market—powerful pressure groups campaign above all, and with great success, for their personal mercenary interests. Such organisations and their political representatives have a vice-like grip on the country. Side by side with a vulgar display of wealth and grandeur there is a vast hinterland of poverty, ill-health, physical squalor, ignorance, intellectual frustration and cynicism. There is no opposition to these people, none whatsoever, except the organised Left. Who would not support it?

Laurence Roche.

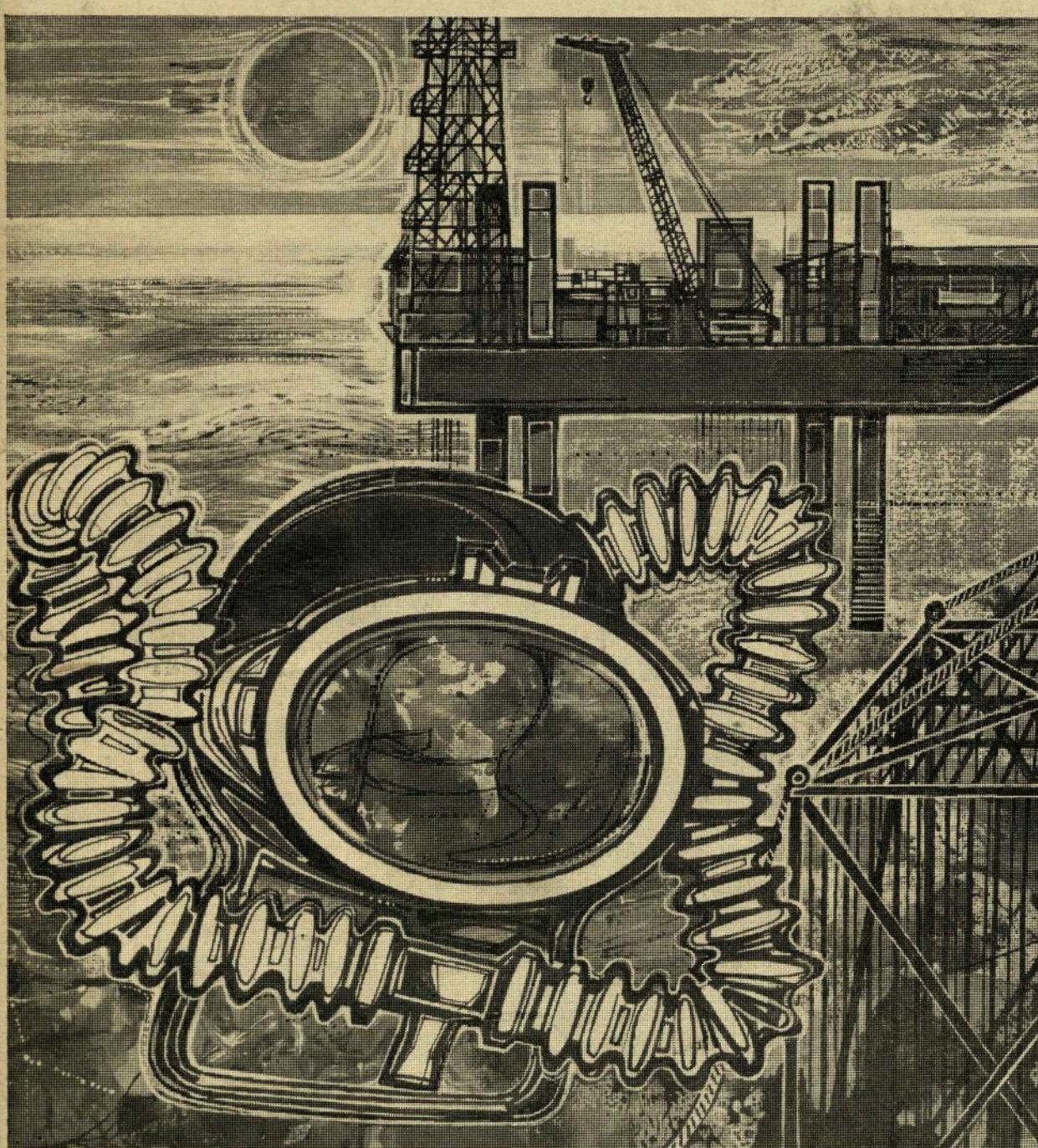
Red Hot and Cool

In the smoky, orange-tinted atmosphere of the Jazz Society's rooms one meets a strange cross-section of College life. The sound of horns on Tuesday nights attracts to No. 6 more phonies and more "real" people than can be found at one time anywhere else in the rest of College. The phonies rarely know the difference between one band and the next, but come to see and be seen rather than to listen. There are two species of phony. The socialite: this is the person who considers that the Dublin University Jazz Appreciation Society (as it rather pompously calls itself) exists solely to provide background noise, not excessively loud, for the inanities of her conversation. I say "her," because the majority in this category are women. One hears their shrill cacklings just as an interesting trumpet or piano solo begins, and mentally devises tortures in hell for them. They always seem to be meeting people and screaming: "Oh, hello so and so!" The beatnik-type phony: There are not very many of these and they are all male. Their primary visible characteristics are a growth of hair on the face, sandals on the feet, nondescript clothing on the rest of their body, and they are usually to be found squatting on the floor. They generally prefer the stodge called "Dixieland" to anything more modern and inventive, and come to the Jazz Society because they think it is in accordance with the character they have assumed.

The "real" people are those that come to listen. The phonies cannot understand their attitude. As one socialite said to me: "I can't see how anyone would come up here merely to listen. It must be frightfully dull." The "real" people cannot be characterised by their dress, or their voices, because they are drawn from all sections of College. Among them one sees that peculiar breed, pseudophonies. These are those who look like phonies, but come to listen. There are one or two things common to the listeners. They come regularly early and leave late, and sit in seats close to the bands and rarely dance. They vary in type from the huge bearded Irishman leaning against the door, to the little English teddy-boy in the far corner.

At present, with Jazz Society membership cards sold out, and the rooms packed every Tuesday, it seems to me that there should be some way of keeping out the phonies. Why should people really interested in jazz be prevented from hearing it because some socialite has bought the ticket he should have had? No reason can be given. What is needed is a violent purge of Jazz Society members.

Robert A. Buttmore.



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SPORTS NEWS

Rugby 1st XV

MUD, GLORIOUS MUD

Forwards Lead Trinity to Victory

Trinity, 6; Old Belvedere, 3

I CAN definitely state that I have never enjoyed a game of rugby less; not because of any low standard of play, but on account of the dreadful conditions that prevailed. I marvel that in the cold drizzle and mud of Saturday afternoon even an attempt was made to play constructive football. Ultimately, of course, the game developed into a forward struggle, with the Trinity pack just sufficiently superior throughout to give the opposition little chance of snatching victory. This was indeed a good win, for Old Belvedere are a tough, experienced team with a fine record this season.

Trinity have made a habit lately of attacking strongly at the very start, and made no exception on this occasion. L'Estrange made a foreful run down the right wing, cross-kicked to the posts, only to find that the referee had made the surprising decision that one of the forwards was off-side. Undaunted by this, Dornan soon placed a perfect diagonal kick for Siggins, who caught the full-back in possession. Trinity got a quick heel from the ensuing loose scrum and Robbins darted round the blind side for a try in the corner. McMullen's kick was just wide. Belvedere pressed strongly through their forwards, but were sent back again and again by the kicking of Robbins and Dornan. They did draw level with a penalty goal, the ball travelling via the upright and the cross-bar. O'Kelly was getting more than a fair share of the heels from the scrums, with the result that the Trinity backs saw a good deal of the ball. What was most surprising was that their handling in these conditions was first rate and I can scarcely remember a pass being dropped. Any doubts I had on the Robbins-Doran combination were dispelled in this game; they had perfect understanding.

In the second half, the backs could make no headway whatsoever in the foot-clogging conditions. Their handling never broke down, but it was impossible for them to work up any speed in several inches of mud. Realising this, Dornan resorted to kicking, but too frequently straight to the Belvedere full-back who was never found wanting. Trinity had been doing all the attacking and deserved their lead when McMullen kicked a very fine penalty from 30 yards. The play of the Trinity forwards was much more spirited than in last week's game. And this was as well, for the Old Belvedere pack were no mean performers. Cleverly controlled wheels, followed by sweeping foot rushes upfield were

COLOURS TEAM

R. McMULLEN (Mountjoy School);
C. MORRISON (R.B.A.I.),
C. J. LEA (Solihull School),
M. MOORE (St. Columba's College),
G. B. SIGGINS (Galway Grammar School);
W. D. DORNAN (Campbell College),
R. ROBBINS (Mountjoy School);
D. J. FITZPATRICK (High School),
G. O'KELLY (Rockwell College),
R. MEATES (High School);
I. HILL (Capt.) (Wesley College),
B. DOWSE (Portora Royal School);
P. ROSS (Millom School),
C. POWELL (King's Hospital),
G. PATRIKIOS (St. George's Coll., Rhodesia).

Trinity's most dangerous moves. Although the mud-covered players were somewhat difficult to distinguish, one could not help noticing Powell, who simply revelled in the conditions and was the forward of the match. Hill, too, was ever conspicuous, especially in the line-outs. The score does not reflect the comparative one-sidedness of this game, for Trinity were undoubtedly the far superior side. However, when Trinity were forced to defend, Robbins, Dornan and McMullen were always in a position to relieve the situation; never once did the Belvedere backs look dangerous.

One comes now to making some final comments on the prospects for the Colours match on Saturday. This I find difficult, for curiously, little is known of U.C.D.'s true potential this season. On paper, at least, their team looks extremely impressive, with a hard core of experience and several promising newcomers. However, their record is certainly no better than Trinity's. The Trinity team shows no surprises, and appears to be the logical selection. Dornan has showed himself to be worthy of the fly-half position, and I expect him to be a key man in the Trinity attack. The return of Moore, after several weeks' absence, will certainly add more penetration in the centre, and there is no doubt that Lea is much the better player in this position than at fly-half. The wing positions go to Morrison and Siggins who of all those tried throughout the season have showed the most enterprise. Trinity have a very pleasing ability to be able to rise to the big occasion and have, undoubtedly, given their best performances in the last couple of years in the most important matches. I suspect that they play much better as a team than do U.C.D. It would be impossible to forecast the result of this game, though popular opinion seems to favour U.C.D. Personally, I do not, but I am sure of one thing, that I will be thoroughly entertained.

WATER POLO

Clontarf, 4; Trinity, 2.

Trinity played their best game of the season and were unlucky to lose even though they were short of a player for half the game. M. O'Brien Kelly and T. Murnane scored the goals.

In the Junior League the Trinity "A" maintained their high standard in defeating Clontarf 2-1. R. Browlee and R. H. Rooley scored the goals. D. McGilligan was strong in defence and skilfully fed the forwards.

Trinity "B" were soundly defeated by Half Moon "A" despite gallant efforts by the understrength College side.

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Ladies' Hockey

CUP OF KINDNESS

TRINITY ladies' hockey team spent three days south last week, failing to win the Chilean (inter-varsity) Cup, but successfully appreciating the cheerful tangibles and intangibles of a warm Cork welcome.

It is interesting to note that Cork men students don't think there is something vaguely hilarious and definitely boring about women's hockey, except when played rather amusingly in costume in College Park on charity occasions. The Corkmen watched, cheered, gave lifts, and hid our hockey-bags.

On Wednesday morning and a boggy pitch Trinity met Queen's in the second round of the Chilean Cup. Trinity played their best this season and a shaky and shaken Queen's were lucky to win 3-2. At last Trinity's forwards seem to know where the goalmouth is, and M. Tyrrell soon put them ahead. Throughout the first half, backs G. Hogan and L. Thompson played magnificently, and Queen's equaliser near half-time was against the run of the play. The second half began explosively with several quick Trinity raids and soon P. Brierley expertly made it 2-1. Dizzy with amazement Trinity decided that this peak-moment could not possibly be improved on. Queen's scored twice in the last ten minutes amid indulgent

misses by the Trinity backs and the unconcerned passivity of their forwards. Queen's won because they were a fiercely-determined side and because winning mattered to them. Still, Trinity played coherently and with style, particularly right-half C. O'Donnell whose stick was occultly, everywhere.

Queen's in fact won the cup, beating Cork 2-0 in the final. The Coffey Cup (National University) was won by Cork, whose splendid efforts (including an 8-1 defeat of U.C.D.) probably tired them for the Chilean final. The schedule for next year's competition is better arranged. J. Dockery (Trinity's goalkeeper) and P. Brierley (centre-forward) are to be congratulated on their selection for the Irish Universities team to play Scotland.

At the extremely well-run dinner-dance Trinity learned something about barracking, dairy farming and the habits of a livelier if less sophisticated social atmosphere. And perhaps something in the softness of the Lee air has made them, off the field, what could be a very good team on it.

Harriers

Individual Successes But Team Failure

Last Saturday the Harriers travelled to Belfast to run against the Queen's University Harriers. The match was a hard one, run over the now notorious Queen's course. Although the honour of being first home was gained by C. J. G. Shillington, with the very creditable time of 34 mins. 34 secs. over the 6½-mile course, D.U.H. were convincingly beaten since Queen's packed their first six runners into the top 10 places. Second man home for Trinity was S. Whittome running his usual fine race, followed by A. Sparshott and B. Roe.

Although well beaten, we look forward to meeting Queen's again next term when we hope to taste the sweetness of revenge. Next week we run in the Eire Novices Championships and it is hoped that members will ignore the attractions of the Colours Match and support us since we have a reasonable hope of victory.

Squash Club

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH

Last week Trinity played Glasgow University who were over here on a week-end tour. Trinity, who were missing their two leading players, managed to win fairly comfortably 3-2. R. Roberts (captain) played very well against Glasgow's No. 1, G. Gyte, but just lost 3-1. The longest match was between D. Evans, Trinity, and D. Clavoring. Evans was unlucky to lose a very fine match 2-3. P. Hunt, P. Glendinning and W. Taylor won the remaining matches in grand style without dropping a game. It is hoped that Trinity will be able to have a return match in Glasgow early in the New Year.

In the League, Trinity "A" team are still undefeated. The "B" team have lost only one match and that was against Trinity's "A" team. The "C" team are also undefeated and should end the season at the top of their division.

Half-way through the term Trinity lost its second string when J. Barrington left. He will indeed be missed from the club and we should like to wish him luck for the future.

RACING

THE COLONEL FOR PROMOTION?

Double March, which won on Friday, was the Colonel's 3rd successive winner. Before revealing this week's selection the Colonel would like his followers to note the name of "Hardy Boy." Next time out in England, probably within the next fortnight, that horse is "on the job." This week's selection is "Double Star" at Lingfield on Saturday.

WINDSOR LAD

"Windsor Lad" has two really good "things" for the week-end, Mister Woodcock (e.w.), Lingfield, Friday, should not disappoint his supporters. He finished very fast when third to Coal Tar recently at Sandown and the distance should be to his liking. On Saturday, Mime, a good-looking French-bred horse with useful flat-race form should not have much difficulty in scoring at Lingfield.

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