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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Weekly

THURSDAY, 30th NOVEMBER, 1961

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A New Music Society

MR. J. GROOCOCK'S NEW DEAL

Instrumental Workshop

M R. JOSEPH GROOCOCK, conductor of the Choral Society, has put forward plans for a new musical society in College. He has found, in his preparations for the Choral Society's performance of Handel's *Messiah*, that there are in College many instrumentalists (clarinettists, etc.) for whom there are no parts in *Messiah*. Initially because of this, but mainly because of the very great musical keenness among undergraduates, a new project has been formed for the broadening of University musical life.

Mr. Grocock, with Paul Leppard and Tony Robinson, have put forward the following suggestions. Regular meetings should be held, possibly once a fortnight, at lunch

Joseph Grocock will, as usual, be conducting the Choral Society in its triennial performances of "Messiah" next week. Mr. Grocock will be conducting from a score, in the possession of the Society, dated 1767, and no stone has been left unturned to make the performances as authentic as possible.

Also in next week's musical calendar: Singers' first concert under their new conductor, Mr. Hugo Patten. The concert is on Wednesday, and includes the usual Christmas Carols, and works by Bach, Monteverdi, and the English Madrigalists.

time, where there would be varied programmes from all kinds of instrumental ensembles. The pleasure of playing different types of chamber music would be shared by the other instrumentalists who at first would form the main part of the audience. Mr. Grocock envisages the gradual building up of a library, to which he will contribute what pieces he can, and which would contain useful music for

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JOSEPH GROOCOCK

Society will gladly lend their rooms to the new society until such time as it may venture to give recitals in larger premises. Mr. Grocock stressed that he intended to give as much practical help as he could, and that he would also be

THIS ISSUE

We wish, again, to apologise for the minimal size of this issue, which is due to circumstances outside our control. We have done our best to produce a balanced and readable issue under these cramped conditions; we ask our readers to bear with us until we are able to return to normal.

very interested to meet any composers, to discuss possibilities with them. Any one interested in joining the Society should leave a note with Paul Leppard or Tony Robinson, in No. 10, or get in touch with Mr. Grocock, c/o Choral Society, No. 4, College.

Refugee Committee Opens Stall

FOR PERE PIRE FUND

MISS MARGARET RUTHERFORD opened the Dublin University Refugee Committee Sale of Christmas Cards in aid of the Père Pire Fund on Saturday morning. The organisers of the sale this year are Terence Read and Michael Stansfield, and the campaign will continue for a week.

Some students may remember that the whole organisation is the result of a practical joke played in 1959 on Mr. Guy Milner, who is on the teaching staff at Wesley College now. An advertisement was put in several Dublin papers by persons still unknown, stating that Mr. Milner would gratefully receive any old toys sent to his rooms in College. The toys, claimed the advertisement, were to be renovated and sent to children in refugee camps all over the world. After the initial embarrassment of quite hopelessly decrepit toy animals and dolls, Mr. Milner realised the true worth of such a cause. With considerable fortitude and typical energy, he organised a campaign for new presents of all kinds for refugee children. This campaign was so successful that eventually a plane was chartered to fly the presents to Berlin. Looking back on that formidable enterprise one cannot avoid a paraphrase—"Some joke . . . some victim."

VIBRANT WOMEN'S SOCIETY

Love in a Swedish Wood

THIS term, led by their president, Angela Kelly, the committee of the Elizabethan Society has been offering its members a most varied and interesting programme.

Apart from an expedition to the Dahl, led by Professor Stanford, meetings and discussions ranging over a lively succession of subjects, among them: Censorship, cosmetics, life in present-day Berlin, and as an end of term highlight Desmond Farrell's impressions of "Love and the Swedish Women." All this and free Christmas carols too.

Climbing club off at last

EXPEDITION SAVED BY EVEREST FOUNDATION

THIS Saturday the Trinity Climbing Club is embarking on an intrepid expedition to the story book country of Patagonia. The visit was, until quite recently, in some jeopardy because of a shortage of funds. However, a few days ago the Mount Everest Foundation offered the expedition £300, and as a result the expedition's financial troubles are now slight. Help such as this, from many people, has been plentiful and, it seems, varied.

The team has, apparently, a stock of Indian curry powder, the present of a city restaurant, and an amazing number of cans of Guinness.

The leader of the expedition is Frank Cochrane, who has been working on the project with Glynn Cochrane (last year's President) for some time now.

Other members of the team are Don Whillans, George Narramore, Tony Kavanagh, Francis Beloe and Clive Burland.

The team intends to climb in the virtually unexplored country around the Fitzroy Ranges, an area which Eric Shipton has not yet completed mapping. Several unclimbed peaks have been selected for attention, particularly Cerro Norte and Aique de Poincenot. This expedition is, incidentally, the first British one to climb in these ranges, and it is impressive to note that the Fitzroy Ranges lie in the largest icefield outside polar regions.

The team's patron is Major-General Sir Charles Harvey, C.B., C.V.O., B.E., M.C., and among the many supporters Sir John Hunt, Eric Shipton and Wilfred Noyce, have been particularly helpful. The Trinity group will leave on the 2nd December, flying from London, via Geneva, Dakar, and Rio de Janeiro to Buenos Aires. Their eventual base camp will be on the North-West shores of Lake Vieclina. From here, for about six weeks they will make sorties into the Fitzroy Ranges.

Film Society's Script Competition

During 1961 the D.U. Film Society made "Street and Strand"—the story of a day in the life of Dublin. They hope to follow this up by making another film next year. The first essential is, of course, a good script.

The Society are therefore holding a Film-Script Competition. A panel from the Irish Film Society will judge the competition.

The script should be such as to produce a film of not more than 30 minutes. It may have a soundtrack but not dialogue. Also it should be possible to shoot the film in about eight weeks and the location(s) should be reasonably near Trinity.

Within these limitations all scripts are very welcome and should be posted in the Film Society Box in No. 3 before Jan. 25th.

U.S.I. to leave

College?

THERE may come a time in the near future when the stairs in No. 4 will no longer re-echo to the patter of tiny job, concession, health-insurance, or cheap-flight-seeking feet. Latest news from the Union front is that S.R.C. have delivered an ultimatum, or rather an eviction-order, for the office now used by U.S.I.

Apparently the S.R.C. own the place, and, growing in strength as they are from day to day, they require larger premises in which to flex their muscles.

The office has for years been far too small for U.S.I., anyway, but they have had to stay there faute de mieux. High hopes were entertained of more spacious office accommodation in the proposed Overseas Students' Hostel; but since this project is as yet far from fruition, U.S.I. are going to be in a spot, should S.R.C. enforce their claim. They've got to have somewhere to put those biscuits.

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8.30 — 12.30
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TRINITY NEWS

A Dublin University Weekly

Vol. IX THURSDAY, 30th NOVEMBER, 1961 No. 5

Opinions expressed in "Trinity News" are not necessarily those of the Chairman.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

College Fire Precautions

9 T.C.D.,
26th November.

Sir,
Mr. Martin Smith's dramatic appeal to the Agent last week was very moving, unfortunately he is also very ill-informed; Mr. Smith is out of date. After considerable S.R.C. pressure a fire inspection was grudgingly allowed and it took place during last Trinity term. Fourteen days ago Dublin Fire Authorities condescended to produce a report (two sides of quarto paper). This mammoth achievement took nearly six months of constant prodding from the Agent. The recommendations are now to be studied by the Board and although, through the Agent's courtesy, I was allowed to see the actual report, the contents cannot be divulged whilst the matter is "sub judice," so to speak. I can say, however, that any improvement will cost a lot of money and although we do not suggest the College authorities really believe human life less expendable than cash, there is bound to be a delay on account of the expense.

There are, however, some faults on the side of the students; many of the fire escapes which still do exist have been deliberately cut. Such vandalism is only another manifestation of the juvenile attitude which encourages window breaking, lavatory-wall-boring and water-throwing.

In this matter I am quite sure that the Agent has the student interests at heart and has been doing something about it. If Mr. Smith's community spirit (is that the correct epithet?) were as strong as he would have us believe, it would be pleasant of him to attend S.R.C. meetings, and to find out what is being done; or he could ask Mr. David Butler.

Irish Education

38 Fountain Head Bans,
Seaton Sluice,
Whitley Bay,
Northumberland.

Dear Sir,
I think you misunderstand the complaints of Irish headmasters concerning entrance standards for Trinity. Their pleas are nothing like a plea for a "lowering" of standards.

The contrast between Irish and British schooling is not one between differing standards in identical systems, but one between completely different systems. Trinity has chosen the British system as the standard model for its entrance requirements.

From an Irish point of view what are the chief relevant characteristics of the British system? They are a later school leaving age and a higher degree of specialisation. This means (a) that if one compares British and Irish school standards one may easily be led to believe that the British standard is higher whereas, if different ages were taken into consideration, a different picture might appear; (b) the average British school leaver collects A levels in 3 subjects, the average Irish school leaver collects a Leaving Cert for anything from 5 to 8 subjects.

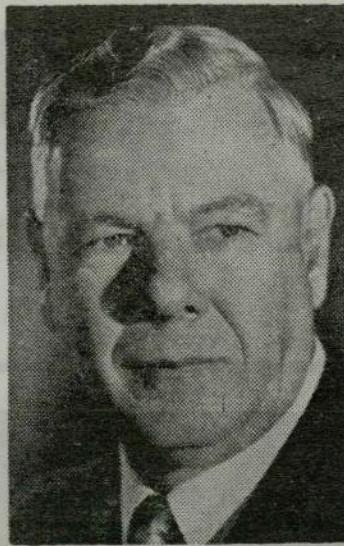
Taking (a) and (b) into consideration it is easy to see how Irish school leavers, through no fault of their own and through no defect of the peculiar educational system under which they have been schooled find it difficult to pass an examination based on the standard of a British system.

STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

There will be a meeting of the Council to-morrow (Friday), December 1st, at 7.45 p.m., in the Regent House. Non-members are invited to attend as observers. The agenda will include the adoption of a new constitution, discussion of the Board's policy on rooms, and arrangements for a Freedom from Hunger Campaign in College.

Yours, etc.,
Neville Keery.

Irish Times.



THE CASE FOR APARTHEID

Tim McLoughlin is a Trinity graduate who lives in Rhodesia.
He is a past president of the Laurentian Society.

By Tim McLoughlin

In modern politics Paternalism is a cleaner word than Colonialism. Empire builders made card houses for young Nationalists to knock down with one breath of the word "Freedom," and where in the past Victorians took liberties, rights are demanded back. The polite, diplomacy-ridden old world—and I include America in this context—accepts the African politician for his colour, not his ideas. The credence given to and the respect demanded by Nkrumah, Tshombe, Mboya, Banda, and their colleagues is the result of polite paternalism in the guise of diplomacy. Banda is accepted as a responsible leader "de jure," not "de facto." The alleged repression practised by Colonialists is given air and things are found to be no better for it. Men of morals are thrown out of court for suggesting that suppression and repression are not the same thing.

If there is a philosophy of African nationalism it smacks of that of Milton's Satan; Eve will not be free so long as she is obedient. Those who practise paternalism must carry conviction and command co-operation. The British have relented to their cost, the Afrikaaners refuse to give ground.

In a recent interview Col. van der Post, remarking on his recent venture into the Kalahari, came out with the comment that when the primitive Bushman meets the European for the first time, both are affected—in different ways, but to no less degree on either side. The inevitable realisation is not what the two have in common, rather at what points they differ. The appreciation of this difference between races is the starting point of "Apartheid." It is not a policy of segregation for segregation's sake or a philosophy of white supremacy. It is a philosophy of the separate development of the European and non-European races in South Africa and is based on the teaching of the Dutch Reformed Church. This link with religion is vital to a proper understanding of the political theories of the Nationalist party. Theological emphasis is on the Old Testament, not the New; this does not mean that it is non-Christian. If the non-European who in South Africa is the Bantu, is a "hewer of wood and a drawer of water" there is no reason to deprecate him. He is a creature of God with a soul to be saved; to accomplish this he must be given and has a right to opportunity for self-development. This, according to "Apartheid" will better be realised in areas separate from European ways of living.

The Government treatment of the Bantu is deplored throughout the world. He suffers the social humiliation of segregation. He is barred from the liberties of European standards of living. In public offices he uses a separate entrance, waiting for his train he sits on a bench marked "Non-Europeans," going to town he is not admitted to most stores. These effects of Government policy are not seen by the European as stemming from any feeling of racial superiority; they are some of the sacrifices that are inevitable in a period of transition, and the important thing about periods of transition is that they must be accomplished, they must not set into a deep freeze, the transition must go on. At present the Bantu is denied the European way of life, he is denied self-government. This has been decided arbitrarily for him and is strictly enforced with all the rigour of a Nazi regime. But where the South African Government are taking away with one hand they are offering with the other. The Universities of Capetown and the Witwatersrand—the last two campuses enjoying racial integration—are now for Europeans only.

On paper though there are four Universities for the Bantu that

restricted, passes are essential to keep track of and curtail migrants, and socially to check squatting in already over-crowded locations.

The Afrikaaner behind the wheel of "Apartheid" is physically and mentally a rough diamond. It is part of his nature to be a bad loser, not from selfish reasons but from a sense of thwarted ambition. He doesn't spare himself in his efforts to achieve by obdurate will and conviction what is recognised as worth while. Doctors Craven and Verwoerd are industrious, practical idealists. "Apartheid" considered "in vacuo" may seem utterly impracticable, but in the light of the Afrikaaner mind it will succeed if humanly possible.

"Apartheid" implies two stages for its realisation—separation and development of racial groups. To be blind to the second is to see the cart without the horse. To condemn "Apartheid" as a policy of segregation, a policy of protected interests that gives the lie to human rights, is to show the irresponsibility of ignorant criticism. Dr. Verwoerd is not such a dullard as to be deluded by the derision of critics who look to the present situation in South Africa as anything other than a transition period. His critics have yet to learn that behind present facts there is a philosophy, and behind that a religion that gives Faith and conviction to the Afrikaaner's answer to the colour question.



Professor Emil Chr. Hansen

The Carlsberg Breweries and Science in Industry

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During Michael MacLiammoir's recent tour of America, he spent an evening talking to Martin Mueller. Here are Mueller's impressions.



Irish Times.

FIN DE SIECLE IN THE MIDWEST

THE frightening thing about the Americans is that after a while you discover they aren't there at all; it's only stars and stripes." I tried this aphorism on a Midwestern lass of the Doris Day type and elicited a drawling shriek: "How terrible." A melancholic New Yorker, straight out of a Feiffer cartoon, said: "A very clever comment, if untrue." A kind of Wildean conceit, in short, and Michael MacLiammoir's conversation is full of them although he is as unlike Wilde as a man could be.

When I learnt that MacLiammoir had followed me on my way from Dublin to the Midwest to give his impersonation of Oscar—brilliant as ever, and somewhat inadequately epitomised by the imitable "Indiana Daily Student" as "MacLiammoir skilfully drama-

tises life story of writer Oscar Wilde"—I asked him aside for some minutes and he gave me two hours. We had supper in a dingy, non-descript place, there being few places in Bloomington that cater for people who stay up after ten. A blaring juke box was the pride of the owner, a slouching giant with a G.I. crop and the face of a sullen baby whose slow movements bespoke the painful exertions of his mind as he tried to cope with that exotic individual with an extravagant suit and a strange resounding voice who asked him to change a 100 dollar note.

Our conversation jumped from Dublin to Garmisch, from Paris to New York, from the dogmatism of Kenneth Tynan to Cyril Cusack's naughty production of the Trial at the Dublin festival which he liked although he thought Cusack had taken too great liberties with Kafka's original plot. He deplored the ignorance that dominated Irish and English productions of Continental drama. In a Dublin production of "I Am A Camera" every German name was mispronounced. Producers are careless about details of furniture, manners and dress that are important for the psychology and atmosphere of the play, and rarely difficult to verify if one only took the trouble. He felt most at home in French drama. "When I see a great French actor I feel, this is how I should do it." But he was impressed with the German "Production theatre" with its heavy emphasis on unity of conception. "It is often ugly and the actors look insignificant, but you feel something inspired about it." A recent production of "The Trial" in Berlin had been one of the best things he'd ever seen, although he did not think that German actors could match the brilliance of individual French or English performances. "Germany is a country I love and hate. She is like an old gifted actress who has never had the chance to play a really great role. Terrible the way the people feel they have to believe in something. When I went there in 1950 I thought they might have learnt something, but no, there they were, believing in something new again." Brecht frankly bored him. "A drooling genius who takes hours to tell you winter is cold, summer hot, the rich rich and the poor poor. Isn't it all terrible?"

He was touring American universities and had been to Princeton and was going to Harvard, after giving a TV. show in Chicago he wasn't looking forward to. The university audiences were much responsive than the people on the Broadway. In general, Americans were a splendid tragic audience, but bad for comedy," maybe because of its topicality." When he did "John Bull's Other Island" in New York with an Irish cast he had

Continued Page 4
Col. 2

Josh's first school was Christ's Hospital, whence he ran away twice, and refused to return on the second occasion. He had a perverse pleasure in knowing that the house captain would be demoted as a result. "I was a horrible child with extraordinary views and a terrible temper." And then to The Stationers' Company School in North London where he was forced to play soccer much against his will and aesthetic judgment. He left after three years in order to read Biological Science for A. level at a mixed grammar school where he found himself for the first time among the female sex. Here he was an absolute bane to the zoology mistress because he objected to her views on evolution. But she got her own back by breaking up his first love affair. After winning a reasonable A. level cert. in Natural Sciences he tried to get into a university but was unwanted. Then he was rejected on medical grounds as unfit for National Service, having cost the taxpayer a fortune in X-Ray film. He took jobs as a bake house labourer, where he worked on the ovens; as an assistant in a stamp shop and as a clerk in a firm of forwarding agents — this job he quitted because he objected to their robbing the Bible Society. He joined a firm of merchants but was sacked on the first Friday. There followed a week on the dole. The next job he managed to hold down, and worked in a firm of ship brokers for five years under a boss who allowed him to make mistakes

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Theatre

Players' New Frontier

"THE BALD-HEADED PRIMA DONNA" (Ionesco)

"THE STRONGER" (Strindberg)

"WHAT SHALL WE TELL CAROLINE" (John Mortimer)

Players Theatre

IN Many ways, Players' main production this term is the logical conclusion of a trend which has been going on for the last year or so. It was difficult to know exactly what was wrong with Players in the old days; but most of it could be summed up in dark mutterings one heard about "cliquishness," and "intellectual snobbery."

The main concrete manifestations of these charges were a tendency on the part of established members to grab the main roles, and a tendency on the part of that shadowy body, Players' committee, to stage bad plays by good authors, and to face the empty seats that resulted stoically, for "art's sake."

Or so it was said. Certainly, it is difficult to envisage this term's production happening two years ago. Three plays, which if not all good are certainly accepted in the regular repertoire; at least eight people who have not appeared in a Players production before: Players has lost its exclusive coterie "intellectual" look and there will be few to mourn its passing.

Admittedly one is dubious when faced with Ionesco. "The Bald Prima Donna" has a curiously old-fashioned look about it these days. When all said and done, all it really says is that the middle classes are bourgeois, and like their pipe and slippers and harmless conversation of an evening (which we knew anyway) or, if you like to see it that way, that everyone is bourgeois (which dramatists have been telling us hard for the last ten years). Basically, "The Bald Prima Donna" is a revue sketch. Its materials are not people, but slightly petulant ideas. And it has to be produced that way. This production is certainly as good as one is likely to see here for a long time. Michael Ruggins has a fine feeling for the fitful tempi of Ionesco's dialogue and a cast sensitive enough to transmit this feeling intelligently. And this is, really, all one needs; Ionesco is not (God preserve me) real theatre at all. This is not to underestimate the achievement of this production. Of the cast, there were no performances which were not positively good, two performances which were excellent (Ralph Bates and Jo Van Gysegem) and one (Miss Swales) which was outstanding by any criteria.

I am not so happy about the Strindberg. Who is to blame, is not immediately clear. Certainly not Dee Manning, who battles

gamely against overwhelming odds with the only speaking part. I suspect that this short snippet is unstageable anyway (certainly, I have never seen a successful production of it yet). In any case, the part is outside Miss Manning's scope; it is difficult to think who could project this part successfully. One suspects that the real reason for its inclusion is as a kind of neutral buffer state between Ionesco and John Mortimer.

Which brings me to "What Shall We Tell Caroline," and the real reason why no one with a grain of sense will miss this triple bill. Coming to John Mortimer after Strindberg and (especially) Ionesco, is like returning to sanity after having a tooth pulled out. One begins to think that there is not a credible character, an ounce of wit, an iota of respect for craftsmanship, for humanity, for positive values, left in the theatre. And then comes a play like this one. Arthur Loudon is the headmaster of a boys school. He regards life as a "hard row under Hammersmith bridge," and his wife as a "jolly good chap," a companion on a walking tour through life. For twenty years, the only thing which has kept them sane is the presence of an assistant master, who carries on a mild and unfulfilled flirtation with the headmaster's wife. In this atmosphere of healthy hard games and half-recognition of sexual forces too big for any of them to fully give into without the destruction of, at any rate, the headmaster's ideals, grows up Caroline, their daughter. It is a very funny play, and a very serious play; it is also a very difficult play to perform. Again, there are no bad performances, and two exceptional ones (Anthony Weale as the headmaster, and John Castle as the assistant master).

Players has a stronger team now than it has had for a very long time; it is producing three plays, all either good or "important." It would be a pity if through apathy or indolence on the part of the University public the theatre was not full every night. Certainly, it deserves to be.—W.M.O.

ARGUS

EVERY single day some hundreds of cheerless youths drag their feet along a coat-racked corridor, climb a few airless stairs, take a tray, stare disgustedly at various offerings, pay for the same, sit and eat. This is the fate that College hopes to offer joyously to the female undergraduates of the future.

But will they with their elemental instincts suffer this as the men do? At the moment the males seem to have been subdued by the Establishment. It was always said that Buffet food was cheap, and if not good, at least plentiful. This is now more than questionable. All the food, except butter, has gone up in price, the portions have got smaller, and the quality and choice have become ludicrous. Rice ave le chat, 1/2; stewed horse and gravy, 1/10, and fish a la chip, 1/9. Veg. as always extra.

Yet the students, sick that they are, take it all with no complaint. He could go to one of Town's eating houses and for the same price get better food if not more of it.

You tell the woman behind the counter that the food is foul. She says nothing. There is a nervous laugh from one of the less intelligent serving-maids, and then a longer silence. You repeat, this food is not only foul, it's filthy.

Silence. A male voice comes from below. "What's 'olding up the b—y queue?" You are forced to move on. The woman allows herself the excuse of a smile. The Establishment has won again. No complaints for another week anyway. She thinks. "Good, I can go and see the Agent about another whale or two." She kicks the occasional cretin, all on cheap labour, and sails on full steam from the room.

Leaving behind these gastronomic horrors, we find that there is an extreme element of snobbery amongst our young. This is seen in the grand clubs, the Knights and the Lincoln. The members of one usually being the core of the other and vice versa. Take a hero, name him, and he will be a member of one or the other. The Lincolnians you will find in the Lincoln playing that de-frustrating game of Schulbark or joining Doctor Keely in a quick toss at darts. The Knights you will find whizzing up those stairs near the coffee bar, usually wearing a Pink, and then throwing water bombs down from their Olympian heights. Freshmen, these are the heights to which you must attain. You do nothing else but sit anyway, so you might as well pick yourselves up and try. The endeavour is the whole thing, after a bit you will meet the boys and Bingo; for despite all the talk it is, as always in this bureaucracy, not what you do, or how you did it; but who you know and why you know him.

Profile:



Photograph by Peter Ryan.

JOSH WILKINS

COMBINING the appearances of satyr and warrior Josh Wilkins looks like a figure from a Greek vase. With rolled-up shirt sleeves and gym shoes for all weathers, he belongs to a dusty homeric plain where serious battles never really happen. But the Josh Wilkins epic speaks for itself.

More Spirit Needed

TRINITY—5 PTS.; OLD BELVEDERE—8 PTS.

THE less that is said about this game at Anglesea Road last week-end the better. Trinity, who were admittedly missing their key wingers, L'Estrange and Coker, did little, in this their third defeat of the season, to enhance their chances for the Colours Match.

After some early scrappy play by both sides Old Belvedere went ahead through a drop-goal. This stung Trinity into action and for ten minutes they forced their opponents into desperate defence. Read made one or two noteworthy breaks but Trinity's reputation for open football had preceded them for the Old Belvedere backs were lying straight and as a result the ball rarely reached the Trinity wings. When either of the centres, Siggins or Scott, did make a break they found it difficult to link up again.

Trinity's play did not improve after the interval except for one or two spirited rushes by the forwards. Old Belvedere went further into the lead after a series of fumbles by Trinity enabled their opponents to score a simple try by the posts.

Endall, playing on the wing for the first time this season, was full of determination, while Dick was never given an opportunity to score. After three kickable penalties had gone wide Trinity scored a good try; Read made an excellent break and passed to Scott who attempted again to go through on his own. Fortunately Siggins was at hand to relieve him and went over for a try wide out. The unpredictable Lea converted with a good kick.

Enough of this disappointing display; now what of Trinity's chances in the Colours Match? I think that the game will certainly be decided in the scrum for if they can stand up to their powerful opponents and give the backs a fair share of the ball then they will have done their part in constructing a victory.

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JOSH WILKINS

Continued from Page 3

—the mistakes were duly made, "much to my own profit." He helped to build up their Australian service. At the same time he was in complete charge of a South

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Colonel May

(Ireland's Leading Tipster)

A moderate week for the Colonel with the only bright spot being that one of his half-dozen for the season obliged at 4/7. Even though the term's profit is still fabulously high, the Colonel hopes to return to the winning path with Couligart, at Catterick Bridge and Limeking at Naas, both on Saturday. Further, the Colonel asks his readers to note carefully, Scottish Memories, Aberdonian and

Scottish Memories, Aberdonian and