

ALL  
THINGS  
OPTICAL

DIXON  
HEMPENSTALL  
111 GRAFTON ST.

# Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

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

Vol. V—No. 3

THURSDAY, 14th NOVEMBER, 1957

COPYRIGHT

PRICE 3d.

WATCH  
CLOCK  
and  
JEWELLERY  
Repairs a Speciality  
At Reasonable Prices

CARON  
40 GRAFTON ST.

## IS THIS FAIR PLAY?

### Problems of a Society

**A**n all-out effort to obtain recognition and status appears to have been made by the D.U. Association for International Affairs. This "enfant terrible" and nightmare of the two Deans gathered last week in great force in the Regent House for a most outstanding freshers' debate. In everyone's opinion, the crowd of about two hundred present was the biggest ever to attend the ordinary meeting of any society for quite some time. This was an indication of the unusual interest which this society can engender.

Given such obvious support, it was not surprising to find the Association's committee in ebullient mood and frantically preparing to ride on the wave of success. We now learn that apart from keeping its members busy, it plans to do some work behind the scenes. "Our main objective is to obtain rooms. It is most urgent at this stage and we are determined to secure them," said the Chairman.

Getting along with the powers-that-be has never been the strong point of the tumultuous revolutionaries who managed the Association. In his annual report, Mr. C. A. David, last year's Chairman, had these bitter remarks to make:

"...effort and energy were often wasted because of the hostility to us. When trying to organise something, we always got the impression that no matter what we were doing was unwelcome." This apparently referred to the order of the Senior Dean to close down their International Exhibition of Education before it had run its course, and to the abortive attempt to hold an Exhibition of Human Rights in No. 25.

There are no signs that relations have improved. The long-coveted rooms are still being refused, and the unhelpful official attitude is not being relaxed.

Perhaps the best thing to do in the circumstances is to keep quiet, and to let the mystery "enemy" discover for himself which way reason lies. There is a subtle difference that ought to be noted, in spite of difficulties, between the faculty societies proper and the few non-pedigree bodies. The former can live and act as extensions to lectures; the latter must seek coherence under a permanent roof and special facilities for members.

The International Affairs Association, coming as it does under this latter category, is a very useful organisation, indeed. It can boast a boisterous history and a succession of outstanding achievements. For nine years' running it has produced the Carnival of Nations, trips to the Continent, various student ex-

changes and exhibitions, in addition to a routine of debates and discussions.

Throughout the years the Association has been severely handicapped through lack of proper rooms. Being now the only society with regular connections with international organisations, it is on the receiving end of a mass of publications, periodicals, etc. For lack of space, this valuable material is locked away and wasted, as it is impossible for members to gain access to them. But there are rumours that the Association are preparing to make another effort and to appeal directly to the Board.

On being asked to comment on the question, the Senior Dean said that he had prepared a scheme, which he had submitted to the Junior Dean a few days ago; he was not prepared to comment at present, as the final decision on the matter was to be made by the Junior Dean.

### This is Meaningless

Professor J. L. Synge of the Institute of Advanced Studies amused and enlightened an audience of nearly a hundred when he delivered a paper entitled "How to think about space-time" to D.U.E.S.A. on Tuesday evening. In his introduction to the subject he stressed the value of various types of diagrams as a powerful aid to scientists' formulae and apparatus. He reminded the gathering of the assumption that space-time was the totality of all possible events and that every Vertebrate recognised that it was 4-Dimensional. To illustrate the point with simplicity he mentioned the capability of a Salamander to exist on a common or garden match before, during and after its ignition. He metaphorically equipped his Salamander with a clock pointing out the limitations involved. He said that the standard clock was conceived as the radiation emitted from an excited Hydrogen atom. He added that in reality there was no such thing as time, since time existed only to an observer and was not absolute.

Light he described as photons or particles, which travelled from the point of emission to the point of reception. Mirrors reflected these particles and the time interval between emission and reception was, under certain conditions, constant and could therefore be measured. With further illustrations he touched the subject of speed, using two diverging lines and then discovered that his time had run out.

"PHIL."

### Freshers Debate

To-night

MOTION:

"That this house believes that censorship is essential for a democratic state."

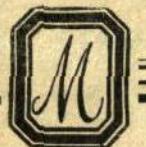
Tea 8.00 p.m.

Ladies Welcome

Meet  
at the  
**METROPOLE**

Centre of the City's  
Entertainment

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



### "NATIONALISM OBSOLETE"

The Inaugural meeting of the "Hist." was an outstanding success. The Auditor's address on "The Destiny of Europe" was a lengthy but comprehensive review of the scandalous conduct of nations since the beginning of the century. Nationalism resulted in antagonisms which divided and exhausted Europe and made her unfit to retain her exalted position. He stripped U.N.O. to unravel its miserable ineffectiveness and concluded by calling for a new order in Europe.

Proposing a vote of thanks to the Auditor, Mr. Herbert Morrison confessed his sincere doubt in some of the Auditor's revelations. He firmly believed in the principles and the intentions of U.N.O. Failure here must be attributed to the occasional villain who would not play the civilised game of compromise and arbitration. It was a pity that Dr. Hill and his Government Information Office could not reach the Russian people. They would be bound to listen to his assurances of peaceful intentions. In the meantime there was nothing for us to do but to stand ready in defence of our traditions and values.

Mr. Charles Curren was unusually emotional about the proper roles of nations. It was the English speaking

peoples who had twice saved the world from Nietzschean slavery; the Common Market was nonsense. Inevitably the ruins of Western Europe must be placed in the hands of an American-English republican-monarchy, or else all will perish under radio-active clouds.

Mr. Sean MacBride debunked Europe's habitual conceit in thinking herself the chosen prodigy of Fate. Her position of prominence was a compound of two factors—historical accident and liberal Government. In modern conditions it was easy to identify power with territory and Europe's resurrection with humanitarian principles and federal government. The Council of Europe, which was a supra-national authority, was a step in the right direction.

Professor Green suggested that we ought to think less about world politics and more about home affairs. The idea of good man was a pipe-dream. He could not believe that the German people were not happy to follow Hitler in spite of the advantages obtained. Nor could he admire the English of Cyprus ("hear, hear" from Bamboozle David), the French of Algeria or the Russians of Eastern Europe (Tolstoy walks out). On the whole his summing-up was amusing and very refreshing.

### Polish Students' Union

On Sunday evening, the Polish Students' Union in Dublin held a function in the Players' Theatre to celebrate their Independence Day.

The Polish colony were present en masse at a dramatic rendering of their tragic history. Full effects were obtained by a background of candle twilight, tape recordings of national songs and the sonorous reading of Dr. Falkowski. The whole was in a beautiful and solemn setting.

The Meeson twins, who have been very active of late, were mainly responsible for this unusual and successful sketch. Following the solemn part, the Union gathered for tea and business, which included a report of activities by the President, ex-bachelor Piekalkiewicz, and the election of a new committee. Mr. Piekalkiewicz, who for the first time in his official career was sober, managed once again to obtain the Presidency. After his Irish wife had been elected to assist him as an officer, further business was postponed as unimportant.

### IMPORTANT VISITORS

During the next week, Trinity will be honoured by the visit of Mr. Clement Davies, M.P., until recently Leader of the British Liberal Party. He will speak at the Inaugural Meeting of the D.U. Association for International Affairs on Tuesday next. Other speakers will include R. H. Robertson, Counsel to the Council of Europe, and Mme. Hildegard Mayr.

### "The Universe and You"

Among this week's prominent visitors to Trinity is Dr. R. L. F. Boyd, Lecturer in Physics at London University and an authority on high-altitude rockets and satellites, on which subject he lectured to the British Association at its meeting in Dublin earlier this year. Dr. Boyd has trained both as a physicist and an engineer. His engagements in College will include a meeting intended for science students, which he will address on the subject of "The Universe and You." Those who listen to the B.B.C. will know him as one of the speakers in "Who Knows?", a programme in which listeners' questions on science are answered by men who are qualified to speak on this subject. He also broadcasts on subjects relating to religion and science.

Those who have already heard him speak will not need to be told that he is a man who can make the most complex subject sound simple and easy to comprehend, even to the most ignorant.

Dr. Boyd will also address a general meeting in the G.M.B. on Friday on the subject of "Purpose." He has been invited to Trinity by the committee of the D.U. Christian Union, but the meetings are intended for everyone regardless of beliefs or lack of beliefs.

D. U. Christian Union

DR. R. L. F. BOYD

will give an address on

"PURPOSE"

FRIDAY, 15th, at 5 p.m. in the G.M.B.

Chairman: Prof. E. T. S. WALTON

Richard Sealy, A.I.B.P.

STUDIO ONE

17 DAWSON ST., DUBLIN

Graduation and general photography  
10% Discount to University Students  
Phone 72201 for appointment

EASTMANS LTD.

PURVEYORS OF

HIGH-CLASS

MEAT

Suppliers to  
Trinity College



## TRINITY NEWS

3 Trinity College

Chairman:  
R. S. B. YOUNGVice-Chairman:  
J. KAMINSKIEditors:  
E. DORALL, D. ROSEBusiness Managers:  
J. A. LUTTON, P. VAUGHAN, M. RIGGS  
P. J. CHAUVEAU

Secretary: MISS N. HOWES

Vol. V TRINITY NEWS No. 3  
THURSDAY, 14TH NOVEMBER, 1957

## ENDS AND MEANS

THERE is a type of undergraduate for which we all have a basic antipathy — the type of person who tries to fill in every moment of his working day to the best advantage, the type of person who, while eating the usual rushed corn-flakes for breakfast, thinks of what he is going to do when he has recovered from the shock of Buffet. This type insists on work for its own sake and, refusing himself "time to stand and stare," does not see the motives or aims beyond his work. By the time such a person has reached the stage of being a Sophister he will have lost any interest he ever had, and will be a lifeless bore.

No, university life is much wider than that. We are, of course, here to obtain degrees (or husbands?), but for most of us examinations mean work during the holidays, allowing us a relatively free term. We are here to live and join in College life, to join several societies, and to learn how best to be ourselves (unless we have already grown beyond that stage).

But the undergraduate painted in paragraph one, while rare, has his counterpart in other spheres. A similar creature is the person who has adopted a society, and who lives for it, answering his friends' doubts as to the validity of his activity with an unswerving dogmatism. He is to be seen again, in the socialite, man or woman, who is willing to go to all ends to gain entrance—legal or otherwise—into the paradise which he calls "a party." For this type being social is little more than an opportunity to sponge and if he cared to indulge in a little introspection, he would discover that he was being thoroughly selfish and the exact opposite of the social being he thought he was.

As I have said, for most of us College life is basically serious and means work and a degree. But we have four years in which to do this and the terms are relatively idle. It would seem that those who seek to lead the university life had best be equipped with a healthy scepticism which will temper their enthusiasm for any one society and prevent it from taking up an excessive amount of their time; on a more constructive angle, a sceptical outlook will enable them to seek what the aim of their separate activities is, and whether these activities tend towards the formation of a balanced and complete personality.

The Editorial Board do not accept any responsibility for views expressed by correspondents. All copy intended for publication must be accompanied by the name of the contributor even if this is not for publication.

*Trinity News* welcomes news items, correspondence and articles, which should be sent to TRINITY NEWS, 3 TRINITY COLLEGE. All such items should be typed, or written legibly, on one side of the paper only.

For advertising space in this newspaper apply to the Advertising Manager, TRINITY NEWS, 3 TRINITY COLLEGE.

Photographs taken by the Staff Photographer may be obtained post free from THE PHOTOGRAPHER, TRINITY NEWS, 3 TRINITY COLLEGE.

## Profile:

## JOAN LLOYD

## President of the Elizabethan Society

Among the traditions of folk-lore which have penetrated modern life, the legend of Joan the Dane will not quickly pass away. Already something of a myth within the ever-widening circle of her friends, Joan Bjerre Lloyd has spent most of her 21 years in Ireland, with spasmodic jaunts to Denmark, her mother's homeland.

Here she gained that love of the folk tradition which has kindled so warm an appreciation of all that she feels to be best in Irish culture, and she now speaks both Danish and Irish fluently.

Joan, now in her Junior Sophister year learning to speak English and French, fills her free moments with a Social Science course and numerous College activities.

Last year, as Secretary for S.C.M.'s social work, she underwent her first experiences of the hazards of committee life—a good training, it would seem, for she appeared quite undisturbed when she suddenly found herself both Chairman of the Sociological Society and President of the "Eliz." Joan brings to both these societies a particularly novel approach, for not only was she entirely new to both the committees, but she was not even a member of either society! Her vitality and novelty of approach are clearly revealed in her current plans for the "Eliz." and the fact that Mme. Pandit, Indian High Commissioner, will speak at next term's inaugural meeting is a measure of Joan's confidence in the future of the society.

If she were asked, Joan would probably attribute the main development of her personality to the year she spent abroad immediately before coming to Trinity. She spent the first six months visiting relatives and attending the Folk High School in Denmark. She is

now considered something of an expert on this form of education and she and her parents are playing an important part in its foundation here in Ireland. These six months were followed by some



time in Germany and France, where she consumed the business of being a nanny with learning the lingo from American soldiers.

In all she does, Joan leaves the mark of a colourful personality, whimsical, energetic, unconventional and always feminine. We may justly expect that much of value will be accomplished by her in the future.

## Round The Societies

## THE "PHIL."

Last Thursday the Phil. held its first ordinary meeting of the term. Despite the vast influx of prospective new members anxious to avail themselves of the conversation room facilities, the attendance at this meeting, 65, while hardly depressingly low, was perhaps not as high as one might have hoped. It remains to be seen whether either of the major societies can increase the attendance at their meetings. One is inclined to doubt strongly whether any marked improvement will be seen immediately.

Mr. J. Bird was the essayist on Thursday, and he chose the extremely wide subject of "War" for his paper. The very size of the question he set himself rather handicapped him from the start. There were so many essential facts to be stated that little time could be devoted to any conclusions which Mr. Bird might have reached; nevertheless, he contrived to select wisely and give an entertaining and sensible account of the development of war and the tactics involved in its practice.

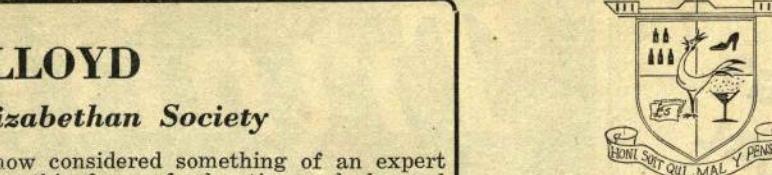
Brigadier Thicknesse, the British Military Attaché, a resplendent figure in dress uniform, had the task of proposing the vote of thanks. His speech, surprisingly, was undoubtedly the best heard during the evening. Surprisingly, because professional soldiers are notoriously inefficient public performers. One had only to see the performance of General Templar in television recently to be convinced of this. There is somehow a tendency to forget one is not on the barrack-square, or at least in the briefing room. Yet Brigadier Thicknesse overcame this difficulty, and with a quiet, but utterly convincing and sincere contribution, held his audience completely. He did not make the mistake of attempting to be purely esoteric, but related his theories to his practical experience.

Mr. Spearman, who followed, was also effective; this was one of the best speeches he has given at the Phil. While one might question his views, one could not deny his skill in putting them across.

The Hon. Treasurer was next to speak and was convincing in his protestations that he had not prepared anything to say; once, however, he had got his weekly archaeological lesson off his chest, he had several interesting points to make.

It seems to be becoming traditional to not prepare a speech for the Phil., and speakers on Thursday referred to this tradition with something approaching veneration. While every society needs its traditions, surely one of this nature is not something to be proud of. While one cannot recommend the reading of several carefully prepared orations as entertainment, the occasional thought beforehand is surely preferable to a hasty jotting down of possible remarks during the reading of the minutes.

Mr. Chapman was traditional, but spoke quite competently, if at rather excessive length. Of the other speakers we heard, Mr. Baigel seemed keen on philology, but didn't appear to know why, while Mr. Malony, in a promising début, spoke convincingly. Mr. Malony's style appears to suit the Phil. and his presence should be a decided asset to the society in the weeks to come.



## Social Circular

Congratulations to Jonathan Cole on finding himself a job.

Congratulations to Judy Bryan for succeeding in riding a bicycle safely without tucking in her skirt.

It is not true that Chris. Sides (Sch.) has agreed to fly in the next "Sputnik."

Congratulations to Frances Jane French for protesting against the exclusion of females from the "Hist." by standing outside their Opening Meeting with her head glued to the key-hole of the Dining Hall.

We apologise to Andrew de Podhradsky for misspelling his name in "Four and Six" last week.

## COLLEGE OBSERVED

There are some who can never settle down to making the best of things, for whom life is one continual grouse. In College, the majority of such grumblers belong to that class which Wordsworth describes as "a thousand lambs upon the rocks," those bleating and yet unshattered idealists who are branded contemptuously as Junior Freshers. One of these, an angry and frantic female, quite unconscious of the decades of tradition piled up against her argument, snorted indignantly the other day in my presence: "It's simply outrageous! You can't get anything in No. 6 that's fit to be called a meal. I fed better in school! Why can't women eat in Buffet with the men?" Such audacity merits the scorn with which the Board are accustomed to greet similar pleas each year. Switching over to the men, I was not surprised to hear another Junior Freshman complain about the food on Commons. He also is an idealist; let us hope for his sake that his follies are dispelled as soon as possible.

Discontent of another sort, a species of aesthetic indigestion, broke out at the sight of Victorian furniture (including an abominable coffee table), all bought at considerable expense, being moved into the Liz. rooms. "Must we have the guilt of past generations haunting us?" screamed angered inmates of the Society.

In the Reading Room, the daily fashion parade of coffee-seeking models has become more distracting than ever, occasioned, firstly, by the large number of Junior Freshmen admitted this year and, secondly, by the rising standard of College exams. The result is that there are not enough seats in the Reading Room and, this age being decidedly unchivalrous and the men invariably seating themselves first of all, frustrated females are compelled to walk and walk, to the distraction and eventual irritation of the whole audience. Only two remedies suggest themselves—either build another reading room or, preferably, lower the standard of exams. But, of course, there is no hope of either measure being effected, so the procession must continue and battles ensue for treasured seats.

Talking of treasured seats, someone who did not get one for the Hist. Inaugural is most irate about the whole affair. Apparently the Hist. having planned, in the event of an overflow from the dining hall, to relay the debate to its own rooms (where women were to be allowed to attend), cancelled this arrangement on finding that the dining hall was quite large enough for everyone. The result was that Frances-Jane French, who, despite all her energy and battling abilities persistently remains female, could not gain admittance to the councils of her masculine superiors. However, being very keen on Socialism in general and Herbert Morrison in particular, our doughty warrior of many an S.R.C. tourney resigned herself to enjoying a keyhole's view of the proceedings and was quite happy, for once, minding her own business, when all her joy was put to an end by the discovery that, standing beside her, in battered hat and antique coat, no longer staring into space or vacantly muttering, but grim, gaunt and indignant, was a figure which said: "And what on earth do you think you are doing, Miss French?"

And here I am compelled to discontinue this grouse column, feeling the utter inefficacy of any complaints meeting with success before the annihilating stare of this phantom.

"Pip."

## Tailoring

Under the supervision of our London-trained cutter

GOWNS, HOODS,  
CASSOCKS, BLAZERS

## BRYSON LTD.

3 CHURCH LANE  
COLLEGE GREEN

(For Other Society News, see Page 5).

November 14, 1957

## MARBLE AND BLUE SKIES

Greece, land of contrasts. Where else would you see luxury flats and roofless huts side by side, fights to the death that end in promises of eternal brotherhood, a wine drinking nation whose main topic of conversation is the quality of the water provided in the best restaurants? Bus drivers look like brigands, country farmers like gods, palaces like insurance buildings, prisons like palaces. To the frozen Gael from the island of rain, Greece seems a land of excitement, of colour, of warmth, where everything is unexpected.

It all began with my first bus journey. The bus was crowded with business men, children, country women (one with her pet rabbit on her knee) and hard-worked priests in their long robes. The driver looked as if he would cut our throats and the conductor bellowed instructions at all the stops without once ringing the bell. However, an ikon over the steering-wheel provided some consolation for those who had doubts about their safety, and all would have been orderly and calm but for a traffic jam. The driver took one look at the road ahead, put his hand on the horn and began to curse. The conductor joined in. Everybody in the bus shouted instructions—then noticing we were saying nothing, glared furiously at us as ignorant strangers. We hastily added our voices and were promptly accepted as normal. As the bus finally moved off the murmurs of people congratulating each other on their good advice surrounded the driver, who showed his delight in a toothless grin. My introduction to Greek temperament was complete.

Athens is a delightful city. No matter where you go, the Acropolis dominates the scene, baked in the sunlight or gleaming white under the moon. On one side of the hill is a public park, on another the Herodus Atticus theatre, the home of the Greek National Theatre. At the foot of the third cliff, which used to be the fashionable suicide area, is Plaka, the oldest part of the city. Here the most popular taverns are found, hidden away between the tumbledown huts whose inhabitants sleep outside on the streets when the hot weather comes. You pick your way over sleeping bodies to the "taverns of the gods." Here guitar players are rivalling the dozens of singing birds hung in cages on the wall and named "Yma Sumac," "Frank Sinatra" and even "Caruso." You sit at a table outside and eat stuffed vine leaves, or baby lamb roasted on a spit over a charcoal fire, washing it down

with rezina. (You have, of course, mainly cultivated a taste for this raisin-flavoured wine. After all, when in Athens . . .) And when the evening is over you wander home to the sound of music from the houses on all sides.

When you hear the word "marble," does your mind jump immediately to butchers' slabs and enormous tombstones? Well, if you go to Athens you may expect to find it as usual as granite or brick. And if you have the energy to climb Pendeli, the mountain where they quarry the white marble for Athens, you will have it under foot all the way. The gleaming whiteness of marble used as pebbles to make the roads up the mountain, the bright blue of the sky without a cloud, earth baked brown and hard, a few dark green hardy bushes that can exist with no water, these are the colours of Greece in the summer.

I had been warned before leaving the peaceful(!) country of Ireland that the political situation in Greece would make life unbearable for me if I was taken for English, so for the first few days I took great care to point out that I was from "Irlandia." This provoked vague smiles, and the rejoinder: "Oh yes, the north of England," "An island off Britain?" or, from the knowing ones, "Yes, de Valera partisans, Bernard Shaw and Oscar Wilde." I soon gave up the unequal struggle, especially as the Greeks were most friendly towards the English individually, and only hostile to British foreign policy. People are accepted as people in Greece, not as representatives of a certain type of government or religion. So, at a Russian-Greek athletics meeting the greatest enthusiasm of the evening was shown for a Russian long-distance runner.

What about ancient Greece, the ruins, museums, buildings that a dutiful tourist must see? They are all so much part of the life there that one sees them without noticing that they are ancient. Greece is not harking back to its past glories, she has assimilated them, and is still living the same way as she has for centuries. Athenians still flock to the classical plays performed in the old theatres; country people still dance and sing to folk music on the sites of former temples; the Agora may be in ruins, but Greeks still become excited when they discuss religion, politics and honour. It is the charm of the country, that old and new have been blended in a modern, exciting way of life.

## Gourmets on Gas Rings

By "Glop"

To me there is nothing so civilised, so conducive to witty conversation as the dinner party. It appears from a scrutiny of the woman's column in such newspapers as the "Observer" and "Manchester Guardian" that this delightful form of entertainment is regaining the popularity it has lost since the first World War. But, in a humble way, wouldn't it be possible to reflect this trend in Trinity by small dinner parties on Sunday nights? This would be immensely preferable to that crude form of gourmandising—"the fry," hybrid, unintelligent, throw-it-in-the-pan, and hope-for-the-best dish, accompanied by such choice comments as "Your elbow's in the jam" or "Blasted egg's fallen on the floor," followed by "Since when have you been so particular?"

Why not experiment this Sunday with the following very simple recipes designed for six people? There is no need to follow them to the last nob of garlic, and imagination within limits cannot hurt. At this juncture the author plainly and categorically states that no person or persons can take an action for defilement of digestion against the author or "Trinity News," neither of whom hold themselves responsible for such eventualities.

### Soupe à l'oignon

Cut up six onions and fry them till brown. Put onions in a big saucepan and add 3 pints of hot water in which a bouillon cube has been dissolved and let this mixture simmer for 4 hours, then serve it immediately, having first put small pieces of dried toast into each dish. Grated Parmesan cheese should be sprinkled over the top as this will give it a delicious flavour.

### Spaghetti Bolognese

Once the frying pan used for the soup is finished with, 12 chopped onions and 3 chopped cloves of garlic should be fried in olive oil; when brown, 1 lb. of mince meat, followed by a large tin of peeled tomatoes and a small tin of tomato purée should be added. The moment the other gas ring is empty, a big saucepan of water, pre-heated if possible, should be boiled with salt and a clove of garlic. When boiling, 2 lbs. of spaghetti should be added. When cooked (taste and see—about 4 hours) drain well and serve with sauce and a sprinkling of grated cheese.

To end the meal, fresh fruit or some sort of veined cheese is best.

One more word of advice: There is nothing like wine, preferably red in this case, to make the food taste really "high living."

## FOUR & SIX

### Peebles—Second Round

It seems that Paddy Peebles is still bowing himself off the Trinity social stage by throwing farewell parties; this one was held at Kelvin Smythe's Sutton home. Generally it was a quiet party, with Margaret Keating and the Kirwans providing intellectual stimulation for those—like Rod Pentycross—who could manage it. In the background Ben Crawford and Rosemary Olhausen peppered it up on the piano, and Ron McKay was digging that crazy beat with wire brushes on the table. Somehow some U.C.D. men crashed the party, though how they knew of it is a mystery because Brendan Carroll, that mine of party information, had been sworn to silence.

### Boat Club Blues

To all of you who so far have escaped 'flu, we send our congratulations and heartfelt admonitions to avoid all social intercourse for the incoming week.

Arising from my death-bed (having willed Bonar-Law my favourite set of razor-blades and Frances-Jane my blessing) after an attack of aforesaid infection, and being, so to speak, immune, I decided to risk the Boat Club Ball after all. It was worth the risk. Stopping half-way round the room to massage my partner's foot, I caught sight of vivacious Rosemary Hilliard with that man from "Icarus" (and Belfast)—wonder what gentle lyrics they were murmuring to each other. Of course, all the Boat Club beaux and belles were there—so there's no point in boring you by mentioning them ("T.C.D." will do that). The tone of the evening was set by Botros Hana Botros, who, ensconced behind the champagne and opposite his new partner, disproved all the theories that platonic

love no longer exists. Watching the merriment and the J.F. talent as he swayed in time with the rhythm was Paddy Knox-Peebles, hero of the tennis club and master of the glide. Hilary Kirwan and Count Nikolai Nik . . . (spell it yourself) made a perfectly aristocratic couple. Tolstoy's jiving was, sad to say, quite revolutionary. Idol of the Boat Club girls, Hugh Campbell was mainly engrossed in showing Mary Hamilton his own particular brand of rock 'n' roll. You stand with the right foot poised as if mounting a bicycle and then push off. Mary was obviously impressed.

### Revels at Anglesea Road

Now for a further account of last week's peregrinations, kiddies; on Friday I just managed to make the Misses Coe, Corscadden and Thompson's sherry "do" out in Anglesea Road (after effects of Thursday night, m'dear). The Misses C. C. and T. presented a veritable trio of hospitality—down to the last drop of intoxicating liquor which gushed forth at an amazing rate. Some were tight, others, merely "happy," but few were cold sober. Westby hasn't been seen since. Margaret Scott decided that this was an opportune moment to launch her new hair style—unfortunately most people weren't fit to criticise anything just then. Stalwarts of the Mod. Lang. school, Morrison, Richmond and Caskey attended (Quote, "T.C.D."—is the order arithmetic, geometric or just descending?). Surrounded by his fan club, Michael Knight was loudly heard to be proclaiming that the best way to ruin a woman's reputation was to catch her eye at a sherry party and wave frantically. He then waved to Enid Graham—frantically!

## Adventures of Anthony at Trinity

Anthony, educated in England, arrived at Trinity to study Arts in the autumn of 195—. Honest, upright, loyal, earnest, his character had been moulded by a famous English school. Yet within a year this youth so full of promise had changed to a remarkable extent. To find reasons for this metamorphosis is not difficult.

With rooms in Botany Bay and a wife who swotted the whole time, he seemed destined for a career of moderate academic success, but, socially, mediocre. His only social asset being charm of manner, it was obvious that he would succeed neither at the Hist., where polished if ill-informed rhetoric was required, or the Phil. Too slight to play rugger, which put him off from such extra-sporting activities as downing drink at the Lincoln or, more mildly, breaking bottles in the Bay; too timid to venture to a Dixon "hop," he found occupation, if not solace, in the Reading Room. From his books he would look up and found that to watch his companions was recreation enough. He could classify the readers easily—swot, moderate worker and socialite, but one could tell nothing from clothes. Some of the students wore long plaited sashes round their waists. A large percentage of the women wore nondescript clothes, colours clashing wildly; though others tried to dress as though eternally ready to dash off to some madly-smart cocktail party—tight skirts which impeded their progress from one friend to another in the Reading Room. The clothes worn by the men were interesting. Those who were poor—which they couldn't help—still wore garments suitable for school, while those who thought of themselves as Bohemians seemed to have come from some colourful far away sphere. They looked so clever, too (later Anthony was to discover that they were not clever at all and only amusing when they had a drink in their hand). These wore jeans and great dirty-coloured sweaters, combining the effect with peculiar hair styles. Always they assumed thoughtful suicidal expressions.

Anthony's first term flew by. The following term he determined to become a social celebrity. A chance acquaintance met at Buffet was the means of persuading him to gate-crash his first party. As this was the forerunner of many others, it might be of interest to visit it with him.

From other parties he had attended, Anthony expected this to be somewhat similar—pleasant attentive host, lots of food and drink, and dance music in the background. He was, accordingly, very surprised when he was told to bring a bottle with him. Having bought one at Davy Byrne's, he met the friend who told him they would find out where the party was being held. He knew that two were definitely being given that evening. It was useless for them to try John's in Merrion Square because it was "by invitation only," and in any case there were inconsiderate neighbours who did unpleasant things, such as ringing the Guards at 4 a.m. because of a little noise. By far the best bet was Pete's at Ranelagh. As far as Anthony could discover, everyone was going to Pete's—the bus seemed full of people clutching brown paper parcels obviously containing bottles. Anthony's friend was not quite sure of the address, but they followed the crowd and managed to get into Pete's flat by way of the garden.

Hardly had Anthony arrived than an enormous man with a beard who, from the look of him, hadn't washed in years, seized his bottle and said if he wanted beer to try at the bar—it was useless hoping for anything better as the Players and sporting crowd had the monopoly.

Pushing his way past a crowd of jeaned girls and scruffy-looking men, Anthony eventually managed to get a bottle of stout. There were no glasses—someone screamed "Wasn't it too amusing but Susan had left them in Bobby's car." Drinking his stout from a milk bottle, Anthony surveyed the scene. The furniture was unpleasant, the lighting bad. Music blared from a radiogram—of attentive host and of food there was no sign. Deciding to stop criticising and enjoy the party, Anthony asked a pony-tailed girl to dance. She told him he was a square but was quite pleasant. People arrived the whole time until it was bawled out by someone that there was nothing left. Everyone then made a dash for the door. The girl took Anthony in tow and told him that Bobby was taking them to another party which would be far more fun. Three hours later Anthony discovered that she had been mistaken. He arrived back after a walk from Dalkey to be let in at 4 a.m.

He went to several more parties after that—to some of which he was even invited. His circle of friends widened enormously and there was a glorious day when a nasty remark was made about him in "T.C.D." The end of his second term found Anthony a social figure—he took tea in No. 6, joined Players and spent less time in the Reading Room. The Players said he should dress more comfortably. Trinity term saw Anthony clad in shapeless sweater, long sash and shabby trousers. He looked unhealthy, but felt very happy. This, after all, was Life. He didn't bother to speak to his swot wife. He resolved to move out of rooms—Maxie had told him of a very cheap flat he could get in Leeson Street where he could give wonderful parties. Like Pinocchio, Anthony had gone a fair distance down a strange road. Thus we had best leave him.

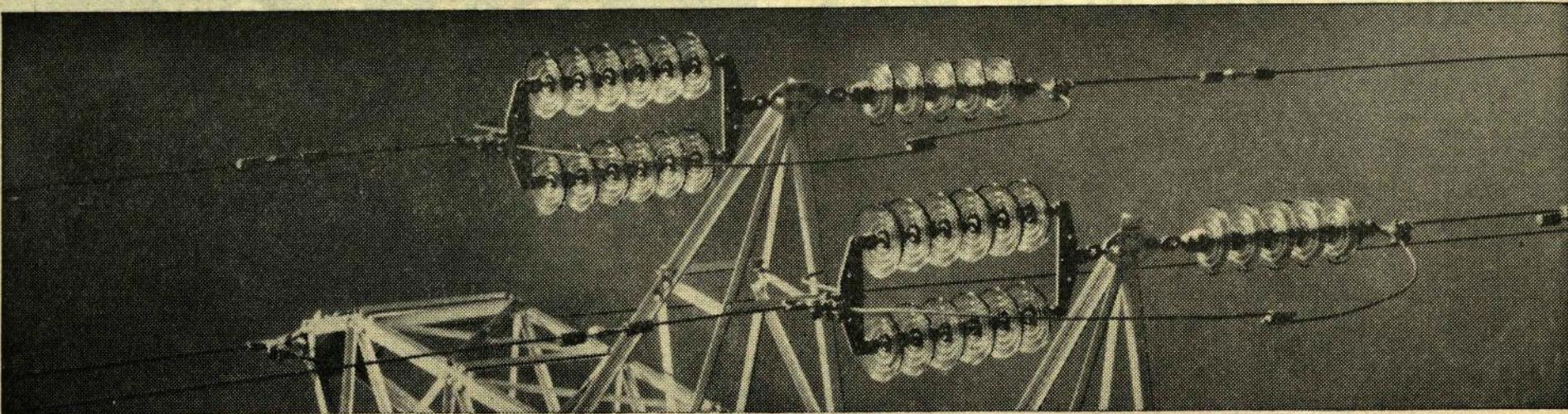
There's more cream in

## JERSEY MILK

"Ask the vanman for the Green Tops"

HUGHES BROS. LTD.

PHONE 908971



# the tower... the insulator... ... and you

A tower 130 ft. high . . . a high voltage insulator a dozen inches long. Both made of glass.

THE TOWER sheathed in 13,000 square feet of glass, enables surplus hot water from the Battersea Power Station to be used for central heating and domestic supplies for 1,600 families in nine blocks of flats. Tens of thousands of square feet of glass bring daylight into the flats . . . mirrors add brightness to the rooms . . . cathode ray tubes bring television entertainment to the homes . . . tower, windows, mirrors, TV tubes, all made of glass.

THE INSULATOR, of immense strength, and hundreds of thousands like it, safeguard high voltage power lines all over the world as they carry electricity from generating stations to homes and factories—to factories with roofs and walls of glass; where toughened glass protects workers as they watch and control powerful machines; where glass in many forms helps to speed research and production.

Glass . . . everywhere glass. And who makes this vital everyday commodity, for homes and shops, offices and factories, ships and motor-cars?

Pilkington Brothers Limited, who employ 23,000 people at home and overseas, are amongst the biggest glass makers in the world. They have been responsible for many of the major technical developments in the glass industry.

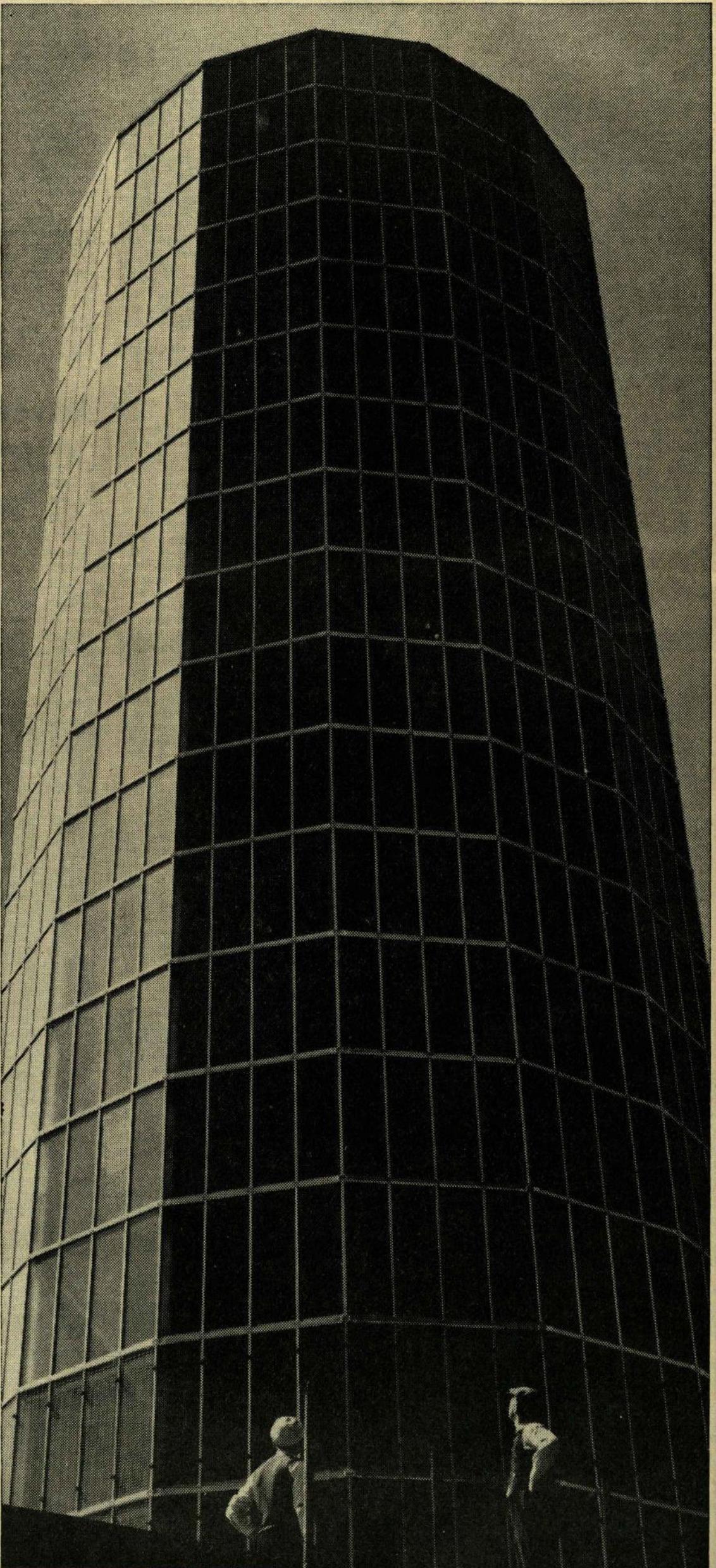
The firm's lively regard for research is the secret of the scale, quality and consistency of their contribution to industrial progress and of their reputation for far-sighted planning. And if you are attracted by that reputation, and are on the way to becoming a science graduate or technologist with a specific interest in one of a wide range of subjects (including physics, chemistry, mathematics, mechanical or electrical engineering, or fuel technology) there are in the Pilkington organisation unique opportunities to join one of the top teams in the world in specialised industry—and to collect the rewards that go with such responsibility.

For full details write to the Personnel Officer (Staff) at the Head Office, Grove Street, St. Helens, Lancashire, giving age and a brief description of education.

**PILKINGTON  
BROTHERS  
LIMITED**



S.T. HELENS, LANCASHIRE



## Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor, — Somehow it always happens that when editors of student publications write to fellow editors, then they want something. This is no exception. As respective editors of the "Cygnet" (newspaper) and "Cum Grano" (magazine) at the University College of North Staffordshire, Keele, we now find ourselves co-editors of a new, half-yearly publication, "Universities' Poetry." What we seek, of course, are contributions.

It does not matter if such contributions have already been published or are about to be, provided that they are original student work and comparatively recent. Any such poems will, of course, be credited to your publication. A payment of £2 2s. for poems accepted will be made in the New Year, when "Universities' Poetry" goes to press.

We hope that this magazine will eventually be organised and controlled by a council made up of student representatives from all colleges, to meet half yearly to discuss standards, aims, achievements, etc. Perhaps such a council can be formed after the publication of this issue. This could lead to a general writers' conference and the publication of a prose magazine.

The new magazine will cost 3/6, and will be sold through agents at each university, as well as through outside booksellers. We would like you to publish this venture in your columns, or give more direct aid through contributions, or on the organisational side. Any advice you would like to offer us would be welcomed.—Yours sincerely,

Bryan A. Reed, R. Brian Tyson.  
University College of Nth. Staffordshire  
Students' Union  
Keele, Newcastle, Staffs.  
10th November, 1957.

Dear Sir,—I was delighted to see your article on beagling, but feel that there is one point mentioned which should be corrected.

The article states that the Master is presented with the animal's head, which, I should like to point out, is always, in hunting parlance, called the Mask, and that the whippers-in are presented with the feet (these in hunting parlance are called the pads).

In all my experience as a beagler I have never known the Master to keep the mask for himself, and rarely have I known the whippers-in to have been presented with the pads. The customs governing this rule, in fact, vary from pack to pack. In our pack, for instance, the Master presents the mask to the first attractive young lady to arrive on the scene of the kill, and the pads are presented to anyone who has run well. In other packs with whom I have hunted a visiting celebrity, i.e., the Master of another pack, receives the mask, and once again those who have run well receive the pads. It is a very rare occasion on which the hunt staff are mean enough to keep the trophies for themselves.

I hope that this will attract more young people to the sport of beagling, and that trophies of the chase will displace "Esquire" calendars on our walls.—Yours faithfully,

W. R. G. Anderson.  
19 Trinity College, Dublin.  
11th November, 1957.

Dear Sir,—May I humbly point out that there are not, as your paper suggests, "two major societies" in Trinity College, but three. Also, your omitting to mention the Elizabethan Society as having a representation of three on the S.R.C. with the Historical and Philosophical Societies cannot but seem to underlie an undemocratic attitude towards College women.

The purely social activities of women students receive a great deal of publicity, but we would like their more serious contributions to College life to receive a fairer proportion of newsprint in your otherwise admirable paper. After all, one-third of Trinity undergraduates wear "gowns."—Yours sincerely,

Joan Bjerre Lloyd, President, D.U.E.S.  
D.U. Elizabethan Society, 5 College.

\* \* \*

Editorial Comment. — We recognise the validity of Miss Lloyd's comment, and thank her for it, but must maintain that no slight on College women was intended.

Dear Sir,—Although the "red-brick" university is faintly scorned by most of its elder brethren, such as Oxford, St. Andrew's and Trinity, it nevertheless sometimes displays more enlightenment than the latter type.

A particularly commendable habit practised by the "red-brick" university is that of holding a freshers' conference during the week preceding the beginning of the Michaelmas lecture term. The council consists of one or two representatives from each club and society within the university, who harangue the whole assembled concourse of freshers, from medics to metaphysicians, with the object of persuading them that their leisure hours would best be employed by joining this club or that society. In addition, the officials of the conference often arrange a freshers' dance or tours of the district. In Durham, for example, freshers can visit a steel works, a coal mine, or Hadrian's Wall. Dublin, of course, could offer much more, for it has the Guinness factory, Switzer's, and the Junior Dean's hat with which to enter-

tain newcomers. The most important aim of the conference, however, is to make freshers feel at ease in their new surroundings before term proper begins, and to provide them with the sort of information which is not generally to be had from college publications—where to buy a gown or the best pint of beer; whom to see about a locker, and how to interpret the obscurities of university regulations. These and other questions which spring as readily to mind are answered at the freshers' conference.

I am sure that I am voicing the opinion of most freshers and ex-freshers—except those who wish to forget that they were ever of such lowly status—when I advocate that such a system as that outlined above could be beneficially introduced to this College.

Traditionalists would, doubtless, be aghast at the taking of such a progressive step, but future freshers—and they are the people who really matter—would wholeheartedly applaud.—Yours,

P. T. Welch.  
51 Serpentine Ave., Ballsbridge,  
Dublin, November 7, 1957.

\* \* \*

**Editorial Comment.**—Until this year it was usual at the beginning of term for the S.R.C. to hold a freshers' reception at which the newcomers were given a short talk by some well-known College personality; the main point of these receptions was to provide Freshmen with some amusement and starving Sophisters with breakfast. This year the S.R.C. is in a state of inactivity, having undergone severe internal difficulties last year, but if Mr. Welch had been on Front Square on the Saturday morning before the beginning of term he would have found the S.C.M. too willing to show him around. As for his general idea, I feel it is all right, except that it overlooks the simple fact that students of this University are generally at least 17 or 18 years of age. In other words, they can reasonably be expected to do things for themselves without being shown how; if they can't, they had better go back to mother.

## The Thursday Play

The Thursday play has become such a rarity in College life that it is now necessary, before discussing it, to have to define the term. Briefly, the Thursday play is an opportunity for newcomers to Players (or indeed for older members also), who have never produced or acted before, to take advantage of the College theatre and to put on small productions on Thursday and Friday afternoons during the College term. The ideal is that Players will have something to offer every Thursday, but it has never been fully realised. There was a time when there were as many as three such entertainments in one term, but in the past year Players have offered only one Thursday production. This is very unfortunate. There is the excuse that Collège is not interested in "miniature matinees" presented by novices, but this is no legitimate reason why inexpensive small plays should not be offered to the few who will attend them. The aim of Players is firstly to produce good theatre and only secondly to obtain tumultuous applause; it is only a snob who will not act or produce primarily for the thrill of the experience, who dreams before anything else of his fan club. In connection with success, it must not be forgotten that many of the big names in Players — Lenten, Jay, Fitzsimon among them — were first associated with Thursday plays. It is a great chance for those who have disgraced large productions to obtain experience and common sense. If, instead of drifting away their resources in Jammet's, those minor characters of the main productions were to devote them to the Thursday drama, not only would College present more experienced and mature players before the public, but those who are doomed to make fools of themselves will realise this before smaller audiences.

It is then with thanks that we welcome this afternoon, at 4.30 and for only a shilling, David Allen's production of Terence Bowden's desert island comedy, "The Latitudes of Love." Ironically, David Allen is also the person responsible for last year's solitary Thursday effort, and intends to produce yet another this term — Mark Bevan's "Inquest on Monday." To-day's play features mostly Junior Freshmen and, if it is at all as competent as David Allen's previous production, will be well worth a visit.

Let us hope, then, that this encouraging start to the College year will be maintained, so that Players will become something more than just a refuge for wasters.

S.C.M.

S.C.M. held a film show on Tuesday last, which was attended by a large number of people. The film, "The Promise," told of a man's experiences as a prison visitor and, in spite of rather poor sound, was quite satisfying. It was followed by a short talk by Miss Maller, a prison visitor in Dublin, who spoke of her work and answered a barrage of questions about it.

## Presenting Dilettante Diddle Esq.

If Dilettante Diddle, Esq., lives in Botany Bay it is only because he can as conveniently as possible leap every morning direct from bed into lectures. Indeed (and because it is quite alien to his nature, we will dispose of it at once) this frantic sprint between two rooms of repose comprises almost the whole of Dilettante's genuinely serious activities. For this Diddle—like all the countless other Diddles, whether in name or in spirit, who have gone before and who are going with and who will follow after our present specimen—dare not disgrace his species by indulging in the deadly sin of sobriety. To be sober is to be dull—that is his first commandment; consequently, his life is an interminable cruise from one intoxicating island to another, from one incoherent mood to others equally illogical, with favourite ports of call being, respectively, Jammet's and middle-class newspapers.

Dilettante Diddle, Esq., is thus, both bodily and mentally, light, airy and decidedly carefree. Like most of his type—who hover in their College careers between Mod. Lang. and History and invariably conclude with Pass Arts—he will tell you, if you were vulgar enough to discuss with him his College course, "My dear chap, I had a hell of a time in school and need the four years' rest." Exuberant as champagne gurgling golden from an unstopped bottle and ebullient as an interminable pizzicato, he will wax eloquent on subjects ranging from Beethoven to Picasso, implying encyclopaedic information on each topic, but actually limited to a hesitant "Ta ta ta tum," and the fact that Sibelius died recently. With the fairy-like daintiness of a shuttlecock capable of picking up in its unceasing career between two dumb racquet barriers only the smallest particles of dust, the little pellet of a pea-soup colour within our Diddle's head which in others is popularly called the brain, bounded on both sides by the hostile (to intellectual development) barriers above-mentioned of Jammet's and middle-class newspapers, succeeds in collecting only those featherweight particles on a variety of subjects which are quite useless in themselves but impressive when inflated to their limit and trotted out in conversation with the swiftness of a well-trained monkey doing, for it, elementary tricks.

Thus, to gasping maidens unsuspecting and to infuriated rivals, Dilettante Diddle, flourishing an umbrella and a spiritual sword, is the conversationalist par excellence, scattering over mental battlefields of the dull dead and the boring dying, battalion after fictional battalion of unsteady knowledge from the vast cavity between his ears. So long as his foes remain equally imaginary and, consequently, impotent, the armies under Diddleian direction march unmolested, hailing their conquering heroism, which is why the voice which says, so inopportune, and with irritating insistence, "But Tschaikovsky never wrote the Sonata Pathétique," and which heralds that king of all Diddleian pests, the Enthusiast, is to the airy hosts of Diddle battalions the guided missile that can blow them sky-high. Before this voice, before this menace they must flee, as cows do before the kicks of even the littlest boy. Fortunately, in College at any rate, cows are allowed to graze unmolested.

From such a mental equipment, the physical consequences in the daily life of Dilettante Diddle, Esq., are easy to trace. Worthy scion of a legendary College plant, a composer of an inexhaustible number of diversions based, very solidly, on the theme of his father's capital, like those scores of Russian variations on the Chopsticks melody, Diddle, Esq., for forty-five minutes in each lecture (having arrived fifteen minutes late in the invariably realised expectation that the lecturer himself has only just entered), cleans his nails, exchanges gossip notes with those seated beyond whispering range, writes to his bank, and plans his amorous career for the day ahead. The rest of the day is very likely that frivolous fulfilment of these plans, which too much indolence, too much sex and not enough intelligence combined in one mind are bound to produce.

Thus rolls, like a giddy boat on a choppy sea, the College career of a society boy, interrupted only occasionally by the mundane but necessary botherations, like the digestive process, of examinations, when Diddle, Esq., suddenly confronted by the possibility of at last becoming a Senior Freshman, switches off the eternal juke box of his mind and reasons to us thus: "Now let me see, let me see (reflective). When is my next exam? No, don't go away. I'll remember in a moment or so (worried). That's right! Got it! None till next October! (Triumphant). No, no (worried again). There's one before than (grim). Oh, hell! Next term! (suicidal); then, with the joy of having found a good excuse for a drink). Come with me to Jammet's. You've unnerved me."

And we go, and we drink, and we giggle with glee. And the toast, if not on our lips is certainly in our minds, for Diddle himself, realising that of his two secret dreads the first, that he is a fool, is true, and the second, that you know him to be one, is probable, suspects you to be saying in your heart of hearts, "Hail to you, inflated and pompous; hail to you, Dilettante Diddle, Esq., Prince of all Humbugs!"

proceeded to an appraisal of Housman's poetry in its various aspects, and placed Housman as a leading minor poet.

Mr. Gann proposed the vote of thanks and Mr. Gillam seconded, strongly arguing the case against the importance of life and work. Mr. Jackson asked a question, and Mr. Elliott (Sch.) wanted more emphasis laid upon Housman's abilities as a Classical scholar. The Auditor, Mr. C. Sides (Mod.), B.A., summed up and thought it was good for a Faculty Society to broaden its outlook.

Housman was, before his death in 1936, Professor of Latin at Cambridge, and one of those fortunate enough to hear him was Dr. Wormell. He gave us a very real picture of the scholar and poet, illustrating with anecdotes told in a manner few can equal. He classed A. E. Housman as a minor poet with limited range, but probably the greatest Latinist of his generation in Europe.

## OTHER SOCIETIES

### HISTORY-LAW INTER-DEBATE

On Friday night the Law Society held an inter-debate with the History Society, now an annual event resulting in the mutual satisfaction that lawyers need not tie themselves up in historical obscurities nor historians limit themselves only to facts. Miss Turtle proposed and Count Tolstoy seconded the motion, "That modern society is enslaved to bureaucracy." Miss Turtle stated the case in terms of a social paradox: that in order to achieve a greater degree of individual freedom, society in general must be enslaved to bureaucratic institutions set up by that society. Count Tolstoy dealt with some aspects of that bureaucracy as a controlling, interfering force on the individual.

Mr. Calvert and Mr. Topping, in stating the case for the opposition, were of the opinion that not only was Miss Turtle's definition of slavery untenable, but that the very idea of anyone, particularly lawyers, being enslaved to anything was unthinkable in this day and age. Lawyer after lawyer then took the floor. In all shades of tone, wit, constructive and/or irrelevant argument, the meeting proceeded on a note of considerable hilarity.

Miss Franklin mentioned intellectual freedom and warned members against the frustrations resulting from living in a society such as ours. Mr. Daybell gave an excellent speech furthering the philosophical aspect of the social paradox. Miss Turtle, to her enduring rage, was denied her right to reply for no apparent legal or historical reason, and was thereby convinced of her own slavery to so-called democratic bureaucrats such as the Auditor.

The motion having been defeated, Mr. Sweetman, of the Land Commission, the Chairman, commented brilliantly on each speaker's argument and technique before adjourning the meeting.

### THE CLASSICAL SOCIETY

Last Friday Mr. J. T. Killen (Sch.) read his paper, "The Poetry of A. E. Housman," to the Classical Society. He began with the controversial statement that the study of a poet's life is an essential preface to a study of his work, and so devoted half his discourse to the life and environment of Housman. He

proceeded to an appraisal of Housman's poetry in its various aspects, and placed Housman as a leading minor poet.

Mr. Gann proposed the vote of thanks and Mr. Gillam seconded, strongly arguing the case against the importance of life and work. Mr. Jackson asked a question, and Mr. Elliott (Sch.) wanted more emphasis laid upon Housman's abilities as a Classical scholar. The Auditor, Mr. C. Sides (Mod.), B.A., summed up and thought it was good for a Faculty Society to broaden its outlook.

Housman was, before his death in 1936, Professor of Latin at Cambridge, and one of those fortunate enough to hear him was Dr. Wormell. He gave us a very real picture of the scholar and poet, illustrating with anecdotes told in a manner few can equal. He classed A. E. Housman as a minor poet with limited range, but probably the greatest Latinist of his generation in Europe.

A vote of thanks to the essayist was proposed by the Hon. Secretary, Mr. D. J. Kerr, who agreed in the main with the position taken up in the paper, but thought that the essayist should have related the ordained ministry to the ministry of Christ in His Church. Mr. R. W. Toase, in seconding the vote of thanks, stressed the basis of the ministry in the commission Our Lord gave to His apostles. He held that we should not give an undue emphasis to any one of the three orders.

Many of the subsequent speakers considered the threefold ministry in relation to the question of reunion. The President, Dr. R. R. Hartford, summed up and brought the meeting to a close.

**LAWLOR'S**  
OF  
**UPPER RATHMINES ROAD**  
High-Class Victuallers  
Suppliers to T.C.D.  
143 UPR. RATHMINES RD., DUBLIN  
Telephone: 91737

# SPORTS NEWS

Rugby

## BIGGEST WIN BUT . . . Speed the Only Asset

Dublin University, 18 pts.; Old Wesley, 3 pts.

A FIFTEEN point victory by an experimental side would suggest that the Trinity selectors had solved the problems forced upon them by injuries to three experienced players, but in fact the score flattered Trinity. They had the speed, but lacked the determination required to really swamp a courageous Old Wesley team.

Old Wesley came to College Park with a pretty unimpressive record in this season's matches, but although they did not improve it, they did show more spirit than Trinity for most of the game. There was quite a nip in the air as the game began and it seemed to have affected the handling of the ball on both sides. Play changed ends rapidly in the opening, during which Old Wesley were awarded a penalty for an offence in the scrum. They were unsuccessful and O'Connor led a Trinity attack with an excellent touch kick putting them once more in the other half of the field.

The pattern of play was void of any excitement to warm the unfortunate spectators, apart from an occasional characteristic touch line dash by Reid-Smith. The ball, however, rarely reached the wings, so lacking was the co-ordination of the backs, while the forwards were too keen to let the other man do all the work.

The first score of the match came after Old Wesley had failed with a penalty attempt; De Wet wicked ahead and Old Wesley were harassed and could not prevent Hall from taking an opportunity. Reid-Smith made it 5-0. De Wet pulled a muscle and, although he immediately surged back into the attack as though nothing had happened, he was virtually a passenger for the rest of the match.

Reid-Smith moved into the centre for the second half, but movements by the backs were still spoiled by indifferent passing and bad handling. It was Reid-Smith who broke away 19 minutes after the restart to score behind the posts. He went through the formality of converting the try, making the score 10-0. For most of the second half the Trinity forwards failed to combine and played as individuals. Dowse and Sutton did their best to demonstrate what was required and were always in the thick of it.

Following a scrum, Sutton collected a kick ahead and ran on to score under the posts; Reid-Smith completed Trinity's third goal. A few minutes later Lea scored a consolation penalty for Old Wesley. Reid-Smith finished the scoring for the day with an excellent penalty as the whistle freed the long-suffering spectators.

One felt that Old Wesley, with two Trinity men, J. Pim and N. Gillatt, had really given of their best. Had they been able to match Trinity's speed they might have made this a much closer affair. It was as well that Trinity were not up against a stronger side than Old Wesley.

### SATURDAY SPECIAL

In preference to racing at Naas this Saturday, I have chosen to give my selection for the last big handicap in English flat racing — the Manchester November Handicap. Although there is a lot of Irish interest in Floor Show, I am taking No. Complaint, with W. Snaith up, to win. Last year's winner, Trentham Boy, will probably be favourite and should finish third behind No Complaint and Floor Show. Lester Piggott on Loppylugs should be a good outsider, although he was left at the post in the Cambridgeshire. All the best.  
"Colonel Tottering."

### Special Quick Service

9.30 to 5.30 Mondays to Thursdays

COURT LAUNDRY  
HARCOURT STREET

# SPORTS NEWS

Hockey

## VICTORY IN THE MUD Visit to Scotland Next Week

Monkstown, 1; Dublin University, 2.

ON Saturday last the Monkstown ground, though within a few miles of Dublin, had taken on a distinctly rural air.

When the Trinity team arrived a horse was seen peacefully grazing on the pitch; many sheep had evidently been using the ground, too, for they had left their mark in no uncertain manner! The picture would not be complete without reference to the fragments of broken bottles which were strewn about the field; perhaps they had been thrown by irate Monkstown supporters on the occasion of their team's last home defeat.

Despite all these hazards, the intrepid Trinity side marched forth and, after a game in which good hockey was at a minimum, they emerged victorious by 2 goals to 1. This result was all the more praiseworthy when it is remembered that Judge, Steepe and Moffett were absentees. Trinity opened very shakily, however, and it looked at one stage as if Monkstown would at least force a draw. But gradually the defence settled down; both Webb and Bonar Law played soundly, while Pratt covered vast areas of ground at centre-half. The vagaries of the pitch made constructive forward play virtually impossible. Findlater opened the scoring with a good goal early in the second half. This was followed by a notable effort from Campbell; twice he endeavoured to centre, twice the bumping ball eluded him (and the Monkstown defence); having by now arrived in the circle, he nonchalantly beat Satchwell, Ireland's goalkeeper of last season, with a well placed shot. Monkstown now reduced the lead, but the Trinity defence withstood all their efforts to force a draw. It is hardly surprising that Trinity, who have tried to adopt an accurate passing game this season, looked a little uneasy on this very bad pitch.

On Saturday next they return to Londonbridge Road, where the first round Mills Cup tie against Three Rock Rovers will be played. This promises to be the outstanding match of the season to date—in the opening match of the season Trinity met and defeated an under-strength Rovers' side who since then have won every match. Only if they play with a complete determination to win, something which is often lacking in a student side, can they hope to pass on to the next round. Immediately after this game the side sets out for its week-long tour of Scotland. Matches will be played against St. Andrew's University, Edinburgh University, Edinburgh Veterinary College and Glasgow University. The following are the 13 players selected to travel: A. Stewart, D. Judge, I. Steepe, A. Hughes, D. Pratt, A. Bonar Law, B. Grigg, M. Webb, J. Campbell, A. Findlater, M. Moffet, J. Lavan, V. Keely.

### Piscatoria

Of all the creatures hunted by man, none is in so great a demand, nor sought after in so many different ways, as the fish. Angling is one of the most ancient of human activities and the word is of Indo-European origin—"ank" meaning "bend." Primitive man used an elongated flint or "gorge" with bait which the fish could swallow but not eject, while insects' legs are still used as hooks in some parts.

The first line was probably the tendril of a plant and the first rod a sapling. There is a passage in the Odyssey referring to angling, but it was not until 1496 that a book, "Treatise of Fysshynge wyth an Angle," was printed in English.

The many species of fish are obtained not only by the more orthodox methods—nets of various kinds, rods, harpoons, spears, and by hand, but also from kites—even dogs may be used, while some Australians catch them with their feet. In China a cormorant with a cord round its neck is sent swooping on its prey. In more recent years, submarine fishing has presented further dangers to the Phylum.

While fishing is an industry frequently with a special government department, it also provides relaxation and exercise, excitement and peace to

old and young alike. At sea, angling, from the favourite grey mullet, often difficult to catch either on the surface, in mid-water or on the bottom, to the shark or swordfish from New Zealand, provides unequalled skill and excitement. Great skill is also required to land a bass of over 10 lbs. using ordinary cotton, but it is all part of a competition in Western United States.

Freshwater angling, though a little less strenuous, is none the less exciting, as these words from an elderly fishing clergyman on hooking a particularly aggravating trout somewhat luckily, would suggest: "Holy Father! Got him at last! May He forgive me for using His name. Hold up you great beast! Ah me, he's in the weeds! Saints above us, he isn't! What a ponderous trout! Devil take him for a pig-headed trout!" When he eventually landed the trout, he panted: "Eh me, what a beauty! And Lord forgive me for swearing."

Whether it is an attempt at the world record surf cast of 660 feet, or the world record rod catch of 2,536 lbs. (white shark, Australia, 1955) or just the enjoyment of the serenity of a stretch of a river, going fishing is certainly a most pleasant way to spend a day off.

Ladies Fashions  
Household Linens  
Carpets & Linos  
Mens & Boys  
Wear  
BOYERS & CO. LTD.  
20 22 NORTH EARL STREET

### Ladies Hockey

## ONE CONSOLATION

Muckross .....	8
Dublin University .....	1

As the score indicates, this proved to be a very one-sided game, but Trinity ladies had one consolation; U.C.D. were beaten 10-0 on their own ground. It would be unfair not to mention that Trinity's heavy defeat was due to the fact that the defence wilted in the second half. Thus, the final result is no indication of the closely contested opening half. At the half-way stage, Muckross lead by 3-1; Trinity's only goal coming from a fine shot by G. Ruddock.

In the second half the opposition came into their own, adding five goals without any further reply. The main weaknesses of the team seems to be lack of thrust and forceful shots by the forwards, who do not work together as a line. In addition, the halves must mark their opposite numbers more closely. The backs have been playing extremely well so far, but are still standing too square at times.

It is hardly necessary to add that elimination of these faults will not achieve anything unless every player is fit. All these points may seem elementary, but it is hoped that, in this case, criticism of the most glaring mistakes may be more beneficial than a detailed report of the match itself.

### CLUBS IN THE NEWS

The Harriers met their first opposition this season in a "friendly" race with Clonliffe Harriers at Santry on Saturday. The race consisted of a jog of four miles across country, followed by a mile road race. Shillington, a newcomer to the club, took the laurels for D.U.H. by turning in first in good time. Connolly was placed third, with McCaughey occupying 7th place, and with Reed, Bayne, Ryan and Roe well up. Trinity were unfortunate to lose by a small margin, due to the advantage Clonliffe had of counting their first eight men out of their 24 runners. On the whole it was a very encouraging start to the season.

The Golf Club play a match against Leinster ladies to-day and will be represented by the following: W. Clarke, W. Figgis, W. Dornan, D. Sherlock, M. Murphy, M. Stewart and J. Jackson.

The Lawn Tennis Club have awarded colours to D. Pratt, R. Sweetman, J. Lavan, I. McKenzie, I. Steepe, V. Keely and H. Flannery for 1957. Flannery is a new colour.



**Fitness wins!**  
when it's astride  
the easy-running

**RALEIGH**  
THE ALL-STEEL BICYCLE



Irish Bicycle Industries Ltd., Dublin