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Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

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

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Vol VII—No. 17

THURSDAY, JUNE 16th, 1960

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ELECTION OF FELLOWS & SCHOLARS

LAST Monday morning the large crowd assembled in Front Square, some curious, some expectant, some nervous, heard the Provost, Dr. A. J. McConnell, announce the names of the newly-elected Fellows and Scholars.

An Honorary Fellowship was awarded to the Regius Professor of Surgery, Prof. A. A. McConnell, and the following were awarded Fellowships: Dr. C. A. Erskine, Professor of Human Anatomy and Embryology; Prof. F. S. Stewart, Professor of Bacteriology and Preventive Medicine; F. E. Dowrick, Lecturer in Law, and W. A. Watts, Lecturer in Botany.

The Scholarship Elections held few surprises, although the standard set was much higher than it has been for previous years. The Maths school was represented by R. V. Wood and G. A. C. Graham, two of last year's "near misses." In Classics, the scholars were M. F. Smith, R. J. Miller and R. S. F. Murphy. The Mental and Moral School only gave one place this year, and awarded it to R. A. Leon, who had the exceptionally high mark of 72 per cent. In Natural Science there were Marian E. Walton (non-foundation), R. B. Bryan and W. G. Parker.

In Modern Languages, two non-foundation and two Foundation Scholarships were awarded. The former went to

Harden M. Rogers and Elizabeth Sands, while the latter were awarded to R. H. Bolster and W. D. Wilson.

Edna M. Broderick and Ann E. Ross were elected to non-foundation scholarships in Ancient and Modern Literature and the History Department was represented by W. H. Cox.

P. H. Vaughan upheld the honour of the Department of Hebrew and Oriental Languages, while in Engineering, R. C. Gibbons, and W. R. B. Caruth were elected.

The introduction this year of scholarships in Medicine resulted in one foundation and one non-foundation scholarship being given. They go to L. H. Sevitt and Janice Went.

And so it is over for another year. The successful can be seen walking self-consciously across Front Square in new and flowing gowns (only now are they entering into the full realisation of their achievement). Of those who were unsuccessful, some are to be found in the Reading Room, having learnt from their experience, and hoping to reach the academic heights in the year to come.



—Photo courtesy "Evening Mail"

"Swinging in the Rain?"

Like College Races on the preceding Wednesday, this year's Trinity Ball suffered from the vagaries of the weather. The red carpet that had been rolled out by George Henry and his committee stretching from Front Gate to the Dining and Examination Halls was soon sodden in patches, where the canvas covered way assumed the properties of a sieve rather than a roof. But inside the Dining Hall all was hot and dry and became hotter and dryer as five or six hundred people rocked to the music of Earl Gill and the singing compere Russi Wadia, and the way to the nearer bar became more and more crowded. Over in the Examination Hall another large crowd was moved by Sid Shine and his band to show more energy than those four walls had ever witnessed, and one hundred per cent enjoyment was

guaranteed. The most popular dance floor of all, however, was to be found in the debating hall of the G.M.B., and with the Trinidad Merrymones beating out crazy tropical rhythms on their steel drums in an atmosphere something like the Left Bank, it was hardly surprising. Despite the rain, the two bars did tremendous business and there seemed to be a permanent theatre-interval crowd around them. It seems fairly clear that at least one and possibly two more bars are required to cope with the number. In the same way, something drastic will have to be done about the buffet arrangements. The new idea of a running buffet in place of last year's supper with three sittings, was hardly an improvement. For most of the time there was a large queue, which periodically got tired of standing on the wet

grass, and rushed the entrance like a starving mob.

However, despite all this and the weather too, the Ball was still its usual great success, and George Henry and his committee must be congratulated for making the evening a fitting climax to Trinity Week.

Trinity Handbook, 2/-

Useful alike for student and Trinitophile is this fourth edition of the Trinity Handbook, edited by Frances-Jane French. Though one notes an aesthetic come-down in what has always been an essentially business-like cover (a dubious green as opposed to the more pleasing two-blue affair last year), one is quick to find an advantageous re-setting of all immediately pertinent facts concerning Trinity. The competent introductory essays and the well laid-out menu listing the most edible societies are a comprehensive introduction to both the inner machinery of the College and its distinguished history. In fact, the first interest of the Handbook will be to familiarise incoming students with the above and with College's undergraduate bureaucracy, the first to act as a directive, the second to act as an ambitious.

Editorials in the past four issues have all contained a scarcely concealed prayer that the student get better acquainted sooner than he does. His orientation with pubs is perhaps more spontaneous than his understanding of the essential College life: participation . . . there is no need for the former to occupy a more important rôle. The Handbook covers that ground adequately.

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LUNCHEONS DAILY
12.30-3 p.m.

METROPOLE
O'CONNELL ST., DUBLIN



—Photo courtesy "Evening Mail"

THE BULGE SAVED

Trinity, after all, is not to be deprived of her front garden—not yet at any rate. The Streets and Traffic Committee of Dublin Corporation have recommended that the removal of the "bulge" of lawn at Front Gate would not be advisable until a traffic survey has been made.

The Committee's report significantly adds that although the removal of the "bulge" would improve the road storage capacity at this point, it would not improve traffic flow conditions for south-bound traffic, due to the "bottleneck" which exists south of the intersection

(the Grafton St., Nassau St., Suffolk St. complex).

The following comforting note has been added by the City Engineer: "It is part of traffic control to ensure that traffic moves in lanes. As no additional lane could be provided in Grafton St., it would be a disadvantage to remove the 'bulge' at Trinity College." So it would seem that our continued separation from Irish life is likely to be preserved. Without our twenty yards of drive and our high railings, we would lose priceless paces of dignity.

SINGERS AID LIBRARY

College Singers and Chamber Orchestra conductor Julian Dawson Mus.B., will be giving a Concert in the Examination Hall on the 21st of June at 8 o'clock. Solists from Radio Eireann and the choir of St. Patrick's Cathedral will take part. The programme will include the following items: Bach's 5th Brandenburg Concerto, English and Italian Madrigals, and Mozart's Ave Verum Corpus. Profits will be given to the Library Extension Appeal Fund. Admission will be by programme price 2/6, available at Front Gate.



TRINITY NEWS
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Vol. VII TRINITY NEWS No. 17
THURSDAY, 16th JUNE, 1960

STATUS QUO

WE have many potential revolutionaries in College. We have violent Socialists, belligerent Conservatives, passive Liberals and many other extremists and middle-of-the-roaders of varying degrees of aggressiveness or disinterestedness. Fortunately, most of the more extreme characters are modified to a more generally acceptable form within a few months of emerging into the wide world of industry and commerce.

The most unpleasant varieties of this malady are exhibited by Nationalists who request that British Forces of Occupation be removed from "The Six Counties" and by West Britons who claim that the Twenty-Six Counties should be freed from the rebel forces of occupation. We find many of these sufferers in our midst. We can confidently say that none of them would recommend violence. However, they do remind us of the individuals who, a few years ago, were finding Littlego a difficult hurdle. They persisted in stating that Littlego should be abolished. They succeeded in using a great deal of time and energy on considering the possibilities of its abolishment being at an early date. Instead, they should have sat down and made the most of the existing situation.

We have heard recently how a group of schoolgirls in Londonderry sat during the playing of the British National Anthem. This displays remarkable ignorance and bad manners, and possibly deliberate disloyalty on the part of those in charge. These people must realise that they are living in the United Kingdom and Queen Elizabeth deserves respect as head of their country. On the other hand, it is even worse for a native of the Irish Republic to express loyalty to a foreign queen. We have been a separate State for over thirty years and we are now an Independent Republic. Must we still be traitors?

NEXT YEAR'S NAMES
COLLEGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Auditor: Anthony Francis; Treasurer: Basil Hagard; Record Secretary: William Dillon; Correspondence Secretary: David Butler; Librarian: John Gilmarin. Committee: Patrick Branigan (Senior Member), Jan Van Blankenstein, Mark Deverell, Victor Bleasdale, Christopher Palmer, Michael Voigt.

* * * *

TRINITY MONDAY, 1960

Scholars' Committee Elections
Secretary: T. C. I. Ryan; Committee: R. J. Hunter, R. H. Johnston, W. N. Keery, Miss C. A. Challen.

Sunday, 19th June

MASS

Specially for

Trinity Students

Celebrant—External Chaplain

WESTLAND ROW CHURCH. 10.30

PROFILE

ROBIN HARTE

A Human Equation

Although Robin Harte makes close friends, to the majority of people in College he is an amusing acquaintance: a humorous conversationalist at the Commons table; a person who is at most of the parties. He has a large, rather conventional appetite for the social life. His achievements, though, are more uncommon.

Robin is a Northerner, and the son of a headmaster; his family is Methodist. He was the Head Boy of Belfast High School. He began life in Dublin by winning the top Entrance Scholarship, and continued industry was rewarded when he was elected a Scholar in Mathematics. He has the added prestige of having gained this award in his first year. His mathematical talent was recognised in his election to Auditorship of the Mathematical Society.

He has also acquitted himself well in the Hist; he worked energetically as Correspondence Secretary and Treasurer, and his successful career culminated in Honorary Membership. He has since applied his auditing abilities as Treasurer of the S.R.C. Robin obviously enjoys organising, but as a pleasant recreation, not an obsession.

Robin likes to wear his hair long, and he prefers the sunny weather when he can carry his umbrella rolled. He refuses to take himself seriously; but after three years of extravagant extroversion he has retired somewhat and is now concentrating on his work. He is not a sportsman, but enjoys a passive, touch-line interest in rugby. In the arts he has light tastes. As a friend, he has great kindness which stems more from an almost indiscriminate warmth than from clearly defined sentiments. Beneath the facile exterior there is insecurity and a

resulting sympathy. Robin's tortuous mind wrestles not only with mathematical problems and arguments but with words; he is an inveterate and tireless punner. He thinks broadly if not deeply, and is interesting because he is interested.

Robin leaves Trinity at the end of this year. He hopes to go to Cambridge to work for a Ph.D. in Functional Analysis.



His friends will miss him and his acquaintances will notice the humourless silence.

"There will be time to audit
The accounts later, there will be sun-
light later
And the equation will come out at
last."

LEFT BEHIND ?

The Fabian Society is having yet another revival—and if the rest of it lives up to the standard of last Tuesday's meeting, we profoundly hope it will prove more permanent than most of the spasms of this institution.

Senator Skeffington was in the chair, and Michael Downing started off by reading a brief but fairly comprehensive paper entitled "The Relevance of Socialism." He confined himself almost entirely to an English scene, describing the unfortunate Mr. Gaitskell as a traitor, and re-affirming the still urgent need for vast social reforms in Britain. More is spent, he said, on advertising than on industrial research, on packaging than on schools. The housing shortage was still very serious, and the educational system abysmal. This serious, hard-working paper made a stimulating starting-point for discussion.

Dr. Thornley, after some personal meanderings, brought the meeting firmly back to Ireland. The old-fashioned moralistic type of Socialism, he said, was still appropriate here, where the cities still have slums, and the educational and social - payments arrangements are almost beyond belief. More generally, Gaitskell was an "opportunist pragmatist," and the Fabian Society a good thing.

Mr. Keery made the excellent point that many of the Dublin slums have TV.

sets, so that it was not enough to crusade for better houses and incomes, without taking the wider view. The aim of "building a better society," with all its implications. Socialism, he said, must now reconcile the popular mind with the old ethic, and he ended with a call to action by all those who had any idea of what was going on here under our noses.

Mr. Donal Nevin, Research Officer to the Irish Congress of Trade Unions, is clearly a man in a muddle. He started by proving that he was himself a Socialist. Capitalism was inefficient, it created an unjust society, and it must be done away with. He then descended to the interesting question of the Irish Labour Party, of which he is a member. This Party, he said, was not a Socialist party. O dear me, no. But this did not seem to him to be very important for, after all, it was a party—the party—of the Left. The nicety of this distinction was rather lost on at least one member of the audience, who left with respect for Mr. Nevin's Socialism, but a certain regret that he had considered such apologetics necessary. It would be interesting to hear Mr. Nevin's non-lip-serving whips and reporters.

The general discussion which followed from the floor was extremely lively. It is the best sign for years of some kind of conscientious thinking about the affairs of this country.

Choral

The Choral Society's summer concert was given in the Examination Hall on Thursday last. It consisted of two main works, Purcell's "Dioclesian" and Britten's "St. Nicholas."

The first work is intended to be fairly light-hearted, but the choir sang it in a very ponderous fashion. Some of the entrances were ragged and it was noticeable that many of the singers looked carefully at their scores and not at the conductor when they were to make their entrances. However, the general effect was pleasant listening, although at times the tenors were weak.

There followed two songs, performed by the winning quartet in the Cherry Cup competition. They sang "Fine Knacks for Ladies," by John Dowland, and a nonsense song by Sieber. Their quality was very high, especially in the latter which is a very difficult piece to sing.

LETTER TO

Sir,—Now the bustle of Trinity Week is over and everyone is settling back into the normal College routine, but before everything is forgotten for another year, we would like to mention a few things about the Ball.

First, we would like to thank all the members of College who so willingly helped with the erection and dismantling of the equipment. Then there were all the ladies who produced such magnificent decorations, in particular we would like to mention Mrs. Gill and Mrs. Jobling Purser.

We would also like to thank the members of the College staff who did such a magnificent job in putting up the floodlights, awnings, and acting as stewards during the Ball; in particular we would like to mention the Chief Steward, who stayed up all night on Friday clearing the place, and the Clerk of Works, who supervised all the erection and dismantling.

The supper arrangements again proved rather unsatisfactory; this was a

Society

The second half of the concert was devoted to Britten's "St. Nicholas." It was unfortunate that the soloist, Arthur Moyse, was suffering from laryngitis, but even with this handicap his singing was superb. The general performance of the choir was far better than in the earlier part of the evening and they showed themselves in their best light when singing "All People that on Earth Do Dwell."

The piano playing of Julian Dawson and Colman Pearce was excellent, as was the singing of the three choir boys from St. Patrick's Choir.

The whole performance was not up to the usual standard of the Society, but by the end of Trinity term enthusiasm is, naturally, flagging and it is expected that next term's concern will bring a great improvement.

THE EDITOR

fault of the Dance Committee and not the caterer, as everyone crowded up to the counter which was not long enough to cope with the number of people. We feel that a larger marquee or two marquees, and possibly some form of self-service counter, where people go in at one end and collect their food and leave at the other, may be the answer to the problem. The service in one of the bars was slow; this, again, was unfortunate, as the manager was supplied with only about two-thirds of the staff promised by the union.

We hope that everyone enjoyed the Ball and by next year we hope to improve the arrangements which were at fault.—Yours faithfully,

R. R. Hartford, Chairman,
Trinity Week;
Brian Fisher, Hon. Sec., Trinity
Week Ball;
George Henry, Hon. Sec.,
Trinity Week.
June 12th, 1960.

College Observed

College painted her face last week, and tied her wrinkles round balloons. The rain-winds of change played scouts with a meccano-set in Front Square, and rocked hat-cloistered virgins on heels spiked obsessively into garden-party grass. The gusts flirted with the Rubrics and gave the Reading Room a Cinderella complex—or did the book-rests press-mark with the yellow slips at midnight? Friends were unrecognizable; then, more recognizable than usual. But everything finally explained itself on Friday night. The covered ways were no longer the incoherent attempts of children to burrow back to something archetypal and cosy via table legs and cloths—they became the incoherent attempts of adults to make fairy-lit jelly bags waterproof. Food was more or less "first catch your primus," but it was all mad, gay, sodden fun, while the alcoholic angel on the monument patiently brooded green and yellow melancholy into her empty champagne bottle, and someone dropped rose-petals into the Hist ballot-box in the absence of Sir Edmund Burke.

The rouge was overdone on Thursday, or the Front Gate clock drank tomato soup and forgot to stop. It was as disconcerting as the missing hands in "Wild Strawberries." The dial became a wild strawberry, savage and scorning cream. We looked at the clock, and we saw red, the red rags of time. We thought about papal bulls and scarlet women. Was time red, our spectacles rose-coloured or our vin, rose? Certainly the days were lettered red—wine-splashed, rose-flushed, blood-shot. Time was right to blush, to apologise for daring to pierce our pleasure with his thorny hands. Or perhaps politics, blue, red, then finally white; I'm all Union, Jack. Or the Russians taking over from the reactionaries, an outpost in Time Square; or perhaps Mars. It meant, in any case, our own divorce from time. The clock was on fire, buring up yesterday's invitation cards and to-day's regrets.

A freshman called Pooter who said he was Nobody, modestly picked his teeth with "The Times" death-column and complained that he was never mentioned in "two and two make four and six" or "Hell's Hooks on Scandals." Definitely one of College's mudpacks. So he volunteered an account of his own "modest frivolities" during Trinity Week. It arrived in green bio on verbenae-scented note-paper: "A rousing and rather daring game of consequences (Marilyn Monroe !!!) kept our little circle up as late as 10 o'clock on Sunday—fifteen minutes past my usual cocoa-time. I spent a good deal of time after breakfast next morning trying to mend a spoke in my umbrella—I was so absorbed that I arrived at my lecture only five minutes before it was due to start! As the week progressed more and more of my fellow aspirers seemed to go sick. When I arrived at three on Wednesday afternoon, there was no-one there at all—not even the lecturer! Father often calls me 'a young Sherlock Holmes' or 'sheer luck' as his rather forced sense of humour will have it. So I proceeded through college, carefully scrutinising the unusually large and boisterous crowds. When I found the professor he was very red in the face from embarrassment, and tried to pull off my moustaches. When I sternly reminded him of his duty he jumped ferociously up and down on my watch, omitting to remove it from my waistcoat pocket. I was very puzzled, and tried to think beautiful thoughts about the daisies."

PLAYERS' REVUE

A hearty laugh does everyone good, and Players' Revue can certainly provide plenty. If you have a sense of humour, this is the show for you. If not, stay away. The standard of the sketches in this year's revue is high, but not consistently high, although there is never a dull moment. From the first act to the last the small cast give of their best. Outstanding among them is Terence Brady, a man of many parts, who not only directs the show but also wrote some of the script and appears in many of the scenes. Varying his roles from an insurance agent to a "pop" singer, he carries the show onwards to the extent that it runs the risk of turning into a one-man show. Of the rest of the cast, Michael Bogdan deserves great praise for his turns with a guitar, and Jo van Gysenghem for her solo performance of a poem by R. B. D. French.

The acts were varied and the inter-scene capers by members of the cast were extremely effective, often because they were so ludicrous. "Shamrock," a skit on rock-'n-roll, was a glorious climax to a revue with all the ingredients for a very successful run and the whole show is well up to the standard of many of the revues being presented on the professional stages of London.

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FOUR & SIX

Did you go to that Mad Hatter's tea-party last week? We fell down all the usual rabbit-holes and the usual extraordinary things happened. Fainting in coils was the only item in our education that was the least bit useful. But we reeled and writhed, too. The Mock Turtle was really in the soup.

Paddy Strawbridge and Juliet Maguinness provided dipomatic asylum for refugee-hats from the Races on Wednesday, hats that sing hymns and hats that sing. The second cattieory Choral-rehearsed with tongues in their cliques, guided by Julian Dawson, Graham Wheeler and Patricia Breach. Maddie Langford thought that Robin Harte was supposed to be sexually attractive. Pat Dolaghan wasn't sure. Bill Jackson seemed proud of Carol Challen. Sue Rawlings and Jan Nairn quadrilled for assorted lobsters and whittings. Declan Smith leaned out of the window with Undine Concannon until people started seeing lions and unicorns.

"The further was from Trinity, the nearer to the dance"—the Sailing Club, at the Royal St. George later, and soop of the evening too. Dr. McDowell jabberwocked impressively that he had sailed once. John Mason came out of his teapot to reply to the speech. Then Mr. and Mrs. Luce started to unconfine the joy of the dance. Freddie Byrne talked of many things to Lillis McClean. Galway Johnson showed the still inquisitive Maddie the brilligosity of the bay. Hilary Titterington and Peter Watchman were in these gimbings too. David Leonard and Sylvia French, Vernon Keely and Marjorie Wallace old-father-Williamed everyone else. Prue Furney toved slithily with Mike Dibb.

Bridget Hull, Rachel Phillips and Lisa Hay were charmingly hatted hostesses to the glorious jam to-day in the Eliz. garden-party on Thursday. And strawberries too. All that the races should have been. Penny Gibbon and Brian Osman tinkled resoundingly with Lesley Duguid. Sheila Lovett, Margaret Kingston and Joan Dockeray wore their escorts with a difference. Sue Gregory and Nick Tolstoy tweedle-dum-deed as usual. Carolyn Maguire had John Murray bubbling unexpectedly all over the momeraths of the Fellows' Garden.

The drink at David Bird's and Trevor West's pre-Ball party on Friday made everyone exactly the right size for the rest of the evening. Tony Francis philosophically poured cabbages and kings

over beautiful Miss Blake-Kelly, but he never auditor about. Geraldine O'Donnell defended the Kingdom against four griffons from Cork. Lillis McClean climbed a metaphorical toadstool and told Hallam Johnston how swell it was to be an American citizen. Alison Wingfield platonically bewitched her open-mouthed oysters, wittily and with a telling smile, designed not to tell everything. Neville Keery and Janice Went—of course she did—scratched gossip together through the smoke.

Of course no-one was going to the Ball; including the frustrated hundreds clamouring for tickets on the wrong side of the looking-glass. We had a Jane-Austen assembly in the Exam. Hall, a country-house warmth in the Dining Hall, and a sticky hysterical beat beat calypso in the G.M.B. The rest was girl-quicting in the rain, taps in the tents. But it didn't matter. Surge and seek. Tish Brierley was looking for a drink and Mike Chamberlayne, in that order. Jill East was looking for Paul Hillis. Bernard, Bernadette. Paddy Strawbridge was obviously grateful to John Wallace for the loan of his rooms on Wednesday. Judith Cowley and Alan Millen flickered past. Doormouse-blind, we bumped into Peter Welch and Joanna Mitford. Players and poets looked plutocratic and carnation-prosperous. Terry Brady with Sue Vignoles, Rudolf Holzapfel with Renata Plunkett, Madder and madder. "O, will you, won't you; will you, won't you... Michael Voigt and Heather Marshall... won't you join the dance?" And... and... we climbed the baby Sugar Loaf afterwards and thought about Trappists.

Some people who weren't asleep, and some who were, put on their salon or saloon manners for Frances-Jane French and Betsy Dillon in Upper Leeson Street on Saturday. Gershon Weiler one-upped by smoking a philosophic hookah on the floor with Hugh Glanville. Tony Gynn, body-guarded in, circulated, found Tara McCarthy, and glided down beside Bill Jackson and Lynn Carter. Someone, doubtless afraid that Frances-Jane would not be able to tell him all she wanted, locked the door. Jack Daniels Tarzanned to the ground and St. Georged for people. Others stayed to see the garden and improve horticultural relations.

We went back to the Sugar Loaf with Alice and talked wistfully about her sister. She, you remember, spent the whole time reading a book with no conversation in it.

"ICARUS" REVIEW...

NOT SO SAD VERSE

It is easy to be afraid of "Icarus." It is also lazy. Many students feel that it has climbed into an esoteric vacuum and pulled its punctuation up after it; that clinical sophistication has diluted emotion, if not metaphysics. "Icarus" often falls into this fault with both unmetered feet, but the Editor is insisting on an important truth when he says "there is still no such thing as a special 'Icarus' style of writing." It is your fault if it is not alive and changing. If "Icarus" is a little uncertain of itself this term, it is not because it is mummified.

Two conspicuous themes are awareness of Irish tradition, and crusading against machines. John Montague's stern evocation of dark Celtic sunlight in "A Royal Visit" powerfully welds present and past with new echoes of old songs. He makes his taut, bittersweet phrases "a habitation for heroes." Yeats, elegiacally one with Sligo and Ben Bulbin, is the hero inhabiting Brendan Kennelly's loving requiem. He lives in the texture of its softly remembering rhythm. In his story, "Sad Verse . . . One," John Jay observes Irish conviviality and casualness with acuteness and warmth; a wedding, a bouquet eaten, more than one in every bed and bottle. The form is perhaps too like the outline of a Maurice Walsh novel, but all the melancholy discomfort and sympathy of puzzled and pleased indigestion is finely there. This is infinitely the best short story: in Terry Brady's "I Speak Your Weight," Mr. Tober Gillis (splendidly named at least) murders a machine rather mechanically, but there is one glorious moment of exploding agony. In

Paul Davies' story the machine murders a king, rather synthetically. Mr. Peter Bell's theme in "The Glimpse" is at least different.

Beside Mr. Montague's sureness, the rest of the poetry is sometimes ragged. But Michael Leahy is intensely involved in "Head and Face," yet austere outside it. Its impact is individual and uncompromising. Miss C. Duran is another individual voice. She has monumentally felt the power of huge monolithic things in "Time" heard the whisper of eternity. Paul Davies is deftly shocking in "In Play." There is perhaps too much of Michael Longley's work, as three of his poems commemorate more or less the same moment. But his tender, reflective poetry is a new mood for "Icarus." "Mother and Child" has real dramatic excitement, "The Kiss" a restrained perfection of phrase. Mr. Longley is a poet of the pause. He has plenty of time to look for words, and sometimes finds too many. His poetry is waiting for something. Glimpses show that it will be very much worth waiting for.

John Jay's prose has a richness and depth unknown to Mr. Brady, and almost unknown to Mr. Davies. Mr. Bell's crisp sentences counterpoint the lush dying fall of his subject. The reviews ache with authority and flash with irreverence. Michael Leahy's wide knowledge of contemporary poetry makes his epitaph on the third "Guinness Book of Poetry" extremely valuable. Perhaps "Icarus" could make us more consistently aware of other student-writers in the British Isles. But we must be properly aware of our own first.

E.M.B.

ELECTION BELLES

"Ring Out the Old, Ring in the New" Women of College, unite. You have nothing to lose except your crochet chains. The Eliz. need a President.

Most of the present Committee will probably stand for re-election to their posts—Carol Challen, Lisa Hay, Rachel Phillips, Diane Carolin, Maureen Brush and Junior Freshmen Jenny Leonard and Rowan Leeper. None of these, however, want the Presidency. The situation is so serious that the "Trinity News" reporter, in search of information, was immediately asked if she would not like the position. (She refused, not feeling capable of upholding the standard of Georgian elegance which would seem to be required.)

The post is not an easy one. Apart from the normal social duties, past Presidents have had to do such things as painting No. 6 with their own fair hands, since the College authorities could not be galvanised into action by any feminine wiles.

At present the most likely candidate is Prue Furney. No one else has expressed any interest. While it is proper that the pleasant social atmosphere of the Eliz. should not be marred by the hot political rivalry of its male counterparts, it is rather disappointing, if not alarming, that not one of the capable and intelligent young women of College should be willing to undertake the position of First Lady of the University.

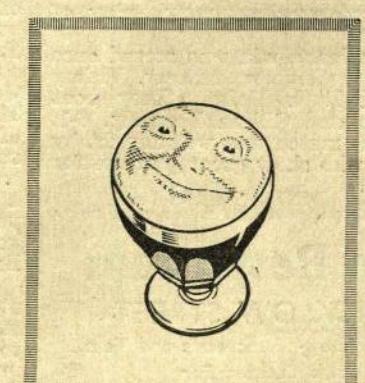
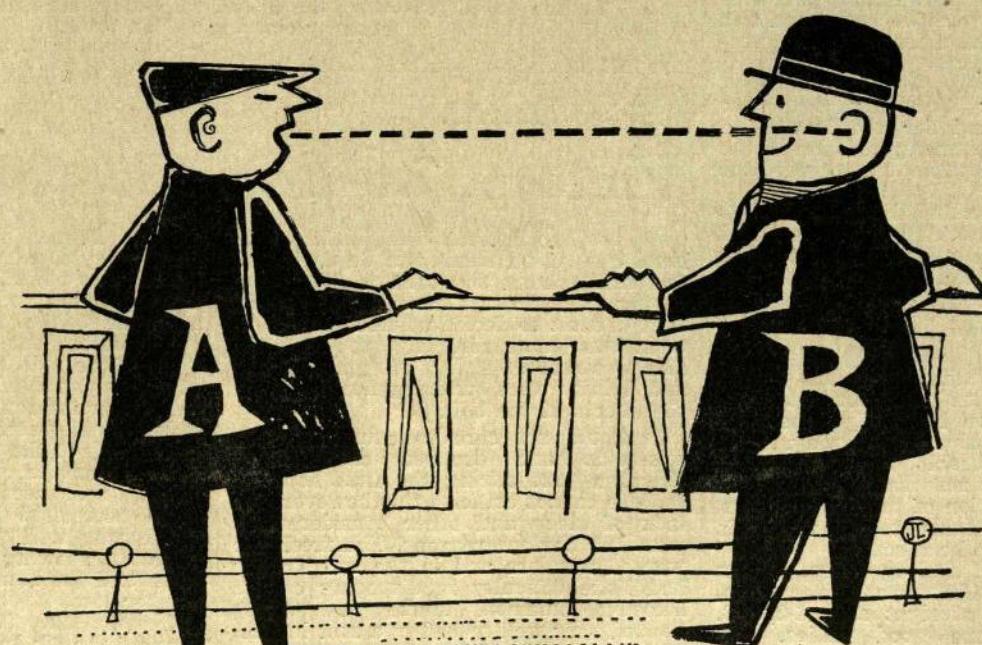
Along a bar at over 1,000 ft. a second

A SOUND EXPERIMENT

A asks B to join him in a Guinness.

Sound, travelling at the rate of one-fifth of a mile per second carries this invitation to B, and makes his face light up. Light, moving at the far greater speed of 186,325 miles per second conveys B's appreciation and acceptance of A's kind offer more quickly than any words could do. Isn't it a wonderful world? A and B think so!

This is a very popular experiment and one that you should make for yourself. It will prove one thing to your complete satisfaction, i.e. that . . .



GUINNESS is good for you

★ SPORTS NEWS ★

Boat Club

SENIOR EIGHT VICTORIOUS

AFTER three years the Senior crew brought back the University Grand Challenge Cup and, in addition, won both Senior Fours events, a feat not performed for a very long time. They not only beat the opposition handsomely but the Senior crew has the satisfaction of knowing that they have beaten every Irish crew likely to go to Rome in the Olympics. It is also interesting to note that Trinity Regatta, in spite of not being a championship course, will be the last time at which all the Senior crews meet this year.

Only two crews entered for the Junior VIII's which Queen's won despite a plucky performance by the Trinity VIII. Queen's also won the Junior IV's, beating Drogheda in the finals with some ease. It is sad to see so few entries for these events and it is hoped that more country clubs will support them in the future.

The Maiden events were dominated by the Guards. The Trinity Maidens, despite a "crab" shortly after the race started, pushed them hard all the way. These rivals will be meeting again at Carlow, Drogheda and Waterford, where it is hoped Trinity will avenge this defeat. In the final of the Maiden IV's, it was interesting to see Garda B beating Garda A in a close finish.

In the Senior Sculls, Jones, sculling under D.U.B.C. colours, dominated the scene. Indeed he was never pushed and if he trained he could do well in England. In the Junior Sculls, Murphy, a U.C.D. graduate sculling under Runcorn colours from England, won his races fairly comfortably, though Sheridan of D.U.B.C. put up a good fight.

In the non-University Senior VIII's, L.E.B.C. beat their opponents from U.C.D. and, considering how unfit most

of the crew were, L.E.B.C. put up a fine performance against the Guards in the final.

On Thursday the Senior crew depart for Marlow and Henley. The 1st Senior IV will row at Marlow. They are a powerful, fit crew and should do well after further practice, together with the chief coach, Mr. P. Bradley, an old Leander and England oar. It would be foolish to predict the chances of the Senior crew at Henley, but few would deny that they are the fastest Trinity crew for many years. They are well drilled technically, and with two wins last week to give them confidence and a fine performance at Putney last March, their chances are high.

The Juniors and Maidens are racing at Carlow, Drogheda and Waterford, where they could easily reverse the results of Trinity and Cappoquin regattas. None of the crews lost by a great enough margin to give clear domination to anyone else.

Athletics

RESOUNDING SUCCESS

Nine Titles in A.A.U. Championships

LAST Friday and Saturday, members of the Club competed in the A.A.U. Championships with great success. Taking no less than nine titles in all, they confirmed themselves as the best club.

The outstanding performance was undoubtedly that of Colin Shillington who won his first serious mile of the season in 4 mins. 6.4 secs. Shillington was always in command and went on to win by no less than 30 yards. On the track, too, Francis ran brilliantly to win the 440 in blustery conditions in 49.7 after finishing second in a brilliant duel with Long in the 220 in his fastest ever time of 22.1 secs. Hannon won the 440 hurdles in 57.2, and John Gilmartin gave a polished performance in taking the 120 hurdles in 16.0 secs.

On the field, Ronnie Taylor again scored a brilliant double in the shot and discus, hurling the former implement 49 ft. 7½ ins., while B. Obviagale also came a very creditable third. Lunde completed a brilliant double by taking the pole vault at 12 ft. in effortless fashion and returning to form in the long jump

with a good leap of 21 ft. 3½ ins. For good measure he also hurled the javelin 170 ft. 4 ins. to take third place and leaped 5 ft. 10 ins. in the high jump to take fourth place.

A Jubilee meeting is to be held v. A.A.U. Eire next Wednesday at 7.0 p.m. in which the Club are taking on the rest of the Republic in a special jubilee meeting to celebrate its 75th anniversary. It is very fitting that the 75th anniversary of the Club falls in this year of outstanding success. The match itself promises to be a close one and, this being Olympic year, athletes will be going all out to record good performances.

Sailing Club

Gusty Conditions for Annual Regatta

The first half of the Annual Regatta was sailed last Friday in gusty conditions, necessitating the use of reefed cotton sails. The Helmsman's Championship for the Baskin Trophy was sailed for first. Four heats and two semi-finals cut down the 22 helmsmen who had entered to six in the final. In this, Henry went into the lead from the start and seemed set for an easy win. Surprisingly, both McGovern and Drewery hit the lee mark and had to retire, leaving Browett and Hare in 2nd and 3rd places. Then on the beat from the Navy buoy to the Coal Harbour mark, Browett railed through Henry to establish a commanding lead which he held to the finish.

The novices' races followed next and produced some exciting racing in heavy squalls. In the final, Rainey passed Clapham on the beat to finish first, with Mills third.

The final event of the day was the ladies race which Hilary Barton won comfortably.

The Wags and the single-handed Fly-fly races had to be postponed, due to the stormy conditions over the week-end, but should be sailed on Sunday.

Last Saturday at Islandbridge the Sailing Club won the Club Fours competition for the second year in succession.

Racing

Prospects for Ascot

By "WINDSOR LAD"

The advent of Ascot week sees most horses reaching their peak, with the result that favourites win a high percentage of the races. Thursday (today) and Friday should produce the most interesting racing of the four-day meeting, with the Gold Cup as the main attraction. This year France should again provide the winner from Sheshoon, Le Coup Garou or Bel Baraha. Of the English-trained runners, Red Dragon and Kamoh have no chance and Exar will need to have very soft going to assert himself. I select Le Coup Garou to win from Bel Baraha, with Sheshoon third.

The powerful Irish contingent will have some successes and Floribunda, trained by Prendergast, should win the New Stakes to-day comfortably. He is probably the fastest two-year-old seen in Europe this year.

The Hardwicke Stakes on Friday has attracted a very high-class field, dominated by Parthia who should win from Aggressor. The last race of the meeting, the King's Stand Stakes on Friday, brings together those very fast sprinters, Sing Sing, Sound Track and the Northern-trained Tin Whistle in a high-class field of 12. Sound Track did exceptionally well in his first outing at Leopardstown this season, winning with 9 st. 7 lbs., but Sing Sing may prove just too fast for him here.

COLONEL MAY
Colonel May, who missed last week owing to an attack of gout, is up and well and ready for Royal Ascot. At Ascot he advises his followers to support: Floribunda (probably 3.5 Thursday), Sing Sing (5.30 Friday), Sound Track (2.30 Thursday, but only on Thursday), Hans Anderson (3.40 Saturday). For Irish supporters, Icy Look should win at Phoenix Park on Saturday.



Ronnie Taylor throwing the discus at Santry on Saturday, which he won by clearing 138 ft. 6 ins.
—Photo courtesy "Sunday Review"

Cricket—1st XI.

Victory in Low Scoring Game

Trinity encountered some difficulty in beating a weak Phoenix side on Saturday, and must thank the cousins Singh for saving them from a humiliating defeat. It is difficult to decide whether or not to treat this game seriously; the Phoenix side was scarcely strong enough to do so and Trinity were suffering heavily from the effects of the ball.

I should not care to enumerate the mis-fields and dropped chances on Trinity's part during the first hour or so. One cannot criticise this however, for lack of sleep and other considerations were the obvious reasons. The fresh air worked wonders and in the end Trinity had little difficulty in disposing of the Phoenix batsmen. Blake and Keely bowled very well indeed in a stiff breeze, with no luck at all. The Phoenix opening pair Quinn and Devine made the most of their chances and scored freely, putting on over sixty for the first wicket.

It looked as though the Trinity bowling could make no impression at all, until Quinn was caught and bowled by Gillen. This left the lesser batsmen at the mercy of Singh and Inglis, and one by one they succumbed to spin and flight. Lea held an excellent catch in the deep; he has a wonderful pair of hands and I have yet to see him drop a chance. Guthrie kept wicket in the absence of the injured Bradshaw and acquitted himself well.

Lea and Guithrie opened against a steady attack and the latter seemed strangely out of touch. He is vulnerable to the ball leaving the off-stump and must correct this by getting his left foot well across. Lea hit lustily to leg

and with Foster's help, put Trinity well on the way to passing the Phoenix total. Foster was bowled, however, attempting a forcing shot and Lea soon departed in a similar fashion. Harley drove two fours over mid-on, but failing to get to the pitch of the ball was comfortably caught at mid-off. Mulraine hit his first ball past cover for four, but thereafter never looked at his ease. K. Singh was playing confidently at the other end, but with the rapid departure of Mulraine and Inglis, Trinity still needed forty runs, with little accredited batting to come. H. Singh was well able to cope with the situation, showing something like his old form and the runs were hit off without further loss.

Phoenix 120 (Quinn 38, Devine 24, Singh 5 for 43; Inglis 2 for 11).

Trinity 121 for 6 (Lea 32, H. Singh 20 not out, Foster 20).

* * * * *

On Saturday, the 2nd XI recorded a further victory, this time against Y.M.C.A. Trinity won the toss and batted. At first, the scoring was slow. Five wickets were down for 60 when D. B. Grigg and R. A. Jones came together. They added 70 very valuable runs. Grigg scoring 43 and Jones 32. R. Calicott, D. White and R. V. Wood all batted with glee, abandon and Trinity totalled 171.

The Trinity bowlers and fielders got down to work and Y.M.C.A. wickets fell in quick succession. In the Y.M.C.A. total of 71, Caldicott took 4 wickets for 24, and T. West 4 for 26, and both Brownlow and R. V. Wood held excellent catches.

Ladies' Tennis Club

Once again Trinity Week has passed by, the Tennis Club celebrating it in its customary fashion by holding the final of the championships on Thursday. After a most unfavourable start, the day turned out to be reasonably good. Due to the bad condition of the grass courts, however, it was decided to play the finals in the Bay on the hard courts.

In the singles, Audrey Lowe, a new member of the Club, beat the captain, Joyce Lavan, in straight sets, 6-2, 6-3. There were some good rallies, and although Joyce seemed to be more on the attack, she could not compete against the steadiness and excellent match play of her opponent.

In the doubles, a win was scored once again by new members, namely, Vickie Sinclair and Ruth Meirs. They beat Joyce Lavan and Gillian Kennedy, 6-1, 4-6, 7-5. The match was well fought by the winners who show great promise for future years.

Ray's Restaurant

15 WICKLOW STREET

Morning Coffee - Luncheons and Teas

Parties Catered For