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# Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

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

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THURSDAY, 12th JUNE, 1958

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## MAD WEDNESDAY

### Plot or Sloth?

A general meeting of the S.R.C. will be held next Tuesday. This will come as a surprise to most members of the Council and at least one officer.

The President, Chris. Sides, asked Neville Avison, the Secretary, to send out cards some days ago in accordance with the Constitutional seven days' notice. No cards have been received at the time of going to print.

Does this indicate a repetition of the events which led to rigging of the previous elections? Or is it plain apathy? Certainly its Treasurer knows nothing of a meeting.

If "Trinity News," acting as Secretary though this article, can stir all members to attend, and to insist upon a right and Constitutional election, then it will have served a purpose. Otherwise it may well be that the two-year apprenticeship in cooking elections has now matured into a full-scale Avison-plot. It could succeed considering the present apathy and indifference of the President and Treasurer.

(See Hist. Society, page 2).

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WE said to hell with it all—to hell with reality, rain, and Thursday's ralentando; here were 24 hours to be burnt and to be remembered to dance, drink, laugh, love, cry, if you want; break bottles, shout, don't be sick on the floor, forget every rule in the book; in fact, forget the book; it was written for other days: when you read this, the binge will be over—you ought to have made the most of it—if you didn't, it's your fault, but, please, next year, do be a fool for just one day. Have yourself a ball, as some say, and then you too will have had a Wednesday to remember.

For those who want to remember, let me recall. It began, as it always does, with a jostling jamboree, a circus with top-hats and so many ringmasters, a cut-throat tourneé with parasols, petticoats, and so plunging necklines as weapons—College Races: the female sex was in the lists. Of course, there were others there, too. Some chaps, remembering the days of wood, painted D.U.H.A.C. on their chests, wore the briefest of shorts, and careered round the jolly green swardes as fast as their little spiked feet could carry them. A mild interest was aroused, but their heaving bosoms were not the centre of attraction. "Trinity News," always with its finger in the public pie, or, if you like, on the public's pulse, felt it race, followed its smouldering eye and found it resting not on feats of athletic prowess, not on Taylor, Hannon, or Oladitan, but on the modern wily dodges of love. The greedy gladiators in the arena of fashion hogged the whole show.

I pitied these girls, men. You were able to look grim, determined, and could afford to appear nervous before the 880, but Miss X couldn't afford to compete obviously, nor triumph obviously, but compete she had to, and for that competition there were hours of training and preparation; and yet how many ended as also-rans—no invitations, disappointed hopes and a broken heart; if you were last in the 100 yards you could flop and then revive, but if you're a College Park Ball-widow it's a fate worse than death—a feminine tragedy. But we grow pessimistic.

There were other competitions this mad day, where victory was as intoxicating and failure merely a challenge. The inebriated gate-crasher with his beer-filled milk-bottles and air of blissful abstraction was a frequent and welcome sight—a proof that the buccaneering spirit of true Englishmen in this second Elizabethan age is still alive and that



B. Brewster, Secretary of Trinity Week.

private enterprise has not perished. Private enterprise flourished, too, in that chap who pinched your best girl friend for the Trinity Ball—still, down four more cocktails and your spectacles will be re-rose-tinted.

Perhaps it would be kinder not to mention this Thursday morning. How many heads ache, tongues fur, and consciences prick? Forget it, boys, Trinity Wednesday is dead and gone, and sanity has returned, but wasn't insanity heavenly?

Some athletic successes were:  
120 Yards—J. Oladitan. 220 Yards—C. Shillington. 120 Yards Hurdles—D. Archer. Long Jump—P. Godden. 16 lb. Shot—R. A. Q. Skerrit. Half Mile—D. Bayne. Discus—J. Leeson. Pole Vault—B. Herron. Two Miles—B. Hannon. Hop, Step, Jump—J. Leeson. Half Mile Walk—N. O'Brien. 440 Yards—C. Shillington. 440 Yards Hurdles—D. Bayne.

### Maniacal Miscellany!

that stolid upholder of prohibition, Dr. McDowell. But we wonder: where did the lung go? Corruption in high places? Perish the thought!

Barry Brewster's sticky problem is unsolved. Barry is in the midst of "difficult days" and it is a pity that at such a period of trial, his rod and staff should fail him. Oh for a faith that will not shrink! We can but pray for Brewster and offer libations to the rain-god.

Talking of libations—who called Stanford what on Commons the other night? Really, gentlemen, these Tarzans disturb the virgins in the sacrosanct precincts of the reading-room—forget those on Chapel steps—they've been around. But I suppose squibs, squirts, squeals and skulduggery, even on Commons, are all part of Trinity Week; and a good thing too.

### Players' Revue Verve, Spirit and Poverty

Taken as a whole, "Five and Twenty" was a most creditable production, with each player adding verve and spirit to his part. Certainly it was a triumph of team work; continuity and speed of change, so often absent, were achieved with remarkable skill. That not a little responsibility for this was due to the newcomers, surely augers well for future productions.

Terence Brady—we shall hear much more of this name. Here is a stage personality being created. His flair for humour and satire in general and his timing in particular bear the hallmark of a natural. When, in his script writing, this Junior Freshman can distinguish between variety and revue, he will be able, should it be necessary, to "carry" any future revue.

The comedy, at times lamentably bordering on the mundane, like the character acting, was sharply defined in presentation. However much one could complain about the material, the treatment of it, by an unusually large cast for a Players' review, was enthusiastic and intelligent. The "old-stagers" were those who brought out the humour to the full. Nowlan, Tetlow and Colegate (the two former were the co-producers) have rarely been seen to better effect. Their easy manner was refreshing and it must be many years since Players have produced so good character acting as that of Tony Colegate. By any standards, it was a superb performance. The scripts of Mr. French and John Jay rose above the others.

The music ranged from the charming "Dear Cobblestones" to less exciting and sometimes decidedly insipid numbers. Much of it seemed to have been churned out from conventional contemporary taps, and then allowed to go stale.

If future presentations are of as a high a standard as this, Players will certainly celebrate a further twenty-five years. It is certainly a mixed stew of a review, but worth seeing for the energy and enthusiasm of its cast.

### Interview with Fred Teidt

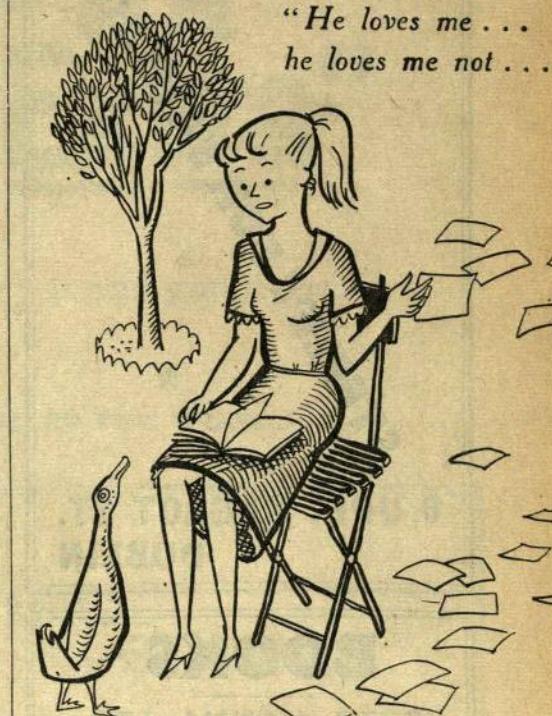
It is not generally known that the Olympic Silver Medallist, Fred Teidt, trains with the Boxing Club in the Gym.

Our correspondent found the quiet, unassuming but superbly fit athlete looking on when Trinity met Drogheda on Tuesday. The captain of the Boxing Club, Ronnie Taylor, made the introductions and Fred was pleased to comment.

Asked of his immediate plans, he said that he looks forward to fights in preparation for the 1960 Olympics in Rome.

What did he think of Trinity boxing team with whom he trains? "They are great," he said.

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### Tennis-Court Prudery

The other Sunday someone was walking to the tennis-courts in the Bay, dressed in a white shirt and blue jeans, when he was abruptly accosted by a youth in a loud green blazer with a huge badge on the front, below which were the letters (in gold) D.U.C.A.C. The stranger was evidently Somebody Important. Before the humble tennis-player knew what was happening he was addressed by this august personage! To his surprise he was abruptly (and none too politely) ordered to go and change into white trousers and full Wimbledon turnout. "Why should I?" was the natural question. "Because I say so," was the swift reply. Despite these words of authority, apparently derived from months of office as a prefect in a grammar school, the rebel went on, jeans and all, to enjoy a pleasant afternoon's tennis in the sunshine. Shocking behaviour!

This piece of impertinence is typical of many to which Trinity students are subjected, and it would be interesting to find out exactly by what right some of these doopies dictate to the rest of us? Every student in College contributes exactly the same amount to the upkeep of the tennis-courts (through the £5 levy), and so long as proper care is taken of the courts and people are not indecently dressed, why on earth should we not dress as we like? It is bad enough being forced to pay the Levy, without being compelled to go out and buy expensive clothes at the whim of a few dictatorial pundits. The courts are for the pleasure of all of us, and it is we who are compelled to pay for them.

Another instance of this cheek is constantly recurring. Women are not allowed to play on the grass courts in New Square. Several times recently an unfortunate girl has been rudely turned off ("You're not allowed here, Miss Who-ever-you-are") the one court whilst the other court was completely empty! Yet these girls all pay the same £5 Levy, do they not? It is no use saying they can play in Trinity Hall, as many of them do not live there. Perhaps our little Adolfs are too busy playing football and other jolly games to know much about that side of life? Some people are a deal too keen on interfering in our pleasures.

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### Profile: RONNIE TAYLOR—Champion

There are comparatively few big men in College. One of the biggest, not often seen around these days, but recognisable by an umbrella, a stately stride and



placid features, is Ronnie Taylor—at present College's outstanding athlete. To those who have heard of him, his achievements hover on the brink of the impossible, a lengthy chronicle of superlative prowess and constant championship.

From Sligo Grammar School he entered Mountjoy, where he captained the cricket XI. At this time he played inter-provincial hockey, had several rugby trials, and in 1949 won a novice's scholarship in athletics, which entitled him to receive training from Geoff Dyson, the famous English coach. He

did not go over to England, however, but instead was trained for a year in this country by the Belgian, Paul de Sadlier. Followed his first Irish title, for the discus in 1950, and on his entry into College the U.A.U. championship, again for the discus event. Last year he gained a doubles discus victory, both in the All-Ireland and Irish Championships. Taking up boxing only a short time ago, he quickly became the U.A.U. heavyweight champion and represented Leinster this year. In addition, he has played a season's rugger with Wesley's 1st XV and cricket for Clontarf's 1st XI.

The bare facts of his achievements could leave one with the impression that here are merely two powerful fists and hard kicking legs. But Ronnie Taylor has a personality outside that of his sporting activities. He has done his D.P.A., and is now doing Commerce in evening lectures while working in an office during the day. In his little spare time he collects records—classical music in general, and Mozart in particular.

Many people like to think of their sporting celebrities as quiet and retiring. But Ronnie Taylor is neither. He asserts himself prominently in all he does, and, as captain of the Boxing Club, he has many disquieting things to say. He tells the truth though it hurts, and though he is not always appreciated for his outspokenness. He thinks that Trinity has wonderful facilities for sportsmen, but is most indignant at her losing so many prospective champions in students who, outstanding athletically in school and finding on their arrival in Trinity that sophistor students can still hold their own in the senior teams, refuse to knuckle under in junior teams and train their way regularly to success. "There is no royal road in sport," he says. "One has to work, and damned hard." For one who works till 5 p.m., then attends lectures and afterwards trains himself, Ronnie Taylor is a practical example of the success of this philosophy.

### College Historical Society

Last Wednesday evening we were film-struck. To be precise, we discussed James Dean, which is as good a way of wasting an evening as any I know. As a result of the subject, "that this house reveres the memory of James Dean," it was easier to speak in the negative, and the two best speeches of the evening were from that side. These were delivered by Mr. Liam Barbour and Mr. Burke. Mr. Barbour has most of the purely oratorical art of Kevan Johnson plus a subtlety of brainwork not always present in Mr. Johnson's speeches. Barbour's humour and wit are, as a result, delightful, but never has he, in my hearing, made a speech which lacked substance. Wednesday evening was no exception and it is indeed a pity that we shall hear no more of this orator from the North.

Mr. Burke is not so obviously entertaining as Barbour, but his speech was convincing, exhaustive and extremely

palatable résumé of the opposition's case. We also had a fireworks display. This cracked and popped merrily for a time, and finally fizzled out. It was a purely oratorical fireworks display, something to do with introducing another motion (about General de Gaulle). Several chaps had a bash in the free for all, including Messrs. Francis, Phillips, the Auditor, Haley-Dunne; the mastermind behind the chaos was a gent by the name of Jadeja—obviously an alias.

The chaos seemed to effect the Chairman and the general order of the debate, for afterwards Mr. Knight insulted Mr. Dillon. Mr. Burke insulted Mr. Dillon, and Mr. Doral was illogical enough not to insult Mr. Dillon.

Two unknown men then spoke. So that they may recognise themselves, we may say that one wore a red and white tie, and the other apologised for being unshaven. The issue was put to the house and was, thankfully, rejected.

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### College Observed

The week of weeks. The social jungle throbbing to the hypnotic rhythm of cocktail melodies. The masks, the paint and the triviality all polished up into a crude splash of incoherence. The posers, the loungers, the gossips, the drinkers, the pseudo-desperate bawlers of other people's ideas, all itching and scratching as they have never itched and scratched before.

Thunder and lightning. Mr. Tony Colegate as Dr. McDowell (on exhibition every night, No. 3—do not feed animal, dangerous) stepping and sliding and ham-sham-shambling as only he knows how. Feathered Lucy clucking and plucking as dreamily as ever. The flotsam and jetsam of College wit and curiosity, and Miss Heather Laskey in a grass skirt.

And the rains came, and so did "Icarus"—the cocktail lover's refuge from sobriety. In the very heart of its imitation fog broods the Lady High Chancelloress herself. Intellect ("The decay of 'Camino Real' and 'Baby Doll,' which anyone with any claims to literary knowledge will consider masterpieces, as I do—this decay is admirably reflected in the very latest literary trends of which my writing is a prominent example—hum, hum, haw, haw, etc); humour (I've come home, my dear, from Rome, never more will I roam to Rome from home, for home is my idea of bliss, kiss Me Tri...); and finally psychological poetry which explores the inmost depths of the human soul ("I am not he, nor am I she, perhaps I'm me, Brilly-dan-dilly"), all this and much more to be had for a small sum. Culture, cocktails—ladies and gentlemen, have them both in one mighty dose.

On these solid pillars of culture we build fresco upon colourful fresco of irrelevance and gossip. We patter, we chatter, we nat-nat-natter. We sway, and we swoon, we flirt and blur, and the sherry-coloured cascades of our conversation spew wildly forth in every possible direction. We claw and grapple ourselves into as many cocktail parties as we can, and when we are there we purr with glee. And on this general note of joy closes the week of weeks. Has anyone got any alka-seltzer?

### Poetry Group Meeting

Addressing a well-attended meeting of the Poetry Group last Friday, Mr. Bruce Arnold gave the second of two talks on the unity underlying the Four Quartets of T. S. Eliot, reading and commenting on the final two of the quartets, "Dry Salvages" and "Little Gidding." The reading of these two, if it suffered a little through lack of variation in tone between the lyrical and more "prosaic" passages, was nevertheless assured and audible. The commentary, which was clearly the result of much research, dealt with the interpretation of the dominant symbols which run through the Four Quartets, and, although some of interpretations seemed to ignore the strong religious element in the poems, they had the compensating merit of provocative without being outlandish. This provocativeness led to a lively exchange of views in the discussion which followed Mr. Arnold's scholarly talk.

### Aristotle in the Theo.

At the last meeting of the College Theological Society this session, Mr. W. N. F. Empey, B.A., read a paper on "The Genius of Anglicanism."

He began by showing the extent of the Anglican Communion scattered throughout the world. The underlying principle of Anglicanism was found to be the "via media," a term often open to misinterpretation. The essayist compared it with Aristotle's doctrine of the mean. Anglicanism has no theological system like Canvinism or the Church of Rome.

Mr. V. S. Young, B.A., thinking that he was speaking at the Historical Society, quoted Shakespeare to prove that the Pope was not infallible. He was so comprehensive in his view of Anglicanism that one wondered if Anglicanism could be defined at all.

Mr. E. W. Nicholson seconded the vote of thanks and showed that Anglicanism could be used for a basis of unity among Christians.

The Senior Vice-President, the Rev. F. E. Vokes, summed up.

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## FOUR & SIX

Although this is the week of the year for little social who-dun-its, I find it my necessary duty to inform you that—yes kids—it's the old "Four and Six," no extra flavour, no new angles; just the same old "he met she," where he met her and why he won't meet her in the next issue.

### The Nicest and the Brightest

Tony Colegate and Hugh Campbell, two versatile fellows who can manoeuvre as easily in Icarusly poetic circles as in the stretches of the Liffey or on the running boards of Players, gave a sherry "do" last Thursday. The Boat Club trainees were there, looking horribly healthy and sipping their squash under the eyes of Peter Ross-Todd. Jerry Blanchard spent a disproportionate amount of time trying to be solely social with Su Gregory, although that sorry fellow, Johnny Corran, tried to remedy this unfortunate situation. Jim O'Brien realised that Frances Gibbs was the girl the Senior Eight has always appreciated. Philip Wall—no, no, not again. Meanwhile those who have had their day on the old aqua viva—Molyneux, Kidd and assorted—watched to-day's generation and made hay with alcoholic degeneration or Deirdre Rice.

### Junior Jaunt

Convivial goings-on took place in the Rathmines district on Saturday night, where Russi Wadia in the latter stages of the party complained of finding nowhere to put his feet. Unfortunately, his mouth was busily engaged in singing "It takes a whole lot of woman! . . ." Nick Fitzgerald with Judy Harbinson under his arm seemed to prefer the pint size. Tim Patton introduced the new Players' discovery, Drew Cameron, who combines the stature of Orson Welles with the "insouciant" charm of Jeremy Spenser in a twisted fashion. Richard Gibbons gave it up as a Junior Fresh job and wondered whether David Wyn-Jones had mislaid his sophister status.

## HIGH SOCIETY

The existence of university societies is a natural unquestioned thing. That we frequently criticise them in detail is not an unhealthy sign. But, often repeated, the process of taking stock becomes boring, and we forget the obvious heart-searching question under a mass of detail. The question is simply: "Do we need societies in the Trinity of 1958 and, if so, why?"

Let's face it, the antique ritual of the "major" societies is an acquired taste for a T.V. HiFi generation. Improved facilities have not improved debating standards. Few are interested in debating. The atmosphere of discussion, we are told, is the valuable contribution of the residential university. Smutty stories in the Bay provide the high level of Trinity's contribution. Serious problems are either treated lightly or viewed with a sort of "Daily Mail" outlook.

Trinity must catch up in its serious thinking with British and Continental counterparts or become even more a well of reaction. It is true that we are somewhat cut off, that it is hard to make meetings provocative or attractive, that minor societies are clique ridden, and that the abolition of the political societies by the Board stifles political thinking at the country's intellectual centre. Elaborate courses for Mod. give little time for cultural pursuits.

It all depends on you, of course, dear reader, to alter things. Clearly there must be reforms. Certain of the faculty societies should wither away. The Hist. and the Phil. should sink their slight differences and unite, for the meagre debating talent in this (or any) university does not justify the existence of two societies fulfilling the same functions and working at half strength.

Clearly the solution to this is not a white-tiled, chromium-plated Union housed in a huge building with massage

### Alec Reid and the Anarchists

On Sunday afternoon, asitting 'mongst the cowslips at Ballybrack, I saw James Poynton puffing the fabled pipe, his latest smoke-mixture appeared to be the grass which Galway-Johnson had reaped. Looking a more congenial sight to my Saturday-dimmed eyes was a pink-checked youth—they say he was called Bob Barton. Alec Reid and his wife, Beatrice, proved kind, though surprised, hosts to the stream of Players from the revue cast, who insisted that they had been invited. The May King, Bruce Arnold, with a chaplet of daisies round his head—made by his own lily-white hands—wondered why George Patrikios had more admiring women round his feet than himself. Baba Fox gathered wool in her customary scholastic obscurity. Peeping round an elderberry bush I spied Johnathan Cole paying his last visit to his fan club over here. Ronnie Wathen and Kate Lucy slipped easily into intellectual jargon—but what happened when one or the other wanted a smoke—a kerfuffle?

When Ann Mahon tells everyone she is having a barbecue (last Saturday evening, to be precise) and the rain pours for forty-eight hours, is this dynamic personality downhearted? Not at all. Her motto: "If you can't hold it in the grounds of the house, hold it in the house of the grounds." So much cosier for the 150 of us who trooped out to Dun Laoghaire to be welcomed by Ann and the "head" of the house, Garret Minch. We take our hats off to Don (?) for really cooking the sausages; to Mike Read and Peter Fawcett, who now think more of Irish girls, to the loudest two-piece band we've ever heard; to Kaminski for arriving and to (????) for getting home at all.

Bouquets to Ann for the amount of food and drink, Quentin Crivon (immaculate as always) for his mediation, and Mrs. Minch for her toleration.

## Your School—The Mod. Lang.

There are two kinds of people in the Mod. Lang. School—those who have come to Trinity to study languages and literature, and those who have either no brains, no interests of perseverance, and have, therefore, drifted or been pushed (by their parents) along to kill time. Into this latter category fall a large percentage of Junior and Senior Freshmen—it would be difficult and depressing to say just how large. Of this group, many fall by the wayside and a few reach the Sophister stage, and even Moderatorship, either because they find themselves becoming interested in their subject in spite of themselves, or because they recognise the need for, and apply themselves to, much hard work. But there is no doubt that this school attracts uncertain types in far greater numbers than any other one. It is perhaps so because such subjects as English, French and German present fewer immediate and unavoidable difficulties than other more practical subjects such as History or the Sciences.

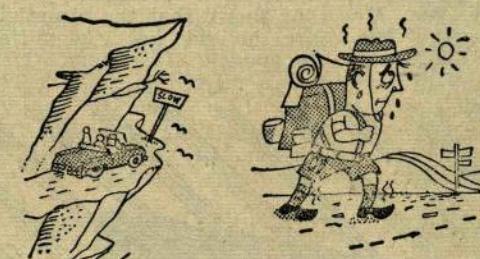
Whatever the reasons, the school, on taking an objective and detached look at itself, sees to its dismay a mediocre conglomeration of very young women with an ineffectual sprinkling of even younger men. Standing out in relief from this mélée of mediocrity there are possibly a dozen exceptions. (Let the reader not put an unkind interpretation on this figure and include exceptions in the form of several apparently mentally-retarded students in the school—for it is intended as a benevolent estimate of those of outstanding ability in their field.) This dozen does not include those who, through dogged perseverance, sit and, occasionally win scholarships, or the term composition or essay prize. These are worthy people, but only in the strictly limited sphere of the Mod. Lang.

crowd. Few succeed in being interested in or interesting to the University as a whole.

Their world centres around the departmental library, Switzer's, on Saturday morning, and, if they are among the privileged few, the presentation for one glorious but short period in the Trinity term of the Mod. Lang. plays. Of course, critics of the inactivity and lack of distinction evidenced in the school must remember that the preponderance of women prevents any major part being taken in the sporting world or in the masculine realms of the Hist. or the Phil.

But again, this does not excuse the apathy of so many towards their own Modern Languages Society, which is usually activated and supported only by a small nucleus of the loyal, who realise that it is petulantly childish to complain of something for which only themselves could be blamed. This seems to be an attitude of many in College towards societies which can exist only through them, and fail because of the lack of their support.

The biggest academic bugbear of the school is the compulsion to combine the study of the vast syllabus of English with that of another language and literature. This appears to be irremediable, but a major change which should be made is the substitution of the tutorial system for that of compulsory lectures. By extending this system from its minor rôle in the English School to all the others (none of which are larger), much of the apathy of the school would vanish because of the need raised by tutorials for independent and original study and thought. Until the student is roused from his purely possible acceptance of the knowledge dealt out in compulsory lectures, there is little hope for a more vital, cohesive and distinguished Modern Languages School.



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## Early days of "Trinity Week"

The first "Trinity Week," advertised as "A College Saturnalia," was held in 1909. Whether its jubilee occurs next year or in 1963 is a question of definition. The Lawn Tennis Club opened the Saturnalia on Saturday, June 19; the Cricket Club continued it on Monday and Tuesday with a match against Pembroke; the Regatta and the College Races occupied Wednesday-Thursday and Friday-Saturday, respectively. There was a dance on Friday. "Whole week tickets" at 5/- admitted to all functions. The weather was unkind. Things have not changed much in fifty years.

The great days of the College Races were then a living memory. Dating back to the sixties, in the seventies the Races became the premier event of Dublin's summer season. The Vice-regal party attended. Tickets of admission (two days) were sold, it is said, to the number of 20,000 in a normal year, and 37,000 in an exceptional year. There was not standing-room in the College Park. However, counter attractions sprang up and attendances went down. The Trinity Week of 1909 was an attempt by a few valiant hearts in the University Athletic Union to recapture the social glories and the gate receipts of the past.

"T.C.D."\* called the "venture a distinct success, but there was some doubt as to its continuance. At a students' meeting on December 7th, 1909, it was decided to go ahead, and the management was entrusted to a committee consisting of one representative of the A.U. and one from each participating club. The Hon. Sec. was Mr. G. C. Duggan. The function was held from June 17 to 25, 1910; a fête in the Provost's Garden, a smoking concert by the Dramatic, and a balance sheet, open to inspection, were added to the programme.

Trinity Week continued along similar lines in 1911, 1912, 1913 and 1914, but it was a struggling institution, and in June, 1914, its energetic Hon. Sec., Mr. Barry Galvin, announced in the "Miscellany": "The statistics of the sale of

tickets for the past few years show that Trinity Week does not receive the support from College men that it deserves. Last year about 270 books of tickets were sold, including a great number which were bought by outsiders."

Coming events were casting their grey shadows. The Officers' Training Corps, also, dates from about 1909. In the Hall of Honour at the entrance to the Reading Room are the names of many who competed in those first Trinity Weeks and who formed their first "fours" on the now grass-sown parade ground.

During the first world war College athletics ceased, and autumnal haystacks dotted our playing fields. After the war confusion reigned. The clubs were dead, their equipment had perished, their minute books were lost, and their bank accounts were empty, or worse. Mr. W. E. Thrift, later Provost; his brother, Harry, who we shall sadly miss this week, and others brought order out of chaos, turned the A.U. into D.U.C.A.C. and coaxed an annual subsidy of £500 from the Board.

In June, 1919, the first post-war Trinity Week was held; the Chief Secretary and Miss Macpherson attended the Races. In 1920, D.U.C.A.C. tried the experiment of an early Trinity Week (May 31-June 1) to meet the standing problem of examinations. It was styled "a complete and splendid success," but I have my doubts. For the next three years the fixture struggled on, and in 1924 D.U.C.A.C. tried another experiment—the worst ever—a "staggered Trinity Week"; the title was kept, but the items were spread over the term. D.U.C.A.C. lost heavily, and deservedly. That autumn the future of Trinity Week was in the balance. Responsible officials were for giving it up, but wiser counsels prevailed. The notion of Trinity Week is sound, but the machinery at that time was wrong. The management of Trinity Week is a specialised job. Experience has shown that the essentials of success are an ad hoc Committee under a permanent Chairman, planning well

ahead; a stern, human Treasurer, like Captain Shaw, and a student Secretary with brains, drive, and some leisure. We had a succession of such Secretaries in the twenties when we needed them; the times were very difficult, politically and socially. Knowledge of affairs, hard work and tact were needed, and were forthcoming. Trinity Week, often a barometer of College life, safely made then the transition from the old order to the new, and passed the points with but a jolt or two, and has since gone from strength to strength.

The original motives of the Week are potent still. College athletes need the revenue. All College needs the social prestige, the morning dress, the top hat, the shimmering silks and satins, not to speak of the romance of the pink hawthorns in the Park and the rippling water of Islandbridge where the salmon turn. And there is another motive,

solidarity. We learned it the hard way after the war. No Athletic Club, not even the R.F.C., can "go it alone." If Trinity Week is to live up to its name, as in large measure it does, and fulfil its function well, it must be a focus of interest and sentiment for all the clubs, supported by all for all, possessing a common purpose and a common purse. In the fifty years of its existence, Trinity Week has justified itself; it has been a bond of union between all members of the College, men and women, staff and students, school and school; and it will link the generations, too. Already past members of the College, now pillars of empire and "prancing proconsuls," come back for Trinity Week to revive old memories and meet old friends, and to secure a tutor for their sons and daughters.

A. A. Luce.

\* A College periodical to which (with Mr. T. S. C. Dagg) this article is much indebted.

## "A MOUNTAINEERING SYMPOSIUM"

### Some Remarks on Climbing (How, Where and Why)

"Gott in Himmel," stormed the Editor. "When are you going to let me have that article on climbing for the Supplement?"

I mumbled something about exams, rival magazines, and lack of ideas, then shuffled off into the depths of Botany Bay to ruminate on the courtesy of editors and a plan I had for leading them all up the Matterhorn in a thunder-storm. The ideas came slowly but surely. The article would take the form of an interview. The reporter would come in, look admirably at the photos of the Eiger and the Weisshorn on the wall, and begin to ask the usual fatuous questions proffered by the Ignorant . . .

**Question:** There seems to be an odd idea wandering around just now that climbing is some kind of a mug's game, in which the object of the exercise is to be as many of the following at once as possible:

- (i) Masochistic.
- (ii) Suicidal.
- (iii) Uncomfortable.

Is this true?

**Answer:** Yes, this is quite true. Climbing is masoch-whatever-it-is, suicidal, and downright uncomfortable. But so is Life (capital L, please, interviewer). So also are the other entertainments, religions, politics, hobbies, manias, passions, professions, vocations, or sports, which we use to pass the time of life away—such as stamp collecting, fine arts, love, war, crossing the street, butterflies, or jungle-bashing.

**Question:** You are implying that rock-climbing and mountaineering are really no stupider than most other activities?

**Answer:** Precisely—and that people who live in the glass houses of their own idiosyncrasies would be wise not to sling soft mud at those who climb on hard rock.

**Question:** Having defended this game so admirably, Mr. W., would you like to define it for us? (Good chap, this reporter.)

**Answer:** Yes, Mountaineering might be divided into two categories. First, mountain climbing; second, rock climbing (or just "climbing"). Mountain climbing is an all-round term covering the more general aspects of climbing: camping, equipment, literature, expedition, food, weather, knowledge of a variety of snow, ice and rock conditions, etcetera.

"Climbing," on the other hand, is the direct gymnastic business of: (a) getting up a mountain; (b) without falling off. It's rather like the difference between a hundred yards sprint and a marathon, or between the Le Mans and the Monte Carlo Rally.

To illustrate: hill walking, ski touring, Polar exploration, the ascent of Everest, and any first ascent of a new peak by the easiest possible route—these are mountain climbing (as distinct from "mere" climbing). But climbing (as distinct from "mere" mountain climbing) can be described as the deliberate choosing of a route which will give maximum sense of adventure (i.e., a welcoming of difficulty for its own sake) consistent with what is possible, sensible and enjoyable (i.e., the avoiding of danger).

People who are either mountain climbers or rock climbers are perfect bones.

To continue (my interviewer wanted to say something here, but I was much too interested in my subject to allow interruptions), mountaineering is essentially a love of mountains, expressed: (a) in action, (b) in a lot of effervescent philosophy about "the eternal hills," the Religion of the Mountains, the Spirit of Nature, the fairy voices in "the waters and the wild," the healing solitudes of the W.O.S.-s (Wide Open Spaces). This waffle is usually called "Alpine Uplift," and books written in this style are a mixture between Church Services and the obscene drivellings of the minor Romantic poets. But what they say is all perfectly true, though no self-respecting mountaineer would be caught admitting it.

**Question:** Well, I guess I'm just spoiling for a climb. Where can I go and do it?

**Answer:** If you live in Ireland the simplest thing to do is to come and join

that noble band of rogues, the Cumann Sliabhteoiréachta na hÉireann (besides Fir, it's the only Irish I know)—The Irish Mountaineering Club. Founded 1948, with a strong Trinity section, it meets every Thursday, 8 p.m., at 16 Lower Mount Street, in the cellarage of the Dublin International Society. In winter there are lectures and slide shows. In summer we plan our coming escapades. On Saturday afternoons some of us go (No. 8 bus) to the quarries above Dalkey (on Killiney Hill) to play about on the hundred or so routes (standards to suit any comer, from "moderate" to "exceptionally severe"). Beginners who parade in gym. shoes or in a good stout pair of vibram-soled or properly nailed climbing boots can experience at first hand how easy the whole thing really is. If you climbed trees when you were young, or if your ancestors did so in the jungle, you should have no difficulty in following second on the rope up any route, say, "very difficult" standard.

**Question:** (weakly): But I haven't got a head for heights.

**Answer** (patronisingly): How do you know? Very few people are really physiologically averse to heights. If you start on easy rocks, and develop your technique and confidence to meet the build-up of "exposure" (exposure is the degree to which any particular climb affects your "head for heights"), it's probably fair to say that you will be one in a thousand if you find you cannot overcome your fear of the drop below. Why, you might even lose your sense of vertigo altogether and begin to suffer from "flatigo" instead! (Interviewer laughs.) And as you improve, you will be able to tackle bigger cliffs. One of these is the Twin Buttress at Glendalough (at the head of the glen, about a mile beyond the Upper Lake, the last band of rocks on the right). Routes here are steep and hard, and as fine as one to be found anywhere in the British Isles—or in the world, for that matter, since British (and, since 1948, Irish) rock climbing entails a higher standard of difficulty over a shorter distance (like a sprint) than is usually to be met with in the Alps, the Himalaya, the Andes, the Rockies, etc.). And there are many other cliffs awaiting your attention: Luggala, Ireland's Eye, Bray Head, the Mourne, the Comeraghs, the Kerry Reeks, the Twelve Bens (not Pins, please) in Connemara, and many districts in Donegal—and across the water there is North Wales and the Lake District (the homes of British mountaineering), and many areas in that waste of boggy pimplles, Scotland.

And if you climb in these areas you will probably want to join a club—clubs with unrestricted membership like the Mountaineering Association, or highly-selective ones such as the Alpine Club or the Climbers' Club.

**Question:** What equipment do I need?

**Answer:** To begin with: (a) a good pair of boots; (b) plenty of light, warm clothing with a windproof outer layer. And later on: lots of other little gadgets like a good nylon rope, spare socks, snow goggles, eating irons, tents, map and compass, pitons, crampons, descendeurs, rapelle cords, etriers, etc., etc.

**Question:** (solemnly, like an adolescent in a Confirmation class): Now I'm beginning to see that climbing isn't quite so perverted and quarter-witted as I thought it was. So I can go climbing now, can I?

**Answer** (super-patronisingly): Yes, but remember two things especially. First of all, climb safely. Never fall off. Never underestimate a mountain. It is better to be the oldest man alive than the bravest or the cleverest. Secondly, don't get bogged down in one branch of mountaineering. Don't be merely a hill walker, or merely a rock climber, or merely a Himalayan snow-slogger. Mix your pleasures. Good climbing!

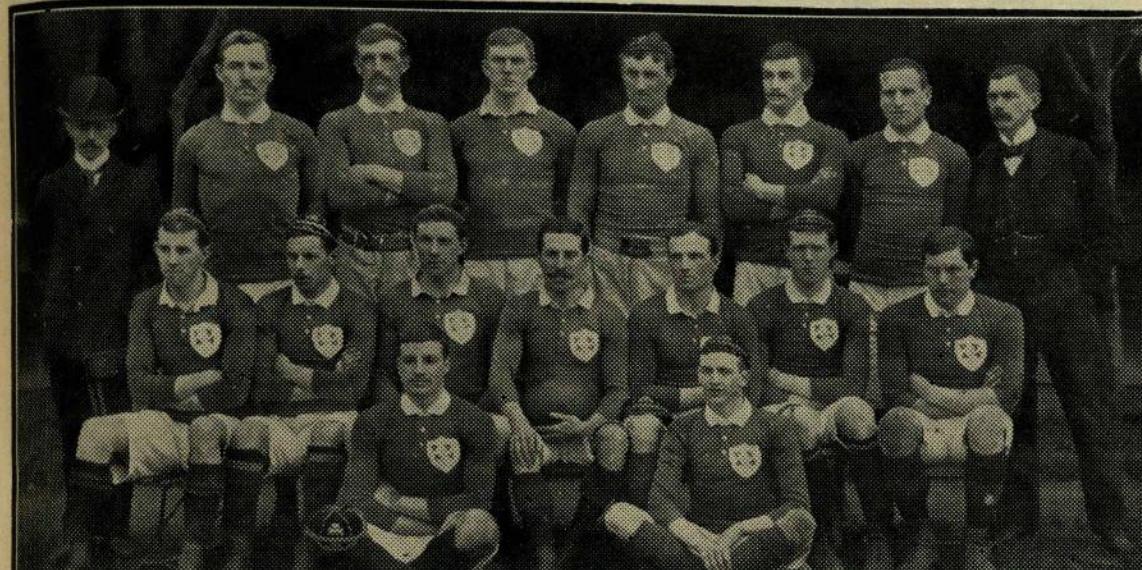
And so the interview went on, as I stood dreaming in the evening sun coming through the window. Suddenly I broke off my reverie, and went to put the kettle on for some tea. As I stepped past the chair, my foot caught in the upturned rug and I fell flat on my face under the table.

"Call yourself a mountaineer, eh?" said my wife. Funny man!

R. J. Wathen.



# PATH OF GLORY



Irish Triple Crown Team in 1899, which included two Trinity men, J. Sealy and G. Harman.



N. de Wet, Hurdler, 1955.



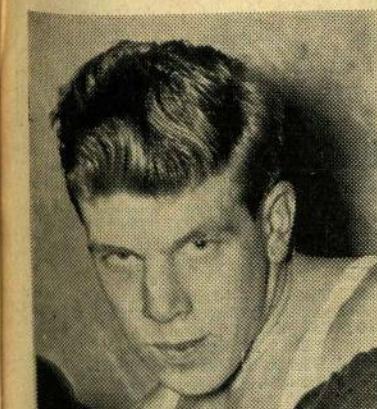
L. H. Braddell, Hurdler.



J. Gaston, Rugby.



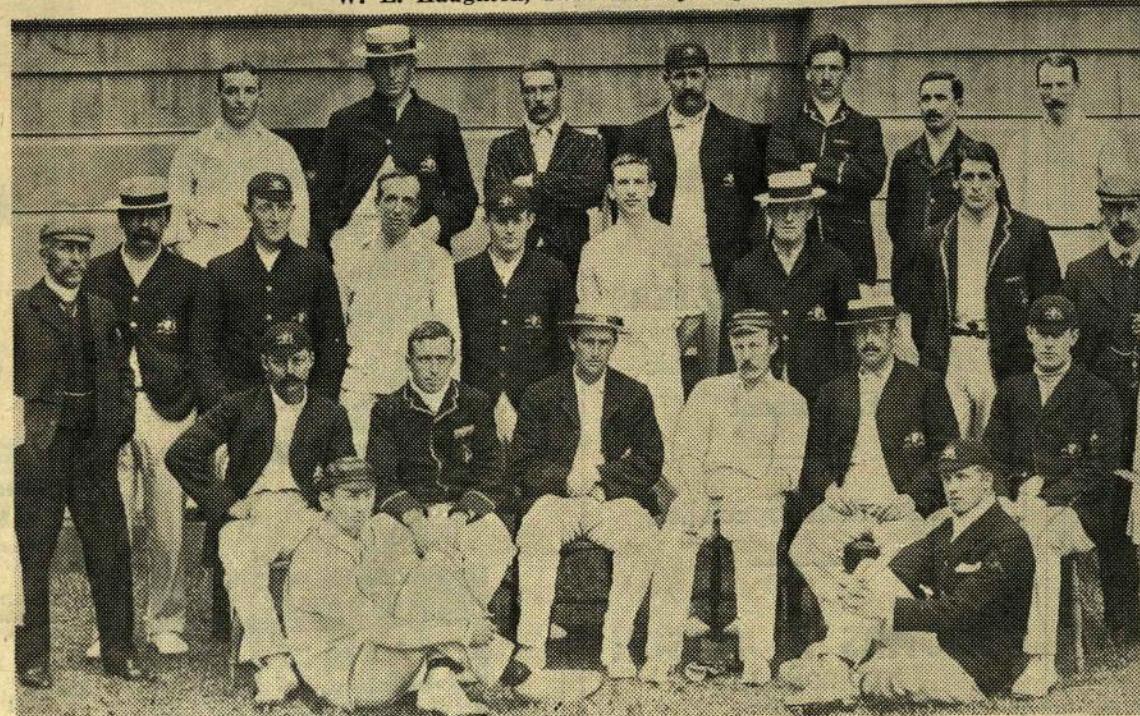
H. M. Reid, Rugby.



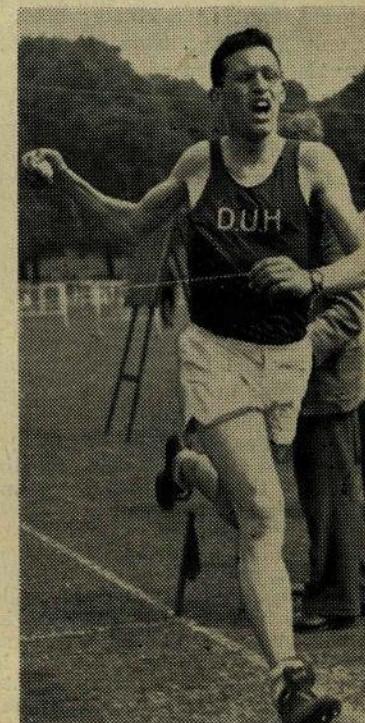
K. Comyns, Boxer.



W. E. Haughton, Irish Hockey Capt., 1948.



Trinity Old Boys and Young Boys, who played Australia, 1905. Anyone still at large?

P. N. Ross  
International Runner, 1950.T. G. McVeagh  
Davis Cup, 1930.H. O'Connor  
Only International Rugger  
Player now at Trinity.

—Photos courtesy Irish Times, Irish Press and Irish Independent.

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## FESTIVAL OF SPORT

### Boats

#### Boyne Regatta: Trinity Win 4 out of 10 Cups

AT Boyne Regatta last Saturday, Trinity won 4 of the 10 cups, Queen's taking 3 of the remainder. Trinity won both 1st and 2nd Senior IV's, the Maiden IV and the Junior Sculls.

In the Senior VIII event, they put up a great fight in a clinker boat, losing by only 2 lengths after leading Queen's over the 1st third of the course.

The Second Senior IV, stroked by T. F. Blair, had only to race against the Guards as Queen's had scratched from both Senior IV races—they would have had to row in a clinker boat! Trinity took a length lead at once from the slow-starting Garda, but their heavier opponents pulled this back over the length of the course until the crews were level with 50 yards to go. In the sprint for the line, the higher striking Trinity just got their bow in front to win by half a canvas.

The 1st Senior IV, stroked by P. Wall-Morris, had an easier task. Leading the Garda off the start, they drew away at a low rating of 25 over the whole course to win by 4 lengths.

The Junior VIII and IV were not at their best, particularly due to their pre-race change of blades. R. M. Middleton has come in at 4 in place of the injured M. D. Duncan for the rest of the season. The IV was beaten by Bann by 1 length, and they were convincingly beaten by both Methodist and Queen's in the VIII. However, on their best form they will be challenging hard for the Junior Trophy next Saturday.

The Maiden VIII lost by 2 lengths to Drogheda, the eventual winner, in their heat, but with their continued improvement will be among the favourites for the Maiden "Pot" at Trinity Regatta. The Maiden IV, stroked by David Jagoe, swept through the opposition with ease, winning their heat from Drogheda by 2 lengths and beating U.C.D. by the same margin in the final.

T. G. Molyneux of Lady Elizabeth Boat Club was beaten narrowly by the

experienced McKeaverty of Queen's in the final of the Senior Sculls, but G. I. Blanchard, the Trinity Senior VIII 5 man, beat a Queen's representative, then a U.C.D. sculler to win the Junior Sculls.

In the Senior VIII's final, three crews were competing: Garda, who had been beaten by Trinity in the Liffey Head; Queen's, the fastest crew produced in that University for many years and tipped as the Northern Ireland Empire Games' representatives, and Trinity, rowing in a clinker boat against the other two fine boats. Trinity went off to a flying start at 40, and against a full ebb tide led Queen's over the first third of the course. From there to the half-way mark, Queen's drew level, rowing stroke for stroke with Trinity, and although pushed hard by the tiring Senior VIII, won by 2 lengths. This was a good performance by Trinity, and presuming both these crews remain intact until the Saturday of Trinity Regatta, the final will be a titanic struggle.

Sixty-eight crews have been entered for the Regatta, the highest for many years. Visiting crews include a Christ College, Cambridge, boat, and one from Jesus College, Cambridge, both in the Junior VIII's, while there are six Senior VIII's entered for the University Grand Challenge Cup.

### Chess

#### Congress Results

By One of the Pieces

After a series of disasters in the Ennis Shield competition the Trinity team put up an unexpected display of good chess at the Universities' Congress at Newman House. Star players were Nicolas Rowe and David Cochrane on boards one and two. Cochrane succeeded in taking second place to A. McDevitt of U.C.D. in the individual competition.

Following on his fine display in this congress, Cochrane has been selected to represent the Irish Universities at the World Student Chess Congress in Varna, Bulgaria, in July. More recently news came through that Des. Rawlings has been invited to travel as sub. to the Irish team of four, of which Cochrane is number two.

To turn to the lighter side of chess, in the Leinster Ladies' Championship, Dorothy Willcox, Librarian of the Trinity Club, is in the lead, with Vicki Goodbody, Janet Humphrey and Janet Barcroft, all from College, coming up very close seconds.

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### Boxing

#### Exhibition by Fred Teidt after Trinity Beat Drogheda

THE Boxing Club must surely be the most amazing club in Trinity. At any given time they can produce a team capable of testing, and in most cases defeating, the best. The Trinity Week tournament was a case in point.

It is three months since the side had any serious competition, yet, with two newcomers, they defeated the Drogheda club, reputed to be the best in the country outside Dublin. Captain Ronnie Taylor, disappointed that the opposition could offer only five participants, told me: "We are without Sherlock and a few of the regulars. Still, we might put up a good show." They did. Even without the captain, they won 3-2.

The contest opened disastrously for the Club when D. Griffin, showing promise but lacking experience, lost a welter fight when he was stopped in Round 2.

However, A. Purcell made amends when, inside 30 seconds, he had downed his opponent twice. This contest went no further.

Another welter division bout followed and again Trinity were successful in the best fight so far. Wilson won a most exciting fight following vicious exchanges at close quarters. This man packs a really hard punch in both hands and is extremely difficult to handle.

Light welterweight Millar was magnificent, boxing with the skill and

judgment which was a credit and a tribute to Frank Kerr, the coach. He took the fight to the man and finished as though he had just had a work out. Albeit spattered with blood, his opponent was one of the gamiest fighters we have seen for some time.

The newly elected Captain, D. Wheeler, followed in a bantam contest and just gained the verdict after an excellent exhibition of forceful boxing.

Pleasant and popular member, Danny Tullalamba, lost on points in the fly contest. His opponent's reach just won him the fight, despite Danny's stout fight back in the third.

One of the highlights of the evening was an exhibition bout by Fred Teidt, the Olympic silver medallist. Two club members alternated in a four round affair in which Teidt demonstrated the reasons for his success. He has remained unbeaten since Melbourne and if one can judge by an exhibition bout, this state of affairs will continue for some time.

Footwork, punching and his use of the ropes, alike, were, indeed, superb.

### Swimming

#### Gala Swimming

The College championship events were held on Monday at the Iveagh Baths. M. O'Brien-Kelly won both the 100 metres free style and 100 metres back stroke; J. Sharpe won the 100 metres breast stroke, while the captain, P. Burgess-Watson, came first in the 40 metres butterfly event. T. Murrane won the handicap 60 metres free style. The winner of the women's 100 metres breast stroke was J. Humphrey.

In the group events, the Ladies' Swimming Club lost to the Vice-President's Swimming Club. There was a large entry for the Inter-Faculty Cup, which was won by the Squash Club, while the victors in the Novelty Squad were the Captain's team (in pyjamas), who, therefore, gain the Barry Brewster Cup.

Polo: The Women's Medley Squad were easily defeated by U.C.D..

Match v. U.C.D.—That evening the match against U.C.D. was played, resulting in a Trinity win, 5-3, scorers being E. Skelly (3), J. Sharpe (1), G. O'Kelly (1). In an excellent game the first score came from U.C.D., followed by a deflected shot from J. Sharpe. Trinity marked very well and played quite competent water polo, despite tiredness after competing in previous events that day.

In general, the gala was a good success and well attended by an enthusiastic audience.

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