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# Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

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

Vol. VIII—No. 3

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17th, 1960

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# WHO'S TO BE WHO IN D.U.C.A.C.?

## Conflict of Personalities

FOR the first time in several years it looks as if there will be a contested election in D.U.C.A.C. at their annual general meeting. The nominee of the Captains' Committee, Chris Wood, is from a minor club (Fencing), which is unusual—but D.U.C.A.C. and club officials strongly deny that this is a contest of the "minor" versus the "major" clubs. Opposition candidate, C. J. Lea, is from the Football Club, but Chris Wood claims strong support from some of the major bloc.

Some say C. J. Lea is doing too much already—he is active in two clubs—and feeling is beginning to run high. As we go to press there is talk of a third candidate, but whether he will get as far as the A.G.M. is doubtful. John Baxter, present Secretary of D.U.C.A.C., said "negotiations" were going on at present between the opposition camps. As he delicately put it: "It has not yet been settled who is going to be Secretary."

Whether or not the A.G.M. gets an opportunity to elect a Secretary for a change, therefore, depends on how much support the two can muster beforehand. All may yet be well—the Captains' nominee may well go forward unopposed. But there is a new and healthy interest among would-be electors as to what they are going to be asked to do, which up to now has been conspicuous only by its absence.

## Catholics in College

Next week we shall be publishing, under this title, a special feature-supplement on the subject of those students in Trinity who are Roman Catholics—who they are, what they think, and what they are going to do. We hope that this venture will receive support from all those who have any interest in this most important of all College affairs.

## Animal House for Trinity

Trinity is to be the first place in Ireland to have facilities for endocrinological research. An animal house is going to be built at the back of the Science departments, with the money donated from the Wellcome Trust. Animals in good health will be kept under ideal conditions here and will be used for studies in endocrinology, physiology and biochemistry.

When asked if this would attract more research students, members of the physiology staff said that it would probably increase staff research activities which would mean eventually more research students.

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LUNCHEONS DAILY  
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## "Trinity News" Fund

(See Editorial)

Those who would like to help should leave their contributions in the box in No. 3, in an envelope marked "Congo Fund." Where names are enclosed, the subscriptions will be acknowledged.

## BOMBSHELL IN THE CHEMISTRY DEPT.

The Chemistry Department has decided to introduce a term examination for all students except Senior Sophisters. The reason given is that students do no work during the term and this is shown in the low standard in recent examinations.

The students, while agreeing that the principle of term exams. is good, feel that the announcement should have been made earlier. The first to hear the news were some students who had gone to Professor Cocker's house for tea on Sunday. A notice went up in the Department on Tuesday.

The examination is to take place on the Monday after the end of the lecture term, still legally in the Michaelmas term. Many students, however, have arranged to go home on the Saturday before or even earlier. Some have arranged to take up holiday jobs with the Post Office. Others are involved in Christmas plays and the like. The announcement has caused great indignation and the Chemistry Department is being censured for its lack of consideration.

## THIS NUCLEAR AGE

Professor E. T. S. Walton gave the introductory lecture of D.U.E.S.A.'s "Symposium of Atomic Energy" last Wednesday. His delivery could not be described as elegant, but he held his audience interested for about 1½ hours. He dealt with the history and elementary theory of the subject in the last 70 years. The complacency at the apparent completeness of physics by 1890 was shattered by a series of new discoveries—the electron, X-rays, radio-activity and quantum and relativity theories.

Much fundamental research was done at the Cavendish Laboratory in Cambridge, where Prof. Walton himself worked under Rutherford, and he spoke of the great physicists he had known—J. J. Thompson, who went round in a bowler hat and a mood of abstraction; Searle, who watched total eclipses as a hobby, de Broglie, Geiger and others.

The fundamental particles, alpha particles, electron, proton and later the neutron were discovered and investigated. Artificial disintegration of nuclei was accomplished and the possibility of a chain reaction suggested. This culminated in the atomic bomb and, later, controlled in the atomic pile for the production of useful energy.

Many of the questions then put to Prof. Walton were concerned rather with the nature of the particles than with their use. He was also pressed for details of the work for which he and Cockcroft were awarded the Nobel prize. His account gave students cause for wonder at the work which could be done with limited and even dangerous apparatus.

The Hist. and Phil. are running a fund for Joe Mooney, their ex-billiard marker. A circular letter has already been sent out, but both Societies would be most grateful for contributions, which may be sent to either Treasurer.

The recently-established branch of World University Service is to hold its first meeting on Friday at 8 p.m. in West Chapel. The opening note is an auspicious one in that no less a man than the Associate Secretary from the headquarters in Geneva, Mr. Cyril Ritchie, will be present to speak on "Trinity in the World University."

The aim of W.U.S. will be to contribute to the material needs of Universities in under-developed countries and, in Trinity itself, to help integrate foreign students into College life.

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## DOMESTIC SCIENCE?

Housekeeping is a serious matter, certainly above the comprehension of women. It must be approached in a scientific manner and the following suggestions of a scientist may be of value:

When surveying your shelves you may come across things which smell doubtful. If you expected them to be edible, e.g., meat or milk, throw them away. If you did not, e.g., a milk jug or saucepan, boil them with water before re-use.

Many students provided with one gas ring have wished to contrive an oven. The problem is really one of making an equal temperature enclosure and has

exercised the ingenuity of the physicists. The following suggestion is an enlargement of a device which has been successful on a laboratory scale:

Take a biscuit tin and line it with ¼-in. asbestos sheet. Damp the asbestos and press it into shape. Heat thoroughly to dry the asbestos and then line again with aluminium foil. Theoretically you have now got an equal temperature enclosure. Provide yourself with a thermometer. The oven may be heated on a gas ring to the required temperature; very little heat will be required to keep it there. The thing might work.



## TRINITY NEWS

3 Trinity College

Chairman:  
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NORMAN SOWERBYVol. VIII TRINITY NEWS No. 3  
THURSDAY, 17th NOVEMBER, 1960POPPIES and  
BALUBAS

**R**EMEMBRANCE SUNDAY has come and gone very much as usual. Every year it becomes increasingly obvious that the real point of this annual event is becoming more and more widely missed. The reason why we buy poppies is not—or ought not to be—to demonstrate our political sympathies, or our broad-mindedness, or our superiority to the natives, or to air any Cause at all: the only really important thing is that a large number of people in this country have been either disabled from doing profitable work, or bereaved of the man who should be doing it for them, because of what happened in one of two wars. Therefore, we give a little to help buy a few of the things that otherwise would have been naturally theirs.

The great majority of those who died or were injured, suffered, like all soldiers, for a "Cause" they did not understand, because the sergeant told them to be in a particular place at a particular time, and they were too frightened of him to run away. This is what makes the old clichés fed to us last Sunday so repulsive: "for liberty," "a better world," "civilisation." The World Wars have indeed saved something of these, but men didn't join the ranks because of that. This is a kind of ranting no more likeable than its opposite: the patriot who won't buy a poppy because "they fought for England and England can pay for them." In the face of death and poverty, politics are irrelevant.

But this year, Poppy Day should be a little more poignant than usual here. Of all the countries which sent military detachments to help keep the peace in the Congo, only Ireland sent her men out as if they were going to win a football match—and only Ireland has lost some lives there. In the Congo, the Cause was, if anything, more obscure than ever; and Lieutenant Gleeson and his men certainly died with no more "noble" concept in their minds than did their compatriots in the larger struggle—but all this is insignificant now. Their families have suffered a worse bereavement because it is more recent and much more unexpected, and that is all that matters.

We feel, therefore, that some effort should be made in Trinity to help provide these families with a few of the things that the State pension will never provide. The "Irish Times" has set up a fund for this purpose, but for those students who would like a convenient way of making a small contribution, we have arranged to transmit such sums as are sent to us to the "Irish Times" under

Profile: BRENDAN KENNELLY  
*Faun and Fainne*

There is a deadly silence in the Reading Room. A young man in a belted mack and a small brown suitcase sways to and fro in front of the door. He appears slightly inebriated. Some stop their work to look at him. He looks back, walks slowly to the balcony stairs, stops, and considers. He climbs the stairs, turns to face a sea of blank but expectant faces. Then he takes his culchie-cap off, whirling it slowly above his head, lets out a long piercing "wheeeeee" and replaces the cap on his head. He ambles down the stairs, struts out into the coolness of the night. There is a stunned murmur.

The Gardai pretend they don't notice. The husband stands there, looking a trifle annoyed. A young man is on his knees on Grafton Street, proposing to the Mrs. There is a huge plate-glass



window nearby. Two friends catch hold of this would-be Pyramus before all hell breaks loose. The Gardai whistle, relieved.

She is an ordinary little girl, half embarrassed by the intent looks she is getting from one of two young men. The other is choosing shoes for a friend. The shopkeeper goes to get a ladder and brings it over to where the shoes are. The girl begins to climb it. She nearly falls when she hears a voice growling behind her: "Get up them stairs, woman; what d'ye think I married you for . . . ?"

In Ballylongford, the town which bred Lord Kitchener (he tied Fuzzi-wuzzies to his cannons before an attack) there is a pub. In this pub, to the tinkling of glasses and the rise and fall of the shrill Kerry accent, the same young man is pulling pints behind his father's bar. He is short, heavy-shouldered, with hair cut too close around the ears and a type of quiff high on his forehead. He is listening in iambics. An argument arises. It is about the size of a Panda's

His term-time home is near the Coombe, along the 50 bus route. He sees, more often than the rest of us perhaps, the life which lies behind the peeling industrial whitewash of commercial Dublin. No one really knows what goes on in that old head. The constant ear-to-ear smiles which shatter his visage all day long, as he meets, one after the other, his numerous acquaintances, belies his natural feeling for the poor, the wretched and the unwanted who figure so prominently in his lyrical creations.

And the future? He will be writing. At twenty-four he has already published a book of poems, another coming in February. He has written a play which is soon to be produced. The Lope de Vega of Trinity, his output is phenomenal. With Kinsella and Keane, he will be reading poetry this week-end in Cork. He is also the editor of this term's "Icarus." A fluent Gaelic speaker, he wears the fainne to keep his trousers up, happier in the French idiom when it comes to the ladies.

He will go to France to teach, perhaps, but his return will be prompt to the " . . . ground where dreams abound And names are shaped from an age's wife."

tail and the price of green garters in the Senegal. The tinkers join in the controversy, as a voice cuts in above the others: "Whell . . . you don't know, and I don't know . . . ask Brendan there, if he don't know, nobody does."

As a child, Brendan Kennelly had only one really unique point: the way he folded his jersey after a match. His wide-eyed attention when grown-ups talked in the evening concerning the ways of the world may have sufficed as a hint for the particularly observant as to the nature of his concept on life—it is basically subjective. Later, he came under the influence of the eclectic individuality of the parish priest, an uncle who wrote heroic poems about enemas in hospitals, and the E.S.B. (you can't be a poet in the English-speaking world till you have done time in the Corporation, the Civil Service or the Public Utilities).

Following an older brother who set the family tradition of going to Trinity rather than U.C.D. (a novel choice for a Kerry Catholic), Brendan, writing essays in locker-rooms, poems in W.C.s, and French compositions under the Campanile (becoming remarkably proficient at everything almost instantaneously) soon began to establish a "following." Even now the "following" is treated with an intimacy which is almost too shocking for the casual observer. A stately and aloof comrade may be hailed: "Hello you auld . . . how's your mother's jaundice?"

His preference for little dark-eyed Latin ladies is well known. These may well be accosted with sumptuously ornate and pompously rococo odes on their swarthy ethereality.

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## Rag Time

One after another they pile up in cupboards and drawers, on tables and windowsills, till we burn them all in a fit of end-of-term ordliness. I mean the College newspapers from all over the British Isles, which faithful Circulation Managers in Swansea, Leeds, Belfast, Oxford and Earlsfort Terrace send us week after week.

Generally, we tend to dismiss them as high-class wastepaper because they refer to places, people and situations of which we have no knowledge. Most of their contents mean as little to us as "Four and Six" would mean to the average Sheffield University socialite. But they are not without value: they provoke interesting comparisons. It is fascinating to see the differing emphases, to compare Oxford's "Cherwell" with the best Red-Brick product—London's "Pi." It is disillusioning to glance at the Irish production after these glossy efforts, but diverting comparisons can be made between Trinity's, Queen's and U.C.D.'s journals.

Nearest home is U.C.D.'s modest effort, "Awake." The exhortation of the title is not totally successful: like a certain organ in this University which sometimes belies its title, it suffers from a

lack of real news. Last week's headline was the startling and rather desperate: "FILES DISAPPEAR. S.R.C. Records Missing."

To counterbalance a rather grave lack of photographs and inadequate sports coverage, there is some sound literary matter—for example, excellent articles on James Joyce and paper-back books. Politics seem to be vigorously avoided, which is not really surprising. At 4d. this paper is expensive—probably, like almost everything else in Ireland, it suffers from lack of funds.

Down from Belfast, armed with this front page headline: "Brookborough Address," comes Queen's "The Gown" breathing Ulsterdom. Some excellent layout and a fine, photograph-accompanied social column are the best features. An excess of society reports (look who's talking!) and lack of real meaty reading are the main faults. But there are eight pages of pleasant, glossy paper for 4d.

London University's "Pi" is a beautifully produced newspaper. There is some real, genuine "news"; I suppose this is hardly surprising in so vast an institution situated where there is nearly always something happening in the education world even if in no other sphere. (The highly important question of means tests for grants was last week's main story.) There are as well some really authoritative film reviews. The implications of the Lady Chatterly trial were eagerly and wittily discussed in an article which uses to devastating effect one of the much-famed four letter words. The beautiful and expensive presentation (surely it must be subsidised) make this good value at 3d. Perhaps its poise and assurance have something to do with the fact that it is only produced fortnightly.

Oxford's tabloid "Cherwell" is better off for news than any other University paper. In several issues the Biltin Toker controversy is exploited to the full; the arts section is lively and expresses a coherent viewpoint. Sports coverage is admirable, though who could fail with such material as an account of Oxford v. Springboks rugby match?

Next week I hope to consider some more Red-Brick publications in detail.

COLLEGE  
OBSERVED...

Before my survey this week I must make amends to Players for what they assure me was an entirely misguided write-up in last week's "College Observed." They tell me that from the Freshman auditions quite a considerable number of new actors were selected. For any inconvenience I may have caused I apologise sincerely.

## Who Are You?

1. A 22-year-old student of Arts from Buxted, Sussex.
2. A dirty, rotten, low-down skunk of a man.
3. A student of philosophy, 23, resident in Berlin.
4. I honestly don't know; if I did I wouldn't tell you.
5. A Carlow farmer.
6. A lovely boy.
7. 36-22-35.

## What Are You Doing Here?

1. I must go to College to hold a good managerial position in my father's poultry business. Trinity was my father's choice.
2. Scheming, low, mean, selfish, horrible, vampirical things.
3. Studying philosophy.
4. I have no idea.
5. Agriculture, third year.
6. Many lovely things . . .
7. I study by day, and by night I work . . . in a coffee bar uptown.

## What is a Shigawixxes?

1. I don't really know.
2. A filthy, typhoidal, vermin-ridden toilet brush.
3. Nothing.
4. I don't know what a sligawsher is, gee, your questions are hard . . .
5. A genus of flower, a vegetable, perhaps? No? Bother . . .
6. It is a type of quetalistic marosmyiad.
7. I like the sound of that, reminds me of the coffee-machine, you know, before it starts to boil up all over the place.

## What Are Your Politics?

1. Father is a Tory, but I have seen the light and become Liberal.
2. Stinking, slimy unilateralism, that's what; I'm a despotic anarchist with police-state tendencies.
3. No politics are any good. If forced with the question I would say a type of theistic communism.
4. I don't know . . . Oh dear, I'm afraid that you'll think I'm awfully dense . . .
5. Socialist, and depending on the extent of state subsidy of the farmer, Nationalist also.
6. I'm a radical Conservative.
7. May the best man win, anyway.

## Have You a Peculiar Hobby?

1. Strange that you should ask that . . . I've been collecting egg boxes from other lands. I'm sure that I am the only one in the world who does.
2. I construct excruciating and elaborate tortures for my home-bred white mice: miniature iron-ladies, racks, Catherine-wheels, gridirons.
3. I stopped stamp collecting when it became a waste of time.
4. I don't know if I do; but it would be peculiar if I did, I'm sure!
5. I experiment in artificial insemination of dwarf breeds.
6. What do you mean by "peculiar"? Lots of things could be "peculiar."
7. Small, poor men with Cedipus complexes.

## What is the Most Beautiful Thing You've Ever Seen?

1. An orange twilight, the winter trees, the sky phosphorescent azure . . .
2. A smashing accident which put windscreen wipers through jugular veins at a hundred and sixty miles per hour.
3. A syllogism I imagined in a dream I had concerning colour, digestion, and Death.
4. I never have seen one, a really beautiful thing, I mean . . .
5. An Aberdeen-Angus in front of a shiny new silo in aluminium white.
6. A gentleman coming out of Garret Lafayette with manicured toenails.
7. Myself; but I suppose that if I saw God, He would be pretty good-looking, too.

## Who is Your Best Friend at Trinity?

1. A girl from Buxted, Sussex.
2. A hump-backed, troll-faced, experimental psychologist with paranoiac tendencies.
3. In Trinity? Myself!
4. Oh, I don't know; no one is my best friend.
5. A hurlie player named . . . well, why do you want no names?
6. Well, in the Bay alone there's . . . and . . . (hey, write this down!)
7. A girl who works with me; she comes from the West End, too. Charming.

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## FOUR & SIX

### Thursday Night:

Rafael wants to know what to wear to look Beat.

### Friday Night:

The Inaugural of the Dublin University Conker Club is initiated by rum-running Russell (who wants to be popular . . . ?) Telfer. Belfusian Nescafe and mouldy, blackmarket digestive biscuits aphrodisiacize the gathering enough to turn its attention to the intellectually stimulating pastime for which the club is so notorious. Too anxious about his new sports coat, Angus (I don't like it, but it goes down rather well here) Bainbrigge comes third. Recent addition to the Telferian boudoir, overwhelming Phillipa (I go down rather well everywhere) Sleath, comes second. Champion is David (I don't like anything that can't be made into a half-page ad.) Elyan. His conking had deliberation and poise.

### Saturday Night:

A most genteel, refined and silently successful Ball is summoned within the Baronial premises of wealthy princeling Dick Harvey by nickromancers Harriet Doonie. Hamish Really-Smooth is happy

and smiling, and nodding in a debonaire fashion while graceful Archie Orr-Ewing flits like a papillon from dowager to dowager. Long-limber Hussar Chris Kendall waltzes in the spacious and palatial salon, under a glimmering Louis XIV chandelier, while the twenty-piece, epauletted orchestra produces sincere and empirical tones. O Amphora O Tories . . . Someone spills the beans; surrounded by soon-to-be-shattered, mirrors, Jalik Kaulback, looking like the Ewe from Alice in Looking-Land, suffles around belching blue-bloodily. The damsels begin to get so arastocretink that it makes the gentlemen careful where they put their feet. Sensing disaster David Craig and Alec Harden offer lifts in their three-litre Maserati. Smashed glass, gardai, angry neighbours, new mothers, and dawn follow the even hastier exits made by Clive (no boover, see), Mumford and Martin (a blow is like an instrument). Bennett. As all hell follows, someone groans . . . if only von Hunnersdorf had been here.

### Sunday Night:

Rafael knows what to wear to look Beat.

## ROSES FOR THE PROSECUTOR

—THE CORINTHIAN,

This is a cocktail of bitter truths, newspaper headlines of recent years concocted into a remarkable satire on the Bundesrepublik. As nearly all good films that left German studios after the war, it deals with the shadows of Nazism haunting the new democracy, this time with the corruption of the judiciary. Public prosecutor Schramm has taken the hurdle of National Socialism by forging or withholding some documents (Class V "has always been against it"), but 15 years later the past begins to threaten him. At the time when he deliberately holds back a warrant for a rabid anti-Semitic who escapes to Egypt (as schoolmaster Zinn and Dr. Eisele had actually done, the latter under "strange" circumstances), former private Kleinschmidt, sentenced to death by him in the last days of the war for buying two boxes of Air Force chocolate on the black market, crosses his paths again—with the cherished treasure of his death warrant—signed by Schramm—which he shows to pub friends in "humid hours." After 90 minutes of persuasion, in-

trigues and blackmail, Schramm has provided newspapers with headlines of another "Justizskandal," and Kleinschmidt can devote himself to the unavoidable and insignificant love affair.

The poignant satire on the judiciary is embedded in a comedy of manners of West Germany. The middle-aged believer in the Teutonic creed "to be German and to have character is the same thing" clashes with his teenage son, the obedient housewife, who revers only her husband more than domestic peace, left helpless as an interlocutor. Nor is the post-war generation with its sole concern for business and money much more attractive. Some matey and hearty lorry drivers must restore the balance, apart from the endearing carelessness of Private Kleinschmidt who occasionally reminds one of Lucky Jim in a rather more sinister surrounding. The film is not dubbed, the sub-titles miss a glorious pun about justice, "die wie eine frisch gewaschene und strahlende Wassernixe aussieht, weil sie so oft baden geht."

Martin Müller.

## Hot and Cold: Running

By DONALD CARROLL

About this time of the year, as ladies and the weather become increasingly wretched by the hour, coffee houses re-emerge as the vital hubs of student activity. For it is in these crowded, smoky dens—far removed from the aridity of the lecture halls—that the real pulse of College life can be felt. Therefore, as a public service, I have reprinted below the expurgated edition of my cafe society handbook, a truly forgettable volume which has stirred an unprecedented groundswell of public apathy.

**Coffee Inn.** — Besides the good coffee, the main attraction here is a brown-maned transvestite finger-painting with his ketchup—frequently observed trying to score with the servante by making garbled overtures through the dense shrubbery of his upper lip. If you can get the servante's attention, try the house speciality: fried bat's wing on toast.

**New Amsterdam.** — Surpassed only by Dixon Hall as the place where boy meets ghoul. Considered traditional U.C.D. territory, this is the main camping

ground for a tribe of Irish mountain girls covered in warpaint and Canal No. 5. Still worth a visit to see the latter-day altar to Priapus (disguised as a machine for heating hot dog buns).

**Copenhagen.** — The waitresses here are so friendly you wonder what they have on you.

**Tasty's.** — God's little acre, catering to the commercial set.

**Green Lounge.** — The local epileptic colony holds revivals here on Friday evenings. Usually attended by a hundred or so of the best arguments for birth control.

**Trinity Coffee Bar.** — Upon entering you are gazed at as if you were a lost Baluba warrior looking for more sport. Propped against one wall is a beat-looking little fellow in sandals (revealing only that he bites his toenails). His trousers are usually at half-mast. Next to him, and looking equally messianic, is his female counterpart supported by a pair of unshorn parentheses. In the corner squats a bespectacled Buddha, meditating on the ghastly war that produced this generation.

## Letter to the Editor

Sir,—We stood it for a whole year with patience and hope—even last week's editorial augured better things—but there seems no end to it. In the past we have frequently been urged in your columns to be "good chaps," contented students, abstaining from the excesses of Trinity Week and devoting all our energies to the clubs and societies to help out those hard-pressed individuals who do everything in College; and this propaganda to the "good chap" ideal is pursued with a rigorous insipidity in your weekly "Profile."

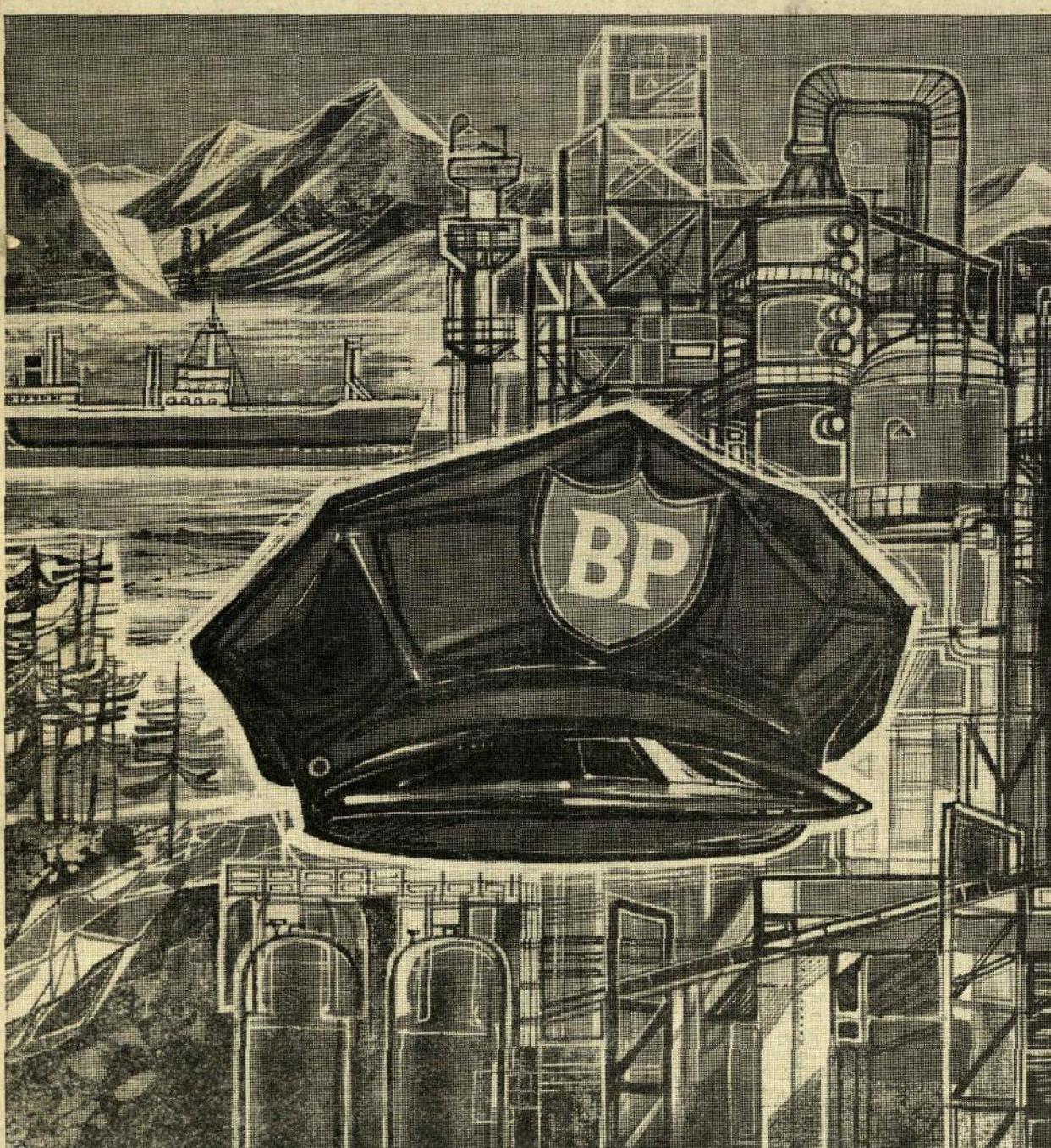
Thinking back, can we ever remember a specimen who was not a good mixer, affable, humorous, never made enemies, etc.? They are like the advertisements for toothpaste and deodorants that send one searching one's own inferiorities. Of course, we howled inwardly with politely reserved mirth to learn of

To-night in the Phil., Mr. Gabriel Fallon, Director of the Abbey Theatre, will speak to a paper on "Séan O'Casey," by Bernard Adams.

"Bubbles" and that Tony ("he used to insist on Anthony") plays "invariably mixed doubles" on a Sunday afternoon. The latter seems to serve as a reassurance, in view of the society of which he now finds himself the head, as to an awareness of the opposite sex. After such jolly appraisals one feels one should trot politely along to all the meetings if only to catch a glimpse of this genial, giant of a "chap." Or we may seriously begin to question whether we have been frequenting the right circles in College that we have met so few people with such an abundance of good qualities.

This compelling insistence on the "good chap" ideal is comparable perhaps to the myth of the "Victorian gentleman"; it has bedeviled your excellent journal too long. If "Profiles" we must have, could they not be, occasionally at least, of the shy, meek little rain-coated specimens who are to be seen at intervals between lecture and reading rooms; perhaps we would see more of us all in them, and it would at least relieve the pain, sometimes verging on nausea, of these huge-hearted, thoroughly good "chaps."—Yours faithfully,

Peter F. Bell.  
3 Upper Mount St., Dublin.  
10th November, 1960.



## Canadian caps, a new world of

UNTIL MAY 1957 the BP shield was not visible in Canada. To-day you will see the green peaked cap of the BP service station attendant on more than 700 forecourts in the provinces of Quebec and Ontario.

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# SPORTS NEWS

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Rugby

## DEFEATED—BUT NO DISGRACE

**U.C.C., 8; Trinity, 3**

TRINITY were forced to field a weakened side against U.C.C. in the latter's Colours match last Saturday. Four players were in Toulouse and Powell was unable to travel, and bearing in mind the fact that the three-quarter line was of experimental composition, this performance against keen and fit opponents was not as bad as one might at first assume.

The Mardyke was deceptively muddy after two days' rain, but the game never developed into the dour forward battle that the conditions warranted, because Trinity preferred to use their more than adequate share of the ball from scrum and line-out to keep play open. Throughout the game the Trinity backs were fed, but keen tackling and covering, the glutinous surface and an unfortunate series of injuries limited their striking power.

The first quarter of an hour was all Trinity, and three points was an insufficient reward for their endeavours. After two sweeping passing movements that gave each wing in turn a run, Morrison's cross kick was desperately cleared by the Cork defence. But from an ensuing scrum, Dorman "scopped" for Siggins to collect and when he was tackled, Endall was conveniently on hand to pick up and score half-way out. Hall muffed the conversion.

After Trinity had threatened to score again from two long runs by the chunky Endall, Cork retaliated when a defensive clearance by Rees was charged down, the resultant try being scored in the corner. Kiernan's first-class conversion from the touchline only served to emphasise Trinity's lack of a reliable place kicker.

Kiernan now changed his tactics, realising that the only answer to our possession of the ball from the tight and the dangerous potential shown by the backs, was to use his backs defensively and utilise his forwards' speed in the loose. Thus the Trinity backs were gradually "bottled up"—Lea was blotted out by the Irish international Walsh; Morrison was heavily tackled and severely damaged his shoulder; Endall now found the gaps in the centre closing.

Rees and Dorman were each brilliant in patches, but at times were extremely shaky when the ball fell loose.

### Squash Club

After three matches, Trinity's squash teams are still undefeated. The first team—R. Roberts (Captain), P. Heaney (Irish international), J. Barrington and A. Rice—is one of the strongest in the country and should end the season at the top of the league. M. Bagley and C. Sprawson, two Freshmen playing in the B and C teams, respectively, should improve with practice and give the leading players sound support.

Two ladders are now in operation and later in the season it is hoped to run handicap and knock-out competitions.

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On his return to first-class rugger after a long lay-off, Dorman showed touches of real class in his handling, running and passing, but failed to grasp the tactical situation in the second half when the touchline should have been exploited in order to give us some territorial reward for possession of the ball.

As it was, the three-quarters could not escape the attentions of their opposite numbers and attacking kicks fell with monotonous regularity into the hands of the very competent Kiernan. Thus not once did Trinity get in their opponents' "25" in the second half and the only scoring was a penalty by Kiernan when one of the Trinity backs was alleged to have handled on the ground.

Trinity's defence held on desperately towards the end of the game, with Hall giving a very courageous performance. He repeatedly went down on the loose ball when just after half-time he had incurred a severe rib injury.

In conclusion, it only remains for your correspondent to pay tribute to the sterling work of the Trinity pack in the tight. Hill and Dowse monopolised the line-outs and the front row outplayed their counterparts in the tight scrums. The pack for the Colours match must almost pick itself now, though there seem to be signs of complacency amongst the most experienced players because of the lack of competition.

The reverse is the case in the backs, where the constant experimentation, while definitely making players fight for their places, can also make for a minimum of teamwork in the endeavour to impress individually. It is a fact that the same backline has yet to feature in two successive games and it is to be hoped that representative matches will not be all out to prevent the formation of a settled backline for at least two matches before the Colours match on December 3rd.

### PINKS

At a meeting of the Captains' Committee of the D.U.C.A.C. on Friday, 11th November, the following were awarded Pinks: — Boat: P. D. J. Martin, S. S. Newman, N. D. Gillett. Cricket: T. C. D. Mulraine. Fencing: B. Hamilton. Sailing: M. Hare, A. MacGovern, M. Moorehead, J. Mason. Swimming: R. Rooley. We would like to offer our congratulations to all the above on their well-deserved honours.

### Harriers and Athletic Club, 1959-60

Last season the Harriers and Athletic Club celebrated their 75th anniversary, in perhaps what was the most successful season ever. In the jubilee match to commemorate this, they were only narrowly defeated by the Rest of Eire, a truly remarkable performance, emphasising the dept of talent within the club.

Another noteworthy feat was the third placing of the team in the U.A.U. Championships. Tjerund Lunde rose to great heights, winning the individual title in the pole vault and the high jump, and Colin Shillington, last year's captain, set a new championship record of 1 min. 51.5 secs. in the half mile.

In all, seven College records were broken, some of them being near international class. Of particular note were Lunde's 6 ft. 1 in. in the high jump, Francis's 22.2 and 49.4 in the 220 and 440 yards, and Shillington's 1 min. 51.5 secs. in the 880 yards.

In the Eire Championships this year, no less than eight titles were won by Club athletes, and several went on to win all-Ireland titles.

Next year we shall have virtually the same team, under the captaincy of Bob Francis, so we can look forward to yet another successful season. In the sprints and quarter we have a formidable quartet in Francis, Lovell, Kirkham and O'Clergy, and we hope to see Mason, a former Eire sprint champion, back to

### Hockey

### Forwards Disappoint

Trinity, 2; Beckenham, 2

On a rather miserable afternoon at Londonbridge Road a re-organised Trinity side gave a good account of itself in drawing with Beckenham. The side had two changes from the one that lost to Three Rock Rovers. Prestage, a newcomer, was on the right wing, and Fuller was at inside-right.

The defence played very well. The fact that Beckenham had only three shots at goal in the whole match says much for their covering. Blackmore has rarely played better for the club and all the remaining backs played well up to standard.

The forwards at the moment seem rather disorganised. McCarthy is not playing well and nobody else seems capable of scoring goals. However, it was not a day for goal scoring and two should have been enough to secure a win.

After a scoreless first-half, in which Trinity squandered several very good chances, they were the first to score when McCarthy beat Hamilton from near the edge of the circle. Ten minutes later, Prestage ran on to a centre from Rowe and pushed the ball past the goalkeeper. In the last few minutes, Beckenham scored twice. Once a rather unfortunate error by Wood allowed their right-wing to score and a few minutes later their inside-right pushed the ball past the advancing keeper.

Last Saturday the 2nd XI entered the 2nd round of the Railway Cup by beating Newtimes 2nd 8-0. S. Fuller (5) and D. Williams (3) scored for Trinity.

### Water Polo

### Junior League Show the Way

U.C.D. ....	5
Trinity ....	3

The Trinity team, though under-strength, played a good match against the more experienced U.C.D. team last Thursday. Trinity scored the opening goal, but were unable to maintain a lead, even when two U.C.D. players were out of the water. O'Brian Kelly and Jagoe were prominent in attack, but better understanding between forwards and backs must be achieved.

In the Junior League, Trinity A defeated Dublin by three goals to two, to record Trinity's only win of the evening. The Trinity attack, supported by H. S. O'Connor, tested the Dublin defence to such an extent that R. Brownlee and R. H. Rooley had little difficulty in scoring. Brownlee's second goal came from a good passing movement involving most of the College side.

### Shillington, who ran in the British Games and also had the best times of 1 min. 49.8 secs. and 4 mins. 06.4 secs. to his credit; Quinlan and Roe. In the field events, Lunde is our outstanding performer and maintains a consistently high standard in no less than six events. Of last year's team, he will be ably backed up by Leeson, O'Clergy, Kennedy, Skipton, Obviagele, Osoba and Linley.

New members are particularly welcome this season. There is organised training throughout the year in the Gym. at 8 p.m. on Thursdays, and in College Park on Tuesdays at 3.30 p.m. and on Saturdays at 10.30 a.m., when coaching will be under the direction of Mr. Cyril White.

The Harriers (cross-country) are training on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays in Phoenix Park, and on Thursdays at 8 p.m. in the Gym.

The result of the closely contested match against Crusaders and Avondale in Phoenix Park on Saturday was a win for Dublin University Harriers. C. J. S. Shillington ran a good race to finish first, then followed several opposition runners but the Trinity team packed in well around 10th place to secure victory. Trinity's ability to field a strong second team was another gratifying aspect of this occasion.

### Motoring

### NOVICE TRIAL

Last Saturday afternoon the Motor Club held a novice trial, starting from the Embankment Inn, Tallaght. There were 15 novice entries, and the experts, headed by Alec Malcolm and Dave Leonard, showed the way. J. Chaufour in a Peugeot handled his car very well when he remembered how the tests should be done, and D. Southerland in the Porsche showed how they can be done with a minimum of fuss. The general standard was surprisingly high, so that we have the prospect of being able to produce two Hewison teams next year.

The final results were: 1, V. Potts (Austin Seven), 84.5 secs.; 2, R. Gilmore (Volks.), 95.3 secs.; 3, P. Empy (Ford), 97.4 secs.

### Racing

### A Review of the Flat Season

By "Windsor Lad"

The 1960 season will not be remembered by many, the poverty of the 3-year-old colts, save St. Paddy, and the implementation of the Betting Bill introducing licensed betting shops into England as from January, 1961, being but two of its unsavoury aspects. Honours went to Sir Victor Sassoon, leading breeder; Noel Murless, leading trainer, and Lester Piggott, who at the age of 25, became the heaviest jockey to win the championship since Fred Archer—a remarkable achievement and a tribute to the skill and power of this fine horseman, undoubtedly the greatest classic jockey in Europe, and a genius at Epsom.

English horses, especially the colts, were a very poor lot. St. Paddy, by Aureole out of Edie Kelly (a short runner) alone did the country any credit winning the Derby and St. Leger. Of the two-year-olds, Sostenuo, a chestnut colt, reminiscent of Hyperion looks a Derby-type, as does Test Case. Ireland produced a fine strong colt in Chamour, Irish Derby winner, and Floribunda was probably the fastest 2-year-old since Abernant. France, as usual, provided the cream of European bloodstock with Never Too Late, Charlottesville, Angers, Puissant Chef and Hautain, the top five horses in England, France or Ireland with the exception of St. Paddy. Garnet Bougoure rode excellently in Ireland and won (probably) his first title as did Yves Saint-Martin, a 19-year-old apprentice who wrested the French jockeys title from crack jockey Jean Deforge.

### THE COLONEL'S RETURN

The last week of the flat racing season saw Colonel May in England checking up on the form of the "jumpers." For this reason he was absent from this column last week. Two runners would seem to stand out next week—Branca Doria (Sandown, Saturday), winner of the Liverpool November Hurdle, and Farmer's Boy (Doncaster, Saturday).

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