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Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

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THE SEEDS OF WAR

President Outshines his Guests

THIS year's opening meeting of the Phil. last Thursday was on the whole a disappointing performance, with the utterances of the speakers falling far below the standard which one is accustomed to expect from this Society, although the paper of the President, Mr. R. H. Johnston (Sch.), on the seeds of war, was the one redeeming feature of an otherwise boring evening.

Mr. Johnston treated his subject in an original and penetrating way, and is to be congratulated on his knowledge of economics. The first part of his address dealt with an examination of various types of wars against their specific backgrounds over the ages, while in the second half of his paper he reviewed the



CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

Photo: "Irish Times"

prospects for and against a further world conflict. He concluded that wars are an inevitable part of man's nature, although the chances are that the next war will be fought with conventional weapons rather than with nuclear ones. Mr. Johnston might have paralleled the situation to-day in respect of nuclear weapons with the situation after the first world war, when the dread of all was that gas would be used by the "other" side in the next—the second world war. But in fact it was never used in the second war, for the simple reason that each side knew or imagined that the other party had a more deadly type than their own.

The first speaker to the paper, Mr. Kenneth de Courcy, unexpectedly made the best contribution of the evening. In spite of his extreme Right tendencies, he was persuasive enough to manage to hold

his audience, although they were not necessarily in agreement with him. If anything, he was far too complacent about the whole situation. He felt that Russia did not really want war any more than the West did. She would try all other means at her disposal to effect the end she desired — namely, world Communism — without resorting to a major armed conflict. But the real problem, he said, lay in the conflict between China and Russia for power, Russia being content with slower, subtler methods than China.

The next speaker was Konni Zilliacus, Labour M.P. for Gateshead and the sender of the famous "Nenni Telegram" which cost him his Labour Party membership card. Mr. Zilliacus was incredibly dull, especially when he was recounting his personal experiences over the years. It was most unfortunate that he did not discover till after the meeting that there were no representatives of the British press present. Had he discovered this earlier, we might have had far less treated to a quotation from his pamphlet, "The Anatomy of the Sacred Cow." The only point he made in an hour was that we should take our stand at the United Nations and invite Russia and the West to negotiate. Any country which refuses to negotiate after Russia had agreed to do so could not regard itself as suffering an unprovoked aggression. Our only defence against atomic attack was to make peace.

The most disappointing speaker of the whole evening was Mr. Christopher Hollis, former Conservative M.P. for Devizes. Mr. Hollis can be a very forceful speaker and is capable on occasions of brilliant performances. This was certainly not one of them. Whether he was tired or has lost his powers of oratory since he has forsaken the House at Westminster for the House of Commons and Carter it is difficult to know, but most of his remarks were banal in the extreme. As, when he said, most people in the world are neither pro or anti-Communist, or when he said "Wars have taken place because a number of people wanted wars, and therefore it is likely people will continue to want them." He ended with a speculation about atomic submarines which would be capable of retaliation when one's country had ceased to exist. He hoped instead that atomic energy would be devoted to peaceful means rather than destruction.

The last speaker was the Rev. Dr. Bryn Thomas, a Left-wing writer and lecturer. He was not in line with the rest of the meeting. His remark about the churches in the West having no influence on their Governments brought smiles to many faces. He certainly has a lot to learn about the affairs of this country, especially during the last decade. "We cannot be neutral in the Nuclear Age," he declared. "The next war has to be won now and not after it has broken out."

Perhaps, after all, the President was to blame, for his paper was both comprehensive and impartial, thus leaving little scope for further discussion. Had it been less so, the ensuing discussion might have been better—or would it?

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LUNCHEONS DAILY
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Entertain at the Georgian Room



METROPOLE
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Where to meet your friends
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ESCAPEADE

Your correspondent, you will be glad to hear, is—occasionally—prepared to take grave risks in the cause of your information. You were not, however, by any means uppermost in his mind when, damp, unsuitably besuited and apprehensive, he stood on a concrete runway at Baldonnel Military Airport last Sunday afternoon.

My assignment was to cover the activities of those few daring students who have taken up gliding as a hobby:



the idea, to go up in one of the things myself. A glider, close up and on the ground, is not a reassuring sight to the beginner. Engineless, a joystick, an altimeter and a speedometer are almost its only instruments and it appears to have been made out of paper. In one of these I was to ascend.

It begins pleasantly. You sit quite comfortably, in the stolid figure of the instructor in front of you, and two little clocks all to yourself to look at. You "taxi" gently along a runway at about 50 m.p.h., towed by a car. You tell yourself it's all very simple; you wave to the admiring crowds.

Then, suddenly, the instructor rises above you, you find yourself lying flat on your back with your feet sticking up in the air, and the ground below disappears. This is the take-off, done while

WHICH?

The S.C.M. is having a little trouble. They were planning a Study Group, on some topic, no doubt, considered suitable, and a list of appropriate books was prescribed for its members. It now emerges that three of these books are not to be had—they have been banned.

There seem to be two alternative explanations for this sad tale. Either the Student Christian Movement has been attempting to circulate pornographic literature, or the Board of Censors has decided to deprive the country of all Christian literature not accompanied by an "imprimatur" and a "nihil obstat." This being a free and democratic country, the former is the most reasonable explanation, and we trust that the S.C.M. will now be boycotted by all right-thinking students.

Hist.

Last night the Auditor of the College Historical Society read a paper entitled "To Disarm or Perish?" at the Society's inaugural meeting. The following gentlemen spoke: Canon L. John Collins, the Rt. Hon. George Brown, the Rt. Hon. W. B. Maginness, Nigel Nicolson, Esq. A full account of the meeting will appear in our next issue.

still on the towing wire—very steep and rather dramatic—quite extraordinary to look at from the ground.

Once the 'plane is in the air and has slipped its towing wire it all becomes rather delightful again. The view is tremendous, there is very little "bumping" and almost no noise at all. On a still day we rose to 700 feet and stayed up for about 7 minutes.

The landing is very comfortable—or was in my case—and the risks involved

in such a short flight are actually very small indeed.

A few Trinity men are now taking an interest in the Dublin Gliding Club, notably Mikes, Slazenger and Jacobs, and the Club's new plane (picture) is about as up-to-date as a glider can be. Costs are fairly high, though — five guineas a year for students, plus 5/- for every flight of under 10 minutes (more if longer in the air)—and it is planned, possibly with the aid of a D.U.C.A.C. subvention, to form a University Gliding Club with a plane of its own, which would bring the sport within more universal student reach. To "go up" is a tremendous experience; with a few more gallant experimenters this could well be Trinity's coming thing.

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Vol. VII TRINITY NEWS No. 1
THURSDAY, 3rd NOVEMBER, 1960

Cead Mile Failte?

IT is the custom for the editorial columns of student newspapers in the first issue of the year to extend to Freshmen a hearty welcome, and a good deal of advice. This newspaper doesn't really wish to do either. Every year queues lengthen, Conversation Rooms look more like waiting rooms, and it becomes harder to find a seat during lectures. Trinity's response to the "bulge" has been like the python's—it has made itself look ridiculous. The entrance exams, we hear, are getting a bit stiffer; it is very hard to be sorry about it.

As to advice: Student organisations of all kinds seem to develop a positive passion for paternalism in all its forms around this time of year (don't miss the Freshers' reception — tea and biscuits). The welcome for the prospective money-spinner is usually lavish to a degree equalled only by the quantity of gratuitous sermons which come with it—and in this respect undergraduate publications are right in the front line. The various "first of the year" issues of our English contemporaries, which have been coming in for us over the past few days, are filled with avuncular matter of the most useful kind. On the whole, they feel, students, while not neglecting their "academic studies for which, after all, they were sent here," should not hesitate to "take a full and active part in our university life." One can but hope that the readers of these original ideas will be properly impressed with the significance of their position, and will not fall into the dangerous trap of becoming mere party-going drones.

We prefer, however, to take a slightly different line. The men and women who came to Trinity for the first time each October will do whatever it is in them to do without being much affected by the opinions of those not necessarily their superiors as to what is good for them. If everyone "took a full and active part," if no-one joined the major societies to read the newspapers, if all the newcomers wanted to make something of the S.R.C., the place would be uninhabitable. The organisers would have no-one to organise, and the journalists no dreadful parties to disapprove.

A University would not be living up to that name if it did not comprehend—gladly—students who wished to live there in all kinds of different ways. How they do it is up to themselves. We wish them luck and hope they won't get in the way too much.

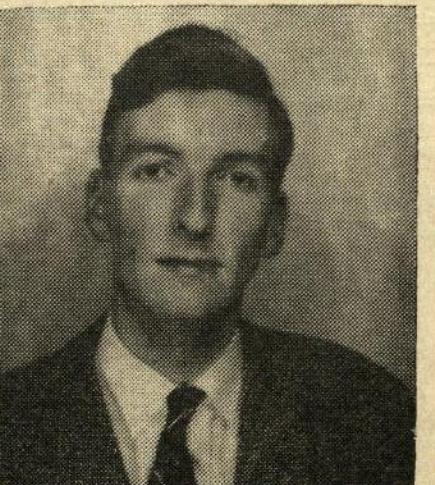
"ICARUS"

"Icarus" has announced an earlier closing date, November 7th, by which time all entries for the £3 short story competition must be in, as well as all others: poetry, prose, criticism, articles of general literary interest, reviews. All contributions should be left in the box in No. 3, c/o. Brendan Kennelly, Editor, "Icarus."

Profile: J. ARNOLD LUTTON

Chairman of Many Parts

The long, lanky form of Arnold Lutton, accompanied often by a bicycle and usually by a large grin, has long been a familiar feature of the College scene. His perennial pun and semi-pertinent interjection have enlivened society meetings



of many varying degrees of U-dons, his interests including the Chess Club, the Christian Union, the Maths. Society and the Phil. In every society he has joined he has held some post.

As the Chess Club Secretary, he succeeded in raising the membership to a high level, and in getting the rooms redecorated and fitted with strip lighting. He has been Treasurer of the C.U. and an enthusiastic member for five years. To the Phil. he devoted rather less of his time, but he has occupied a seat on the Council for three years, and on the rare occasions when he speaks he can be ex-

pected to produce a sensible approach to the subject—though his political views do not receive the support of some of his fellow Northerners.

Arnold presents to many an impression of complete inefficiency; this is due, perhaps, to his apparent levity, or to his unalterable habit of being late. However, if he is given a job to do he can be relied upon to do it—a rare distinction in Trinity.

When considering last term's "Trinity News" appointments, some people felt that he was more effective speaking up from the depths of an armchair in the corner than he would be commanding from the chief editor's chair. However, he took over the reins with confidence and produced a sound, cautious set of issues. He was particularly successful with his coverage of Trinity Wednesday, always a difficult task, as the paper is being set up as the races are in progress and news has to be rushed straight from pavilions to presses.

Arnold entered Trinity in October, 1955, after attending Portadown College. He read mathematics, but, after repeating his senior freshman year he changed, like the best of us, to Pass Arts, in which he graduated last month.

He spent most of one year as a junior master in King's Hospital School, and is now proceeding to take the Diploma in Education, while teaching in St. Andrew's College, Dublin. He should be a good teacher, for he makes friends easily and is seldom at a loss.

Arnold has always acted the clown and suffered sometimes the fate of all clowns—that of not being taken seriously. But the apparent clown can also be the shrewdest of businessmen, the most dangerous of enemies, and the most valuable of friends.

O'PHONY inherits ...

"His limitations are visual."

"Usual" seems a better word.

"The film is based on the century old trial . . ."

The "century old trial" took place in the early 1920's.

". . . of a young schoolteacher who contravened Genesis . . ."

The young schoolteacher, by teaching evolution, only debunked a literal interpretation of the first few chapters of Genesis.

"By teaching the recently published Darwinian Theory of the Origin of the Species".

"Recently published" a mere sixty years before the trial.

"The two foremost advocates of the United States join issue . . . in the fight between freedom of thought and the ignorant hysterical, Bible-hugging mass . . ."

Mr. O'Phony should have stayed to view the film a second time. The fight on the screen was between a shallow scientist and a narrow fundamentalist.

". . . I don't suppose that it had any effect on an audience wrapped up in their complacent cocoons, and doubtless on the side of the victim."

It had an effect—and the victim is rather obvious.

"It says a great deal for Spencer Tracey's performance that it outshone Frederic March's portrayal of a man degenerating from overconfidence to uncertain bravado . . ."

It's a pity indeed Mr. O'Phony didn't have the opportunity to see the uncut version. But since he didn't dare tell him what was in those "yards of celluloid"—tis far more fun to preserve him bigoted and ignorant.

Donald Carroll.

THE HESITATORS

On Tuesday, October 25, the Fabian Society filled the Regent House with a Brains Trust where the leaders of the three parties now proposing to form a "New Left" movement in Ireland were invited to submit to some leading questions.

It was a remarkable meeting in that Messrs. Corish, MacBride, Browne and Nevin agreed to come and demonstrate the prospects of a united front—before they could have hammered out any agreement among themselves. They were, in fact, doing some of their private business in public.

And what are the said prospects? Well, we should say middling to not so bad. To the first question, "How far can the principles of democratic socialism be adopted in Ireland?" somewhat diverse answers were returned. Dr. Browne brilliantly expounded a radical theory of socialism—from a non-contributory health scheme to a rapid and wide expansion of public ownership.

Messrs. Corish, of the Labour Party, and Nevin, of the Trade Unions, were a little more Fabian. Mr. Corish didn't like the words "left" or "socialism," opted for the vaguer "progressive." He is indeed a socialist, but with a cannier, more pragmatic attitude towards his con-

stituents. A man more given to results than theories. He and Mr. Nevin had a certain amount to say about public ownership and the need for a better society, but clearly they are not as anxious as Dr. Browne to be burdened with a dogmatic socialism.

Mr. MacBride blamed the Government for unemployment and called for one nationalised bank; then retired unembattled to his tents. Perhaps prolonged frustration in the political world accounts for the remoteness of this brilliant man.

On the question of how far the new left would incorporate the old Republican tradition, a small fissure appeared again. Dr. Browne vehemently—and magnificently—denounced the I.R.A. and all such manifestations. He advocated a breach with tradition; that the left attend to economic realities rather than a political chimera. Mr. Corish replied that Republicanism was a social system, not chauvinism, yet he seemed to indicate that there would be room for nationalism in the Labour Party—he did not say where. Mr. MacBride, like a good Clannsman, was more positive—80,000 people voted Sinn Fein and they must be won over—he did not say how.

This was an exciting meeting—and, more important, perhaps an historic one.

COLLEGE OBSERVED...

Hello Freshmen, and all that . . . did you bring any money with you?

The Reading Room, is so un-NIKHlike at a certain evening o'clock that it is difficult, yea, verily impossible, to do any sort of work there. Women should be issued sombre floorlength gowns with shoulder-pads and cube-shaped falsies; the over-all rectangular effect would be that the men would ignore the women that pass by so frequently, and the women would abhor each other. Nobody would dare look up. People should avail themselves of the pastel bliss of a Regent House. Two young capitalists, reeking of absinthe, delicately dishevelled, make a tour-de-force of the balcony, burst into great peals of careful mirth as they come across the Classicsman wandering around and around with a small portable ladder . . . All day long a kindly auld bibliomaniac has visited the dictionary department, opened a lexicon, pored myopically over it, shelved it again, and walked out. Is he a genius, happy, mad . . . ? What about the Nigerian turkeycock who demonstrates the supreme scholastic pomposity of washing his hands before and after book?

Coffee Bar. I don't know where to begin, neither does anyone else. Is the proposed extension an extended proposal, or what? Between two and three, when a lull used to occur, there are no fewer than twenty in the big room, nine in the smaller, on any given day. Black or White Slave Traffic. Red-blooded blues and vice-versa.

Students with ink on their whorls are coming back into fashion; rather like those who pass their exams. Trinidad se cambia, faces more sober, more COMPETITION. Overheard: "Get out, I'm studying . . ."

We haven't had a suicide for some time. Reading the Sunday Times, that great bursting bladder of the British Imperial Estimate, quite an interesting article cropped up concerning an investigation made by the National Students Union on the number of University suicides. Have the authorities been calling "incidents" "accidents"? In 1958 Cambridge had three times the National Average in suicides, Oxford, five now? Holy Ireland. An Omniscient God created death control. Anyway, the population problem is nil; it's actually decreasing. Zombies have multiplied, however. Be happy, if you are not glad to be alive why should there be any mourners when you kick off? Gas and Aspirin are Non-U. Cyanide and Hemlock, when available, are certainly more poetic ways to go.

In sudden cacophony a colleague of mine bursts through one of those airlocks in the Bay (where a number of people cook, on dirty little rings, what appears to be a type of Studentengrub) shouting "I've passed . . . I've passed . . ." I've waited a long time to hear him say that. Trembling with excitement he sends off two letters, the first begging for a County grant, and the other demanding deferment of overdraft till reception of said sum of money. For the next two weeks our eating money will be spent paying his tutor, and our pocket money spent on innumerable pale ales at Nearn's.

The number of homosexuals in College has decreased considerably since last year. The price of flowers has gone up, or something.

FRESHERS

The Junior Freshmen were introduced to the Examination Hall for the first time on Tuesday. Although some gowns were in evidence, the occasion was not premature exams, but the official Junior Fresh. reception, organised by the S.R.C. The chairman of the Students Representative Council, this year, is Ian Simons, whose Hist. training should help to blot out the S.R.C.'s ill-starred past.

Many more experienced students took the opportunity to hear the Provost, who also jostled around the stalls. The Commerce and Economics and Elizabethan Societies seemed to attract the most business, but many of the off-beat and sporting clubs interested an eager crowd of freshers. Notably, Player's was absent which caused would-be actors disappointment. However, the inception of a general Fresher's Reception seems an innovation here to stay.

* * * * *

The rumour of an Art Society, which has been circulating for the last two weeks, has at long last become fact. It is hoped that Mr. George Dawson will sponsor the infant society, and that all students with any artistic interests whatsoever will co-operate in an early and effective launching of what has been a "need" in College for some years. Contacts should be made with Miss C. Duran, c/o. No. 6. Suggestions are welcome, intending members even more so.

The Society did brilliantly to arrange it, to provide Dr. Thornley as an urbane chairman, and Victor Bleasdale to add some leaves for the burning. Mr. Bleasdale made an ardent plea for the ethical virtues of socialism. By turns severely critical and ardently didactic he imparted his passionate yet lucid convictions to his audience. To faith all things are possible.

FOUR & SIX

Grim, ghastly, grotesque? No. Delightful, charmingly-attended, gay? No. Ordinary, insipid? Yes. Fitzgerald, Bogdin, Titterington there? No. Clapham, Trapnell, Siggins present? Yes. Nemadotes? Skifflly, pleasant, but no punch. Junior Freshwomen? Uh-huh... It should be noted that these impressions refer to the state of affairs at the "Dixon" before I left at 9.45 p.m.

Sunday night, after a hectic season at Lucan, Co. Dublin (350 running, screaming people looking for a beagle, any beagle... 25 sniffing, scooting beagles looking for a hare), beaglers were invited up to Hilary Roche's and entertained in lavish manner. The Trinity "quiets" were present, all of them hungry enough after the extended hunt, to enjoy an exquisite goulash in exquisite surroundings. The quality of the parties seems to be on the upgrade. Maura somebody or the other made eyes at her adolescent swain, alternately smiling, hiccupping and running around from stare to stare. Michael Cunningham called a porrón a porrón, while R. Holzapfel, with "soft, delicate, poetic fingers," cracked walnuts for his puzzled neighbours. The Gore-Grimes group was there in strength. Colin McUnpronounceable beat a steady tattoo on the dance floor, often unaccompanied, often com-

pletely lost in the pulsating rhythm of one particular record.

Last Thursday night a small house-warming party given by G. Puxon (of "Sunday Review" fame) and his wife, Wendy, brought a group of literateurs together. Before the night was over they managed to get together profitably, combining business and pleasure, while they viewed with extreme goodwill Terry Brady's new haircut. Ralph Bates spun about like the dying Philosopher in the Crock of Gold in a hurricane of "traitor" shrieks; while the "traitor" went across the street to haggle about the price of two pies. The twin trophies having been acquired, Ronnie Pilkington began to enjoy himself for the first time that evening.

Last Friday night Tony Hickey entertained a small group of philosophic-minded people at his new premises in Killiney. Martin Putz (it's all in the mind) showed one of his brilliant gold teeth from time to time when a particularly hilarious question was presented him. Judith Cowley and Peter Bell argued about the essence of criticism. Miss R. Plunkett sat quietly by the fire taking it all in, while an infuriated Mr. Coconut bounced up and down upon the floor shouting that he had it now, would they all please listen.

What is this thing called LUV

Hello?
Yes...?
Is this Ruth?
...?
Is this Ruth?
Ruth?
Ruth?
No... Ruth isn't here yet...
Well, when will she be in?
Don't know... I'll ask... One moment, please...
Thanks.
... (?)
(whistles piece from Ravel's Piano Concerto to the polyphonic accompaniment of: getawayfromthatphoneditisformeyouknovitsformeitsalwaysformewellwhydonyoutakeyourownstupidcallshutupohyoushutupdrycurlupanddieyouhearthe phoneehbutiwasntasclosetoitasyouwere whodoyouthinkiamthenyourservantiknow whatyouaregetlostyoupest...)
Yes?
...
This is Ruth speaking
Hello! Guess who! They said you weren't home!
Who is this, please...?
Can't you guess?
I...
C'mon, guess...
I... er... no... well... um...
Remember Torquay... Remember Bubbles...?
Well, I...
Remember Hasty Pasty Place...? The Wheedlebug...?
...???

Remember the Alamo
Well... I'm... I... (?)
Well?!
... no... I can't... say... that I do... well...
What did you say?
I said (curse this line, anyway)... well...
So you remember me! And after all this time!
Yes... ahm, yes, I guess... (?)
Tell de Trut, Rut (ha ha)... Remember?
Funny... (?)
Remember?
Well... yeh...
How's your Mother?
Great.
And your Dad?
Great (he sounds like...). How are yours? (!!)
Well enough...
Good.
...
Of course.
How about a movie to-night?
Well, I'm afraid that I...
Great, I'll meet you at...
Listen... listen a moment...
Metropole... half an hour... wear you usual...
Hey! Wait!
(Click).
... ;(?) (CLICK).
(SHE-REMEMBERS-ME! HOT-DIGGETY-DAMN!)
(whowasthefoolanyhowandwhatwillido getawayfromthephoneruthihavetocall)

Buffet: Feelings and Facts

Bad weather, the usual long queues, and the monotony of daily routine have already shattered the "rosy-tinted spectacles" through which this term's freshmen viewed Buffet for the first time. The disillusionment of these freshmen cannot compare, however, with the disappointment of the other undergraduates who had expected to return from the long vacation to see the old "steam-type" institution turned into a new, streamlined, chrome and electric cafeteria. Improvements, such as the separate pricing of each item and the clearer marking of these prices, provided little consolation, except as a stimulus to mental arithmetic and a reminder of the value which Buffet undoubtedly gives.

Anxious to discover where exactly the "Promised Land" behind the two new doors at the end of the Dining Hall would be opened to the queue-wearers, your reporter interviewed the College Agent, Col. Walsh. Col. Walsh claimed that no blame could be attached to the College for the fact that the programme which planned "the completion of an entirely new serving system before Michaelmas, 1960" ("Trinity News," Feb. 4th, 1960) had not been executed on time. Building had been delayed by the awful weather which had slowed up work on the concreting of foundations and, more recently, the builder had been waiting for a delivery of tiles from Britain. The Agent added that work was now "soaring ahead," but would not commit himself to giving a definite date for the completion of the present operation. It is your reporter's guess that at the end of this lecture term when there is a slack period for Buffet the new doors will be opened for the first time so that students and staff alike can get familiar with the changed routine in a relatively untroubled manner.

Having visited the already completed construction work, we are convinced that the extension will in fact be a great improvement on the existing arrangements. Nevertheless, students who have any constructive criticisms of defects in the present Buffet which it would be worthwhile to remedy before the completion of the new premises should give their views to W. P. Morris, No. 9 College, S.R.C.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

Trinity Handbook Christmas cards are now available from Trinity Handbook, No. 3 Trinity College, for people wanting to send cards abroad. They will not be on general sale at Front Gate until later in the month.

The Festival's Dilemma

The Search for a Direction

The seemingly heterogeneous mass of plays and general theatrical what-haves which had been proclaimed in the Theatre Festival's attractively produced hand-out seemed, after the first week of the event itself, to sort itself into the overall camps of the international theatre and of the homespun Irish drama. Not that the international faction had much cohesion. We had the production in the Olympia of Flecker's "Hassan," in many ways admirably staged, and with the original music of Delius, recorded well (by the R.E.S.O. and Singers) and reproduced vilely; an ingenious dramatisation of a Tolstoy morsel; and a "Macbeth" production by the Old Vic which told us more about the producer, perhaps, than about the dramatist.

The other faction was the largest, and who could grumble at that? There were new plays galore. A good new Parnell play, a disappointing quasi-Ibsen play,

entitled "The Voices of Doolin" which starred Cusack and "A Walk on the Water" at the Eblana, a production which is, happily, being restaged in Dun Laoghaire.

The most important play to emerge from the morass was a curious semi-musical by a young sculptor named McKenna. "The Scatterin'," let it be

said right away, has its faults, and those in abundance. It is long-winded, it jerks along with the spasmodic motion of a drunken man and it contains all the right clichés; the social outcasts who have "always been on the wrong side of the law"; the old man who has seen life and who, therefore, is the initial and final symbol of it, and the young girl looking for a love beyond physical oblivion. It contains the old bitterness of the emigrant, the old satire of the physical characteristics and actions of those he cannot understand—the Anglo-Irish gentry and the country goms. And it is here that the strength of the piece lies. By some strange power, these clichés have become, in this play, hardened into a literary convention which is more than simply the sum of its component parts. It presents us with truisms, and we emerge from the whole having seen truth.

Other "Irish" items were an excellently done "Playboy" (extensively reviewed elsewhere), an impressive but in

places misguided Wilder recital from MacLiammoir, and a welcome revival of Wilde's "An Ideal Husband" at the Gate.

The Festival was, by any assessment, the most impressive yet. It is, however, very clear that next year's Festival must, if it is to attract an international audience, present more drama whose appeal is not limited entirely to the Dubliner. Plans, so far, are impressive; a Brecht play, produced by Quintero; a Moliere comedy with an Irish cast under the direction of Jean-Louis Barrault, and the first performance of a new play by Brendan Behan. Would it be too much to hope for some Yeats? Or even one of the wonder plays of Lady Gregory, surely the most unjustly neglected item in the Abbey scrapyard? Let us, in any case, congratulate this year's Festival authorities on the success of an undertaking which must have required considerable courage, after the fiasco of the first two, to carry through. But next year's Festival will decide.

W. M. O.

Trade Union Attitudes

Donal Nevin, Research Officer of the Congress of Irish Trade Unions, paid his second visit to Trinity within a week, when he addressed the Economics Society on Monday evening.

The chair was taken, a little late, by Dr. David Thorley, who was delayed owing to the arrival of his son and heir.

Mr. Nevin was most convincing when he was stating the trade unions' case on such questions as economic policy, planning in the Irish economy, wages policy, and the division of the national income. But he was very weak when dealing with questions, particularly when Mr. Van Meer tackled him on the question of the ethics of surplus value. To which Mr. Nevin replied that the trade unions wanted to have more of it. Don't we all? An American visitor drew a parallel between the position of the trade unions in America with the trade unions in Ireland as being a better comparison than the parallel between the position of the trade unions here and in Britain. The meeting ended with further discussion of the closed shop. Mr. Nevin thinks the closed shop is all right in industry, but attacked the closed shop in education in Ireland, particularly in university education, which he felt existed.

It was a good though poorly attended meeting, and the Society did well to provide an opportunity for the airing of ideas from a point of view too seldom represented in Trinity.

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SPORTS NEWS

Rugby

UNINSPIRING RUGBY

Under-Strength Team Lose to Bective

Trinity, 0; Bective, 6.

TRINITY sadly missed the services of some of their key players on duty for the Combined Universities, but nevertheless managed to put up a very solid display against the strong Bective team. Bective, indeed, are unbeaten this season and I for one fancied that they might easily over-run Trinity. In fact they did not, and to my mind their game was sadly lacking in purpose for a side of their reputation. I have little doubt that if Trinity had been at full strength on Saturday they would have won.

This was a game characterised by much aimless kicking, the Bective backs in particular being happier to kick rather than run with the ball. Trinity at least endeavoured to throw the ball about, even if they did not get very far. Bective had considerable advantage in weight and experience at forward, and though they had a virtual monopoly of the line-outs, were fairly easily held by the Trinity pack. The first half was scoreless; indeed neither side ever looked like scoring. Both sets of backs had ample opportunity to show their paces, and though the out-halves Lea and Hardy essayed several tentative probes, the defence was always equal to the occasion.

It was not surprising that Bective's superior weight began to tell in the second half. The visitors had a distinct territorial advantage through the half, but though they exerted continuous pressure on Trinity, there was perhaps a certain element of luck in both their tries. The second of these was a lovely solo effort by Hardy, who picked up a rolling ball at full speed and went over unopposed. The Trinity pack had a tremendous amount of hard work to do and, though they tried valiantly, they had not sufficient speed or mobility in the loose to cause the Bective defence any concern. In their occasional sorties into

the Bective half, Trinity did look dangerous. Ross came within an ace of scoring after a lovely run, and Lea, too, had a fine break. Shortly after Hall missed a kick in front of the posts it was with a feeling of relief that I heard the final whistle. It was not inspiring rugby.

Leaving this match to one side, Trinity have had a most encouraging start to the season, with fine wins over St. Mary's and Wanderers. Built on the strong nucleus of last year's side, I feel sure that when they have settled down this team will be a very powerful one indeed. An interesting duel has developed between Rees and Robbins for the scrum-half position. Robbins is preferred. Rightly so, far he is playing extremely well, though Rees continues to gain the favour of the selectors for representative matches. McMullen is as sound as ever, and Moore very much improved; both are to be heartily congratulated on their selection for Leinster. Lea is adapting himself well to his new position at out-half; what he may lack in speed he makes up for in sound rugby sense and determination. The pack is formidable, and I would pick out Ross as the most improved player. The future looks bright. Let us hope that we will not be disappointed.

BOXING CLUB

The new academic year has brought many promising new members to the Club. In the lighter weights, H. Fanning, B. Myers and A. Shingadia show speed and punching power, while heavier newcomers D. Sullivan and D. Duggan Ryan have the aggressive spirit which Frank Kerr, the coach, always wants to see.

Many veterans — like Molesworth, Gibbons, Don Talalamba and Gregory — still remain; so do Feeney, Dixon, Lantan and the prodigal Mumford, all of whom have the ability to do well under Frank Kerr's watchful eye.

Most of these pugilists will be boxing in the Gym. on 15th November and some new members will get their first taste of University boxing at Earlsfort Terrace (U.C.D.) on the 11th. Your support is asked at both these fixtures.

Harriers Entertain Glasgow University

Having easily defeated Queen's Belfast, last Saturday, Glasgow University rounded off their Irish tour with a decisive victory over Trinity on Monday morning. Conditions were ideal, atmospherically, though the 4½-mile course was sodden practically throughout, and this made the going difficult. Glasgow had the first three men home, followed by Shillington, and then three more Glasgow men. Among the newcomers to the Harriers, Bray and Richardson ran well and we should see more of them in the future.

The result of the match is deceptive, however. For Trinity to be able to field two teams so early in the term is extremely creditable.

COLONEL MAY

Colonel May has returned to College from his Newmarket headquarters. There, all the talk is for Dairialatan, the mount of Lester Pigott in the Liverpool Autumn Cup on Friday. The Colonel has also heard good reports concerning the form of Fresh Winds (Liverpool, 2.30, Saturday). Fresh Winds has to tackle two previous Grand National winners, Mr. What and E.S.B., but the task should not be beyond him.

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Fencing

OLYMPIC HONOURS

JUST four years ago Brian Hamilton entered College and, like many other Freshmen, decided to make the most of some of the many facilities that College clubs and societies have to offer. Unlike the vast majority of Trinity undergraduates, who finding that the way to the top cannot be achieved with neither ability nor effort, Brian devoted a great deal of time and trouble to a club which for years has had neither the help nor recognition it deserves.

Never having fenced in his life before entering College, he applied himself to mastering the complex technique of this elegant and exacting sport. In his first year he won a place on the Trinity team, the next year he was awarded his colours, and the year following he was elected captain. An example of Brian's enthusiasm for fencing was his trip last year to the World University Championships in Turin, where he paid all expenses out of his own pocket.

The Irish Amateur Fencing Federation recognised that in Brian, Ireland had an athlete of both ability and tremendous keenness. Selected to represent his country in matches against England, Scotland and Wales, the crowning achievement of Brian's fencing career came this August when, alone among Trinity athletes, he was selected for

Ireland's small and highly competitive Olympic team. As the Olympic charter says what is most important is not so much to win, but to take part, and perhaps it is worth while at this time to underline this point for the benefit of the many Freshmen who may be considering taking up a sport in College. Brian Hamilton has shown what can be done, and whilst taking this opportunity to congratulate him, both on his personal success and on the prestige he has given to his club and to Trinity, we would also like to add that although we may not all be Olympic athletes, everybody can get much lasting pleasure and value from giving ourselves freely and wholeheartedly to some College club or society. Congratulations Brian Hamilton, and who knows he may be the first of many

Sailing to Success

Last season was one of the most successful in the history of the Sailing Club. The season started with a good Trinity victory in the Association of Northern Universities' Sailing Clubs' team racing championships held at Dun Laoghaire in March. Trinity beat their old rivals U.C.D.S.C. in a thrilling final.

On the 30th of April, Trinity took part in the Wilson Trophy team racing championships held at West Kirby in Cheshire. The team did very well to reach the final of this competition, where they were beaten by the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club.

On May the 28th, the first team recorded another good win over U.C.D. in the annual Colours match. The Colours team was: J. Mason (Capt.), M. Moorhead, M. Hare, A. MacGovern, G. Henry and M. Browett.

Five Trinity Fireflies took part in this year's I.D.R.A. Dinghy Championships held in Baltimore, Co. Cork, from the 11th to the 16th of June. High winds and high spirits were the order of a very enjoyable week. George Henry, sailing his own boat, was 2nd in the Firefly championship, while Martin Hare and Alan McGovern sailed well to finish 5th.

George Henry added to his successes by winning the Firefly championship at Lough Derg regatta in August, and later by being selected to represent the U.S.A. team to sail on the Welsh Harp against a team from American universities. Henry did more than his share in bringing victory to the British Universities' team by winning three of the four races in which he helmed.

In September a rather depleted Trinity team sailed against Queen's University and U.C.D. in Dragons on Belfast Lough for the Undergraduates' Cup. Queen's won this triangular match, U.C.D. being runners-up.

The morale of the Trinity team was somewhat restored later in the month when, on home waters, they narrowly defeated Cambridge University and London University in a triangular match.

The following week-end the I.D.R.A. team racing championships were held. Trinity defeated Malahide S.C. in the first round, but were very narrowly beaten in the second round by a strong West Kirby team. West Kirby were the eventual winners, beating Cambridge in the final.

Local regattas were well supported throughout the season, as were the weekly races, and Trinity boats were often seen among the leaders.

The winter A.G.M. of the Sailing Club is being held next Monday at 8 p.m. in West Chapel and anyone interested in sailing should attend.

Trinity buys land

The rumoured extension of College playing fields has been confirmed, and it is now learnt that 34 acres of land at Santry Court have been bought by the College for a sum of £10,000. Only about 20 acres of this will actually be used for the purposes of sport, the rest, which is wooded, will be left for development by the College at some time in the future. This final decision comes after months of negotiation and it is generally felt that the final result has made them all worthwhile.

Let us hope that the Harriers produce performances and times on this new ground to equal the reputation of that other track bearing the same, now famous, name.

Congratulations

We would like to extend our congratulations and best wishes to Jay Alexander and Nick Upton on their recent engagement, and wish them good luck and happiness for the future.

"We called his bluff, but the Ace of Hearts was high."

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