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OPTICAL
SUPPLIES**

from

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Trinity News

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Santry Takes the Strain

PLANS FOR NEW SPORTS CENTRE

The small rugger pitch in College Park is in such bad condition that all play on it has been banned. This step has had to be taken to allow the pitch time to recover before next term's athletics and cricket. Fortunately the College have risen to this occasion and have rushed through work on the new Sports Centre, so that there are now three pitches for rugby and soccer, two changing rooms, and showers. The first matches will take place on Saturday.

SPORTS CENTRE

The Centre comprises 34 acres of what was the Santry Park Estate. It is 3½ miles out, buses 41, 41A, and 41B—the nearest pub is Reilly's. 20 acres have been leased to D.U.C.A.C., who have been given a grant for the development of it as a sports centre worthy of Trinity. The aim is to have the work done professionally and the grounds will be levelled, drained and where necessary, regrassed. The plan will take about three years to complete. Six pitches for hockey, rugby

and soccer, a cricket-field and a pavilion with possibly a bar and a car-park are planned.

The remaining 14 acres are retained by the Board, for development—the road frontage is opposite a factory! The whole centre is under the fatherly eyes of a specially appointed sub-committee comprising Prof. Greene, the Registrar, and one other. All College grounds will come under the supervision of a "Supervisor of Grounds" already appointed.

MORE GAMES?

The lack of sports facilities at Trinity has caused a lot of discontent in the past. The Secretary of the Rugger Club, John Wilkins, felt that it would not mean that more teams could be run, for the controlling factor here is the lack of teams to play against. A member of the cricket club said that the lack of a second pitch was the only reason why Trinity was not fielding more than three XI's. The Soccer Club will have their own ground at last.

SHOW PLACE

College Park will not cease to be the centre of College sport, it will become rather the show place for it. At last the ground staff can feel that their work on the grounds will not be wasted effort made useless by the constant use of every inch of ground.

Our congratulations go to the Agent, the College Architect, and the Chief Steward, and their staffs, for the splendid response to the emergency, caused by losing one pitch. The facilities at Santry Park are not luxurious, but they are adequate and have been provided at the shortest notice.

Gillian Crampton and Ulla Stroucken Studying a picture from the Exhibition of College Art—a review of which we print on page 2.



STUDENT PAPER COMPETITION?

"The long overdue meeting of student editors"—as it was called—took place last Friday night in Newman House, under the efficient, but ill-defined auspices of U.S.I. Most of the talk was about technical matters, such as lay-out, finance, printing methods, circulation, etc.

Two proposals of general interest were agreed upon. The first was a promise from U.S.I. to organise a student news agency, which will replace the present pastel-shaded broad-sheets which lie in unread piles in all S.R.C. offices.

Secondly, it was agreed that an attempt should be made to organise a student publications' competition, on the lines of the English one run by N.U.S., sponsored and judged by the "Daily Mirror." However, the smaller number and great variety of student rags in Ireland would make judging it an extremely complex business, we feel.

Unless a system of categories is devised, annual, termly, monthly, fortnightly and weekly magazines, ranging from mere newspapers to Irish Literary magazines, will all compete together. A choice from them would obviously be highly arbitrary.

A system of categories would narrow the field but it is hardly feasible to have more than two, one for newspapers, say, and one for magazines. More than two would decrease competitors, and it seems likely that one class at least would have so few entrants that the competition would mean very little.

**Entertain
at the**

Georgian Room

Dining Dancing
Floorshow Nightly
Table d'Hote Dinner and a la
Carte No Cover Charge . . .
Licensed to Midnight
Informal Dress
LUNCHEONS DAILY
12.30-3 p.m.

METROPOLE

O'CONNELL ST., DUBLIN

SQUATTING ROOM ONLY

The staff of the Reading Room and Library have for some time been making representations to the Librarian for an increase in their numbers and, last December the Scholars' Committee placed before Dr. Parke seven suggestions aimed at gaining a better service to readers from the Library; these representations are but a symptom of the frustration which all must feel as they look for a seat or queue for a book. Now that the Library staff have completed all the extra-work necessary in preparing for the Burlington House Exhibition let us hope that their thoughts will again return from planning for the future to dealing with the immediate problems of to-day's students.

It is not suggested that the authorities are unaware of the feelings of staff and students and their justifiable complaints, but nevertheless this paper and the student-body at large must continue

complaining, at the risk of becoming tiresome, so that the urgency of these matters may be stressed again and again.

Your reporter paid a visit to the Assistant Librarian and found him, as ever, most sympathetic and fully acquainted with the problems in question. (He even seemed willing to admit that the odd "jog" at the authorities was worthwhile.) Mr. Hurst pointed out that the present problems are by no means easy ones—in fact they seem to appear as dilemmas. The desk service can only be significantly improved if the desk area is increased but, of course, such an increase would probably mean a reduction in seating accommodation. Also the implementation of longer opening hours and a later closing-time for the main library would mean a large increase in expenditure on staff.

Indeed, the only justifiable point which "Trinity News" and the voiciferous

student critic can make is that it is essential that the authorities should not act like Baalam's ass when faced with a dilemma. Let us hope some decisions are taken concerning the Reading Room and the service it provides.

TEAS by Candlelight at . . .

Ray's Restaurant
15 WICKLOW STREET

TELEPHONE: 70046

The Green Dolphin

Gentlemen's Hairdressing Saloon
6 SOUTH ANNE STREET
(6 doors from Grafton Street)

PROMPT & FIRST-CLASS ATTENTION

TRINITY NEWS

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STAFF AND STUDENT

AMONG other matters raised in a letter printed in our columns this week is the question of the staff-student relationship. In Trinity, contact between the lecturer and the student depends far too much upon the various attitudes of individual members of staff. Any relationship which does exist is almost accidental. In all but the very few faculties which have an embryo tutorial system, student and lecturer cannot meet anywhere but in the formal atmosphere of the lecture room. Thus the lecturer must make a positive effort to be human, uncondescending, approachable if he is to have any knowledge of or contact with his students.

The Provost, when interviewed recently, said that in order to avoid allegations of favouritisms he made no effort to get to know individual students. This attitude may be excusable in one in high authority, but a similar outlook on the part of lesser members of the teaching staff is as serious a shortcoming as giving dull, derivative, or badly prepared lectures.

Every student finds sooner or later that an aspect of his work is puzzling him. What courses are open to him in seeking a solution to his difficulty? Because tutors in Trinity are hardly anything more than defending advocates whose function amounts to little more than occasional paternalism, they are now defunct as academic authorities to whom the student can refer. Doubtless, tutors would be only too willing to act as scholastic advisers to those in their care if they could, but the simple fact is that they have too many pupils to make it possible.

So the student is left to make a direct approach to the lecturer himself. If he is approachable, then all will probably be well. There are some who manage to achieve this "approachableness" which is so vital to the academic health of a university. These lecturers manage to steer a course between back-slapping familiarity and cold reserve—the second being only slightly more discouraging to the student than the first. But unfortunately there are quite a number who do not manage to combine dignity and friendliness in exactly the right proportions. Some lecturers fail in this vital matter through diffidence or reserve, others by surrounding themselves with an aura of scholarly infallibility, and some even through sheer self-importance. Clearly, student apathy plays a part in this failure of contact. But here in Trinity, where the task of stimulating, guiding and correcting his students lies solely in the hands of the lecturer, any lack of effort on his part to bridge the gap is likely to short-circuit the academic system of the College.

Until such time as the Oxbridge tutorial pattern is introduced here and regular personal contact between student and teacher becomes automatic, lecturers must make an attempt to remedy this large deficiency in our system. If they constantly reiterate ad nauseam their willingness to answer questions, and if they allotted an hour or two each week specifically for the discussion of problems with students, some improvement could be made. But this would only be a stop-gap solution; at the root of the whole problem lies our urgent and basic need for more staff—a problem which through lack of money seems apparently insoluble at the present. Nevertheless somehow and some time, something may have to be done about it.

★ ★ ★ REVIEWS ★ ★ ★

Art **Passion and Pastiche***Exhibition of College Art — Examination Hall*

Ours being a literary education, it is obviously easier to judge student writing than student painting. At the most elementary level we can spot grammatical slips, but very few of us have even a rudimentary knowledge of the painter's methods. Weekly we read and judge student writing, and once a term there is the high flight of "Icarus"; but for most of us this is our first exhibition of undergraduate art. We know, more or less, what to expect of the literary set, but there is a lack of standards by which to judge this exhibition. The pictures range from very good to very bad, and the organisers are obviously as unsure of what to expect as I am.

The most versatile exhibitor is Jalik Kaulback, an accomplished draughtsman. Rich blue is used with subtlety and mystery in a study of African violets, but a pointillist nude is less successful. Mr. Kaulback's is often an empty versatility, and the emotional gap is best filled in his humorous drawings. There is more life and feeling in the relaxed, flowing work of Ulla Stroucken, who

often softens her edges with washes. Kevin O'Sullivan doodles delicately, and in two paintings a facile integrity is attained by a Max-Ernst-like sun motif. Peter Ryan paints generously with the palette-knife in a well-designed abstract. His snowscape is weak compared with a study of pine trees, where the pattern is reminiscent of Klee. Tim Nicholson's paintings of ducks, which were selected by the judges, are full of gently contrasted colours and untidy lines which break the rhythm and do not justify themselves. A nostalgic atmosphere is consistently maintained in the restrained water colours of Adrian Bertoluzzi. His paintings are juxtaposed in severe contrast with those of Michael Stubbs, whose powerful work would be bathetic, if it were any more dramatic.

Bill Oddie characteristically exhibits the largest canvas—Persepolis—an epic in oils. His pictures, which have the advantage of good frames, perhaps use colours a little meaninglessly. However, they are enthusiastic and invigorating.

The paintings of Charles D'Arcy and José Xuereb are full of sunshine. Like

Rousseau and Chirico Mr. D'Arcy employs a sharp and disturbing precision to push realism towards surrealism. In two dazzling still life studies Mr. Xuereb's use of surfaces is excellent. His delicious nude would please Renoir whose influence is evident. Our most careful draughtsman is Henry Turtle. With pleasing presumption the layout of his accomplished animal drawing echoes the notebooks of Da Vinci. His portraits are outstanding—many of his subjects can be seen (and recognised) about College. Gillian Crampton's excellent "Tahitian Girl" is an earlier and less self-conscious work than her two heavily worked oils. The paintings closest to cubism are those of Roger Cheveley. His patterns are solid and tense, but he relaxes briefly in a Dufy-like water-colour.

The Exhibition is an outstanding College event, and I hope it will be an incentive to would-be painters. Perhaps there should be fewer paintings and better hanging. And I think it was wrong to invite judges to select pictures. What is the real difference between a good artist and a bad artist? The same urge is in both and should be recognised in both. When so many College artists are either novices or experimenters, anything more than recognition is undesirable.—Michael Longley.

Theatre

Blighted by Hollywood

"WHEN WE DEAD AWAKEN"
By Henrik Ibsen — Gate Theatre

Life and Love awaken the cold-hearted artist from his "Life in Death" and he reaches a short consummation with his former neurotic model on the summit of a mountain, before (according to the stage direction) a snowstorm sweeps their mortal remains across the stage. This hackneyed and cheaply transcendental theme of Ibsen's last play "When We Dead Awaken" unfolds originally in a fashionable mountain resort in Norway, but the producer, Cyril Frankel, has thought fit to stripe the play of its "parochial aspects" and set it in a surrounding "remote from worldly things." Accordingly a jumble of gaudy cardboard triangles represent the Himalayas, and a group of children merrily fly kites in Act Two over thousands of feet of silent and eternal snow. But this is petty cavilling in a "symbolic play."

"Ireland's most celebrated Shakespearean actor," Canada's "leading actress," and "one of Brazil's leading actresses" strut the stage in a way reminiscent of the lowest vulgarisms of "The Ten Commandments." The tasteless costumes and platitudinous contrasts, such as the "pale lady" and "brown woman" with their painfully obvious implications of Love Spiritual and Earthly, strengthen the general impression that the producer was inspired by Cinemascope and Technicolor rather than the concern for the limited possibilities of an intimate stage. Madalena Nico's competent performance as the neurotic model did not make up for the unctuous holiness of the poet-prophet-artist-saint Anew McMaster, the repulsive and supposedly sexy wriggings of the artist's earthy wife, Barbara Chilcott, and the gross lapses of taste in William Marshall's performance as the bearbaiter (Ibsen's gamekeeper). It is a pity that this badly produced and pretentious sham should reach us at a time when the Gate Theatre has become the object of anxious concern. — Martin Müller.

Films

The Sex Symbol

Sophia Loren,
"THE MILLIONAIRESS"
with Peter Sellers (Ambassador)

Brigitte Bardot,
"COME DANCE WITH ME"
(Corinthian)

Elvis Presley,
"G.I. BLUES" (Capitol)

"The Millionairess," let's face it, is not Peter Sellers' film. The spectacle of an Indian Doctor vainly trying to give away five hundred pounds to passers by in the street is a typical and brilliant example of his particular brand of finely controlled non sequitur; but the film has too few such moments and too much Loren ever to let it become a film in the vintage Sellers tradition. This is not for one moment to decry it. The sheer animal splendour of Sophia Loren in this film is something which the cinema sees only too rarely, and is something for which to offer profound and humble thanks.

The plot, allegedly from Shaw, concerns a beautiful millionairess who has sworn to her dead father never to marry until she meets someone who can take £500 and turn it into £15,000. She falls in love with a penniless, dedicated and completely uninterested Indian Doctor, and the rest of the film is about her attempts to interest him. All this does not make an artistically satisfying film, but it does give us a succession of scenes to remember with wonder and with reverence. When, under the impression that the "next patient" is a little boy the Doctor's receptionist gives the order to undress, Loren grasps the opportunity with exemplary presence of mind. But the effect is not one of cheap sexual

exploitation of a rather wonderful body; rather it is a feeling that somehow all the power and splendour of the universe have become epitomised in the body of one woman, standing with a statuesque and complete realisation of her own physical magnificence; it is a symbol, not of the cheapening of sexual power, but of its greatest glories.

To see Bardot doing the same thing is to enter the regions of contrivance and artificiality. Not that "Come Dance With Me" is that sort of film anyway. It is about the efforts of a sweet, innocent, and faithful young wife, played, unnervingly enough, by Bardot herself, to clear her husband from the suspicion of having murdered Dawn Adams. Undeterred by this frightening lack of possibilities, Bardot is somehow put through large chunks of highly Bardot-esque mambo, and wears a very tight and very low-cut evening dress to great advantage for a long time. It is all very entertaining. The appeal of Bardot, sexually revealed, is that of a ripe peach; the effect of seeing Loren in similar state is like the awe and the wonder of seeing Chartres Cathedral for the first time.

With "G.I. Blues," we are in the uncomfortable world of pubescent sexuality at its most contrived and its most meaningless. Each scream-provoking gesture comes, not from a spontaneous desire to make that gesture, or even from a desire to kindle desire, but from a mechanically complete and rather frightening realisation of the Pavlovian sexual reflexes of the adolescent audiences for which it is designed. Presley's power, nevertheless, is undeniable, and the dangers of it ought not to be under-emphasised. Bardot and Loren offer an unashamed and positive statement; Presley offers nothing but innuendo. It is a sign of the complete lack of understanding of the board of censors that Bardot deshabillée is considered more corrupting than the loathsome writhings of Mr. Presley's thighs.—W.M.O.

A COLLEGE JOURNAL

By Martin Marprelate

Which brings me to my second little grievance. When, for the love of God, is something going to be done about the fatuous rule that all members of the female sex must be out of college rooms by 7.30. If someone is going to seduce a girl, they are both likely to derive no less satisfaction from the process be it carried out before or after this time. The rule is not only very silly, but betrays in its originators an extraordinary lack of knowledge of elementary biology. It also shows that we are not considered to be civilised human beings, which I for one resent. Last term, for instance, after the weekly activities of one of the college societies, an undergraduate went with a young lady to his rooms, forgetful of this inanity. They remained for about thirty minutes, listening to gramophone records

and talking. On leaving the rooms, they were assailed by authority, and the unfortunate host was gated for the rest of term. This is not to imply criticism of the decision; under the present circumstances, there was no real alternative. But a system under which such foolishness can pass for the rule of law and order has something wrong with it somewhere.

Now it can be told! Gentlemen who live in rooms may have wondered why the bell of the dining hall clock rang for about thirty minutes without stopping last Friday, at approximately 10.30 at night. It seems that several young bloods of the university decided to dismantle and abscond with the said clock; unfortunately, according to reliable sources, the long arm of the law have suddenly into sight moving speedily in the direction of the dining hall. In the general commotion a spanner was dropped on the mechanism which starts the bell, and a hasty retreat was deemed advisable. A pity.

ARGUS

Glances at People and Things

Angora Antics

Spring arrived quite firmly at the weekend; after the victory and vengeance on Saturday, it almost had to. There had been hints before, not so much the rather staid crocuses in the Bay, as the gradual rush of fluff to the heads of College women. We invited a philosopher friend to conduct some deep research into Hats, but after long thought he merely came to some very silly conclusions and some very long words. Cause and function are meaningless in this connection—hats in College just delightfully are; though it may all be because eyebrows are lonely now that hair is shorter. Caroline Studdert probably began it all by looking like the heroine of a nineteenth-century Boston skating party, under her coronet of fur. Penny Gibbon and Alison Wingfield prefer green angora of varied exuberance, and seem reluctant to remove it in the Reading Room. Felicity Miller wears black like ruffled cat fur. Swedish girls who are here for serious purposes (or at least think they are) like inverted leather buckets, probably worn shiny inside by continual intellectual activity or quick thinking. It would be unkind to tell (bearded) Mike Duncan that Front Square is not Sherwood Forest. Anyway, strange elaborations should sprout among the wool before spring gets much crazier, and our dazzled eyes should behold Frances-Jane French's garden party epic any day now.

What Strange Monsters . . . ?

The engagement to-morrow between the Trinity Women's Hockey XI and the self-styled "Dragons" (postponed from last Friday to avoid a congestion of fixtures with the Irish Rugby Union) will, no doubt, attract a large attendance. Many will be asking as they crush into College Park: "The Dragons? Who are they, and why are they who they are?"

Modest Aims

The answer is to be traced from some time before last Easter, when the idea was born of an off-the-record body of College people who should combine the characters of good all-round sportsmen and solid lads. Official policy was that teams should be selected out of an expanding nucleus of players willing, or at least mildly anxious, to play any game from hurling to croquet. A month or two later they hit on the name and could begin. This was through the initiative of Edric Caldicott, now "somewhere in France," who is also said to be possibly for life.

behind the purchase of a consignment of be-draggoned ties acquired at sensational prices. These were to prove invaluable in the process of mystification at present zooming to a crescendo in College.

Some Laurel-Leaves

A motive of the club was to offer its members the chance of games during what might otherwise be an off-season. They have brought their individuality (or eccentricity) to golf, tennis, swimming, and Trinity Wednesday athletics. The club, still operating on a strictly unofficial basis (the only strict thing about it in fact) won lyrical headlines in Cork for their cricket team not exactly composed of cricketers.

? Personnel ?

Information was difficult (or politically rash) to collect on office-holders, but it is established that the Dragons owed much in their embryonic stage to Trevor West, in his element in their demi-monde atmosphere. Trevor flew over for what was to be the first mixed game (it is hoped to expand these in every possible direction), but cannot be considered for the game to-morrow. The rest of the club are equally difficult to pin down in that elusive notoriety they have cultivated so assiduously. In their elastic body (one official appearance merits the tie), we can discern a "hard" core. Charlie Mulraine, John West, John McCarthy, Chris. Lea and Tony Bradshaw probably have something to do with it, but they are the kind of people who are never where you think they are, like a goon-joke.

Dis-organisation Men

The Dragon mystique is seen in what it is happy to leave alone rather than in any positive assertion. Aiming to sidetrack the dozens of specialised clubs firmly under the thumb of D.U.C.A.C., it wants something at the same time more self-contained and more independent. They could, if you think that way, be regarded as a protest against the modern specialisation of activity.

Betting is even for to-morrow's match. The Dragons can point to their demonstrated versatility and are relying on their superior speed and weight. On the other hand, the Hockey XI have a record of astonishing consistency—usually conceding victory by reasonable margins. Gill Horgan, speaking for the club, was unmoved by these reverses and is confident that they will be able successfully to mark their opponents—

Economic Exchanges

Ex-Irish President of A.I.E.S.E.C. International Association of Economic Students is Cockney born, Old Harrovian Peter Tillman, part Russian, part American by extraction.



Hilary Titterton.

He is Catholic in his interests, especially in his choice of ties. He's to be seen most mornings travelling due north from Ballsbridge on a female bicycle and in navy raincoat, peering out cheerfully from beneath his mop of hair.

A.I.E.S.E.C. activities have taken Peter to Cologne, Barcelona and Turin, arranging student exchanges, and Trinity students have been all over the world under this scheme. Patrick McAfee has lived like a lord in Trieste, Russel Telfer in Germany, John Bendall in Finland, whilst Willie Dillon made a valuable and impressive tour of the United States.

This year, sometime brunette bombshell Hilary Titterton has taken over. Beautiful and slightly beat, Hilary's looks belie the efficiency with which she does her job and the hard work she and Peter have put into it. She is going to Marseilles in March to arrange exchanges for the summer vacation.

The "Kennedy" of the S.C.M.

In the last few years the S.C.M. in College seems to have acquired a new dynamic. It certainly rushes round a lot more, and in more varied directions. It fairly bristles with intense intellectual-type theologians, usually from the North of Ireland and draped rather defensively in Scholars' gowns.

It's new Chairman is not one of these. He is more relaxed, although equally enthusiastic. Declan Smith, Mod. Lang. Senior Freshman, is one of the youngest Chairmen ever. He has been in Singers, and plays the recorder badly. His latest passion is the plays of Arnold Wesker, but he has not, giddily, been distracted from a consistent interest in beer-mats. He has been frequently in Germany, and likes to call himself a "liberal, rational Teutonophile." Unostentatiously capable, he is a member of the Refugee Committee, and is at present organising a god-parent scheme for refugee families, whereby someone in Ireland writes and sends presents to a particular family. He also helps to run the Refugee Lunches, which this term have been transferred to the G.M.B. on Tuesday, 12.30-2. Declan should be able to smooth out any stresses and strains that arise during his office. And if it all becomes too much for him ever, he will escape into a quiet frenzy of wood-carving.

★ Party Piece ★

Penny Samuels and Friedé Best invited swarms of pressmen to their select and intimate soirée somewhere in Rathmines on Tuesday. The ubiquitous Focke had to be present. An added Oddie whispered epigrams in a loud voice. Jane Gibson and Raphael Nicol were granted personal interviews by the press. Peter Vernon Hunt gave his in camera.

Throats parched with lengthy debate, Tony Francis and Hallam Johnson rendezvoused with a carefully selected bunch of College beauties. Alison Wingfield and Rosemary Fisher sampled imported techniques from Belfast and Birmingham, whilst Trevor West and Robin Harte, invigorated by Cambridge life, re-introduced themselves to Marion Hall and Jill East. Paul O'Grady waxed political with Carol Challen, and Glen Miller played over and over again.

John Gilmartin held an excellent Valentine levée in Georgian Baggot Street. The Hist. and the Phil. and all the very best were there. Angus Bainbridge entertained Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Arnold, whilst Jenny Laird and Carmencita Creuss Callaghan met John Shipman and Gerald Cubitt. Harriet Chance talked to fellow Dubliners Antony Gore Grimes, John Blake Kelly and sister Joyce.

Englishmen in College

THE TRUE PICTURE AT LAST

Reliable statistics about the Trinity students from outside Ireland are at last available. Professor W. B. Stanford, in an interview on Radio Eireann's programme, "People Want To Know," last week-end gave the results of his own researches into the numbers and origins of overseas students. The figures are fascinating and could go a long way towards clearing up some of the unfortunate misconceptions and prejudices about Trinity still extant in the country, even among prominent public figures.

In round figures, there are 2,800 full-time students in College. Seven hundred are from Great Britain (excluding Northern Ireland, of course); 400 more are from further afield. Of the remaining 1,700 Irishmen, about 300 are from the North. The popular idea of Trinity as a stronghold of the English—a random check around College showed that students themselves put the percentage at anything between 40 and 70 per cent., most settling for around 50 per cent.—is thus severely shaken.

Professor Stanford gave these figures in response to a question: "Is it a bad thing to have many overseas students in Dublin?" In the course of his reply, he also emphasised

that it was greatly to Ireland's credit, and Trinity's, that so many people should choose to come here from so many places. The 400 from outside the British Isles represent 50 countries altogether. Our connection with Nigeria is particularly close, and several of the officials of the new Governments there are Trinity graduates.

Quite apart from the goodwill which is naturally built up, there is a sound cash basis for making overseas students welcome. The annual grant made to Trinity by the Irish Government, out of Irish taxpayers' money, works out at just under £50 per student. Professor Stanford's researches show that overseas students spend an average of £250 per year in Dublin. So even from a purely mercenary point of view, the country gains considerably from their presence.

There is no question with the most of overseas students of coming here because they cannot get in anywhere else, or of their being accepted here more readily than anyone else. While priority is always given to academically qualified Irishmen, the reason why still more Irishmen are not at Trinity is not academic, as everyone must know by now.

Irishman, Englishmen and Spaniard

(Continued from Last Week)

We arranged to meet him on the beach the next day. There we gained an interesting insight into a certain aspect of Spanish male character, 35, and unmarried Pedro immensely enjoyed pursuing women. He felt it incumbent upon him to produce a masterly display of Spanish amatory approach work for his visitors. His eagle eye quickly seized upon a likely looking group of girls, and he ordered us to engage in a beach-ball game in their vicinity. We were carefully instructed to throw the ball in such a way as to cause him to make acrobatic dives to catch it.

After a few minutes of this the girls' susceptibilities were adjudged to be sufficiently awakened to permit a frontal assault. I was ordered to hurl the ball straight into the centre of the group. This done we all ran to retrieve it, and Pedro obviously well practised in the art engaged the chicas in sprightly inanities. However, he quickly lost interest and seemed content to discard them once the preliminary tour-de-force had been accomplished. After we had been seeing Pedro regularly for about a fortnight James and Edward went away leaving me at the mercy of Pedro's earnest desire to play tennis. Eager to play I

consented. My enthusiasm waned somewhat when he suggested 7 a.m. as a suitable time, declined still further when bleary eyes and dyspeptic at that hour I perceived Valencia's number two tennis clubs to be a ramshackle affair to say the least. My keenness collapsed altogether when I discovered that his game of tennis involved protracted knocking-up—no actual game. He was such an embarrassingly bad player (though full of enthusiasm) that my limited resources of early morning tact, enthusiasm, and "bad-luck-old-chap" were stretched to their limit.

For all his ridiculousness—and there is something fundamentally ludicrous about many male Spaniards—Pedro had to the highest degree that sheer friendliness which makes many Latins so stimulating and agreeable. I was sorry to leave Malaga before a long-promised expedition into the interior in further search of "chicas" took place. (It was to involve a hundred mile drive, a hotel and certain success, Pedro had assured me). Afterwards when I had moved in from Malaga it was with renewed conviction that I used the parrot phrase which is my stock conversational opening: "¡Irlandeses y Españoles — buenos amigos!" No ?

Social Studies Congress

The D.U. Sociological Society entertained Queen's, Belfast, and U.C.D., in good style on Friday and Saturday last to the first Students Social Studies Congress in Ireland. The Congress was arranged principally by the chairman, Miss Felicity Miller, and the secretary, Miss Jean Hackett, both of whom deserve great commendation for their originality and efficiency in the organisation thereof. A great interest and response was forthcoming from members of College, so that the floor was packed for all the papers. The Congress was extremely successful, and all concerned seem very pleased with its outcome.

The theme of the Congress was "The Problems of Adolescents," comprising papers on education, by Queen's; Juvenile Delinquency, by U.C.D.; and Mental Deficiency in Adolescents by Miss

Jean Hackett, I.C.D., and a Visit to Goldenbridge Industrial School. Some interesting questions arose for discussion from the papers, such as the opinion of the panel on co-education. Mrs. Bransby, Mr. Lyons, and Miss Bramble all seemed in favour of it. Judge . . . seemed to favour the education of children bi-lingually, having experimented on his own daughter.

The sherry party arranged for the benefit of the visitors was no small part of the entertainment, and seemed to be greatly enjoyed by all.

The sentiment is often expressed that the students from the Irish Universities do not mix enough. Let us hope that this instructive and enjoyable way of "getting together" will be imitated by other societies and that this will prove to be just the first of many such meetings.

Spiritualism in Trinity

Over seventy women, at the largest meeting the Eliz has ever held, listened to Mr. Maitland-Wolfe—one of Ireland's leading spiritualists and astrologers, talk about spiritualism and answer questions from his fascinated audience.

Mr. Wolfe said that spiritualism was not a religion—although there are people who regard it as such. Death is not the end. Nor is it true that one only becomes a spirit when one dies, because one is a spirit already. Survival rather than immortality is what interests spiritualists, for they believe that as a result of what transpires at seances, one can prove survival. Mr. Wolfe mentioned the Church of England Commission on spiritualism, which reported in its favour, but the Report was subsequently suppressed. He went on to say something about the various forms of mediumizing. Mental mediums, physical mediums, table turning, glasses on an ouija board, automatic writing, and actual materialisations from Ectoplasm.

The majority of those who were at Mr. Wolfe's lecture knew little or nothing about spiritualism or of such supernatural phenomena previously. They sat there incredulous, but at the same time almost bewitched by what Mr. Wolfe and a few members of the audience were saying about spiritualism and psychic phenomena. It appeared that the vast majority of them literally had never heard of ghosts. For when one member of the audience spoke about ghosts that

she had seen, they looked as they were seeing them themselves.

After the meeting Mr. Wolfe offered to lend members of the audience books on various aspects of spiritualism which they were interested in. He also invited other members of the audience to his home, where, he said, he would show them astrological equipment for drawing-up horoscopes.

Three members of the audience went to Mr. Wolfe's house later that evening, where they spent many hours in deep and interesting conversation with Mr. Wolfe and were shown many of his fascinating books on spiritualism and astrology.

Spiritualism and other induced psychic phenomena are not subjects to be played with or dabbled in, especially by the young or unbalanced. Most people today accept that spontaneous psychic phenomena do occur from time to time, but that in the majority of cases an explanation can be found in physical and scientific terms. Provided one takes a purely objective view of such phenomena and always attempt to explain them on a physical or scientific basis, little harm can befall the investigator. But unless one is extremely careful one is apt to become overwhelmed and completely involved with the phenomena one is investigating before one realises it, and now very often it is too late, and in fact in many cases quite impossible to return to reality.

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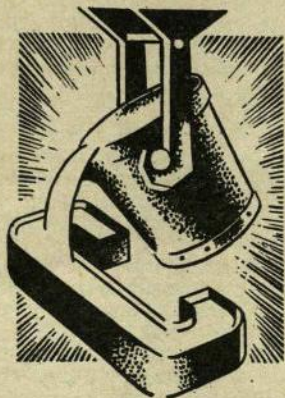
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LETTERS —

... to the Editor

12 Croaghpatrick Rd.,
Dublin, 7.

Dear Sir,

Now that the extension to the "Coffee Bar" is nearing completion, perhaps the authorities would extend the closing time from 5.15 p.m. to 6.15 p.m., and so facilitate many evening students. I am one who would appreciate a cup of coffee before lectures.

Yours faithfully,
Michael Slattery.

30 Trinity College,
Dublin.

12th February, 1961

Sir,

The Phil's refusal to accept their Council's decision not to hold a public business meeting in Mission Week is as welcome as it is unexpected. Many students will not be interested in the Mission, especially as it is being led by a man who, in May, 1957, shocked all people anxious for peace by declaring that H-tests must go on.

Last week's issue of "Trinity News" notes that "many Catholics in the society (i.e., the Phil), voiced a different opinion." But the fact that the Laurentian Society has decided to hold a meeting in conjunction with the Fabian Society during Mission Week would seem to indicate that the majority of Catholics are in favour of ignoring the S.R.C.'s request.

Yours,
Martin Smith (Sch.)

Trinity College,
Dublin.

13th Feb., 1961

To the Editor, "Trinity News."

Dear Sir,

Last week's review "Jazz Bathos," reveals that its writer, D.J.C., knows little of both the Jazz Society's policy and jazz in general.

"To maintain a uniform standard" is almost impossible since the Jazz Society's policy is to allow members to hear as many Dublin jazz musicians as possible; but abilities vary considerably and, accordingly, the standard as well. Also it must be remembered that none of the musicians are paid and therefore they are under no obligation to come and play.

Valid and constructive criticism is always welcome, but D.J.C.'s remarks were solely destructive and uninformed. The pomposity and implied snobbery of his phrase "this most unintellectual form of jazz" in reference to traditional jazz was quite unjustified, although the music of the Eblana Jazz Band obviously was not sufficiently beneath his intellect to prevent him from criticising it.

D.J.C.'s ignorance was further emphasised in his criticism of the Ian Henry group; his idea that the quartet used "stereotyped arrangements" seems to disagree with the assurance of Ian Henry himself that arrangements were not used at all. Anyway, the main content of a jazz performance of this sort is in the improvised solo work. D.J.C. has a right to form his own opinions, but he should first check his facts and qualifications before expressing them in print.

Yours, etc.,

R. Cheveley (Chairman);
F. Trench (Secretary).

[Our Jazz Critic comments:

Your only important point is the one about Ian Henry. We criticised his group because we felt it more worthwhile, and consequently used as high a standard as possible. Whether Mr. Henry realised or not, his numbers presented a similarity of form which was not the most artistically pleasing.

—Ed.]

40 Trinity College,
Dublin.

Dear Sir,

First, a warning — this is another letter bemoaning the state of Trinity, but with, I trust, something extra.

During my one and a half years at Trinity I have noticed a surprising lack of serious thought among my fellow undergraduates. This may be, as most generalisations are, unfair comment, but judging from the conversation at Commons, or between other groups of undergraduates one comes across, serious thought and opinion are anathema.

This is, after all, an institution of higher education; "the whole modern liberal conception of a university as a place where opinions are formed by the free play of intellectual inquiry." Where is this free play of intellectual inquiry? Trinity, in my opinion, seems to be suffering from too much "gentlemanli-

ness" as defined in M. Siegfried's book "England's Crisis": — "The ideal of a gentleman, the foundation of modern British civilisation, seems to have contributed to this relaxation of fundamental energy. A gentleman, we must realise, never strives too much, it is not considered the thing. He does nothing too well; he leaves that to the professional and the champion."

You leave Trinity cleverer perhaps, but not much wiser. How much better off are you if you have not developed a standard of judgment? You read a lot of books, if you don't discuss the contents, how can you balance the knowledge acquired? Is it a built-in system of intuition that tells you what is correct and what is not? Even in realms of economic theory? The answer seems to be—just read the books which have been recommended, don't be independent, standardise!!

Since financial reasons prevent Trinity from giving us a tutorial system, I think it would be worthwhile to try to substitute something for that excellent system.

First — what is the advantage of a tutorial system? Briefly, and within my knowledge—a weekly essay is corrected by a tutor. Two advantages stem from this in fact: Written work, which can be very satisfying; and the correcting. Theoretically at least, you have a chance of talking with someone who possesses superior knowledge to yours, who can guide you, recommend books. Someone with whom you can argue out a series of points, or a little personal theory of yours.

Now, at Trinity, all these things are missing. The essays which some of us have to write are, for the most part, marked and handed back to us impersonally. The lecturer who does the marking squiggles some comment on the bottom of the page, but few have the time to see each student individually and comment—individually. There is no time at all for argument; perhaps a few words after a period, when the lecturer dazzles you with brilliance which even if intelligible is unanswerable. You have to mull over a point to see if you agree, if it appears to be correct. There is no time for that. "You do agree, of course. Any more problems?" There is in fact, far too little contact between the lecturers and students. From lack of knowledge to the contrary I must put that down to the shortage of lecturers and the sizes of some of the classes. Little can be done about that.

Similar criticisms must have been voiced many times before—but I haven't come across many ideas on how to remedy this lack of guidance from above.

In theory, I suppose, the faculty societies are the place for meeting fellow students from all years. Coffee mornings and all that—all blather. Who wants to discuss economics when there is a juicy bit of gossip, or the latest films to talk about? Since I have only had experience of the Dublin University Commerce And Economics Society, I would venture the opinion that as a forum of discussion of economics it is a dead loss. I have also heard similar views expressed about some of the science faculty societies.

Since voluntary effort in this direction seems to be lacking, I would suggest a little compulsion. It is regrettable, I admit, to suggest compulsion as an incentive to work in a university (all those voices of protest against compulsory lectures). I would suggest that groups of students from all years (or perhaps from the three senior ones) not more than six or eight in a group—should meet once a week or once a fortnight to discuss problems concerned with their work. The sophisters, if the University hasn't failed completely, should be able to offer guidance to the freshmen, and in offering guidance, should straighten out or clarify some of their own ideas. Perhaps compulsion is not the right method, education cannot be forced down people's throats but—this is a university, is it not? A seat of learning? Did we come here to have a whacking good time, full stop. There must be some people interested in more than a purely social or sporting life. The problem is getting these people together. It's no use relying on chance. The major societies do provide a fraction of the right spirit, but not nearly enough. I am sure that a lot of people miss much of what the University has to offer — intellectually.

A stimulant is badly needed. Any suggestions?

Yours sincerely,
C. Dunin-Borkowski.

Profile:

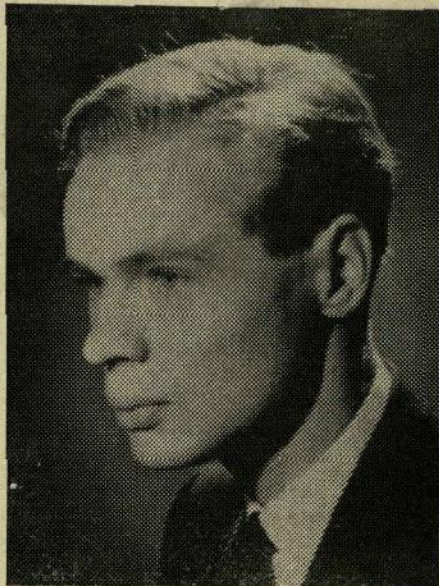
JULIAN DAWSON

Mus.B., A.R.C.M., L.R.A.M.

Probably no one will ever quite know Julian Dawson. He is an amazing reconciliation of opposites. As conductor of the College Singers and the College Chamber Orchestra (a group he started himself, in which he very wisely keeps a more or less firm nucleus of professional players), he has an undeniable ability for seeing the essence of a particular musical situation, and for conveying it to his musicians clearly and with the love for it that is the vital mark of distinction between the artist and the technician. He is a musician of protean talents. He sings (alto and bass) and he plays the piano; he is organist, choir-master, and orchestral conductor. His recognition by the musical powers that be is, undoubtedly, not what it should be. And this fact leads us more than any other to the central paradox of Julian Dawson. For without any bitterness against a system which can permit him to play a three bar celeste part in the orchestral accompaniment for a pianist of far inferior talents, he calmly accepts the fact. In a way, he is the epitome of Alfred de Vigny's vision of the artist separated by his endowments from the rest of mankind. He is on a lonely summit. If you ask him why he is a musician, he will not be able to answer you; he will tell you never to become a musician, to remain a blissful amateur—but for he himself there is no other road. He is like Mozart in that he is totally unable to gain success by the all too prevalent methods of backstairs jobbery. Perhaps he would if he could; it is difficult to say. It has probably never occurred to him.

Not that he has been without "success." He has been for some time keyboard player to the Radio Eireann Symphony Orchestra.

playing occasional concerti in the Phoenix Hall. He has had a regular programme on Radio Eireann every Thursday, in which he plays gypsy dances with a gypsy orchestra. It's purgatory, but it's a regular job. None of this is near his summit. Perhaps his activities with College Singers are. His devotion is



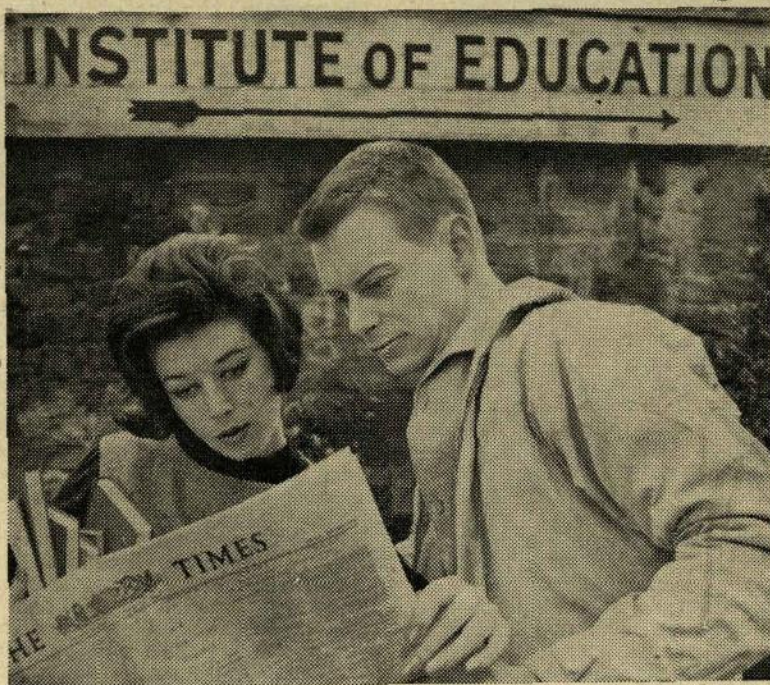
given unreservedly to only a comparatively small musical territory — Bach, Mozart, Monteverdi, these are his great loves. He can play Chopin and the rest, certainly. He can play them well. But he would rather not; perhaps this is part of his isolation.

PLAYERS PROGRAMME — Thursday Plays

"Jake's Progress" or "The Walk" — By Terry Brady. Producer: Petra Preston. — Feb. 21st.
"Embers" — By Becket. Producer: Lawrence Howes. — Feb. 23rd.
"Round Rock" — By Jan Farquharson. Producer: Trevor Board. — Feb. 28th.
A Pirandello — Translated and produced by Gardoni. — March 2nd.
"In Camera" — By Jean-Paul Sartre. Producer: Mike Bogdin. — March 7th.

Term Production, before the U.D.A. Festival in Galway — March 20th-25th.

"The Long and the Short and the Tall" — By Willis Hall. Producer: Mike Ruggins. Opening Feb. 27th for two weeks. Cast: Terry Brady, Ralph Bates, Mike Bogdin, Ian Blake, Peter Gilchrist, Bruce Myers, David O'Cle.



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Soccer

COLLINGWOOD CUP DEFEAT

Golf

Visitors too Good

University College, Cork, completed a fine double over the Dublin colleges when they beat Trinity last Friday at Royal Dublin by 7½ points to 4½. (They had previously beaten U.C.D. 7-5.) The four-somes, played in morning rain, were won by T.C.D., with only Greg McCambridge and Terry McDonald being outplayed by the Cork top pair, Alistair Rice and the Secretary playing as a "Cannon fodder" second pair disconcerted the pundits by halving their match after a tense drama on the 18th green.

The singles were frankly disappointing, being lost 6-2. Richard Fleury in an outstanding debut, and Carl McCarter won their games with good margins, but only Greg McCambridge of the losing six took an opponent to the last green. Des Dornan who turned out wonderful golf considering lack of practice (owing to the time taken up by Another Game) was unlucky to meet Cork's John Brett in top form. A feature of this match was the ubiquity of non-playing captain, Brian Smith, who, in between "jars", flitted from hole to hole encouraging his men, unfortunately to no avail. Trinity will have to play better, man for man, if they are to keep the Murphy Cup from U.C.D. on March 3rd.

Results in full:

Foursomes (Trinity names first) — G. G. McCambridge and T. McDonald lost to K. Allen and N. Baker, 4/3; A. Rice and P. R. Hinchcliffe halved with C. Synott and J. Brett; D. Dornan and C. McCarter beat B. Hegarty and R. Dineen, 4/3; J. St. P. Bunbury and R. Fleury beat J. Dineen and H. Costello, 1 hole.

Singles — G. McCambridge lost to Allen, 1 hole; McDonald lost to Baker, 4/3; McCarter beat Synott, 4/3; Dornan lost to Brett, 3/2; Rice lost to Hegarty, 6/5; Bunbury lost to R. Dineen, 4/3; Fleury beat J. Dineen, 4/2; Hinchcliffe lost to Costello, 5/4. Total—T.C.D., 4½; U.C.C., 7½.

MOTORING NOTES

GRAFTON CUP

The Grafton Cup Motor Cycle Trial held on Saturday last attracted the cream of trial riders from all parts of the country, in all, thirty-six entries. It was held over three laps of a short (1½ mile) course at Glencree, and there were twelve observed sections per lap. The trial, a championship event, was not an easy one by any standards. The heavy rain, which fell during the morning, made the ground very soggy and this, together with a high wind made the sections extremely difficult, even for the star riders.

Though there was a time limit imposed, it necessitated only a very low average speed and only two riders were penalised for failing to maintain this average. The local riders proved themselves capable of coping with the opposition; the results being:

1, G. Scarlett (D.O.T.); 2, B. Lamb (D.O.T.); 3, J. Harrison (D.O.T.).

It is interesting to note that there was a tie for first place. However, Scarlett proved his superiority in the three most difficult sections and so first place went to him. Crawford, who was leading in the trials championship up to this event, did not seem to hit his usual form and only came sixth. These results put Scarlett ½ mark ahead of Crawford in the championship.

Swimming

FRESHMEN'S PROMISE

In the Junior Water Polo matches last Thursday, the A team had a convincing 5-0 win over U.C.D. Positional play and marking were of a high standard. Scorers were Rooley (3), Cronan, Aitken.

The B team were unable to hold the fitter Clontarf team and were beaten 4-1. The Trinity scorer was Condell.

The Trinity Freshman's Championships produced some very good racing.

Results: Freestyle — D. Gibson, D. Trimmingham, Backstroke — J. Baldwin, G. Aitken, Breaststroke — E. Dempsey, D. Gibson, Butterfly — D. Trimmingham, C. Cronan.

A general meeting of the club will be held to-night (Thursday) at 7 p.m. in No. 27.

Congratulations to M. O'Brien-Kelly and R. Jagoe on representing the Leinster Water Polo 1st and 2nd teams respectively against Ulster.

Training is well under way for the forthcoming matches. Anyone interested should note that the club meets in Tara St. Baths on Thursday evenings at 7 p.m.

Disappointing Display by 1st XI.

COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, 5; TRINITY, 3.

LAST week-end the 1st XI, who had lost only one match this season, travelled to Belfast with a reasonable chance of bringing back the Collingwood Cup. The draw had given the ma bye into the semi-final and their opponents, Royal College of Surgeons, were not considered to be one of the stronger teams in the competition.

Trinity began confidently but the game was not very old when Guthrie was badly shaken in a heavy tackle. This undoubtedly affected his play throughout the game and his usual energy was badly missed. Lunde was unfortunate not to open the scoring when Prole touched the ball to him from an indirect free-kick and his excellent drive struck the cross-bar and was scrambled clear. A little later a fine attempt by Prole just grazed the upright.

Surgeons took the lead from what was probably the best move of the match, though a little more coolness on the part of the Trinity defence might have prevented it. Parry equalised for Trinity but before the interval Surgeons were once more in the lead. Shortly after the interval Lunde levelled the scores with what must have been the softest goal he has ever scored, the ball trickling past the goalkeeper into the net.

Once again Surgeons took the lead but with about twenty minutes to go Guthrie put Trinity level again. The Trinity attacks which followed failed to achieve anything and when Surgeons brought play back into the Trinity goal area McKeown failed to get across to the ball and in spite of McAuley's attempt to clear it the ball entered the net. With about ten minutes' left for play the Surgeons right-winger flighted the ball across the Trinity goalmouth and it glided over the goalkeeper's head into the net. Trinity were a beaten side and they played out the remaining minutes without ever looking like scoring.

Rugby

Weakened 1st XV. Wins

Trinity College, Dublin, 11 pts.; University College, Galway, 3 pts.

IN spite of the fact that the Trinity XV was much weakened because six of the regular team were unable to travel to Galway, the 1st XV put up a very satisfactory performance. The pitch was wide, and probably quite firm beneath the six inches of sticky mud that covered most of it. However, both sides endeavoured to overcome lack of mobility by making the ball do the work, and the result was an entertaining and open game.

During the opening exchanges both threequarter lines tended to plough across rather than move up the field. Then Trinity attacked strongly, and from a scrum on the left-hand side of the field Hall, in the unaccustomed position of scrum-half broke, sold a dummy and timed his pass to Harris to perfection. L'Estrange, sensibly speeding in from the wing, took Harris's pass and plunged over underneath the posts. Hall converted.

Galway soon retaliated and only good covering by Harris, and a bad pass, prevented Galway from scoring on each wing in turn, when the blind side wing-forward was allowed to come into the line unmarked. Minutes later a kick-ahead was fumbled by the Galway full-back on his own 10 yard line, and Lea was up to hack the ball on, and touch down near the posts. This time the kick failed. Once more Galway retaliated, and pinned the Trinity pack in their own "25." From a bad pass by Hall, Harris was crash-tackled over the line, and a Galway player pounced on the ball to

give the home side a deserved try.

After the interval Trinity took the initiative slowly but surely; possession became more regular as Barrett, at hooker, settled down, and Dowse and Hill asserted themselves. When the ball had been in the Galway "25"—thanks to good kicking by the halves—for quite some time, a quick loose heel gave the backs an extra man in the corner, and L'Estrange took his second try. There was no more scoring, although Leeson made several attempts to lift the soggy ball over the bar from penalties, and the Trinity centres were finding room to make several penetrating runs.

All in all, this was a good performance by Trinity. The reserves gave a worthy account of themselves, and particular mention should be made of Barratt, at hooker. Meates, Hill and Patrikios were conspicuous in a hard working if understandably uncoordinated pack. Langrell was a model of safety at full-back, and Harris and the versatile Hall both played excellent tactical games in awkward conditions.

Table Tennis

VICTORY OVER QUEEN'S

Having beaten U.C.D. last term and Queen's last Saturday, Trinity are in a strong position to win the "Wine Cup" final against Queen's in Belfast on March 4th. The men's team had an unexpected set-back when their No. 1, Tomas Chan, was beaten by Ernie Johnston, of Queen's, perhaps Chan has not yet got used to his new sponge bat and consequently his attack has suffered. One hopes that he will have got over this period in time for the tour next week.

D. McSweeney woke up in the 3rd game to beat N. Gourley 21-5 while S. Birch won his match in the shortest distance with great determination and concentration. The final score 7-2 to Trinity doesn't do full justice to Queen's who were unlucky not to win some more games.

In the ladies' match K. Howe showed that she has improved immeasurably, since the beginning of the year, in her singles play, but more practice is needed for all the girls in doubles. Trinity also won this match 4 games to 2.

Teams:—Men: T. Chan; D. McSweeney

(capt.); L. Brown; S. Birch; A. Shingadia; K. Singh. Ladies: K. Howe; A. Aw (capt.); J. Leonard; H. Irwin.

Any club member who is playing in the League and would like to enter for the individual divisional championships is invited to contact S. Birch before the week-end.

COLONEL MAY

The Colonel apologises to those of his followers to whom "Granville" is an unpleasant memory. Unfortunately the ownership of this horse changed between going to print and the race and this involved the substitution of an amateur for a professional jockey, a very poor swap. Granville is certainly worth backing again but only when his new owner has learnt how to handle this difficult mount. With a threatened libel suit from last week's article the Colonel's note-book is firmly shut, but he has been heard to whisper favourable comments concerning "Carry On" (Lingfield, Saturday).

Sports Profile

Paddy Heaney

EQUABLE COMPETENCE

Paddy Heaney came to Dublin in 1958, quickly established himself as Trinity's No. 1 squash player and has been firmly entrenched in that position ever since. He has never been known to rest on his reputation; successive challengers have been willingly and skilfully met. Paddy will play with anyone who asks him for a game, and has helped several aspirants to the College team. He seldom seems to exert himself on the court, and prefers to let his opponent work



off all that excess energy. One feels he is already something of an institution, truly the Grand Old Man of the Squash Club. Although a wrist injury has kept him out of the Irish team this year, he has played in five internationals, having been first selected while still in his second term.

So unassuming is Paddy about his achievements in squash that he seems to have earned more renown elsewhere. A devotee of Ramblers' cricket, he has bemused many a batsman with his notorious spin bowling, delivered with an action of which Ian Meckiff might well be proud. This may, or may not, be influenced by his experience "dealing them off the rim" in Canadian shanty saloons. Paddy's subject in College is, of course, History. We have just become aware of the fact that our first three profiles on the sports page have been attached to the History School. (As, indeed, is next week's subject. Will it be you?) Coincidence, no doubt; as far as Paddy is concerned, we feel that had he chosen to study the caste system of minor Tibetan tribes he would have been just as prominent on the squash court.

SQUASH CLUB:

KNOCK-OUT COMPETITION

On Saturday Queen's University visited Trinity with two squash teams. It was unfortunate that Queen's were below strength and Trinity, playing their best people, had an overwhelming victory; winning all matches in both teams with the loss of only a few games.

After the match the following were awarded their colours: P. Heaney, A. Rice, P. Hunt, P. Glendenning, and D. Evans.

In the "Gray Cup" Trinity meet Guinness's in the final on Friday, and Trinity have an excellent chance of winning. This is a competition organised for clubs first teams minus their international players.

On Thursday afternoon between 4 and 5 o'clock a series of exhibition matches are being held in the Gym; a mixed doubles, a ladies' v. men's match and an international exhibition match between Trinity's P. Heaney and R. Sweetman. Another exhibition match is scheduled between Trinity's No. 2 and 3 players, A. Rice and P. Hunt. It is thought that many people would like to see high-class squash being played and also enjoy watching the antics in a mixed doubles match!

A knock-out competition has been arranged for all those members who have not played in any league team and anyone wishing to play should put their names down on the notice in the Gym, as soon as possible.

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