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# Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

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

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## AN TAOISEACH HONOURS T.C.D. MAN

### Grace of God

At a meeting of the College Theological Society last Monday evening, Mr. R. W. Toase read a paper on "The Grace of God." Starting with the New Testament view of Grace, he showed that it was the same as "eternal life" and the free gift of God. Grace and Truth were found always to go together. The idea of Love was similar to St. Paul's conception of Grace. Mr. Toase then gave an historical sketch of the Doctrine of Grace as expounded by theologians from Tertullian to the Reformers. He ended his paper by discussing the various means of Grace, Scripture, Prayer, Sacraments. He laid special stress on the love of God in the work of the Cross.

Mr. J. C. Irvine, B.A. (Q.U.B.) showed that Grace was the same as Compassion, and was peculiarly associated with the Person of Jesus Himself. Mr. R. M. Ellis stressed the contact of the personality of man with God through Grace. Later, Mr. Johns in a good maiden speech advocated missionary zeal, while Mr. Scott tried to prove that every other speaker had been guilty of fallacies, only to tie himself up in logical knots; Mr. Nicholson went back to the Old Testament, as was expected from him; the Hon. Treasurer, being a philosopher, was obscure, and Mr. Marshall told a funny story he had heard in Edinburgh.

### Rules Relaxed

The Trinity Hall Committee have slightly relaxed regulations on inmates. Apparently midnight will be zero hour on Saturdays instead of 11.30. A bigger step, however, concerns permission for men to be invited without a formal request on Saturdays, as well as Sundays until 7 p.m.

Things are looking up these days and soon those lucky girls in digs will be asking to come back to Hall.

### Faith and Medicine

Sixty per cent. of all diseases are caused by psychological factors, such as emotional tensions and frustrations, according to Dr. J. Cockburn when he spoke on "Faith and Medicine" to S.C.M. last Tuesday. He thought faith in God, prayer and intercession played an important part in alleviating such mental tensions. He pointed out that Christ in his earthly ministry was concerned with the welfare of the body as well as the soul. Dr. Cockburn suggested that Divine Healing Services could have harmful effects on people who got in a wrong frame of mind, neglecting medical attention and expecting miracles. He urged doctors and clergy to co-operate and fight disease on two fronts.

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LAST Thursday, An Taoiseach, Mr. Eamonn de Valera, unveiled a plaque in memory of the famous mathematician, Sir William Rowan Hamilton, who some 120 years ago discovered, in a sudden flash of insight, the far-reaching theory of quaternions.

The scene of his inspiration was Broome Bridge, Cabra, which will in future be known as Rowan Hamilton Bridge. This is the spot which the Dublin Institute of Advanced Studies have suitably chosen to erect a plaque to commemorate Hamilton.

An Taoiseach, who was introduced by Mgr. Padraig de Brun, President of U.C.G. and Chairman of the Dublin Institute of Advanced Studies, said that he was indebted to his Professor of Physical Mathematics at U.C.D., Professor Arthur Conway, who had first introduced him, over fifty years ago, to Hamilton's works. He had told him the story of how, when walking into Dublin with his wife to attend a meeting of the Royal Irish Academy, Hamilton had, in a flash of inspiration, carved the famous formula of quaternions on the bridge with his penknife. Mr. de Valera went on to say that he had come to regard the bridge as holy ground, having often come to search stone by stone



—By courtesy Evening Mail

An Taoiseach unveiling the plaque on Broome Bridge

$$i^2 = j^2 = k^2 = ijk = -1$$

—By courtesy Irish Press

so much scorn poured upon the mathematicians by the ordinary man. Hamilton's three great achievements were in the fields of optics, generalised dynamics and abstract algebra; his discovery was the solution to the problem of satisfactorily multiplying two sets of four numbers to get another set of four numbers.

The plaque, when it was unveiled, included the celebrated formula which Hamilton had scratched on the bridge.

The theory of quaternions was severely criticised for a time after its publication, but it has for many years now been recognised as the ideal method for investigating the many dimensional spaces in which we live and move and have our being. In fact, it had formed the basis of modern relativity physics. Following An Taoiseach, the Provost, Dr. A. J. McConnell, spoke of Hamilton as a great Irishman and one of the greatest mathematicians of all time. His famous discovery is one of the best documented of its kind, for Hamilton was meticulous in recording everything he thought and did. This flash of insight was one of the great moments of history—Archimedes and his bath, Newton and his apple, Hamilton and his penknife. The Provost concluded by expressing pleasure in having, as the head of the Government, someone who was so appreciative of such important discoveries in scientific thought.

The last speaker, Professor J. L. Synge, in an amusing and witty speech endeavoured to put across to the layman the difficult ideas of abstract algebra and geometry, which are of such importance to-day. He spoke of Hamilton rising in indignation at that hideous monstrosity, the square root of minus one, responsible during the last three hundred years for

### "Messiah" Sold Out

All tickets for "Messiah," this term's production of the Choral Society, have been sold out. There is, however, a probability of a second performance on Friday, December 5th. All practices are packed and it promises to be a really good performance under the able conductor, Mr. J. Grocock.

### To-day's Plays

The Players are presenting two plays in the theatre at 4.0 p.m. to-day (3 T.C.D.). The first is "The Bear," by Chekov, also "Eclogue from Ireland," by MacNeice. Taking part are Michael Leahy, Bruce Arnold, Bill Meek and Penelope Gibbon.

### Meeting the Names

There appears to be a sort of "Meet College Personalities" scheme at work in the Eliz. this term. For their opening meeting, Denzil Stewart came along to talk about last summer's Continental trip in Denis the bus, and Ronnie Wathen to speak of climbing in the Alps and the Andes. Last week they invited Louis Lentin and Bruce Arnold to give their impressions of recent Players' tours. It proved a good meeting, both speakers giving the well-delivered, relaxed performance one might expect, though not necessarily got, from Players people.

Louis Lentin told of life and problems black-stage at the Wexford and Edinburgh Festivals, and the difficulties of publicity and so on for a fringe event. Bruce Arnold spoke from the visitor's angle—described by some wise-cracker as 90° when sober—about the Wexford Festival, the most exciting part of which seems to have been his ride there on the Wathen motor-bike (he is reported to have returned by car).

The Eliz. Committee, by the way, say that plans are under way for a proper sewing-room on the third floor of No. 6, but that they are having the usual Clerk of Works trouble. They would do it themselves, but are afraid of being thrown out of the Union.

### P.R. or ?

A public meeting is being held next Tuesday, November 25th, in the G.M.B. at 8 p.m. in connection with the Government's proposal to abolish Proportional Representation. The speakers will be Seán MacBride, S.C., and Lionel Booth, T.D., with Dr. F. B. Chubb in the chair.

Everyone who is interested in the subject is invited to attend, either to speak themselves, ask questions, or merely to listen to the views of others. This is a fundamental political question which affects every voter. You should not allow yourself to remain ignorant of the issues involved any longer. Now is your opportunity to assess the question on its merits.

### Library Exhibition

An exhibition of Library treasures is being held in the Library. This is a most interesting collection of some of the gems in the possession of the Library and well worth a visit.

Also, a collection of 66 letters (1890-1921) written by John Butler Yeats, father of W. B. Yeats, to Clare Marsh, the painter, were presented to the Library by Miss Mary Swanzy. These letters are of a humorous nature and contain some expressive sketches. J. B. Yeats was one of the finest letter writers.

### HYDRAULICS

Mr. F. H. Allen, M.A., M.I.A., A.M.I.C.E., read a paper on Hydraulics Research at the opening meeting of the D.U. Engineering Society. He spoke about the large part played by models in the solution of modern hydraulic problems, which would then be economically solved. Messrs. A. H. Naylor, V. D. Harty and G. FitzGibbon added their practical experiences to the discussion.

### "BI" BALL

Monday Next

**METROPOLE**

Tickets at Front Gate



**TRINITY NEWS**  
3 Trinity College

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**EQUALITY**

"EQUAL pay for equal work" is the slogan proclaimed in the name of progress by dissatisfied women in the more civilised democracies. Behind this lies a more serious desire, fortunately still in its infancy on this side of the Atlantic and unheard of in Southern Europe and elsewhere, which will, unless thwarted, bring about the downfall of contented family life and probably accounts for the steady increase in divorce. Perhaps the most pitiful sign now generally accepted in many families is the man, in the guise of a loving husband, wearing an apron or pushing a pram.

The most successful family in the long run will be the one where the wife, realising her husband's responsibilities and ambitions, keeps his domestic worries to a bare minimum, thus enabling him to devote a maximum attention to his duties and consequently to his family. This means that the family-minded woman should be prepared to sacrifice most of her extra-family ambitions.

In view of this, should women be allowed to deprive men of the opportunities of a university education, when most of them, however reluctant to admit it, regard a degree as a stop-gap before they hope, marriage? No one would consider this a reasonable idea in view of the valuable influence women have in all spheres of a university, but the proportion should not increase any more. Particularly is this true in science where, bearing in mind the urgent need for scientists, few women graduates pursue a permanent career and rarely excel except as teachers . . . of more girls.

Men are seldom impressed by intellectual women unless this is accompanied by intelligence and ability in the field of domestic science when making the big decision.

"Trinity News" regrets that there are no more staff vacancies at present, but some will occur from time to time during the year and will be advertised.

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The Editorial Board do not accept any responsibility for views expressed by correspondents.

All copy intended for publication must be accompanied by the name of the contributor even if this is not for publication.

Trinity News welcomes news items, correspondence and articles, which should be sent to TRINITY NEWS, 3 TRINITY COLLEGE. All such items should be typed, or written legibly, on one side of the paper only.

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NEW & SECOND-HAND

**Profile:**

**JUDY BRYAN — Merry Medic**

Women in the Medical School are usually of two types — the ardent student, or the equally ardent career girl, distracting in her well-fitting white coat, looking over the dissecting table at some prospective Master of the Rotunda. The aim of the first is to cure ills; the second seeks merely to comfort them. Some few women, however, manage to achieve success in both pursuit, and Judy Bryan springs to many medical minds as an example.

Judy was educated at the Masonic School, Ballsbridge, and by hard work obtained a Sizarship — not for the academic glory, but for the wholly feminine attraction of disappointing a pessimistic teacher. Pre-medical worries did not curb her spirits and she soon became a well-known and much sought-after figure in laboratory and Front Square alike.

Now in her fourth year, Judy still maintains a wide range of interests. She reads avidly, in particular the works of Irish authors, and although denying the charge of intellectualism — fired so often by the uncomprehending medic — she is, like so many intellectuals, never at a loss for an opinion on any subject, from under-water swimming to impressionist painting. Occasionally a poster at Front Gate or the Coffee Bar has the Bryan stamp, as has the occasional snatch of Gilbert and Sullivan heard in College Park as she cycles to a lecture.

These varied artistic pursuits are balanced by equally diverse outdoor activities. Judy was a founder member of the Sub-Aqua Club of Ireland. In winter she occasionally follows the beagles, but more often walks the Dublin hills with her own hound, Boxer, whose fierce appearance is contradicted by his docile nature. In company with her two brothers, she supports the D.U. Light Car Club, and promises to buy herself an M.G. some day.

maintains on occasions in the face of what would seem to be overwhelming contradictory evidence — are in fact soundly formed. It is indeed a valuable though frustrating experience to disagree with her. Nevertheless, this simplicity of approach in her everyday life is attractive, and Judy's large number of friends bear witness to her appeal.

For all her varied activities, Judy is a serious and hard-working medic, and the ability to devote herself entirely to the business of the moment has led to a successful career in College — which could be completed by becoming at the age of 22 one of the youngest doctors in Ireland.



Two is for Bruce Arnold and Nick Tolstoy who live on different planes.

Three, well that's us and Players, too. "The Infernal Machine" must be their most ambitious production yet. It seems that they are moving with the bulge! They have never had such a large number of willing helpers to do the thousand and one things that must be done before a play can be shown to the public. Good luck to you, Louis Lentini!

And who says that patriotism is dead in Trinity? John Jay's readings were well worth attending last Friday. We hope he can give us some more to stir up our better feelings.

And The Bear, real Chekov. That will be very exciting.

Four is for Choral, who you'll hear if you go to Players!

Four is also for this term's Editor of "Icarus," Ron Ewart, who hides himself away at the top. He says that he is snowed under with contributions from the Junior Fresh. year and that this should be one of the most interesting editions we've had. We can expect some more stories from Brady and Ronnie Wathen, and some of Leahy's poetry and perhaps even some of Hilary Pyle's, but we must wait till later in the term for this treat.

Five is for the School of Education, frightening psychologists and the Metaphysical Society. Who would have thought a dog was interested in that? Somebody obviously did, because they took one to the Society's meeting the other day!

Six is where we all eat and loose our gowns and prepare ourselves for the rigours of the Reading Room.

And from six we skip to twenty-seven and it doesn't look as if we'll get any farther or go anywhere else!

**Mod. Lang. Inaugural**

A capacity audience in the G.M.B. on Friday last did not seem to mind overmuch that no "big noises" were seen or heard until 8.15. The platform party did eventually arrive and Professor White explained that the reason for the delay was gastronomical. Bruce Arnold then did his stuff. Reading every word, his delivery was excellent and his paper competent. What it lacked in oratory and vivacity, it made up for by its soundness and clarity, and it was not lacking in individual opinions, which later caused Mr. Donoghue (to ad lib. from Prof. White) to show his critical claws.

Mr. Kinsella, replying to the paper, got lost once, and was quite frank about it. Mr. Donoghue was stimulating, only I would have liked to have heard more about his views on Yeats and the disintegration of personality. Mr. Surdgaard was interested, naturally, in Yeats and the Theatre, while Monk Gibbon was a joy to hear. A Gaelic bard then invaded the platform, but it was indeed a pleasant invasion, so it was. To hear Padraig Colum speak was to be again in Ireland in her days of trouble and glory. History in person was here, as he spoke of the Fays and Synge, and Yeats, and how out of the blood rebellion a national drama was born.

Prof. White then accused someone of "pinching" his watch, refound his watch and brought the meeting to a close. Afterwards the Society entertained its guests and members in No. 6. By the way, the paper was called "The Legacy of Yeats."

Richard Sealy, A.I.B.P.

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**FRED CONFUCIUS LESS CONFOUNDED**

The College Mayflies, having had their hour of petty glory at Private Business, the Law Society proceeded last Friday to debate whether or not Communist China should be admitted to the United Nations. Essentially a debate for Freshmen, they acquitted themselves well in quality of thought and expression. The main speakers, the Misses Milson and Johnston, by no means just pretty faces, and Messrs. O'Connor and Graham (I pass) were excellent, while Messrs. Stitt and Barrington showed, respectively, Hist. Conversation Room and Players' technique. To a quiet and astute Mr. Bertoluzzi, however, went the Fresher's Prize.

The Society's old hands rose to the occasion also, backing up their new colleagues. Messrs. Calvert, Cronin, Topping and Holland are a set of uninhabited officers, and were well supported by Messrs. Cochrane and Smith, and, of course, Stella O'Connor. Even Mr. Gibbons had his coherent two-yens' worth. A certain Mr. M. T. Knight (no relation), his impeccable self elevated, we are told, by Bloody Marys, told his joke No. 4 and made an entertaining Chairman altogether.

The arguments for and against the motion were many and diffuse, and it was by no means unanimously that the motion was eventually carried. But, Mr. Dulles, please note!

It was, in all, a most enjoyable evening, well worthy of this now flourishing Society.

Next Friday, Messrs. Simons and Gibbons are defending written constitutions at Q.U.B. Englishmen both, but good luck!

**BI-HEARTS**

A large gathering of D.U. Biological Association members came to the Dixon on Monday evening. They were amply rewarded with a comprehensive and lucid paper entitled "Open Heart Surgery," read by the Hon. Corr. Sec., Mr. David Abrahamson, B.A.

The guest speaker was Mr. Keith Shaw, M.D., the noted cardiac and thoracic surgeon.

A film on "Fallot's Tetralogy" (an abnormality of the heart) and its surgical treatment was shown, and brought to a close a meeting devoted to the surgical procedures used for the treatment of cardiac abnormalities.

## FOUR & SIX

A basement in Lower Mount Street was the final rendezvous for those invited to the first (of many?) parties given by Michael Bogdin and Oliver Boelen. Apart from attracting half of Dublin's disreputables, from seven to seventy, the sound of "Group One" also directed Puller Leman, who found himself up against Trinity's new-found doorman — par excellence — Butch Stutard, at his worst a match for five Dublin Gardai. This was the first, but by no means the last, fight of the evening, since the College pacifist, Gerry Shanagher, in a fit of stag-like frustration, attempted to wrest Francis Giles from his partner, Lisa Hay, who could not have danced all night. Russi Wadia was much in evidence in the darker quarters of the room, whilst at one end of the scale Michael Leahy made do with one partner, and Kaminski managed to get round every woman there. Brian Hamilton and Mike Read just looked tired, whereas not even Nick Tolstoy's stick was sufficient to prop its owner and stop him falling to the ground.

Of the Junior Freshwomen, Rhiannon Edwards will find grateful inclusion in

many more "4 & 6's," and so will Eby Roberts, so long as she does not always insist on talking French. A noble effort for party-giving by the hosts, but since neither of them are yet fully at home we can excuse their ignorance of iron-lungs, Dublin street urchins, Trinity crashers, sufficient acoustic room for the band, and a veritable party haven called Lambay Island.

An enterprising quintuplet of not so Fresh females, Maureen, Rachel, Fiona, Diana and Isobel, celebrated their freedom in the formal way at Philipsburg Avenue. Many of the regulars witnessed, while among the not-so-regulars was a recent personality from page two, Larry Roche, accompanied, like all good V.I.P.'s, by his secretary, David Bird. Terry Brady had to leave early, but stayed to see Russi arrive. A previously unmentioned maiden, Anna Constantine, wore beautiful red Italian shoes, somewhat in tone with her hair. Talking of dress, perky Betty Evans was be-sacked in pink. Susan chatted to Hist's representative, Tony Francis, and Felicity Miller, looking very pretty, talked about hunting. On the way home, Clive Bagley sat in the front of a bus with Sidney Baker.

## As I See It BY A CATHOLIC

The crowd round the rugger field was getting restless: the kick-off should have been ten minutes ago, but the teams had not yet appeared on the field. What was delaying them? The answer was plain in the dressing room: no referee. "The ref. has not turned up and no substitute is available." To solve the problem and to avoid disappointing the crowd, the two captains agreed to play without a referee. On the teams dashed, to the cheers of the crowd and began to play a fine game. All went well, thanks to the good sense of the players, scrums, line-outs and the rest, until one of the players shouted "Foul!" and members of the other team disputed his claim. The crowd, saw or didn't see a foul, shouted accordingly. And so because there was no referee to say what was right or wrong, disorder prevailed. Like millions of others all over the world, I look to the Catholic Church to be my referee, to help us play the game of life in the right way. Of course, some don't, but you can hardly blame the ref. for that!

What I like most about Catholicism is its continuity and family spirit. Because I believe all the same things as the 500,000,000 other Catholics and because we all worship God in the same way as He has been honoured for 2,000 years, I see myself as a happy member of a vast and cheerful family, spanning the ages and uniting Heaven and Earth, unlike the atheist who sees himself lost in the huge littleness of his apparently inexplicable existence, an individual cast back upon himself and often seeking, consciously or unconsciously, for the companionship of Catholicism. In being happy, I am nonetheless aware that many Catholics are not happy. Are there not 70,000,000 of my brothers and sisters behind the Iron Curtain, many of whom are imprisoned or constrained for their Catholic faith, and among all the family are there not many ill

members, sick with sin? And do I not also fall into sin, offending God and hurting other men? These things would depress if the remedies did not exist.

The sublime teaching of the Catholic Church and its beautiful doctrines are the remedies. By them we can rise after every fall and be strengthened against falling. When a Catholic prays he gets in contact with God and his friends, Mary, the Mother of God; the angels and the saints. Catholics who were once in this world did a terrific lot of good for God, His Church, and their fellow-men, and because of that the Church honours them. All are members of my family, just as much as those now in the world. By study and prayer I come to know and love them.

But if my love were to stop there, I would be a hypocrite, so I must try to do good among all men, just as Christ did. Often it's terribly difficult and I cry in anguish to God to help me. My prayer is answered when at Mass. He comes to me in Holy Communion under the form of bread, and once more is enacted the touching scene which took place on the road to Jericho 2,000 years ago when Jesus healed the blind man in response to his entreaty, "Jesus, Son of David, have pity on me! Lord, that I may see!" Through the Church, my mother, God comes amongst men and another miracle of healing takes its place among the countless moral and physical miracles which down the ages testify to the Divine nature of Catholicism.

Though my mother be travel-stained with long journeying, though her countenance be furrowed with care and trouble, yet the Church is my mother. In her heart burns the ancient love. From her hands flow ever the ancient blessings. What would Heaven be without God? What would the earth be without this Church? I believe in one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church.

## Wanna Bet?

It was all I had to remember her by — this lighter. It was a real beauty and as I stood idly on the promenade at Antibes, flicking my lighter, my thoughts were with her. Perhaps that is why I hadn't noticed the little man, who now addressed me: "That is a fine lighted, m'sieur, and it is working every time—hein?"

## "THE INFERNAL MACHINE"

Players open their term production on Wednesday, November 26th, with Jean Cocteau's "The Infernal Machine." The play tells of the classical theme of Oedipus and Jocasta, and in Cocteau's version is aimed, as far as the characters are concerned, from a very human angle. He used the play to put across his ideas of the political feeling of the population of that time. The production should be very interesting when viewed in the light of present-day political feeling. It is to be directed by Louis Lenten, a well-known figure in College and Players, both for his part-time medicine and his former productions, which include those of "Jim Dandy" and "The Sleeping Prince."

A very talented cast has been selected and it will be headed by Gloria Miers, Terence Brady and Drew Cameron, who have just had such a success in "Under Milk Wood" at the Wexford Festival. An interesting newcomer is the daughter of Monk Gibbon, Penelope, who has just come from R.A.D.A. Costumes are in the very capable hands of two Americans, Jay Alexander and Eliza Collins.

"One finger to me, m'sieur," he said quietly, and, picking up the knife, he studied my right hand. "As it is the first, I will make do with the little finger." And he raised the knife. Suddenly I felt very sick.

"Wait, Henri!" snapped a voice. We both jerked round and the little man lowered his knife. My saviour was a richly dressed middle-aged woman, with

## THIS CORPSE OF MINE...

The gramophone needle touched the sleek blackness of the record; I waited for the great march to begin.

Then quietly it began to grow. First the staccato timpani, then the distant clicking of the nailed heels tramping on the marble-chipped road, set deep in the green of the valley.

Way in the distance I could hear sea spitting on black rock, and gun smashing on mud-flat. High up in the yellow hills a vapour tangled into the deep rock clefts. It was a quality, a vaporous fluting quality, winding up into the hills, leading on the growing irresistible speaking of the booted army.

I controlled the upward growth. They came to the heat of the foot hills. The heat lay heavy on the back of each man's neck, pushing downward against the tight up-straining of his muscles.

The timpani had grown; now it was urgent, full of latent death, purposeful, and the sea spitting on black rocks, and gun smashing on mud-flat.

A dust was raised from the brown plain and entwined itself in the long line of marching men. They marched out of the choking dryness and I was very near them, looking into their faces, and I was there in every man's face, looking upward and marching onward to the stutter of the timpani.

They came close to me; they were all black and burned by the sun. They had high, well-chiselled ebony cheeks and long soft-moving flanks that rippled with the upward thrust of their limbs. I tried to lean out and touch them, to feel the velvet softness of their skin, and with gossamer, touch the chiselled ebony of their faces. They moved forward away from my delicate touching.

Then I was alone.

The desert stretched before me.

The heat of the desert shimmered off the sand, burning into my raw eyeballs. I walked over the soft grittiness of the sand with the heat parching my skin and drying up my mouth; sand crept dry into my nostrils and lodged itself in the crinkles of my skin.

I searched; then I saw it, lying in a heap of sand, looking vaguely familiar. I looked down; it was a body, a corpse. "Oh, Mamma," it was me, my own corpse, my own dead body.

The flies crawled over it and gnawed away at the flesh, then it moved and opened its mouth to speak. Its mouth was black and dry, flies were gnawing holes into the tongue and turning red with the redness of the tongue.

I felt sick and swaying in the heat and the repulsive familiarity of my own corpse. The corpse spat out the red-turning flies and gasped: "Hello, old fellow, better bury me quick before sunset. You know I always get scared if I'm left in the middle of nowhere at sundown. He turned his eyes on me; his pupils were now empty holes where the flies had been.

I bent down to bury him; I could not force my hands to touch the sickening flesh of the heat-wrinkled body. He croaked appealingly, but I turned away to find my brother and sister standing very close. My brother was very solemn and held out a spade; I took it. My sister was looking cool and matter-of-fact, "You'd better bury yourself now before the buzzards come." I nodded.

I scooped away with the spade, but the sand ran in under the body faster than I could dig it away. I knelt on the chest and scraped around under the sides. The body slowly sank into the shallow grave scooped out by my sand-burnt hands. Only the head was left, madly I tossed sand into the eyes and desiccated nostrils, watching it pour through them and fill up the black, wide-open mouth.

Then it was finished; I stood up to go, but the dead left hand of the corpse snatched hold of the living left hand of my body, the two surfaces welding together and feeling the familiar, hard work-yellowed spots. I snatched my living hand away and trod my dead hand into the burning yellow of the sand, then straightened my aching back and looked at my brother and sister standing there in all that heat, my sister smiling at a job well done, and my brother taking the spade and looking very solemn. Then they were gone, my sister looking very matter-of-fact, and my brother very solemn.

I felt very sad to leave my body lying in all that sand. It had carried me up mountains, across seas, through sleeping valleys, into earth-smelling fields, it had protected me against cold, heat, wind and rain; we had done so much together; I loved it with a still quiet love as I left it in the sand.

Then the music and the crying "manquin" of the timpani shouted into my ears and I started to march.

It was over, the hardest part was over.

Now we were swinging up to glory in the jagged hills of Carolina. Slowly the taint of my own corpse left me, and a feeling grew in my chest, the feeling of being an all-important speck of nothing in a universe of slime, marching with the whole closeness of humanity to fresh-tasting glory, high up in the black, jagged hills of Carolina.

And I heard sea spitting on black rock, and gun smashing on mud-flat.

At last we stood high on a pinnacle of vapour, way high above the jaggedness, transcendent in the glory of it all, surrounded by the noise of drums and cymbals all busted out around us, crashing into our bodies, something solid creating a delicacy coming out in the bursting fullness of our chests.

Then I looked up. Slightly higher on a suspended peak, a tall, black figure stood, his left hand reaching upward, stretching his left side in a great tightness of destruction.

I looked into his eyes and saw myself. He let his hand swoop down across his chest and Everything slid away into Nothing in a clashing cacophony of sound.

I was left holding my arm and feeling the aching of my torn breast muscle, and the place where my downward-swinging forearm had jarred against the elbow.

The needle clicked at the end of the record. I was standing in my bedroom trying to realise that it had never really happened.

But it had happened. Thanks to Ravel, Mr. Pye and the anonymous engineer who set down the music in terms of wax, I had sealed the jagged hills of Carolina . . . but, I wonder, are the hills of Carolina black and jagged? John Holt.

## A Trinity Man — Bram Stoker

At the opening of the College Historical Society recently, a speaker mentioned a former Auditor whose career both in Trinity and in the outside world varied as much as the activities of Victorian contemporaries.

This was Abraham Stoker, more familiarly known as Bram. To those who bother to read credit titles of films, the appearance of Stoker's name as author of "Dracula" might have been somewhat startling, for at first sight there appears to be a vast gulf between an Auditor of the College Historical Society, Trinity College, Dublin, and a mystery tale which thrilled and horrified novel readers half a century ago.

On closer examination of the career of Bram Stoker, one is struck by the remarkable diversity of his interests, for not only was the author of "Dracula" Auditor of the Hist., but a former President of the Phil. It is in these varied positions that he should primarily be considered.

Abraham Stoker entered Trinity in 1866 to read Mathematics. He joined the University Philosophical Society. A prophetic link with his later work is found in the first essay he read before the Society while a Senior Freshman — it was entitled "Sensationalism in Fiction and Society." His mind could not, however, have been entirely on essay composition for in that year he was already the athletic champion of this University. His career in the Phil. advanced in a spectacular way — not only did he receive a certificate in oratory and a silver medal in aesthetics, but rose from Councillor to Secretary. In a bye-election in 1870 he was elected President. Though there was only a term left to

him as President, his association with student life lasted for several more years.

Stoker's career in the College Historical Society showed equal success. While Librarian in 1869-70 he won silver medals in history and composition, and the following year was elected Correspondence Secretary. Finally, in 1872 he became Auditor, delivering at the inaugural meeting an address named "The Necessity for Political Honesty."

Having filled these important offices and, consequently, becoming widely known in College — according to his obituary in "The Irish Times" he was the most popular man in the Trinity of the '70s — it is interesting to trace the steps by which he became an author.

Graduating with honours in mathematics, Bram Stoker became, rather curiously, a barrister-at-law. In 1878, however, he left the secure Inspectorship of Petty Sessions in Ireland and became a business manager to Sir Henry Irving. Thus the mathematician-turned-barrister inhabited the exciting world of the London stage. It was possibly this association, added to an interest in the mysterious, which led him to publish a dozen novels in that genre. "Dracula," the best known — and, incidentally, well and logically written — was called by "Punch" "the very weirdest of all weird tales." He also wrote a two-volume "Reminiscences of Irving."

Bram Stoker, then, one might conclude, was a fine all-rounder, a man who combined oratorical skill with business management, who composed serious essays and sensational stories. He is but one example out of the many who can truly be said to have benefited from the breadth and depth of a Trinity education.

Jean-Francois.

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# VICTORY GALORE

## Last-minute Score

Once again the D.U. side managed to get a last-minute score to obtain a well-deserved win against U.C.C. The score came about five minutes before full-time, when, after an orthodox passing movement out to the left wing, Reid-Smith burst along the touchline and passed in to Moore, who was well up in support, and who then sprinted thirty yards for a fine try between the posts. Reid-Smith converted.

The team maintained its improved form of the past few weeks, and indeed the forwards, without exception, excelled themselves. Dowse has now settled down to his new position and his covering is particularly good. O'Brien, too, is well up in attack and across in defence. Doyle hooking, for the second time in his career, got a relatively good share of the ball, considering his experience. The forwards played very much as a pack, and there were numerous well-supported foot rushes.

Unfortunately for the backs, the ground was rather damp, and the ball correspondingly slippery. However, the passing was accurate, and the only complaint that could be made perhaps was one of a lack of penetrating power. Hall had a better game than last week, but tends to run rather close to the breaking scrum, thus getting into trouble. McMullen, as usual, came off the pitch with hardly a speck on his togs, having played another excellent game. Reid-Smith and de Wet both put in strong bursts at their respective wings, but, unfortunately, were unable to break through a good Cork defence.

\* \* \*

2nd XV, 19; Old Wesley, 9

Though the excellent form of the previous week seldom came to the surface, Trinity had an easy victory over Old Wesley. The issue was never in doubt, despite the keen opposition of our opponents and the referee, so the College side were not forced to play in top gear.

The pack once more were on top in all phases, especially the line-out, but were inclined to be lazy in the loose. Thus the back-line, with a monopoly of possession, ran leisurely through whenever the occasion demanded. Finishing power was weak and frequent thrusting breaks were spoiled by slack handling.

Trinity opened the scoring with a wing try by McCord, who followed up with two more, thus clinching the game. Hill was up to gather a cross-kick to score near the posts. Drewery converted two tries. Wesley's 9 points came from two penalties and a last-minute try.

Chess

## Defeat of U.C.D.

By "One of the Pieces"

On Friday night, Dublin University Chess Club "A" team put up a reasonable performance against U.C.D. Things had hardly settled down when H. Harte claimed a win on board three, followed shortly by R. Gibbons on board six. A few minutes later N. Rowe had a win in the 16th move on board two.

On surveying the general situation at this point it appeared that the other three boards had lost. This was soon clear on board one, where M. Littleton, the U.C.D. player, sacrificed a knight, leaving D. G. Cochrane in a hopeless position. Mr. Cochrane is badly out of form at the moment. Play continued on boards four and five, where I. A. Derham eventually managed to get a draw and W. R. D. Alexander forced a mating position in face of time troubles.

This team should do well. From rumours in Dublin chess circles it appears that they are favourites for the league. Indeed the club hopes to put on a good show all round this year. There are still vacancies on the "C" team and on the ladies' team, but these, no doubt, will be filled before long.

# SPORTS NEWS

Hockey—2nd XI.

## TRINITY ADVANCE

Dublin University 2nd XI, 2; Monkstown 2nd XI, 0.

In the second round of the Railway Cup, Trinity were deserved victors over a poor Monkstown side. The combination of a deplorable pitch and inconceivably bad umpiring greatly reduced the advantage of superior skill held by Trinity. The attitude of certain Trinity players, however, notwithstanding the undoubtedly provocation, was quite inexplicable, and it is to be hoped that such a display of temper will not be repeated.

Despite the unsuitable conditions, the whole team showed glimpses of undoubted ability. Wood, in goal, had a relatively quiet day, thanks to the very solid work of full-backs Shirley and Johnson. The half-back line of Bonar-Law, Blackburn and Varian got through a vast quantity of work, the form of the last-named being most impressive.

The forwards, given the unenviable task of passing and dribbling on a pitch quite unsuitable for such refinements, deserved more reward than their two goals. Fuller, with no thought of personal safety, carved his way up and down the field to the detriment of a number of the opposition, while Hughes and English attempted some constructive play on the right.

Trinity led 1-0 at half-time through a well-taken goal by Hughes, and the same player was on hand in the second half to complete good approach work by Fuller and Moffett.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Successful Tour

Played, 4; Won, 3; Lost, 1.

Aldershot Services were unfortunate in meeting a rampant Trinity team fresh from Mills Cup triumphs, and goals by Moffet, Byrn, Lavan and Judge (penalty-bully) gave Trinity a 4-1 win. The strain of three matches in succession, however, took its toll, and Trinity lost to Oxford University 3-1. Findlater scored for Trinity, and a fine display by goalkeeper Wood prevented a worse defeat.

A last-minute cancellation gave the team two days' rest, after which the Royal Artillery were beaten 1-0. Findlater was again the scorer, but all the forwards missed many chances. The last game resulted in an easy win for Trinity over London University by 2-0, McCarthy and Lavan scoring.

## Water Polo

Trinity, 3; U.C.D., 3

In their first fixture of the term, Trinity were unlucky to be held to a draw by U.C.D. in a thrilling water polo match. Despite the stronger opposition, which included two Leinster inter-provincials, Trinity set the pace. After a scoreless first half, G. O'Kelly, Jnr., scored two brilliant goals in quick succession. This lead was held until the closing stages. U.C.D. then scored two goals. O'Kelly put Trinity into the lead once more. A last minute equaliser earned U.C.D. their draw.

O'Kelly's "hat-trick" was the feature of the match. J. Lee and J. Sharpe were two other stalwarts.

In the swimming, Trinity were outclassed. C. Blois, a Freshman of promise, and M. O'Brien Kelly were the best.

## Golf Club Report

The Golf Club started the new season with an impressive win over the Leinster Ladies bv 5½ to 2½. Greg McCambridge was one under bogey, winning by 4 and 3. J. Jackson, D. Dornan, B. Smith and A. Bonar-Law also won their matches. M. Murphy halved him. P. Hinchcliffe and C. McCarten were the only losers. The result was especially satisfactory in view of the Club's dismal record in this match during recent years.

The 36-hole final of the President's Cup was played at Grange on Sunday, November 9th, between B. Smith (15) and P. R. Hinchcliffe (7). Smith received 6 strokes a round, and despite the wet state of this course a very even and enjoyable game resulted in a narrow 2/1 win for Hinchcliffe.

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## Women's Hockey

## CHILEAN CUP

Trinity plays the winner of the U.C.G. v. R.C.S.I. (Surgeons) in the second round of the Chilean Cup. Only apathy or exceptionally bad luck should cause a Trinity defeat. The winners play U.C.C., U.C.D. or Queen's in the final. Since the Hopkins sisters have left Queen's, the competition is now more open and the eventual result is hard to forecast. Heavy pitches and well-trained teams await Trinity, but they could still pull it off if everyone plays wholeheartedly for a win.

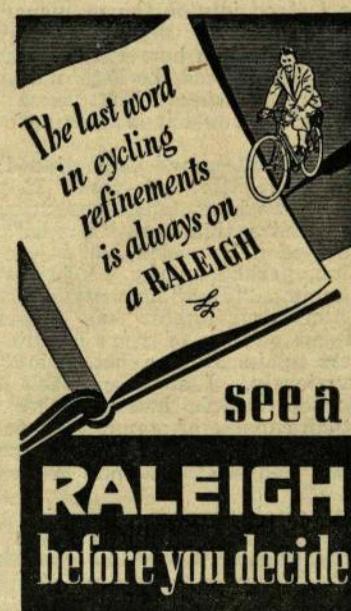
Trinity's cup chances were greatly enhanced by their second-half display in Saturday's "friendly" fixture. Down 5-1 at half-time, the combination of a stern admonition from the captain and the advantage of playing down-hill, not up, seemed to goad the team into action. As a result, the second-half was very even, with the Trinity forwards getting down to their job in a business-like fashion. Adrienne Jessop shot two goals and Gladys Ruddock scored the third from a corner.

The 2nd XI did well to lead Railway Union 2-0 at half-time, but were beaten 3-2 in the end. A shame-faced 3rd XI crept off the pitch after defeating the newly-formed club, Weston, by 14 or 15 goals to nil; even the referee lost count!

## Fencing Club A.G.M.

The annual general meeting of the D.U. Fencing Club was held in B. Hamilton's rooms, No. 2, on Monday last. The President, the Hon. Mr. Justice Kingsmill-Moore, was in the chair. The facilities for coaching were discussed, and it was pointed out that the services of the coach, Mr. P. Duffy, twice a week, at a reduced charge, should encourage beginners to attend regularly.

The following were elected as officers for the coming year, 1958-59: Men-Captain, B. M. C. Hamilton; Hon. Sec., M. Makower; Hon. Treas., D. McDonald; Committee: J. English, M. Boyd. Ladies—Captain, M. Dickson; Hon. Sec., A. Jones; Committee: A. Dresser, R. D'Arcy.



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