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Trinity News

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Who Knows the Truth?

Did Malik Accept?

THE Inaugural of the "Hist." is now over. But a deep mystery still ensouls the affair of one of their star guest speakers who failed to turn up. The exact truth is never likely to come out and will remain one of the few secrets that the Society will share with the Soviet Union.

To the very last moment the officers of the "Hist." would not give a concrete answer as to whether the Soviet Ambassador was coming or not. Asked to produce the letter, the Correspondence Secretary, Mr. Haley-Dunne, made the amazing confession that he had sent it back to the Embassy to acquaint the Ambassador with its contents. Thus there was no concrete evidence left to show what really happened.

Meanwhile, it was denied in London that Mr. Malik had ever accepted the invitation. The First Secretary told an "Irish Times" correspondent about two letters which had reached them from Trinity College. They were from the "Phil." and the "Hist.", who were told that the Ambassador was likely to be away and that somebody else from the Embassy could perform his duties on this occasion.

A well-known Irish journalist and radio commentator said: "This sort of letter is a polite refusal in diplomatic usage. The Auditor shouldn't have jumped to false conclusions on such flimsy grounds." He also revealed that an official from the Irish Embassy in London had privately informed the First Secretary that if a request for a visa was made it would be refused. Such a "leak" is quite likely and would be in keeping with Mr. de Valera's war-time private diplomacy.

The episode upset and irritated many people.

Officials from the Department of External Affairs were surprised that an invitation to a prominent personality from a country having no diplomatic relations with Ireland should have been extended at all; it could not but result in general embarrassment. The Minister for External Affairs himself flatly turned down a similar invitation from the Society.

Mr. C. A. David has been (as usual) very outspoken about "this public scandal." He said that in spite of Mr. Malik's notorious career in the United Nations, he did not hold him now guilty

"Look back in Anger"

Since the beginning of the term, College has shown an unusual interest in the welfare of students and societies. A notice has appeared in the Porter's Lodge forbidding students to make or receive telephone calls. The order was issued by the Bursar's office. It means that there is now no regular telephone number, through which dying mothers could reach their living sons. Students are not even allowed to enter the sacred precincts and porters have been barred from taking any messages. It somehow has not occurred to reformers that hundreds of paying residents ought to have a right to a single provided telephone at their disposal.

At a special meeting convened last week, the Junior Dean attempted to resurrect what unwanted interference had doomed. The discussion on a flimsy "constitution," whose main feature was the provision that the Hist. and Phil. were to be allowed extra privileges, took up the whole evening. The claim of privilege was contested and defeated. In the end, nothing substantial was concluded. The "constitution" had no force as by order of the Senior Dean the S.R.C. was extinct. Few wished to stand for the Executive Committee, and a President was nowhere to be found. The Junior Dean himself assumed the title provisionally without saying what was going to happen next, and commanded the press to be silent. Some of the representatives present were sceptical as regards the council's future prospects. "College societies were the business of undergraduates and should be left to them," said one.

A few days ago the D.U. Association for International Affairs were amazed to find their window case in Front Gate emptied of its contents and their label torn down. At first they thought it was somebody's display of humour. On questioning the porters and the chief steward, it transpired that the pilferage was authorised by the Junior Dean. The Chairman of the D.U.A.I.A. said: "The first I ever knew of this graceful act was when I saw it. Nobody bothered to inform me of the removal of what, after all, is the Association's property."

Unity in Sight?

"THE great new fact of our time," — that is how Archbishop Temple described the Ecumenical Movement, or the movement towards unity of the Christian Churches. This was the subject of the Auditor's address to the opening meeting of the College Theological Society, which he entitled "Progress Towards Unity." So far from being technical or theoretical in his approach, the Auditor, Mr. W. J. Marshall (Sch.) Mod. B.A., broached the whole subject in a living and vital spirit, and impressed upon his audience the critical issues at stake which can only be remedied as each individual realises his personal responsibility.

Phil. Inaugural

Last Thursday evening, before a well-filled house, the President of the Phil., D. O. Cummins (Sch.), read his inaugural paper, "We, of the West, are free." In spite of continual difficulties, the President finally succeeded in obtaining four speakers and his choice turned out to be particularly fortunate, for each speaker succeeded in making a highly individual contribution to the discussion.

The central idea of the President's paper was not new, and he, very wisely, confined himself to a short speech in which he made sure of making his point well. He saw in Communism a threat to our basic freedoms; but he maintained, on the other hand, that the price of our freedom was eternal vigilance and saw in the popular press and the irresponsibility of trade unions a potential danger. He concluded with an impassioned plea for food supplies and technical help for the underdeveloped countries of the world, claiming that if we, with our glorious heritage, did not act quickly, these countries might fall prey to Communism.

The first speaker, Mr. A. L. Mallien, Q.C., M.P., took advantage of the praise which the President had given to the British Socialist party for promising to devote one per cent. of the British national income to aid for underdeveloped countries, to expound his Socialist ideas. On a more constructive angle, he gave a brief glimpse of what life is like under Communism, gathered from a recent visit to Russia, and emphasised that freedom implied duty.

Mr. Declan Costello, B.L., T.D., spoke of the subject in relation to Ireland, and deplored the state of political cynicism at present rife in this country.

The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Lytton, O.B.E., spoke of his experiences as a colonial governor. He made the point that inequality seemed inevitable in human societies and that, within certain limits, there did not seem to be much point in taking away from the rich to help the poor.

By his extremely witty speech, Mr. Terence de Vere White did not add much to the discussion, beyond congratulating the President on the conciseness of his paper and maintaining that freedom was, after all, really relative.

UNIVERSITY PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

Tonight at 8 p.m.

Mr. D. Bird will read a paper entitled "War."

Distinguished Visitor:

Brigadier R. N. Thicknesse

British Military Attaché.

Ladies Welcome. Tea 7.45 p.m.

The reasons for a need of unity were twofold, Mr. Marshall said. Purely from the point of view of efficiency in distribution of workers and effort, the need for unity was becoming more and more pressing, especially on the missionfield. But more important was the fact that it was God's wish for His Church that it should be united. Christ Himself prayed "that they all may be one." The present state of division was sinful. Only by realising this and by moving forward in a spirit desirous of unity can any such state be attained.

Although to the superficial viewer all schemes for unity seemed still to be at the conference table level, there had been practical results. In 1925 the Presbyterian, Congregationalist and Methodist churches of Canada united. In 1947 the Church of South India came into being, uniting the Anglican, Methodist, Congregationalist and Presbyterian elements in that area.

In conclusion, Mr. Marshall said that though these were only local unions, we must always keep the ideal of worldwide unity before us. As a great French Roman Catholic put it, "Never give up praying for unity; some day the miracle will happen."

The address had been so all-embracing in its scope that succeeding speakers found it hard to avoid repetition. The Dean of Westminster, in proposing the motion of thanks to the Auditor, spoke of his own experiences of the Ecumenical Movement when he was chaplain to Archbishop Lang. Among other things, he told how an Orange Lodge in London used to celebrate the 12th of July by laying a wreath on the grave of William III. But he added hastily that he had insisted on one of his own staff conducting the service. "I wasn't going to have the Pope damned in Westminster Abbey."

Referring to the recent attempts of a Scottish newspaper to torpedo the talks between the Anglican and Presbyterian churches in Britain, the Dean said he was sure this was "the Devil's work." Cmdr. Herdman seconded.

In proposing "that the College Theological Society is worthy of support," the Bishop of Connor remarked on how the division of the Church had sprung up, each successive splinter group calling itself "The Church of God," "The True Church of God" and "The Only True Church of God." Rev. J. M. G. Carey, B.A., seconding, said that we must have the right motive in our drive for unity. Unity was not an end in itself, but a means by which the Church's mission of telling the Gospel to the world might be made more effective.

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"NOBLESSE OBLIGE"

IN his inaugural address last Thursday evening the President of the "Phil." spoke of our Western heritage, and of the means of safeguarding it.

We, in Trinity, are particularly fortunate, and have a heritage of which we may be particularly proud. While certain aspects of the founding of our College may not be altogether commendable, we may certainly be very proud of its tradition of free speech and of the great men it has given to Ireland and the world. As Gogarty said: "Its degrees are recognised further than many of its graduates go."

Before us as potential graduates there are, as I see it, two tasks, one in relation to our College, the other in relation to the world, or rather that particular part of it which will be our field of duty. Our College was originally one of the representatives of foreign power on this island and, as such, highly endowed. It is our duty to show others that it has a place in the Ireland of to-day; it is equally our duty to recognise the fall in the value of money and to contribute, where we can, to the further endowment of College. It would appear that graduates are particularly generous in this respect; the last few years have seen new tennis courts in the Bay and the Sports Pavilion renovation, and it is not unreasonable to hope that the £450,000 needed for the building and endowment of an extension to the College Library will soon be raised. With respect to the world at large, is it not our duty to realise our immense privilege and our power to help others—is it too much to hope that university graduates do not regard people with dark skins as "wogs," or that they have got beyond the stage of regarding as the highest aim in life an ever-increasing standard of consumption-spending?

Concentrate on Your Soup

An irritated Junior Freshman noted with an expression of horror that when he peered under the tablecloth on Commons one night last week a swarm of angry ants advanced menacingly towards his bread. He and his comrades immediately declared war on the invaders who had advanced over half the table. An early attempt to check their progress by drowning them failed owing to a lack of water it only amounted to baptism by total immersion. A waiter approaching at this moment remarked that ants were not poisonous anyway and that "all aunts must be out of College by 7 o'clock." This limit did not worry the invaders. They continued to advance and were finally beaten back by the violent steam-roller action of the bottom of a heavy jug, after which the tablecloth had to be changed to clear away the dead and dying ants.

Reports from several independent witnesses on the strength of the ants varied from several hundred to several thousand, an average figure being four hundred and sixty-three.

The defending Junior Freshman force would have scored a notable victory had their attention not been distracted by the arrival of the next course.

Profile:
C. St. G. Sides (Sch.)
Auditor of the College Historical Society



Christopher St. George Sides has achieved enviable distinction in the academic side of College. A Scholar, now with a first class Mod. firmly in his grasp, he is studying for a Diploma in Education. Moreover, he has been elected Auditor both of the Hist. and of the Classical Society.

In character, Chris. is in some ways a typical example of that infamous species, the Northerner. He and his brother Richard came from Campbell College in 1953 to study Classics. For some time Trinity was at a loss to know which of the two was "C. St. G." and which "R. St. G.", but Richard's volte-face to the History School helped matters a little.

Christopher has no sporting achievements, but his energetic propulsion of a blue bicycle and countless ascents to his top floor rooms during his four years in College obviously evince physical fitness.

Strong personalities are usually open to criticism, and the most likely target for this in Christopher's case is probably his voice, a blunt but penetrating monotone. In debates and altercations he is thus liable to win his case by sheer volume and sustained vocal attack rather than by oratorical skill.

His main interest beyond the heavy programme which a Dip.Ed. entails lies undoubtedly with the Hist. The duties of Auditor in this first year of the levy will be particularly onerous. Here his organising ability combined with an aptitude for mixing well with new and old members alike should bring him a successful year. That he has abundant initiative is already proved by the success of the Freshers' Reception and the great interest aroused by his opening meeting.

All Aboard For Europe!

Shortly after the hectic summer months she had spent in Dublin, the char-à-banc-ship, "Miss Rachel," was given in marriage. Her husband is of stolid build, a little younger than herself, and displays an even more marked capacity for carrying people—a capacity amply tested on his journey to Southern Italy.

Notable among "Dennis's" passengers on this trip was S.C.M.'s one-time Chairman, Alex. Smith. On those occasions when he emerged from his bottles of "Vino Chianti," he was usually to be found in the region of one Ann Willoughby Hyde Cavendish, of the Royal Academy. At other times his be-kilted form was to be seen cruising the Latin quarter of Paris or the French quarters of Italy. Early riser and skilful stowaway of luggage, he occasionally threw discretion to the winds, as when, swinging "Dennis's" starting handle, he provided an embarrassed Belgian woman with an affirmative answer to the age-old question about the Scotsman.

Alex.'s successor in S.C.M., Janet Smiley, had the thankless task of caring for those in the party who fell sick, but at other times she could be seen squinting through a camera at passing panoramas, or gleefully clapping her hands as she drove "Dennis" along a pavement.

Many wayside halts on the trip were designed to take delivery of Averne Shirley's shorts, mostly from passing cars, but on one occasion from a hearse. These phenomena have not, as yet, received a satisfactory explanation.

Chris. Daybell filled "Dennis" with empty bottles, a wealth of song, and his own ebullient personality. The further our journey took us, the more it became apparent that he could get away with anything—including Rosalind Morreau. However, we caught up with them in Rome four days later. In the meantime, Felicity Oakes had been extracted from the crater of Vesuvius, where the guide remained, and Hilary Pyle had been rescued from the capricious attentions of the men of Capri.

At the wheel on this careless jaunt around Europe were aspiring Freshman Sterling Lacy and "Dennis's" owner, Denzil Stewart.

Profile:
D. O. Cummins (Sch.)
President of the University Philosophical Society

Derek Ormsby Cummins was born almost twenty-one years ago at Delgany, where his father was Rector. His father died about two years later and Derek and his mother came to live at Trinity Hall, where his mother was housekeeper. Derek still has vivid memories of surreptitious feasts in the kitchens and of Miss Crawford's refusal to allow him to run his toy trains on the dining-room table. Eventually, after an education received in spite of Bishop Foy's and Mountjoy School, Derek entered Trinity in 1954 with a sizarship in Experimental Science.

Since then, he has come a long way. Like most young sizars, Derek entered Trinity with the idea that life was serious and that work was all-important. This idea persisted for the better part of his first year. But by the beginning of his second year, he had begun to take part in Phil. debates and to interest



—Photo courtesy Irish Press

himself in other societies. At the end of that year he found himself elected Treasurer of the Phil. and, being rash enough to attend a meeting of the Film Society, Treasurer of that body as well. The Presidency of the Phil. is the deserved result of his self-sacrificing year as Treasurer.

Meanwhile, all work beyond the absolutely necessary and unavoidable was being neglected; but, having become tired of "thirds," he decided, about two months before the examination, to begin work for "Schol." and got it. His first-class in the first part of his degree examination is a fitting tribute to his academic worth.

Derek's main interests, apart from those mentioned above, are classical music—his favourite composer being Tchaikovsky—and hill-walking. His activities in the latter pursuit are now mainly confined to the very occasional week-end in Co. Wicklow, though last summer he even persuaded the most lethargic of his friends to venture with him as far as the Isle of Skye, where they spent 10 days in the Cuillin Hills.

Derek is, at first sight, dogmatic and willing to talk learnedly about anything and everything. Those who know him better, however, realise that his dogmatism is only the corollary of a firm system of belief, and that, if he lays down the law about anything, he is usually right. He has, during his College career, shown that he has all the qualities required for success, not only in the academic world but in the world outside as well.

Round and About**Prettiest Fresher**

Manchester University holds an annual competition to choose the prettiest Freshwoman, the first prize being a night out with the best-looking Freshman. A good idea?

Drink and Be Merry

A special Finnish court of inquiry has proved that students drink no more than other people. They discovered, among other things, that drinkers are more popular in student elections than non-drinkers; also, that after two years of university life the proportion of women drinkers is roughly doubled.

Brilliant Bluestockings

Statistics show that the highest examination results at both Oxford and Cambridge are attained by women students. The Vice-Chancellor of London University, asked to comment on this, said that he found the Arts Library occupied generally by women far more than by men. He also added that "sitting with a book under your nose for long hours is not necessarily the same thing as sitting in long concentration," a warning that might be taken profitably to heart by most occupants of the Reading Room. Install an espresso machine there, and the illusion is complete.

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**Social Circular**

We apologise to Count Tolstoy for failing to recognise his aristocratic lineage in this column last week.

The College has been honoured by a visit from:

Rt. Hon. the Earl of Lytton, O.B.E.
Mr. A. L. Mallien, Q.C., M.P.

"The Daily Express."

COLLEGE OBSERVED

In a College ravaged by 'flu and last year's Senior Sophisters panting for their Mod. results, two major societies beam jubilantly out of freshly scented chambers and sing the praises of the £5 levy. For the Hist. and Phil., accustomed to a meagre membership of approximately 80 each, have suddenly found themselves, by the very recent influx of a 120, inflated to the almost unbelievable corpulence of 200 members. Certainly, for them the £5 levy has been a great success.

"T.C.D., a Miscellany," however, does not seem to be so happy. Cloaking her staff in a transparent veil of anonymity, through which can be seen all the wrinkles and scars of her many decades of uninspired existence and apologies to the irate insulted, she has lately been over-proclaiming the fiction that she is the "Established College Publication" (in case College had forgotten) by finding it necessary to obtrude over modest "Trinity News" posters, ridiculously written specimens of her own, where in accents false and wheedling she insists she is the Freshman's friend. Those who have already suffered in her verse and gossip can best appreciate the crushing force of her embrace. And "friendly" is hardly the adjective one should care to use.

In an all-out attempt to make Botany Bay dwellers realise they are socially considered not very far removed from those early settlers in the original Botany Bay, the College authorities have forbidden students in rooms to receive 'phone calls at Front Gate. This is sad, for it brings College society another step towards the primitive state. Because now, ladies, you must roll up your sleeves and go grab them out of bed yourselves.

Amidst the mist and the 'flu loomed out for just four days Mr. Anthony Colegate's projected Players' production of "Cymbeline." Conceived on a Monday, cast on Tuesday, edited on Wednesday, and abandoned on Thursday (owing to insufficient time before the end of term), the production, if realised, was to have included such features as Nicholas Tolstoy playing a banished lover saving Britain from the Romans and being comforted by Jupiter and ghosts; Edward Dorall minus his head, and Frances Gibbs as a Celtic warrior. That this should have turned out to be merely another "Much Ado About Nothing" is not Tony's fault. Four weeks to rehearse a drama very nearly as long as "Hamlet" is clearly inadequate. It is, however, unfortunate College should have to miss what promised to be hilarious entertainment.

Another abandoned project has left the Mod. Lang. French department without conversation lecturers since the end of last term. Two individuals claiming French nationality and the ability to teach the language, though not, unfortunately, excelling in Anglo-Irish, arrived late last week under the ridiculous illusion that they were to be paid £70 a month, learnt to their horror that they would instead have to content themselves with the above amount for the whole year (plus board and lodging), and indignantly caught the next boat back, preferring Paris and insecurity to Dublin and College rooms. Meanwhile gallant Mr. O'Regan and battling Miss North struggle hard in the absence, owing to 'flu, of all the other lecturers to keep things going.

I, however, have gone on quite enough, and must retire.

"Pip."

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My taximan would not allow me to pay. "Hum—right ideas about women, anyway!" I muttered inwardly. Lugging my bags up steps trodden by Stendhal before me, I faced the inevitable girls' hostel. Genuine cloisters. 8.30 a.m., but Madame La Directrice not yet down to breakfast. I was told that everybody had departed for lectures, and been treated to ample bread and chestnut paste.

May was beginning. From my room I could gaze across tightly packed red roofs of the old town to a humped mountain skyline ending with a frown in the eleventh century "Bastille." How familiar was to become later the great green T of the Téléferique shining over the night town, and what fun we had up there over camp-fire gatherings, brooding upon the distant fuss and twinkle of life below, with the slow black worms marking the two rivers, or recklessly shouting our national songs at the crumbling embers.

Mostly we stuck to our camps. An English girl was the first to accost me. She wore a well-washed white school sweater exactly like my own, and demanded excitedly to be shown my pair of skis. When I shyly acknowledged to have come without them she exclaimed: "Golly, but you're in Grenoble, aren't you?" It felt much more like a first day at Benenden. But having our straggly hair, our primness and our solid heels in common, we mutely set up a bastion against the inroads of foreign races. We did not like the way people snatched steaks à la crème au vin blanc before we dared.

At first the French were all working furiously for exams. They could not bear to speak unless it were to utter coyly a slur of glib quotation from Wordsworth's "Cuckoo," or to affirm that they had been known to eat Christmas pudding. They were slender and graceful, were frequently ironing innumerable stiff-looking petticoats and they seemed to like to play Bach for long hours. Excitable and scornful, they could be very amusing and serious. Sleep was of little consequence. And I heard afterwards that only 5 per cent. of the University students passed their exams.

I found the special course for foreign students a little schoolified and textual. Most people had started from scratch at the beginning of the year and the

lecturers were unenthusiastic, knowing exactly what mark each person would get for his next prose (if it were done). Lectures were optional. One blue-jeaned American boy was faithfully sleuthed to every possible class. Another boy, Icelandic, was invariably to be found stretched golden on the diving-board when one trudged desperately the hot walk to the swimming-pool.

The summer courses were much more lively—even the phonetics. Visiting academics covered philosophy, politics, Pascal, psycho-analysis, poetry, and somebody even ventured to interpret Proust. There were also cathedral concerts and Rodin by lantern-slides. Spanish nuns vied with each other and a master from Manchester Grammer School for the first row, and everybody else battled for the back benches where Italian beauties made fans of their programmes and sucked sweets.

Individual meetings could be fascinating. A Japanese gentleman told me over an iced lager that he could speak seven languages. Indeed, he said that in Japan the men had one language and the women another, and that I could probably guess which one the American G.I.s had picked up. A regimental German jiggled across to me in an intricate jive that the study of law was much more valuable in France than in Germany. And an American in a train assured me that as long as I did not belong to the Episcopalian Church I would be O.K.

I had learned that the constant falling of the French Government was all right really because it was always the same chaps who came in again. I had learned that the stricken birth rate was being set to rights. But this I could have learned in Dublin and I wanted to know more of France and the French.

Wandering into a shop in mid-July to enquire about bathing-suits, I was greeted with a young, wicked grin and "Ah, ca, il fait trop chaud pour ça!" I might have replied that I had been in a snowstorm the week before against the bare flanks of a mountain pass, but instead I felt oddly pleased. I went straight off and got a job in a French family. They had a villa on the Riviera and owned the most famous factory of the famous Grenoble gloves.

"The Rise of the Emperor Homunculus"

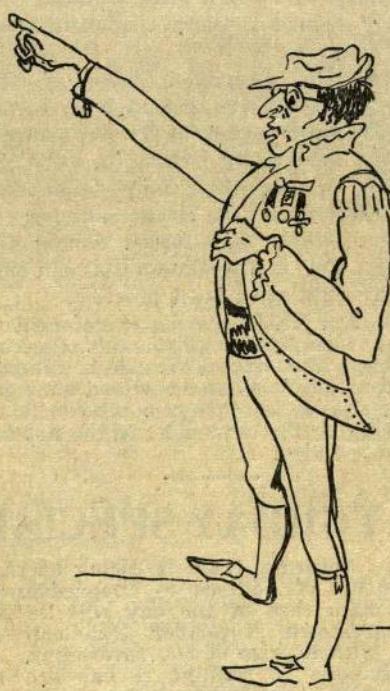
Recent events in College had an amazing parallel in bygone history, as the following extract from G. B. N.'s "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" shows.

It was at this point that the savage and revengeful Emperor Pilus was succeeded by one of his most ambitious followers, Homunculus. Thus, he who was to enforce his slightest whim on the helpless populace rose from a servile and obscure position to the supreme office of the state. In stature, Homunculus was of a lowly height; his wild and peculiar mode of dress—his vile battered hat and antique coat—at once surprised and terrified the barbarian soldiers of the army. Content for a while to amaze his court and army by wandering vacantly amongst them in his mean and squalid garments, muttering strangely, Homunculus soon decided to wrest the entire power of the state into his own hands.

The opportunity for his consuming ambition occurred shortly after, at the first meeting of the Trinity Senate. Unfortunately for his dark schemes, the assembled people of the city had already chosen their leaders in popular elections. Homunculus had no jurisdiction over the Senate, but resolved to gain control over it. In this way the last vestiges of Roman freedom were to be destroyed. To further his designs, he suborned a female senator from Gaul, known from her origin simply as "French." It required little art on the part of Homunculus to induce this female to act against the popular interest, as she was already remarkable for her abject submission to authority.

Homunculus now convened a meeting of the Senate, at which he was to preside, and dictate the arbitrary measures he had resolved upon. This action was totally unlawful, but Emperor Homunculus exerted the full powers of imperial authority; so succeeding in over-riding law and liberty at one stroke. The Senate assembled at the appointed day on the Regentine hill. Led by their president, Barbarossa, the freely-elected representatives of an hitherto unchained people sat each in his appointed place. At this juncture the Emperor entered, followed by his unscrupulous myrmidon, French. Hastily bestowing himself on the throne of the Caesars. Homunculus announced abruptly that the president, Barbarossa, was to be replaced by an imperial nominee, as yet unnamed. The features of the senator French were seen to be wreathed in smiles.

Following up this ignoble victory, Homunculus ruled that the two quarters of the city overawed by the imperial palace, known as Historical and Philosophical, should elect three members each, as against one each from the other quarters. On the Senate's objecting to this patently unjust state of affairs, Homunculus cunningly allowed a vote—in which, however, the Historical and



Philosophical parties were defeated by the votes of the patriotic senators. Foiled, the Emperor promptly declared himself Chairman of the Senate, with semi-dictatorial powers. Having, by these extraordinary measures, gained control of the Senate, he turned to the lictors, whose duty it was to make public the accounts of senatorial proceedings. In a few fierce words, he ordered them to publish an account to be drawn up by himself, and decreed that no other version of these events should be made known to the people.

So ended this memorable meeting. The Senate had passed completely under imperial control, and the people were now unrepresented.

CHAPTER V.

Rise of Barbarossa—overthrow and death of Homunculus, together with his creature French—succession of Barbarossa to the imperial throne.

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Ferris endeavoured to interest her in his blazer badge.

Chris, "Hair-style" O'Kelly played the strong, silent type to two junior fresh discoveries of Ewan's. The J.D. arrived, but preferred not to hang his coat on the door "in case someone took it away, more by design than by accident."

Raymond Kennedy expressed surprise that Gay Turtle had given up smoking and tested her by offering his last half-smoked one. An aspect of beauty was given to the scene by the presence of Nicky Howes and Brigid Pike. Someone discovered it was Ewan's birthday; the usual songs were sung. Ewan was made to say a few disjointed words.

The International Affairs party on Tuesday was generally voted a success by those choice spirits who attended. Jarek Pieckiewicz and his pretty better half were handing out drinks to all and sundry and Bamboos David. Jan Kamienski, with memories of stern combats with crashers at his Crofton House venture, had posted a policeman at the door. Any turbulent spirits who did get past him and his fellow-sentinel, Mike Brereton, the judo king, were awed by the presence of Ronnie Taylor and Danae Talalumba. Nick Tolstoy drowned his reactionary sorrows in a fatal mixture of wine and vodka. Nick Westby had a prolonged conversation in the passage with a fair fräulein whom he had abducted from Andrew de Podreadzky, Trinity's Hungarian heart-throb. Frank Redacre, the toast of No. 6, regaled a group of junior fresh girls with some of his choicer tales.

Letters to the Editor

NATIONAL SERVICE

There have been important changes in the regulations for call-up which will affect all men seeking employment in 1957 and 1958. Men born in 1940 or later will not be called up, and it is unlikely that those born in the latter half of 1939 will be needed. It is planned to call up men born in early 1939 and before, though indefinite deferment will now be granted to graduates with first or second class Honors who take up teaching in a recognised school. Rather surprisingly, teaching in technical institutions or universities does not carry deferment. Arts graduates are only deferred under this new regulation if they have a diploma in education. Geographers should note that their subject comes under the classification "arts" for this purpose.

Anyone with a first-class Honor degree in science or engineering will still be deferred indefinitely, provided they take up work for which their degree is necessary. And certain other work in the Scientific or Overseas Civil Service, the Atomic Energy Authority, in industry, the Patent Office, in coal-mining, agriculture or the merchant navy post-pones National Service indefinitely.

Men normally resident in Ireland—North or South—or from overseas, are still not liable for call-up until they have resided in England for two years, whilst Englishmen who are absent from the country for a month or more in their last year of liability are liable for call-up until 36. How these regulations will be interpreted over the next two years is anyone's guess.

The changes have influenced English employers' attitudes to Irish graduates who have not done National Service. They are now willing to employ scientists or engineers and risk whether they lose them after two years. But arts men are still generally not acceptable (unless, of course, they are likely to be sent overseas in 12 months or so), though most employers like to see men before they are called up and in some cases make an offer conditional on National Service. Thus whilst the scientist has little to worry about, the arts man will still have to decide whether to grasp the nettle of National Service. It should be unnecessary to add that the arts man who teaches until he passes out of liability and then seeks to change occupations is not likely to find the change easy. There are few "trainee" posts available for those over 26, whilst most Civil Service competitions have an upper age limit of 24.

J. K. Hudson.

Dear Sir.—The Trinity members of the Irish Mountaineering Club would be grateful if you would publish the following short notice somewhere fairly prominently in your coming issue:

All climbers are asked to join the Irish Mountaineering Club, the oldest and leading climbing club in Ireland.

Do you climb? If you do, please join us. Do you want to begin climbing, in the company of Ireland's leading mountaineers? If you do, please join us.

We meet in the hills and on the cliffs every week-end. We hold indoor meetings every Thursday at 8 p.m. To-night, Mr. Frank Winder will be lecturing about rock climbs all over Ireland, and our visitors will include Mr. Eric Shipton, the Himalayan veteran.

Clubrooms and meeting place every Thursday: 16 Lower Mount Street (downstairs).

Student subscription is only 7/6, a mere third of the full fee.

Sec. R. M. Middleton, 13 College, or R. J. Wathen (passim).—Yours faithfully,

Ronnie J. Wathen.

Archaeological Outing

There will be an outing of the Archaeological Society on Sunday, November 10th, to Rathmichael. The bus (No. 45) leaves Burgh Quay at 11.0.

This evening, Professor James Tierney will be speaking to the U.C.D. Archaeological Society on "The Earliest Maps." The meeting, which will be held in the Pathology Theatre in U.C.D., begins at 7.30 p.m.

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SPORTS NEWS

Rugby

One Point Decides

Defeat and Disappointment

Old Belvedere, 12 pts.; Dublin University, 11 pts.

TWO tries in the last twelve minutes by Old Belvedere brought an abrupt end to Trinity's hopes of winning this match. The result was not the only unsatisfactory outcome in a game marred by some mysterious decisions by the referee.

The rain of the morning held off as the players took the field at Anglesea Road on Saturday. The ground, however, was quite heavy and the ball somewhat slippery. These conditions promised hard work for all, a promise which from the touchline was apparently fulfilled. Mistakes were plentiful on both sides, while the forwards had to play a much more strenuous rôle than they did in previous matches this season and this, together with an injury to Nisbet, brought about Trinity's downfall in the closing stages.

Incidents were rare in the opening phase of the game as the teams tried to master the conditions, Old Belvedere using the kick for touch, while Trinity attempted to play an open game. The first scoring chance came after 8 minutes when Reid-Smith was unsuccessful with a penalty kick. De Wet produced some of his characteristic bursts, but was nicely beaten by a dummy and left pondering on the ground.

Old Belvedere opened the scoring after a brilliant run by their full-back led to a dropped kick by Blennerhassett with half an hour gone. Just before half-time Steen was presented with an opportunity close to the Old Belvedere line and thus became only the third Trinity player to score this season. It was, however, Reid-Smith's turn again as he converted.

The lead changed hands early in the second half as O'Brien kicked a penalty goal, making the score 6-5 to the home side. Marking was popular with Old Belvedere, who also tried deep kicking. Henry fielded these kicks well, but too frequently failed to make touch.

An excellent foot rush by the Trinity forwards ended in a penalty which Reid-Smith drove over with great determination from about 35 yards. Once again Trinity were in the lead and, apparently, refreshed by this and a shower of rain, played much better. Forward rushes became the order of the day, with O'Connor prominent. Two penalties were awarded to Trinity, the second of which was successful and brought the score up to 6-11 and Reid-Smith's tally to 25 points out of Trinity's aggregate of 34 this season.

Nisbet suffered a shoulder injury and O'Connor took over at scrum-half. Old Belvedere pressed as Trinity seemed tired and would not get together. A try was awarded as Coyle touched down a little dubiously. Nisbet left the field with the Trinity lead reduced to two points.

Old Belvedere continued to attack and were rewarded as Tracey scored near the corner to give them victory by the odd point of 23.

The five point lead built up by Trinity should have been sufficient and the game ended in an atmosphere of disappointment. There were occasional bursts of brilliance from the more established players, while Holmes, Du Plessis and Smythe had their moments among the lesser lights.

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It would be difficult to find a more peculiar looking collection of sportsmen than those who indulge in beagling. This is no insult, but rather praise for their social outlook and shows that it is a poor man's sport, without being less illustrious. From the Master, with his smart green uniform, down to the whippers-in and kennelmen, who wear literally anything, there is great loyalty.

Off they go then over ploughland and swamp, through spinney and kale, as they have done for centuries. The word Beagling originated from the Gaelic "beag," meaning small, but the sport was written about as early as 400 B.C. by Xenophon and was apparently very similar to its present form. Up to 30 couples may chase a poor unfortunate hare, but the creature with his white scut bobbing seems to have a fifty-fifty chance of escaping. The more hares there are, the more confusion they cause the pack.

Hockey

Another Win for 2nd XI.

Dublin University, 5; Dalkey, 0.

ON Saturday last, the 1st XI continued on their winning way with a 5-0 victory over Dalkey. This match was even more one-sided than the score would suggest.

Had Trinity reached double figures it would perhaps have been a fairer reflection of their superiority. Yet it is difficult to assess the merit of Trinity's victory for, truth to tell, this was a deplorably weak Dalkey side. Later in the afternoon a dashing Trinity 2nd XI, in scoring a fine victory over Three Rock Rovers II, looked a distinctly better combination. To improve the standard of hockey in Leinster it is surely necessary to restrict the number of senior clubs; whether there be a league or no seems of secondary importance. A match such as last Saturday's can have brought little satisfaction to either side.

The game was strangely devoid of incident. The Trinity defence was never troubled by a Dalkey forward line which has succeeded in scoring only two goals this season. The Trinity forwards, after combining very well in the first half, rather slackened their efforts thereafter; however, with an interval lead of three clear goals, this was probably only to be expected. A fine through pass from Lavan sent Findlater in for the first score; a few minutes later Wheeler demonstrated the value of following in hard by scoring the second, and before half-time Findlater went through the Dalkey defence to score a splendid third goal.

During a prolonged siege of the Dalkey goal in the second half, Lavan and Findlater added to Trinity's score. Trinity were sadly lacking in only one respect; this was their complete inability to profit from the large number of corners which they forced during the match. This is a weakness that can only be put right with hard practice.

The 2nd XI, in the match referred to above, won by 3-0, inside-left Haskins scoring a hat-trick. This side is a happy blend of old faces and new and amongst them are a few players who will be challenging for the 1st XI in the not too distant future.

SATURDAY SPECIAL

This Saturday there is racing at that favourite of courses — Leopardstown. The main race of the day will be the Leopardstown November Handicap at 3.30, with a prize of 500 sovereigns. If Stephanotis is running, I can see no danger to him. In his absence, however, Darn should be successful. Solartrano was a favourite who disappointed last time out, but might return to form in the 1.30. In the 2.0, Steel Friend, who ran well at Gowran Park, looks a good each-way bet. For the best horse of the day I would select Shah Jehan in the 2.30. In the remaining races, Crosby's Choice (3.0) and Onthejob (4.0) ought to be out in front. See you there.

"Colonel Tottering."

AFOOT IN THE THICKET

Confusion may also arise as the beagles come across a regiment on manoeuvres, a shooting party or a fox-hunt; this is not often, but a beagling party always arouses the curiosity of small boys who join in the adventure. As the hare is run to ground, more often than not close to a country inn like the "Hare and Hounds," the spoil is divided. The Master is presented with the head, while the whippers-in receive a foot apiece. Cruel, maybe, but the hares must be laughing now, as the dog-containing satellite encircles the earth. Foot hunting is the art of venery at its highest, since the hare is the fastest and wildest of all quarries. Perhaps the sheer delight of removing the plimsol from a tired and soaking foot with the thought of that pint only a few moments away, while a small boy is heard to remark, "E ain't arf got an 'ole in 'is sock," best explains why people, male and female, go beagling.

Ladies Fashions

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Ladies Hockey

Dublin University 1
Pembroke Wanderers 5

Trinity's opening match was played at Trinity Hall on a pitch apparently unharmed by last week's heavy rain. Wanderers, fielding two international forwards, were a constant danger in the circle. Nevertheless, Trinity began well in truly aggressive fashion, setting the pace and hitting long, hard passes.

Although encouraging, this lively midfield play was of no avail as the forwards missed numerous scoring opportunities, lacking both thrust and combination inside the circle. At half-time, Wanderers, leading one-nil, might have been in a better position but for some excellent saves by goalie E. Irvine and sound defensive play by J. Palmer and E. Roche.

Immediately after half-time Wanderers netted their second goal, but Trinity replied with a fine shot by G. Ruddock, who was the most thrustful of the inside forwards on Saturday's play. Wanderers were constantly attacking until the final whistle, and were rewarded with three goals in the last 20 minutes. The bad passing of the forwards and the burden put upon the defence showed up the lack of training which was chiefly responsible for Trinity's defeat. Trinity were beaten by a more experienced and better balanced side, but it is hoped that all have learned something from Saturday's mistakes.

CLUBS IN THE NEWS

Perhaps the triple victory of the Squash Club on Tuesday may be considered a good omen. Prospects seem hopeful with an almost embarrassing complex of keen new blood of about Rambler standard. Even D. Pratt was so infected with new enthusiasm as not only to turn up, but to romp home in three games with a polished international's strokes. And, thanks perhaps to antiquity of his opponent, J. Gillam poked his way to victory. Also, Hon. A. Bonar-Law only dropped two games with his panting and bounding and cap and whiskers intimidation of his opponent.

The Boat Club are training Maidens in preparation for the novices' match against Queen's in Belfast on December 6th.

The Golf Club are accepting entries for the Wisdom Shield's foursome competition, which is played over the last 12 holes of the Grange.

The Association Football Club were beaten in a match against G. Wheeler's XI by 7-1, but lived to play U.C.D. yesterday.



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