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Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

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Result of Campaign

Three weeks after its inception, Trinity's Christmas Gifts for Refugee Children Campaign is still going strong. As it nears its close, the organisers may safely claim a resounding success. But although the shouting and the tumult has died around Front Gate, and the shine faded from College shoes, there remains plenty of hard work for Mr. Milner and his helpers.

At the start, the Gifts for Children Campaign and the World University Service's Campaign were quite separate. The W.U.S. set out to raise funds for the World Refugee Year from within College, while the Gifts for Children appeal was made to the whole of Dublin. The W.U.S. will be able to contribute both to the Irish Red Cross and to the U.K. Committee of the World Refugee Year. Their efforts are rounded off by Friday's fashion show at the Royal Hibernian Hotel, organised by H. and S. Khonsari.

So enthusiastic was the response to the appeal, and so brisk the trade at Front Gate, that the Gifts for Children campaign extended their reception arrangements until Wednesday. The latest estimates available were that there were enough materials for 250 more parcels, 500 having been packed already. If all the money collected were to be used to buy more materials, the eventual number of parcels could be well over 1,000. Each of these parcels is intended for one child, and contains sweets, chocolate, cakes, tinned fruit and Christmas pudding, and a toy of some sort, while any clothes collected will be sent direct to the camp authorities.

There have been setbacks; the "bring-a-gift" reception at the Gresham was not a success, despite the utmost generosity of the management, and the sterling work of A. Bainbridge and P. Hinchcliffe. There are still pressing problems, particularly concerning transport and distribution of the parcels. But even so, the success of the campaign reveals some very heartening trends. Mr. Milner wishes to thank all those who have worked so hard and donated so much, and tells us that over 100 people have so far given their services, in a wide variety of tasks, and that at least £100 has been collected, from students alone, in the last week. These figures show that Trinity has risen nobly to the occasion. This may be partly because the campaign is something quite new, and the novelty appealed dramatically to many better natures. However, the willingness of College societies to help raise funds, and favourable reaction to the whole campaign are encouraging signs that Trinity students are awake to the plight of the refugee.

One of the most important aspects of the entire affair is the admiration for the College which has been aroused in Dublin. Trinity has given a lead in providing an opportunity for practical charity, and tariffed a spirit rarely reached by the average Dublin flag-day. The results of this campaign will be appreciated in practical form, in Western Germany; their significance here should not go unnoticed.

Meet

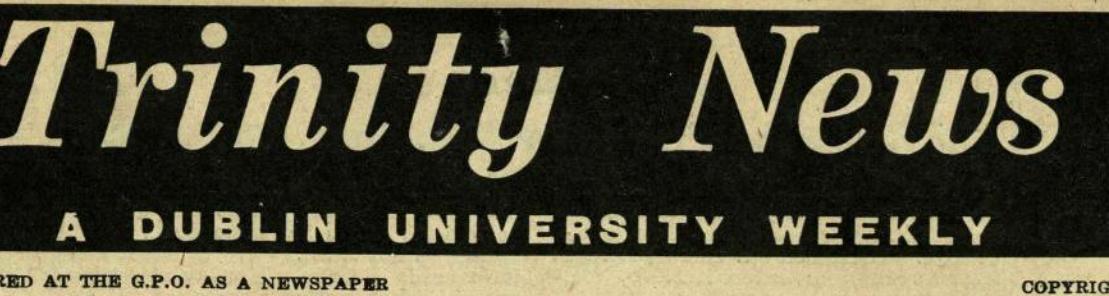
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The First Christmas

—Courtesy *Irish Independent*.

"—And there were in the same country shepherds watching and keeping the night watches over their flock. And behold an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round about them, and they feared with a great fear. And the angel said to them: Fear not; for behold I bring you tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people: for this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you. You shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God and saying: Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of goodwill."

—St. Luke II, 8-15.

Sound and Fury

Plays: "As We Were," by Arthur Adamov, and "The Maids," by Jean Genet. Players' Theatre, November 30th.

One wonders to what limits the D.U. Players will go to put on the most obscure and incomprehensible of plays. Their two end-of-term productions, "As We Were," by Arthur Adamov, and "The Maids" by Jean Genet, unfortunately, unlike the poetry in this year's "Icarus" wallow in obscurity and do not emerge triumphant from the struggle. Those who hope to see good, satisfying theatre will be bored at the sight of one first-class actor in embryo and five first-class actresses attempting to make the best of what must be two of the heaviest short plays ever written. In no way is this entertainment, but rather suffocation under heavy blankets of culture. By all means I realise the function of Players is to play up to our intelligence and not insult it. Be avant-garde and most of us are still with them, but if they like to be just that little bit cleverer and be garde-avant, then they are on their own.

The two plays have three characters each, and the only thing one can say for certain about them is that they are all quite raving mad. They have their exits and entrances, their own conceptions of what did, is, and is going to happen. In their own worlds they act, live the parts of others and shout out loud for no provocation. They say nothing, or mean anything, of importance. There is not even the slightest self-identification, thank God, with any of the characters, or any sympathy for their problems. Rather did one's heart go out to them for such fine, yet wasted, efforts.

The acting redeemed the evening and the Players can be sure of a better future with better plays if they can retain the services of the Freshmen in "As We Were." Ralph Bates will find it hard to throw off the name of

Trinity's Louis Jourdan," but he would do well to copy that actor's more forceful delivery and not to be too pianissimo. Linda Stephenson travelled under an obnoxious accent and received good support from Christine Badham, though both never at any time were capable of acting the part of advanced ladies. Here the choice of the play was again at fault.

In "The Maids," quite outstanding performances were given by all three actresses—Anne Leonard and Sybil Ennis as the Lesbian chamber-maids and Gillian Crampton as Madame. The exchanges between the maids and their anything but child-like play-acting of the relationship between mistress and maid was powerful stuff, but, as always, it led nowhere, and though taking great trouble to construct, they remained "shabby, godless nuns without an altar." One of the gems of the play was the sorrowfully brief appearance of Miss Crampton in the almost (dare I say?) Wildean character of the real mistress of the house.

Lord Northcliffe said that anyone could make a mistake—once. My opinion, for what it is worth, and this I stress, is that Players have made their mistake now. By choosing to perform such abstruse and meaningless French plays, from what is surely the greatest short-story reserve in the world, they have priced themselves out of the intellectual market. This should not happen again, for people will not pay to be hopelessly confused and bored. Terence Brady as Chairman and John Jay as Producer should lower their sights and yet still maintain their company's superb presentation even in this, the most deadly form of theatre to date.

All will do service if they go and view these plays, which will probably run for at least another week, and then register their protests against Mr. Brady and Mr. Jay—or against me

Anthony C. Gynn.

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Guilty but Insane

It is 8.35 p.m., Tuesday, December 1st. As Bovril vies with moonbeams on the roof of No. Four and in the world the traffic whispers home, a still attentive audience within the pastelled elegance of Regent House is listening to a slim, dark, older-than-years young man. He speaks with practised elegance and all the understanding fluency, simplicity learnt in the kindergarten of the Hist., and yet he does not hector or proound or baffle, for his own geniality has long since swept away the cobwebs of conceit and seriousness of mind. Tonight, three years of loyal service are rewarded as he speaks to that most keen of critics, the Law Society, of Insanity and Crime, preceding, as is his proper privilege, a judge, psychologist, professor and a barrister. And yet the subject of his words cannot prevent his twinkling smile from breaking through, nor can the sober training of the law obscure the puzzled charm and unpretentious modesty with which he makes his many, many friends; for he seeks not the personal glory of his office, but to serve with full democracy his own society. His name is Basil Holland, and to-night, to-night is his guest night, when, as the best of hosts must do, he makes content his friends and silences his non-existent enemies.

Near to him sit those whose loyalty unswerving have encouraged him throughout; the Treasurer, with his honest, ruddy, turn-of-the-century face; the Librarian, scholastically dignified; the Secretary, his face worn not with worries but with smiles; the three Committees, one, peerless in a year of speeches; and two girls who with their charm have brought the rainbow to the monotone of Law. The Chairman, as did Cicero one religion ago, contemplates his pupils and does exchange respect and honour, wondering which one of these will win the golden spurs of fame and which will be the village Hampdens with the fires of chivalry not yet quenched by ambition's pride. The Auditor speaks on and with the excellence quickens minds that they may later hear again, subconsciously and comprehendingly, all the living, common truths within the Law, and from these words take greater understanding of the greatest law of all, which we call Life.

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THURSDAY, 3RD DECEMBER, 1959

EXPECTATION

If Junior Freshmen think their first term has passed quickly then they would be appalled at the speed at which a Sophister term rockets by. Like succeeding years, succeeding terms grow shorter as we find we have less time for each of our many more commitments and interests. Incapacity in anything, even the proverbial pint pot, is more satisfying than a dearth in affairs with its consequent boredom and search for something to do. A speaker is more satisfied when hundreds are turned away from the doors than when those very hundreds sitting before him would make his speech worth while—no matter what its quality.

Though the terms may move swiftly, their respective characters are generally agreed upon: the Hilary term is cold and dark and boring with an air of impatience for summer; the Trinity term is long (as far as daylight is concerned), and warm and expensive, though it is thought to be the best term: the Michaelmas term, however, presents a kind of enigma—at all stages of a course it is novel (since a new year has begun) and it is overshadowed by an air of expectancy.

It is hard to give examples of this expectancy, but it certainly exists. It is the magic feeling of the Michaelmas term. It is the advent of Christmas—the ever-fresh, ever-joyful festival of Christendom. Most of us have experienced at least twenty celebrations of the feast, yet always there remains a mystic attraction attached to its many forms—the midnight service, the greatest effort for the greatest dinner of the year, the contentment on the faces of young and old.

Christmas is never a bore: any other event celebrated once every twelve months and anticipated for four months would be held in contempt for its familiarity. Not so Christmas, and though many complain of its hardships, they would be loth to see it go.

The student returning from college to celebrate Christmas with his family must, to a certain extent, alter his approach and remember he no longer is the leader in his own little world but a member of a more permanent unit. In this way will the universal Christmas message of peace to men of goodwill permeate upwards from the home to the nations of the world.

God knows we need the peace of Christmas more to-day than ever before.

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PROFILE

The Reverend Precentor A. A. Luce, D.D., S.F.T.C.D.

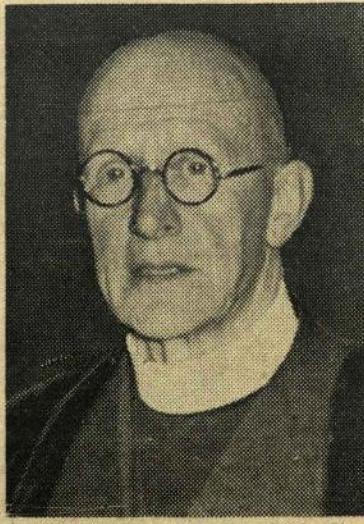
Arthur Aston Luce is the son of a Gloucestershire clergyman and received his secondary education at Eastbourne College. Then, after a short period in business life, he entered T.C.D. His preliminary years included a trip to Smyrna, where he acquired an interest in the Syriac language which later proved valuable in our Divinity School and helped him to attract the notice of my father Dr. John Gwynn, then Regius Professor of Divinity, who saw in this unusual student a promising recruit for Biblical linguistic scholarship and was delighted to find him an adept in the arduous task of dealing with ancient scripts; this gift later enabled him to give valuable help in the highly important publication of our two most famous MSS., the Book of Kells and her even earlier sister, the Book of Durrow.

Luce had been well grounded in the Latin and Greek Classics at school, but did not at first find time for our Honor course, preferring to take a Pass B.A., while spending several years as an assistant master at Ireland's famous and beautiful school, St. Columba's College, Rathfarnham, set high in the Dublin hills with a glorious view over the plain and its eastern seaward boundary. On a memorable St. Patrick's Day (March 17th), he and I walked through deep snow across heights and valleys to find Lough Bray ensconced in a truly majestic setting where the great Military Road strides southwards through Sally Gap to and beyond Glendalough and Glenmalure. I think he then revealed to me his ambition of taking an Honor course in Classics, as another St. Columba's master, Robert (afterwards Sir Robert) Tate had done with the same object of winning Fellowship at the open competition each June.

For this it was necessary to qualify with high marks in Classics and Philosophy. The latter subject was new to Luce, as it had been to Tate, but each of them found an inspiring guide in the brilliant lectures of H. S. Macran. Our Classical School had reached the peak of its most famous period, when we numbered among its teachers, Palmer, Tyrrell, Louis Purser, Starkie (W. J.), Fury, Beare, Abbott and others of equal calibre. It was, therefore, no small undertaking for a man to hold his own against the pupils of such an array and this, too, when the candidate must also exhibit a talent for Philosophy, even

when as yet unproved in Honors. Tate had shown that this was no vain quest—could Luce attain the same goal?

Luce is not a man easy to daunt and the records of Trinity Monday attest his success. But perhaps most of all he values the pearl of great price secured by the daring of his dive, for this tiro is now himself Doyen of our School of Mental and Moral Science, nobly renay-



—Photo courtesy Irish Times.

ing his Alma Mater by the service done to one of her noblest sons. George Berkeley is indeed one of whom T.C.D. has every right to be proud and all of us are grateful to Dr. Luce for establishing him as one of the most eminent among modern thinkers.

Second only to this service to humanity, one may thank Luce for his service to sport, wherein he may be esteemed a rival to Izaak Walton. Freshwater angling may rank among the occupations to which a reasonable human being may devote a substantial share of his leisure. So thinks Luce, and this autumn he has published a book, charming alike in style and format, wherein he discourses of the spell which haunts the waters of Boyne, Liffey and Connemara, and the thoughts which arise in the mind of the true angler—"Fishing and Thinking" is a book which every T.C.D. man should possess.

R. M. Gwynn,
(Honorary Fellow, T.C.D.).

En passant...

The editor of "T.C.D." was, of course, very right to spotlight last week those who can only complain about the standard of College journalism and are themselves quite incapable of either suggesting improvements or offering suitable material of their own. In this context the well-known saying of Dr. Johnson that a judge does not have to kill a man before he can hear a case of murder does not hold good. Those who attempt to criticise most of their nature have standards which they consider qualify them to pass judgment. A far more heinous crime, however, which the "Miscellany" did not mention is that of being a popular chap and passing one copy of a paper to as many as twelve friends during a lecture. It would be hard to find a more efficient way of undermining effort and restricting growth. A university gets the journals and journalists it deserves.

In the days of the Dublin Horse Show just after the Treaty it was always amusing to watch the pettiness in the crowd. During the playing of "The Soldiers' Song" the Northerners would remain seated with their hats on, and during "God Save the King" the Southerners would set up a rumpus. Perhaps this would explain the fact that fate is not tempted at international matches at Lansdowne Road and the British national anthem never played. It can only be viewed as a continuation of this pettiness, and it is ironical to see that the Southerners tire as quickly as anyone of their anthem and they recognise its stirring beat only when innocently whistled by a student from abroad.

Grafton St. is becoming "Christmassy" and one risks a life walking its length in a high wind. The idea is good, for the street is prosperous and could become even more so, but the overall effect is flimsy and the tinkling bells are a dead loss under the noise of the traffic. It is also a pity that the scheme only comes into its own in complete darkness, since during the day the big stores with their superb window displays are disfigured and from a distance the great Grafton St. looks like a murky alleyway in Naples with line upon line of washing hanging from the upstairs windows.

The suggestion of Padraic Colum in the "Irish Times" that the statue of Thomas Moore should be moved from its position opposite the blank wall of the Bank of Ireland to a more suitable position on a now vacant pedestal in St. Stephen's Green is not a new one. If my reading stands me in good stead, the idea was first voiced by Leopold Bloom in "Ulysses," as he progressed after Paddy Dignam's funeral in Glasnevin to

his favourite pub in Duke St. Approaching Trinity from O'Connell Bridge, he was forced to ask himself why Moore had lorded it over a urinal for so long.

The emergence of a genuine pseudo-intellectual society in Oxford has worried those who are proud of the record nominal allegiance of the Laurentian Society, in case the idea catches on in Trinity.

No matter how much we progress in wealth, in knowledge and in comfort, the poor in spirit will always be with us. How pathetic to read the growing number of appeals at Front Gate for the return of stolen property and the notice in the Reading Room that special times have been fixed for the hearing of complaints about "lost" property. And now Dubliners stand by as Gardai grapple with attackers in Moore Street and environs, not once but twice. Public apathy, and in the latter example even assistance of the wrong-doer, cannot be deplored strongly enough. Those who are paid anything but princely sums to protect us need as much co-operation from us as possible in their task.

The dying wish of a Japanese professor who was beaten to death by some of his students a week ago to-day at St. Paul's University, Tokyo, was that his attackers should not be punished for what they had done. The university authorities decided to confer posthumously on the professor the degree of doctor emeritus of literature to be presented to his widow after the funeral in the college chapel. It seems rather rough that the widow would by such a strange ordeal have to pay for what the students had done, but as a chapter in university relations it is at least interesting to see how the other half lives.

W. M. Scott, of 38 College, is hoping that Lord Longford would consider housing his performance of "The Beggar's Opera" in the Gate Theatre. There will, of course, be certain stipulations.

An opera-lover called Will Decided we'd not had our fill, So in mood not irate, He asked for the Gate On condition he filled up the till.

The writing of a column similar to this has been perhaps a thankless but continually hard task this term, and its creation at all has been due very often to the views and ideas of others, especially the larger daily newspapers and certain city barmen. One is put in mind of the story of another of our more famous Trinity men, Oscar Wilde, who, on having heard a friend deliver a rather apt witticism, expressed the wish that he had thought of the remark: "Don't worry, Oscar," said his friend. "You will!"

College Observed...

A prominent member of the Mod. Lang. staff, waving himself at Front Gate, was overheard bemoaning the fact that outside of Flynn's lounge-bar it was impossible to take the last two weeks of lecture-term seriously. Surely it's nothing to bemoan. A parallel argument could probably be applied to the first two also, thank goodness; and as the resultant three weeks are far too short a period to be taken anything but frivolously, everybody is happy except Dr. Stanford.

However, no one can seriously deny that these last ten days or so are a bewildering mixture. Student activity flares into life, a sort of self-reassurance that all is not yet stone dead. A spark it may be, but one of an unhealthy flush—the farewell frenzy before the end.

Let's diagnose the symptoms. The front entrance to College becomes the most expensive toll-gate in the Occident. It becomes a mongrel of Hampstead Fair and a poor man's Petticoat Lane. We even have a nomadic dwelling this year, and outside at that. The populace crowd around, but no one seems quite sure when the Punch-and-Judy man is going to begin. We are cajoled by costers or killed with kindness, and generally badgered by hawkers extraordinaries. Amazons from "Choral" are warming up for a sot of vacation work in Berwick Market. We are assured earnestly that they sing as well as they shout. Let's hope they don't sing as they shout. "Players" have a prominent stall. The "Maids" are performing once nightly and quite understandably everyone wants to see Mr. Jay's technique. The Icarians are the other species, killing with kindness. They have the nerve to smile, be polite, yet contrive to pick your pocket at the same moment. The Christmas cardites just smiled and gave up, a benign smile, the condemned man inviting you to die with him for kicks. The presentations for this term are completed by our own stall to-day and Moffat's motley to-morrow. There is a rumour that James Graham will be operating a candy-floss tricycle next week, all profits to go to Jan Kaminski's Christmas tree fund, but as Mr. Graham is still negotiating with Ian Foster for a loan of his tricycle, the prospect is still in the balance.

But before we, the sellers, completely condemn ourselves, the buyers' houses should be put in order. There are a small core of incredibly ill-mannered individuals in College. A Junior Freshman had the impudence the other day, on being asked a civil question, to reply with a blank stare. It may suit his face, the blander the better, but it doesn't our patience. Such is not the language of the tutored, nor we thought of the Teutonic. As my companion at the time remarked: "What is the Bay coming to—the byre?"

Then there are other unrelated symptoms of the great exodus to come. Penny Gibbon has bought a book. Harkers was seen in the P. and O. trying to get change of a cheque for ten pounds, and Richard Huenerdorff taking his annual Tio Pepe in Mooneys. Guy Milner is looking for somewhere to store a bedroom full of bricks, and Billy Gibbons has got housemaid's knee. Mr. Gibbons has either been doing too much boot-blacking or entreating of his female fan-club. If we knew what he has been entreating we might be able to account for all the refusals.

Perhaps the most reliable guide of all as to the ineluctable march of term time, apart from the colour of the Osman shirt, is the length of Michael Leahy's hair. My statistician friends assure me that with the aid of a micrometer, this infallible sign of the times would render a degree of accuracy correct to plus or minus thirty-eight minutes. Mr. Leahy is either short of money or there's a barber in the family. We don't believe the first.

Is anyone in a position to confirm or refute the rumour that William Oddie has chartered a Boeing 707 to land in College Park, in competition with the excellent scheme arranged by the S.R.C.? Apart from the nominal permission necessary from Dr. Godfrey for the demolition of the entire Chemistry school, the pavilion and the Attic privy in the Fellows' Garden, it is a very real threat that Mr. Morris and his i/c's should view with alarm. Mr. Oddie assures me that by a slashing of overheads, and the ruthless exclusion of all middlemen (even Mr. Bontoft), he will be able to offer an attractive return fare to London around the popular figure of £110.

As usual, "Trinity News" will be publishing a Careers Supplement with the first issue of next term (February 4th, 1960).

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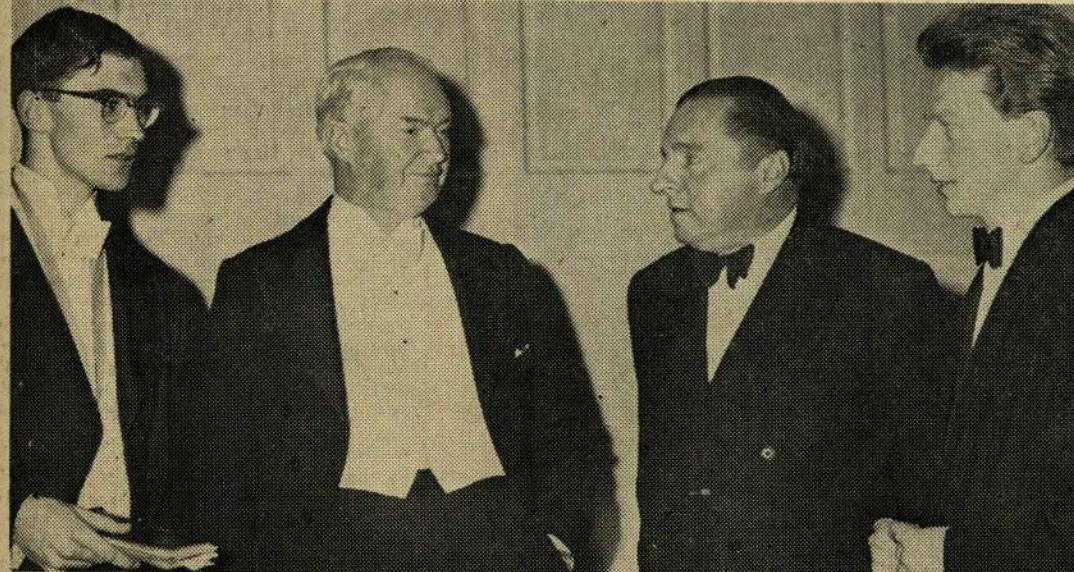
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Hyde and Mackey Agree— Return Casement's Remains

SPEAKING to a paper read before the "Phil." last Thursday evening by Mr. T. H. Daniels, Mr. Montgomery Hyde declared that he was willing to support Dr. H. O. Mackey in his efforts in having Casement's mortal remains returned to Ireland. Dr. Mackey had previously said that Casement's remains were illegally held by the British Government. He quoted a British statute of 1870, which says that "in cases of murder ONLY, are the bodies of executed prisoners to be buried in prison ground."

Mr. T. H. Daniels, in a penetrating paper which can justly be called brilliant, traced the chequered course of Casement's career. From his early days as an orphan; through his untiring work on behalf of the natives in the Belgian Congo, and later in Putumayo, which was to earn him a knighthood from the British Government; to what proved to be his fateful contribution to the cause of Irish freedom, which was to lead finally to his dramatic trial and traitor's death.



—Photo by courtesy of Irish Press

Mr. T. H. Daniels, Essayist (extreme right), with Mr. David Bird (President of the Phil.), Dr. Herbert O. Mackey (Chairman, Casement Repatriation Committee) and Mr. H. M. Montgomery Hyde, Q.C., photographed prior to Mr. Daniels' paper on Casement.



—Photo courtesy of Irish Times

Roger David Casement (1864-1916).

Dealing with Casement's abortive gun-running episode to Tralee in April, 1916, Mr. Daniels recalled the terms of an agreement, signed between himself and the German leaders in Berlin prior to his departure on his last mission. By signing this agreement, Casement was, in effect, sealing his own death warrant, for one of the articles of the agreement stated that if it were impossible to use Casement's Irish Brigade (which he had recruited from amongst Irish prisoners of war in Germany) in Ireland, then the Brigade might at Casement's discretion be used in Egypt against the British. Mr. Daniels declared: "I do not believe that Casement ever seriously intended using the Brigade in Egypt, although he may have found it necessary to make some pseudo promise to the German authorities."

Turning to the controversial topic of the Diaries, Mr. Daniels had several telling points. No one had ever suspected anything abnormal about Casement's behaviour, until "copies" of the Diaries were freely circulated during and after his trial, in both England and America; with the object of blackening his character and alienating sympathy among those who might otherwise support a plea for his reprieve. Moreover, the British Government has never denied that the alleged Diaries were not forgeries. Furthermore, they have consistently refused, and still refuse, objective technical examination of the originals. However, the main importance of the diaries, forgeries or otherwise, in connection with the trial was to ruin all hope of Casement's reprieve. In this respect the British authorities succeeded. Nevertheless, there is strong circumstantial evidence pointing to the possibility of the Diaries having been forged.

Mr. Montgomery Hyde, in rising to propose his vote of thanks, complimented Mr. Daniels on his excellent paper, which he hoped would expand into a longer work. He mentioned the various biographies which have so far been written about Casement, but the authoritative and definite biography has yet to come. Continuing, he said this was a difficult task before someone, on account of the wealth of material available to the investigator. He suggested that Mr. Daniels might be the right person to undertake this serious work. This remark was well received by a packed house of over 260 members and visitors, which included such distinguished people as St. John Gogarty, Gavan Duffy and Capt. Michael John Keogh, the sole remaining survivors of Casement's Irish Brigade.

Continuing, Mr. Hyde said that he was the first person to see the actual Diaries. He had examined them very carefully and was satisfied that they were genuine and that they were in Casement's handwriting and had not been tampered with.

Dealing with the conduct of Casement's trial, Mr. Hyde considered that the most incriminating evidence against Casement was the possible intention to use the Irish Brigade in Egypt, as is shown by the context of his agreement with the German leaders. This document, he said, played a decisive part in the ultimate decision of the Home Office in their refusal to grant a reprieve.

With regard to the refusal of F. E. Smith (later Lord Birkenhead), the then Attorney General, to grant his fiat for an appeal to the House of Lords, Mr. Hyde said it must be borne in mind that Smith had been Casement's prosecutor at the earlier trials and was not, therefore, perhaps the best person to review the case dispassionately. Unfortunately, the Attorney General, as the senior law officer, was the only person who could grant a fiat for the retrial before the House of Lords. Mr. Hyde considered this to be a gross defect in the law. He sought to remedy this by introducing a Private Member's Bill during this last Parliament. Unfortunately, his Bill was "slaughtered," but the matter has since been taken up by the Government in a Bill of their own, which will soon be on the Statute Book.

Dr. Mackey, whose views of the Diaries' authenticity is diametrically opposed to Mr. Hyde's, said that he, too, had examined them and had found ample evidence for their having been forged. He pointed out the numerous inconsistencies in the various statements of all the officials connected with the department and the Home Office at the time.

He made a plea to Lord Samuel, who was the Home Secretary in 1916, to divulge the truth about the whole Casement affair, even at this late hour. However, it should, in fairness to Lord Samuel, be pointed out that all Home Secretaries, even after they resign, are duty bound to keep silent on all cases in which they have made executive decisions during their term of office, lest they, too, should be charged under the Official Secrets Act.

With reference to the Diaries, neither the essayist nor the two principle speakers considered the view which has been put forward by Dr. Brian Inglis—editor of the "Spectator" and a former lecturer at Trinity — namely, that the Diaries, while being genuine, are none the less false, in so far as the disputed passages are concerned. The events described in them, never actually having taken place anywhere except in Case-

ment's mind, were in other words hallucinations.

This is a very ingenious theory and one worthy of more consideration. The passages in dispute occur chiefly in the Putumayan Diaries, although there are a few similar references in some of the Congo Diaries. While considering this theory, one must bear in mind the fact of the mental as well as physical strain Casement was under while in those tropical climates. This alone would be likely to produce unusual responses. Also, the chief villain in the Putumayan affair, Armando Norman, was a notorious pervert and it is known that in the course of his investigations, Casement had to read many of Norman's notebooks and diaries which contained

references to his own abnormal behaviour. So it is possible that Casement identified himself in his own mind with Norman and then transposed these references to himself in his own Diaries.

The feeling of the meeting might be adequately summed up by quoting the final remarks of Mr. Daniels in his reply when he said: "Had Casement died five years earlier he would probably have had a monument erected beside those of Livingstone and Stanley." Here at last is common ground on which we can all fight to vindicate the name of a great humanitarian.

The Phil. is to be congratulated on arranging such a worthwhile meeting. May this be the forerunner of many other meetings of equal quality.

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THE RIGHTS OF MAN

An Opinion Poll Report

Have you ever considered that in Trinity we have a comparatively large number of students from many countries and of several creeds, a large percentage of which uses the Reading Room regularly and yet never passes through the right-hand door? It is not that they do not use the right-hand door by the umbrella stand, which would not be so significant (except perhaps from the medical point of view), because it is always locked, but why are the door and the staircase to the right side of the Hall of Honour so consistently shunned? What strange foreboding turns our footsteps towards the left, even if we ascend the right-hand flight of steps outside? Can it be that there is something sinister about the right-hand side—normally one would have thought quite the opposite. "Trinity News" felt it their duty to investigate this remarkable and disquieting phenomenon, and are now honoured to present to their readers the results of an extensive survey carried out on the subject.

When asked: (1) "Do you normally use the left-hand entry into the Reading Room?" and (2) "Why do you think this is?" 80 per cent. of the students questioned said: (1) "Yes," and (2) "Don't know," which were interesting and informative remarks, but did not, we felt, probe the depths of the problem. A further 10 per cent. (mainly engineers and students questioned in the Coffee Bar) said: "Where is the Reading Room?" and 5 per cent. advised the questioner that his time might be better employed in precincts ruled by a less holy and less undivided power. Answers received from the remaining 5 per cent. produced several highly significant theories.

Michael Stratford-Forbes of the Biology School suggested that all spirals in natural growth in the Northern Hemisphere are from left to right, and, therefore, students are led by their natural instincts to take the path which curves in the clockwise direction. The weakness in this hypothesis seems to be that the same students, by leaving the Reading Room along the same route, are presumably now showing antipodean instincts.

Theodore W. Hepworth, an Economics student, cites this apparent contradiction of instincts in favour of his theory that the matter is basically political. Students entering to face the labour of serious study turn to the left, but (and this is a subtle suggestion) when they have increased their knowledge somewhat, they, on leaving the Reading Room, automatically move right.

Other explanations include the psychological influence of the presence to the west of the Exam Hall and to the east of the Coffee Bar, and the possibility that Swift's ghost haunts the Periodicals Room in a tireless quest for literary reviews, having had for 200 years a dreadful premonition of Denis Johnston's new book. One medical student volunteered a most interesting suggestion which we would willingly impart to anyone interested enough to write and enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

However, whatever the reason, it has been confirmed that the majority of Trinity students uses the right-hand entry very seldom, and then only with a sense of inexplicable furtiveness and foreboding. Now, what an opportunity this is for aspiring Junior Freshmen, non-elocution Hist. men and non-histrionic Players men! Here is a chance to assert your personality. We appeal to you on behalf of all self-respecting individualists, show the strength of your character. Approach the Reading Room to-day with your courage in your hand and your head held high, and go in by the right-hand door.

THAT WONDERFUL WHISKEY
"GREEN SPOT"
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UNIVEST Trinity's Financial Wizards of the Future?

Last Trinity term a number of Commerce and Economic students under the leadership of Mr. Robert S. Fisher, a final year Commerce student, decided to try to put into practice what they had learnt in theory about the Stock Exchange.

An investors' club of 20 students was formed under the anagram of Univest. (University Investment Unit Trust.)

Having enlisted the aid of Dr. Ryan, Lecturer in Economics, and Mr. Abrahamson, Lecturer in Commercial Law, the inaugural meeting was held under the Presidency of Mr. Magrath, Lecturer in Banking.

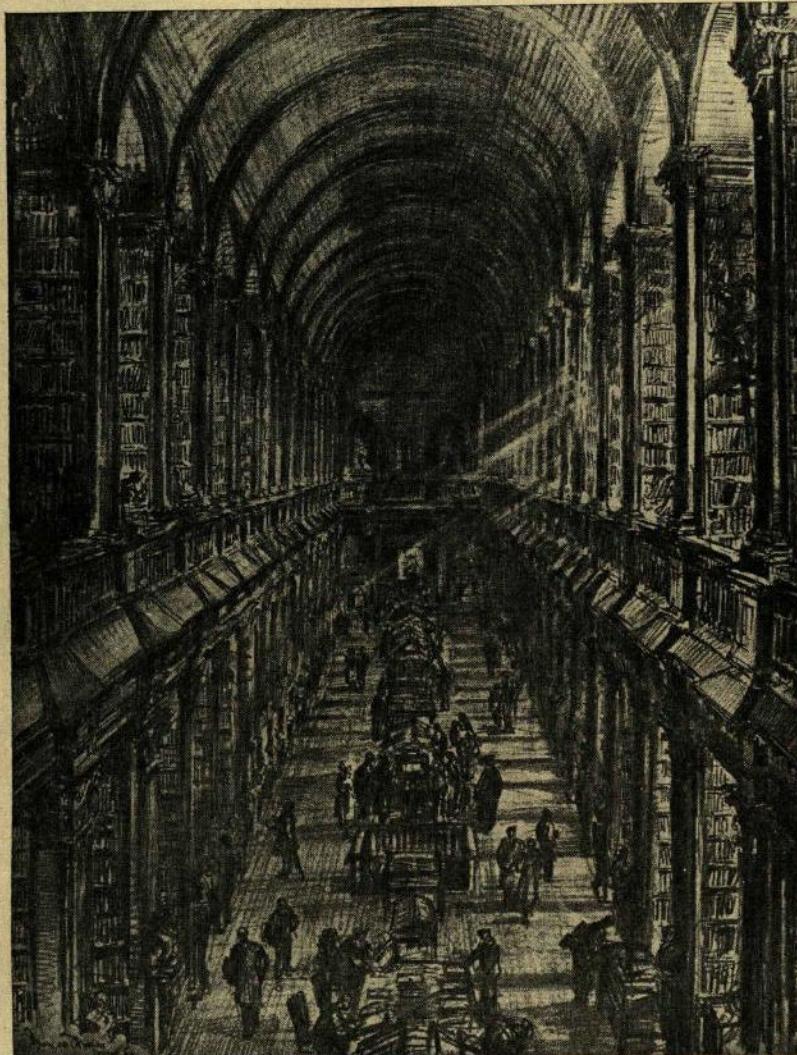
An Executive was elected consisting of: Chairman, R. S. Fisher, Esq.; Treasurer, M. J. Malcolmson, Esq., and Secretary, R. Watchman, Esq.

Informal meetings are held each month at which members debate topics of interest, including Commerce, Economics and the Stock Exchange.

The members also jointly contribute a certain sum each month to invest in leading industrial and commercial public companies. Even though the main aim of the club is educational, at a meeting to mark the end of the first financial half year in October a most satisfactory financial position was submitted.

This term several meetings have been held. Last Wednesday the Chairman, Mr. Fisher, addressed the group on a subject which has since been in the public eye, namely, "Measures of reform necessary on the Stock Exchange." This week a question time was held at which the Society's stockbroker, Mr. T. Brooks, answered questions on recent political trends and their implications.

The group now wishes to expand. It is hoped to form a second group in the near future. All budding financial wizards are invited to contact any of the Executive, or to put their names on the list at Front Gate.



Courtesy London Illustrated News.

The above view of the Long Room, together with views of the Campanile, Front Gate and the College Chapel, are again being sold on Christmas cards produced by the Trinity Handbook. The cards are 4d. each and are on sale during lunch-time at Front Gate.

THOUGHTS ON GLASNEVIN CEMETERY

I visited Glasnevin Cemetery on a typical autumn day. The leaves were being shepherded forward before the wind, half unwillingly it seemed, as if they felt this was no place for such wild unrestraint. A few solitary mourners moved slowly between the graves, hands deep in their overcoats, eyes deep in thought. A man with a brush and wheelbarrow was sweeping the tarred walks. On each side of me stretched rows and rows of graves—big and small, simple and elaborate, obscure and famous, chastening yet exhilarating. Here are drawn together in death many strands of Irish history. Here is a mirror with which those who decide the future might well view the past to their advantage. Yet how few of us have even taken the trouble to spend an hour here, with musing mind and quiet step, alone save with our thoughts.

However, Glasnevin is larger than the cemetery, if not in population. It has associations with Irish history in almost every phase. An early Christian religious settlement put it on the map for higher education. In the eighteenth century it was a district for the socially accepted to live in without stigma. People such as Addison, then Secretary to the Viceroy; Dr. and Mrs. Delany, the poet Tickell and others made it a place of elegance and refinement in the grand ascendancy style. Delany's Delville was laid out with that taste for perfection which was so endemic to the age. Swift is said to have printed his "Drapiers' Letters" in a vault in the grounds.

However, towards the end of the eighteenth century, Glasnevin seems to have been losing its social sanction. It was possible, therefore, in 1832 to lay out a large cemetery on Prospect Hill without an outcry from outraged society sensibilities. The plot of ground available, comprising six Irish acres bordering on the Dublin-Ashbourne-Slane road, was eminently suited to such use. It was neatly laid out and surrounded with an impressive cut-stone wall, one of the most perfect examples of its type of

craftsmanship to be found in the Ireland of the period.

Though all might wish that the souls of the defunct should rest in peace, quite a few had different ideas about their bodies. One can imagine many of them gracing the dissecting table of Trinity's School of Physic. As a result, the corners of the cemetery were castellated as protective watchposts against body-snatchers. Writers in the 1830's and 1840's mention the lovely Doric temple which was built in the cemetery for the burial services, primarily to tell, as did Curry's "New Picture of Dublin" (1835) "that underneath is a guardroom for four watchmen who sit up at night, attended by five or six large dogs."

The charges of interment per person at this time are recorded as ranging from £1 2s. 6d. to half-a-crown. The profits were to be appropriated to the education of poor children. To what extent the literacy rate of Dublin was affected by this it is impossible to say! The urgent need for burial facilities was shown in that in 1837 a historian could record that the cemetery contained "upward of 16,000 bodies."

The 5th of August, 1847, saw stirring scenes in Glasnevin. Despite torrential rain, 100,000 people had followed O'Connell's bier from the Pro-Cathedral to pay their last tribute to the Liberator. The depth of the feeling of loss can be gauged if one reads the contemporary reports of the respectful silence at the graveside, broken only by tears. A grateful country did not deny a monument. In 1851, Petrie submitted plans for a triune structure—a round tower, a traditional church, and a Celtic cross. Even as executed, it is an impressive memorial.

In remote corners lie Stephens and Parnell. For them there is no sentinel tower or commemorative pillar. Perhaps Mahaffy was right about Ireland being the country of the unexpected. What a commentary on over a century of Irish history this cemetery, now nearly full, could record! It indeed merits a visit.

R. J. H.

LETTERS to the EDITOR

Sir—I have just managed to arrange special reductions for students who wish to travel to and from England at the beginning and end of term. It is hoped to arrange flights from London, Birmingham and Manchester to Dublin on January 21st, 1960, at a price within a few shillings of the normal train fare. If there is sufficient demand for these flights, another will be arranged to Dublin for May 6th. Flights to England will also be arranged at the end of next term, but, owing to lack of time, they cannot be organised for Christmas.

It would be a considerable help if all students interested could contact me before the end of this term.—Thanking you,

Yours faithfully,
 R. W. Y. Fletcher,
 S.R.C. Travel Secretary.

Sir—I was very interested to read in your newspaper of Prince Peter of Greece's visit to Dublin and of his address on the subject of Tibet.

Earlier this year the Tibet Society of the United Kingdom was formed, of which I am a member. The Society exists to help the Tibetans in many kinds of ways, whether in terms of finance, practical advice, resettlement or simply friendship. However, I do not need to elaborate; it does not take much imagination to realise what kinds of help are needed for a country like Tibet which has been torn apart and on whose people the most astounding atrocities have been performed.

Should any undergraduate be willing to help the Society, either financially (an appeal fund has been launched) or in any other way, letters may be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, the Tibet Society, 58 Eccleston Square, Eccleston, London. Membership is 5/- and, of course, donations to the fund can be any amount!

We are also looking for area representatives and if any member of the University would be prepared to help in this way, we should be most grateful.

—Yours truly,
 Ruth Lewis, B.A.Mod.

Sandy House, Sandy Road,
 Hampstead, London, N.W.3.

29th November, 1959.

FABIAN SOCIETY REVIVED

The Fabian Society has been revived at last. In the past few years several rather abortive attempts were made to get it going again, but the efforts petered out through lack of enthusiasm and interest in the Society as it then stood.

Several changes in policy were decided at the meeting held on Monday, 23rd, in No. 23. Firstly, the Society should encourage persons of every political belief to join. It is a misconception that the members must be socialist. The Fabian Society exists to encourage discussion of political, economic and social problems and such discussion will be greatly helped by members who have non-socialist views to put forward. Secondly, the Society's programme is to hold a debate and informal discussion groups every other Monday, the purpose of the discussion groups being to develop what is so lacking in College at present—a body of informed opinion on political matters.

The officers elected for the year were: M. Cochrane, Chairman; J. Hunter, Hon. Sec.; A. Jones, Hon. Treas. Committee: D. K. Johnson, G. Blanchard, Heather Laskey, P. Reynolds.

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Rocks Do Not Speak

— A Short Story by J. Holt

The long racing of the sea swirled around the line of the submerged rocks; they looked hungry and sucked at the tide in the fierceness of their hunger. I thought of Jean and the story.

It was late in the evening when Jean got talking to me in the warm comfort of the tavern. I could live with him that misty legend of the sea, and remember him as he told it to me in the warmth of the cosy tavern.

Way, way back long before the island had become inhabited and trippers came to bathe on its famous shell beach, a small weather-darkened boat came up to anchor through the Passé Percée. At that time the island was wild with thick bracken, and birds cried the wild lonely cry of the sea, and whitened the tops of black rocks that guarded it from the assault of man.

At the helm of the boat stood a dark-cloaked figure with a heavy brass-bound chest on the deck before his feet. He looked along the coast for somewhere to hide the treasure and thought back on his life.

He looked down on his monkish robes, that was the greatest lie of them all. A man of God. He threw back his shaven head and bawled his laughter to the winds. A man of God; that had deceived everyone. It was that trust which people gave to him so readily that had gained him the wealth in that box. Of course, they would catch him; everyone would be looking for him. Reports would go back to Lyons through a hundred obscure channels, that a monk

was seen in a boat off les Minquiers, in a boat off les étaques, in a boat off all the different anchorages where he had rested.

Yes, the news would travel back to Lyons, but without the box they could prove nothing. In a year, in two years, sometime, he would return for the gold and the Maddona and then, ah then he would rest from the danger of it all, settle down to a warm fire and good wine in a mansion by the deep blue of the Bay of Naples. All his life he had lived by his wits, smuggler, pirate in the Aegean, mule stealer in the Pyrenees, a professional vagabond, the king of vagabonds; but a man of God, that was the greatest deceit of them all, Pierre Dupont a man of God, he chuckled and shook at his own deceit.

He set the boat over to the long narrow line of the shell beach. He was so immersed in the triumph of his own deceit that the hard ridge of disturbed water ahead passed unnoticed. The tide snarled silently round the submerged rocks; les Fourques were hungry, they reached their hard fingers up to the soft shell of the boat. It was over quickly; there was just the cracking of the old planking, the momentary pause as the boat settled in the icy clearness of the water, then slid down, stern first, and was covered.

Pierre Dupont was surprised suddenly to find his body being torn and slashed on the merciless rocks; he just had time to realise that he had omitted one step in something that he could do well, and

in the missing of that small step had made all the rest of his skill nothing. He lost faith in himself a moment before the sea and the rocks smashed his spine on the downward drop, and his hands went limp. The handle of the box had got caught in the rope of his belt and he was dragged down very quietly.

I remember how Jean had hold me this in the tavern, speaking very softly, dirtying his glass with his fish-smelling hands. I had asked him how he knew, and remembered his reply:

"Pierre Dupont, come to me on the water, beckon me to follow, Je vais, turn him in his boat, then I see the box, then the sea twist herself over the wreck."

I remembered it all now as les Fourques sucked at the tide. I remembered how Jean had slipped off in his boat that night and how they had found his cap washed ashore near the rocks the next day. I remembered everything very clearly now as the sea raced along the line of the submerged rocks. Jean's last words still whispered in my ear, "Attention, les Fourques."

A gannet soared over the rocks and screeched. "All right, Jean, all right; I never believed in treasure anyway." But as I looked down into that icy clear water something seemed to glitter and I stared down in fascination; the gannet swooped past my ear, screeching; I looked up just in time to slam down the helm and miss the swirling over those rocks.

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MOONEY'S

Here is rum at the top—for the bier is below—

Here our spirits are wanting to sing.
(Eau water to-do, vodkan it be now,
Are we spurning the juice of the
spring?)

Here are bitter and mild types—ale and
farewell!

Stout, thick and dark they are too.
(But the smile on the face of the la'er)
Turns the Northern Club-Orangemen
blue.)

Is the Zodiac our fate, must we hell it
in Byrne's?

Is success simply jammet—for whiles
We succeed not at first then we try, try
a gin

(Using peppermint cordial smiles.)

Babycham? Sham adults we are, Beau-
jolly fun,
Scotched our plans, rye our hopes
humorous,
For we think but in noggins, our minds
are pint-sized.

(To be lager than life is Tuborging
for us.)

We are cloud at the top, just the dregs
underneath,

Yet we think being Bass we must
shine.

(Try some eau-de-Liffey, incognacto of
course,
Let the Englishman have his dry
whine.)

Life depends on the liver, down the
hatch do we go
Muddy-eyed, bottoms up in the air,
Sweet et vin to the end, all our bottles
are won.

(Magnifique! Mais ce n'est pas
lager.)

H. R. H. Gibbons.

34 T.C.D.

Still Going and Still Fun

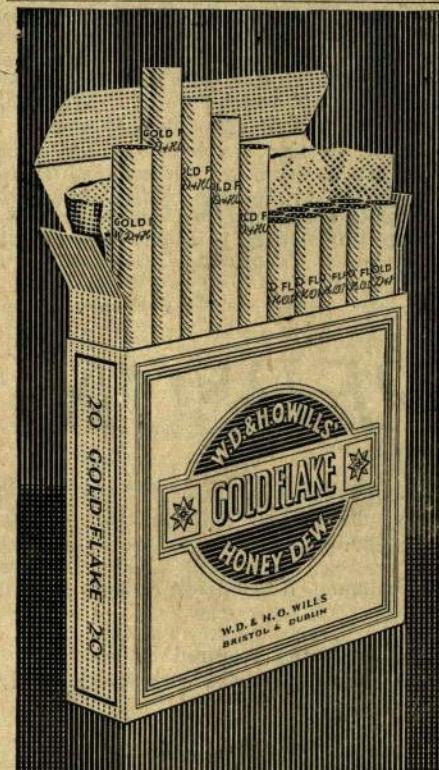
Extract from a Letter applying for a
Disability Allowance:

"When I got to the factory where I am employed as a maintenance bricklayer I found that the storm had dislodged some masonry from the parapet, so I rigged up a beam with a pulley from the top of the building and hoisted up a couple of barrels of bricks. When I had fixed the building there were some bricks left over as well as the old masonry. I hoisted the barrel up again and secured the line at the bottom and went up and filled the barrel with the extra material. Then I went to the bottom and cast the line off. Unfortunately, the barrel of bricks was heavier than I was and before I knew what was happening the barrel started down, jerking me off the ground.

"I decided to hang on and halfway up met the barrel coming down and received a severe blow on my shoulder. I then continued to the top, banging my head on the beam and getting my fingers jammed between the rope and the pulley, at the same time the barrel hit the ground and burst its bottom, allowing the bricks to fall out. I was now again heavier than the barrel and so started down again at high speed. Halfway down I again met the barrel coming up and received severe injuries to my legs and ankles. When I hit the ground I landed on the pile of bricks, getting several bad cuts on my feet.

"At this point I must have lost my presence of mind, because I let go the rope, the barrel came down again with tremendous rapidity and struck me on the head. I, therefore, entered into a state of incapacity.

"May I respectfully apply for extra benefit?"



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FRANCES LEA - FRANCES LEE. Hobbies — Tennis. Other interests — Tennis. Favourite expression: "Six-love, six-love, six-love." Very even-tempered off the court except on one occasion in the past when a visiting American Statesman asked her: "What's your racket?"

In the pavilion after a hard set, Miss Lee invariably cools off with Club Orange or Club Lemon. Net result — refreshment!

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H OCH ZUR MENSUR!
FERTIG!
LOS!"—

Many German students know these words very well—with slight variations they are used throughout the German student's corporation as the command for the beginning of what in German is called "Mensur" or "Partie" and what to English-speaking people is known as "fencing" or rather "duelling."

Not only for many foreigners, but also for many Germans this idea is more or less connected with the imagination of streams of blood flowing, streams of beer being drunk and the students brawling songs—a typical manifestation of the "furor teutonicus," of a society which with its exaggerated view on honour is reactionary to its root. Chauvinism, even Nazi-ideas, almost everything fits into this pattern.

But this picture is not only blurred by resentments and prejudices which, especially in Germany, have become dear to many people, but it is just incorrect, or, to put it bluntly, it is simply wrong. To prevent misunderstanding: I am talking about the post-war students' corporations and I admit that at some time there existed tendencies which to a certain extent justified the picture described above. But with this I will deal later on.

To get a just conception about these much blamed corporations, one must have answered two questions:

(1) What are student's corporations; i.e., what are their origins and which are their main principles?

(2) Is there any sense in their customs of fencing, drinking beer and wearing "couleur"?

To 1: First of all, there is a great variety of students' corporations. There are "Corps," "Landsmannschaften," "Burchenschaften," "Saengerschaften," "Turnerschaften," various religious corporations and some others; they all differ in more or less important principles, some of them do not fence. In the following I will only deal with the "Corps" which are the oldest of them and perhaps the most typical.

Their origins go back to the time when there were no universities at all in Germany; in the 12th and 13th centuries everybody who wished to study had to go to Italy, to Florence or Padua or Bologna. There the foreign students

closed together to "nations"; French people would form the French "Natio," Germans the German "Natio," and so on. This they did for obvious reasons; they wanted to speak their own language and, closed together, they were able to protect one another—university life was a tough life at that time. When in the 14th century German universities were founded (Prague and Heidelberg), this habit was transferred, but this time they would form associations of students from the same province. That is where the names of the Corps of to-day come from: "Rhenania" (people from the Rhineland), "Bavaria" (people from

they have to be exclusive in some way in order to be able to exist. They must be very fastidious in accepting new members, for if there is only one member who does not fit perfectly in so close a community, an "esprit de corps" will never be achieved and good relations between the members will be in danger.

Although these principles have never been touched, there certainly existed more or less bad abuses in certain times. Drinking and fencing had been exaggerated and many students, just like many other Germans, disapproved, for instance, of the "Weimarer Republik" (1918-1933) with her often chaotic pro-

Deprived of all these characteristics, fencing has more and more become a sort of sport in which people meet according to their ability and skill. But why do people fence at all? Apart from imponderabilities, such as a long tradition, the value of fencing is seen in the following: Fencing is a very effective education to fairness. There are very strict rules and offences against them will lead to disqualification of the offender. There must not be any hostile feelings in the match and you will often see the partners having a friendly though perhaps slightly embarrassed chat before the fight and, having finished it, drinking happily a glass of beer together. Fencing is besides that perhaps the only sport in which the fact of winning the match plays a completely unimportant rôle. Important is only the conduct of the fencing student. Bravery, self-restraint and endurance are decisive factors. Quite often it occurs that obvious lack of these virtues leads to disqualification before the end of the fight. In addition to that, a failure in conduct is regarded as a shame not only for the single person but for the whole corporation he belongs to, being so close a community. This is an education to being aware of responsibility and it intensifies the "esprit de corps." One final remark: fencing is completely harmless. Serious injuries are almost impossible, and soccer or boxing are very dangerous in comparison to fencing.

Drinking of beer and wearing "couleur" can be dealt with quickly. The drinking of beer has been reduced to a reasonable measure. Germans are in general fond of beer (and not only the Germans—Guinness is said to be the biggest brewery in the world!). The wearing of a coloured ribbon and a cap mainly marks the solidarity of the members of one corporation. Certainly they often are proud of it, but so are the members of a soccer club on their dress.

I do not claim completeness in this characterisation of the German Students' Corps nor are they all just like the other. Much more could be said about the value of deliberately adapting oneself to the necessary rules of a close community and there certainly are disadvantages which I did not mention or which I do not know. But I know that the membership to a Corps is an inestimable help to make one's way in life as a respectable and valuable member of society.

tuberances. Compared with the safe and calm situation before the Great War, she really seemed to be chaos for many people and when they saw the result of their disapproval, it was too late. That is why many people thought the Corps to be reactionary. The Federal Republic of to-day is quite different and much more popular than has been the "Weimarer Republik."

To 2: One error has to be corrected which is very misleading: Fencing in the students' corporations of to-day has nothing to do any longer with duelling. In fact, duelling, which is fighting because of an offence against the other's honour, is no longer permitted since the war. Any such case (which nowadays occurs very rarely) must be decided on by a court of honour. Naturally, the question is: Why do people fence, although fencing has lost so much of its original character? To answer this, let me first give you some facts.

(1) The student of to-day in the average fences about four times fewer than before the war.

(2) Mostly no cuts may be aimed at the face under the line marked by the eyebrows. That is why very rarely a "cut face" is seen any longer. Occurring cuts will be stitched carefully and no intelligent student is "proud" of scars.

Christmas!—Give your enemies a subscription to "T.C.D.—A College Miscellany."

Stamps!—Visit us before returning on the Mail Boat. Box 5.

Saville Row Clothes can be had by contacting J. D., c/o. T.C.D.

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Wince Man's Shop — Bermondsey. Write for our illustrated catalogue showing what the well-dressed man will not be wearing this Christmas.

Quantities of Vitriol bought for use next term. Place in Box in G.M.B.

Keep the Wolfenden from the door! Our Society aims to do this and can justly claim the most dishonourable voluntary committee in these islands. Offices in Duke Street open most days, including Sunday.

The Editor, "T.C.D.", wishes to thank all those who sent flowers on Friday last at the service for the Spirit of Chivalry. "The Lord giveth, and He hath taken away." R.I.P.

1960 is Olympic Year. All roads lead to Rome, and "Trinity News" wishes to take this opportunity of thanking all College sportsmen who made this sentence possible.

PERSONAL COLUMNS . . .

A Chrystal Chandelier for your rooms adds distinction. Write for details. Box 530.

Chairman Wanted for Debate. Apply J.S.W.

Coffee Table required by second-year man inhabiting bare garret. Box No. 105/2/8.

Grateful Thanks to St. Jude for favours received in recent Little-Go examination.

Hector—Please do not ignore this last appeal. Same time, same place?—Dorothy.

Large Portrait, preferably in oils, required by gentleman to lend tone to present quarters. Box 105/4/16.

Many Grateful Thanks to the rotter who borrowed my lavender sports Velocipede from the Inorganic Chemistry Laboratory, Thurs., Oct. 22nd-Thurs., Oct. 29th. He/she indirectly brought me to meet my fiancée. Bless you!

Oxford-Reject Undergraduate, forced vacate old world rooms ("Sherry always in the pantry") in quaint Bay, wishes for home with pleasant, well-read people, fond of meeting new friends every Saturday night. Box 673.

Portmanteaux Packed.—Little ballet dancer must sell. Little Donnybrook Pied a Terre.

Running water, h. and c.—Will sacrifice every stick of furniture and 1911 Pitman's Shorthand. Only £2,345. View Sun. Telephone.

Lulu.—It was all my fault, darling. Forgive me, Philip.

I was unaccustomed to Public Speaking until I joined the D.A. for I.A.

The Features Editor thanks "Anon" for his sonnet and suggests that the author re-read Shakespeare, who did it all much better.

Experienced Drover wishes co-driver on expedition to Co. Down. Start Jan. 7th.

Freshman, retiring to England, desires to dispose of handsome Sheraton chair, together with Film Society Membership Card. Any offers? Tel. 2309.

Experienced Driver wishes for co-driver on trip to Dar-es-Salaam. Start Dec. 22; share costs. Box 105/2/13.

Wanted, "Socialites' Year Book and Climbers' Guide." Apply Dimity Hall.

Philip.—It was my fault, darling. Forgive me. Lulu.

U.S.S.R. Agent requires Gong, urgent. Also set of Dickens. Details Box 8771.

Public Schoolboy, mobile, 45, travelled. Any suggestions? Box 828.

Rhinoceros Horns required. Reply J.A.D.B.

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The Boat Club "At Home," watched under the vigilant eyes of Ewen Bird, George Hallowes and Simon Newman, was, undoubtedly, subdued—apart from the frequent crash of glass announcing the dissatisfaction of the Northern visitors in paying Boat Club prices! With the skyblue shape of Wendy and the rolling eyes of Noel Bollingbrook-Kent and Charles Dewhurst, certainly some of the right people were there! In the dimmed light, dancing couples Blanchard-Wilcox and Cranfield-Love competed on the floor. Bernard Whelan and Jill East were also there. Gordon Rebbeck and Hugh Rolfe left the bottle in search of better shapes, only to find they had been beaten to it by Queen's University, Belfast, while Dr. Bob Hanson continued to celebrate his success with John Wilson, Norman Gillett and David Johnston down below. The band played on till 12 o'clock—and the best of us were forcibly ejected at 12.30.

If this term's standard of College parties is kept up, many of next term's hosts will have a tough job to live up

Private Enterprise

"Cast a Cold Eye," by Brendan Kennelly and Rudi Holzapfel (Dolman Press, 7/6).

This is a book of poems in contrasting styles by two Trinity students, some of whose work is already known to us through the medium of "Icarus." It is their first book and deserves not to be their last, not because it contains any finished masterpieces, but because of the seeds it holds of future promise. Like most early poetry, it is excellent only in flashes, but there is little doubt that it is consistently interesting.

Mr. Holzapfel's poetry at its best, for instance in parts of "The Reckoning of Ptarmigan Jones" is most powerful. His psychology is often penetrating and his images exciting, while his dynamic mental energy carries readers along with piston-engine force to a destination sometimes unknown, I feel, even to himself. He tends to be in love with style, or rather with one style, a mixture of American slang and unusual polysyllables—an essentially modern idiom expressed with a mocking bitterness which one feels is part of the technique and comes from books rather than felt in the heart. But then, disillusionment is, after all, part of the 20th century poet's stock-in-trade. Mr. Holzapfel's use of words is sometimes striking and effective; sometimes the words are chosen purely for visual impact or studied contrast, with little relation to any logical, or even illogical, sequence of ideas. He delights in the image and the paradox for their own sake.

I think (though I doubt whether he would consider this a constructive remark), that Mr. Holzapfel would write well in French. His natural vivour would counteract the tendency of the language, particularly in the hands of non-Frenchman, towards abstraction and two-dimensionalism, which the essential precision of the French vocabulary would perhaps correct his tendency to indulge in rather wild automatic writing. It is worth while remembering André Gide's much-quoted image of art as a kite kept aloft only by the restricting pull of the string. In such a way, Mr. Holzapfel is at his best where his ideas are clearest and his form most controlled.

Mr. Kennelly's is a more restricted, but a more consistent talent. It is refreshing to find a young modern poet, especially a student, writing with due deference to rhythm and form instead of attempting a direct outpouring of emotion and sensation. The careful construction of "This One Word," for instance (this, I think, is one of his best poems) gives it a very satisfying balance and solidarity without in any way impeding the expression of ideas.

His poetry follows in a recognisable Irish tradition. It demonstrates the merits of this tradition—its musicality, its feeling for sound, its awareness of human mortality and fate—and perhaps it has some of its faults as well. Occasionally, Mr. Kennelly is trite, sometimes he is sentimental. But generally his poetry affects the reader by its deep feeling and its sincerity. Above all, he has a conciseness which gives force to some very short verses like "Admonition" and "Jet," and a most pleasing sense of harmony which in poems like "Old Man" amply compensate the reader for a certain degree of unoriginality in the ideas.

As a whole, the publication of this collection of poetry is a very worthwhile undertaking and its authors are greatly to be admired both for their talent and for their initiative. Trinity has always had a good reputation in student circles for the high standard of its poetry, and Trinity students in the past have even been asked to contribute poetry to the literary magazines of universities across the water. Mr. Kennelly and Mr. Holzapfel are contributing nobly to the maintenance of this tradition.

to it. The sherry party given in rooms by Bill Oddie and David Griffiths was no exception and much thought and preparation were evident. The various musical societies of College had strong representation, and as we sipped our first-rate sherry to the background music of (was it Vivaldi?) one could discern such stalwarts as the treble, Gillian Howe, Patrick Vaughan and Willy Scott. Appreciating the pearls coming from poetic-looking Leahy were Jennifer Bulmer-Thomas and Charlotte Eastwood, whilst Bridget Skot appeared and chatted vivaciously. The other treble, Sarsen, Titterington and Roberts (all Misses) preferred a warmer corner in the room and reminisced on a term that had flown. Hugh Mooney cast his bread upon the waters and Charles (T.C.D.) Mulraine thought it better to arrive late than never.

We now close "Four and Six" for a well earned Christmas break. Your columnist is sad that the most fertile social season of the year should pass unmentioned. It only goes to prove that it is possible to have a good time away from Trinity as well.

* * *

MORE SPORT...

HARRIERS

The 1st VIII have had three hard matches in the last eight days. The first was against one of the leading Belfast clubs, Willowfield. Much to everyone's surprise, they were soundly defeated, and so put the young Trinity team in good heart for their match two days later against Aberdeen University. By packing the scoring six in the first nine runners home, D.U.H. scored a convincing win. Last Saturday the team ran against the two leading clubs, Donore and Clonliffe. In any year before this, Trinity would have been out of their class. This time, although not producing the form of the previous week-end, the novices went narrowly under to Donore, but defeated Clonliffe.

The captain, Colin Shillington, in great form, has scored three fine individual victories. But much more important than this, the whole eight has run as a team, and packed in closely behind him. Steve Whitton and Brian Roe have greatly improved on last year's times, and John McAughey has shown a welcome return to form. The form shown by the team so early in the season promises well for the more important matches of next term.

The 2nd VIII ran against Crusaders on Saturday, with F. Quinlan showing up well. There can be little doubt that this is the strongest Trinity team since the war.

ROWING

While crews were training for the "At Homes," there was an accident which could well have proved fatal. Trinity 2nd Senior VIII had pulled off from the stage and were just below the U.C.D. boat houses. A U.C.D. boat was coming down on the wrong side of the river, with a novice cox; as a result there was a collision, and our boat broke its back. None of the Trinity crew was hurt, but two U.C.D. men were injured.

There was some very keen racing at the regatta. Rowing was complicated by a shortage of boats, and by a strong breeze which almost led to a U.C.D. boat going over the weir. The Senior VIII's were won by Queen's, and the Novice VIII's by Trinity.

The dance afterwards appeared to be enjoyed by all and was better supported than usual, though still not as well as it deserved.

LADIES' HOCKEY

Trinity, 3; U.C.D., 3
In Saturday's league match, Trinity effectively splintered the serenity of a side that had recently beaten them 5-0 in the Chilean Cup. Tackling with gusto and anticipating with enthusiasm, they frequently demoralised their more scientific opponents.

After some vigorous exchanges, a goal from E. Broderick put Trinity ahead and set the game on fire. C. Drury-Byrne equalised, but Trinity led at half-time after G. Ruddock had scored among a hysterical confusion of over-excited hockey sticks. J. Moynihan equalised early in the second-half, but G. Ruddock soon made it 3-2 for Trinity with a fine individual rush and expertly angled shot. Towards the end of the game some of the virtue went out of Trinity. A succession of weak or sloppily gathered passes to the left gave U.C.D. quite unnecessary opportunities to save the match, and J. Moynihan gratefully took one of them with a fine shot from a corner.

Trinity almost, but not quite, won this match. Still, their team work is much improved, and G. Horgan, M. McCandless and A. Jessop were outstanding in defence and as liaison officers. Anyway, ladies' hockey in Trinity has recovered from its depressing inferiority complex.

See R. Fletcher's letter on page 4.
P.S.—My attention has just been drawn to a very stupid rumour now busy circulating College, that I have been able to offer this amazing reduction because I have hired an old R.A.F. bomber! This is not so, as I, nor I hope, anyone else, would dare to risk lives for the sake of a saving in cost. The aeroplane that I have hired is almost new and is identical with planes in the Silver City fleet and with those used a few years ago by Aer Lingus. It is not a bomber nor a freighter, but a serviceable passenger craft that, by law, is maintained at the same high level of efficiency as that kept by all great airlines. It is not available for the end of this term because the makers have yet to finish equipping it.

FOOTNOTE
The President of the S.R.C., Mr. W. P. Morris, wishes to emphatically deny reports that any loss entailed in the November Ball will indirectly be paid for out of students' pockets by way of the £5 capitation fee. The loss will be met by past profits on activities organised by the S.R.C., and will not be subsidised by any outside organisation.



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BADMINTON

The Badminton Club has made a successful start to the competitive season. The 1st team have played three matches and emerged with two creditable wins, against Thorndale and Gregg, and lost a close match to Ailesbury 5-3, a score which might well have been reversed. The 2nd team has also two convincing wins to its credit, despite having to play substitutes, and a close defeat. From these results one may deduce that both teams will be challenging strongly for the leadership of their sections.

While the teams have been gaining these successes there has been a disappointing lapse in attendance on ordinary club nights—partly due to the comprehensive programme of matches, but also to a hint of apathy. Club members are encouraged to visit the notice board to consult the fixture list and to make an effort to attend at Northumberland Road on free nights.

This week the annual Colours match for the Lyons Cup is being played between Trinity and U.C.D. at the Badminton Hall, Terenure. This should be a hard-fought and exciting match and one well worth watching. The Colours team is as follows:

Men: D. J. Thompson, J. Teh, Tan Hoc Ann, V. Rasmussen, C. W. Wilkinson.
Ladies: Misses Doreen Lowe, Mira Balding, Audrey Lowe and Lorna Latta.

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Rugby 1st. XV.

BELOW PAR

Only McMullen Shines

Old Belvedere, 12; Trinity, 3.

IN a game which was singularly devoid of any open, attractive rugby, Trinity did not deserve to beat the hard-tackling, more robust Old Belvedere. Trinity played far below par, and instead of polishing up their technique prior to the Colours match, they often sank very low indeed, and never once got moving as a unit.

One was disappointed to see Trinity play so poorly and letting Old Belvedere dictate the pattern of play. Not immensely strong behind the pack, the home side were quite content to wear down the Trinity forwards and to kick rather than open up the game. Play was scrappy in the first half, and neither side had any marked territorial advantage. Old Belvedere preferred a probing kick ahead to an orthodox movement, but they could not shake the ever-safe McMullen. It was fully 15 minutes before the Trinity backs got into motion, and when they did they could make no headway against the close marking and hard tackling of the opposition. Leeson exchanged a very good penalty goal with two in front of the posts from Old Belvedere. If a penalty goal is exciting, these were the only thrills of the first half.

Old Belvedere gained the upper hand to such an extent that they became prepared to open the game up on occasions; in fact, they missed three perfect scoring chances after the Trinity defence had been split open by lovely back movements. I do not mean to imply that Trinity were over-run, it was just that Old Belvedere always seemed to have the game under control. Not once in

See page 7 for more sports news.

the whole match did Trinity mount any dangerous attacking movement and never did they look like scoring. Trinity's pack were not heavy enough to be superior in the tight scrums. There was no bind, no organised attempt to get a quick or decisive heel, as in the Bective match. The ball never came out of the loose scrums. In the lineouts, too, there was no binding around the man who jumped for the ball; in fact, the forwards are not working as a unit. As a result of this, the backs had a poor supply of the ball, and anyway they were not on their best form. Hall and Rees had some pleasing runs, but for once the latter was inclined to be slow in getting the ball away from the scrum. Only McMullen was at his best, as against Bective; he was beyond reproach. His catching and fielding could not have been bettered, and his touch-kicking was lengthy. Old Belvedere added a good drop-goal and a penalty to their tally, and from Trinity's point of view that was the end.

A match in which neither side manages to cross the other's line is never wholly satisfactory, and certainly this game had little to recommend it. Trinity

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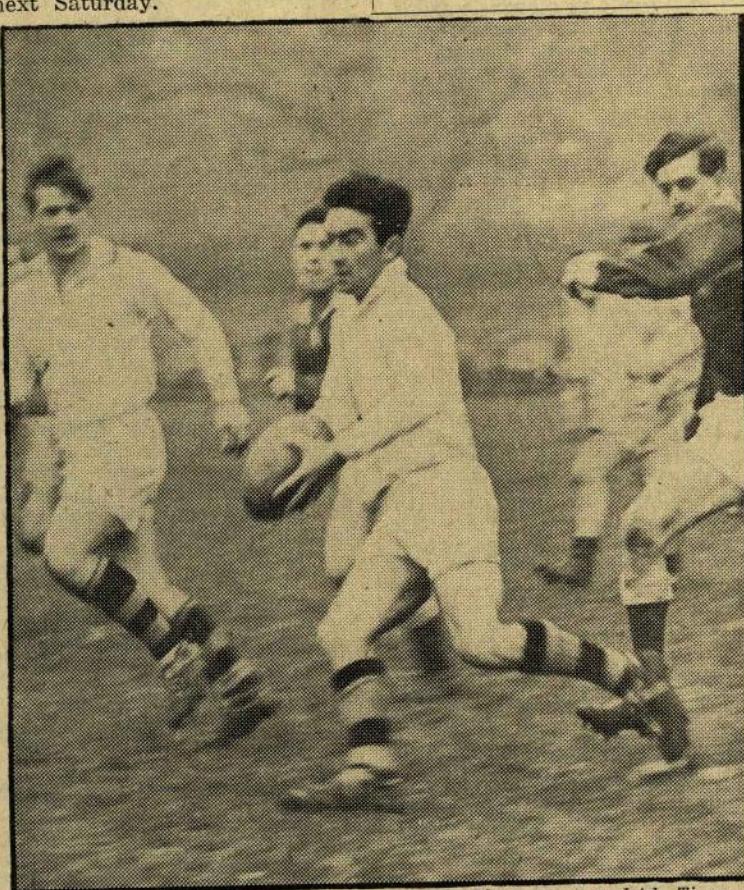
Trinity, 3; Y.M.C.A., 1.

DESPITE the fact that they were two goals up within ten minutes of the start, Trinity experienced much difficulty in overcoming Y.M.C.A.'s challenge at Londonbridge Road last Saturday. This was a game that Trinity could have won by the proverbial mile but instead of pressing home their advantage against a clearly shaken side, Trinity seemed to relax, thus giving their opponents time to settle down. This failing could prove costly against more experienced sides.

Trinity began in a refreshingly determined and confident manner, and it was not surprising when they were rewarded by a quick goal. The ball ran loose following a long corner and McCarthy was on the spot to score. Almost from the bully-off McCarthy scored again when the opposing goalie almost benevolently kicked on to his stick and the centre-forward gratefully shot into the un-guarded net. At this stage, Trinity, who were completely on top, were playing fast and skilful hockey and it seemed that they would be in an unassailable position by half-time. However, whether through over-confidence or the inability to keep up the sustained effort, they failed to increase their lead and Y.M.C.A., who by now had begun to recover, were very much in the game again.

After the resumption the Trinity attack seemed more lethargic than ever and it rarely even looked like testing the opposing defence. Y.M.C.A. were now almost perpetually encamped inside the Trinity half and the fact that they failed to score for about 20 minutes can be attributed more to their own inability to shoot quickly and decisively rather than to any sterling qualities displayed by the Trinity defence, who, to put it mildly, were disappointing. True, Varian had one of his better games and Webb played soundly, but as a unit it was clearly unhappy under pressure and each individual member was always more likely to clear hastily to an opponent than to put one of his own forwards into the attack. When Y.M.C.A. got their goal midway through the half it looked more than likely that a draw would have to content Trinity, but realising the danger, they roused themselves again and stormed to the attack. The third and decisive goal came from a clever movement on the left; Findlater giving the final pass for that sprightly veteran Keely to make victory safe with a good shot.

Had Trinity played for the entire game in the manner in which they began and finished they would have won with plenty to spare. However, not for the first time, having got on top early on, they chose to retire into semi-activity instead of going all out to increase their lead. Perhaps the fact that they were almost caught unawares last Saturday may ensure that in the future the team will give of its best from start to finish.



—Photo courtesy Irish Times.

R. Hall, on whose form Trinity's hopes largely depend.

Colours Team and Prospects

Full-back:

R. McMULLEN (Mountjoy School).

Three-quarters:

A. REID-SMITH (St. Peter's, York),
M. MOORE (St. Columba's),
A. ENDALL (Ampleforth),
T. REILLY (Wesley College).

Halves:

R. HALL (High School),
M. REES (Cheltenham).

Forwards:

D. FITZPATRICK (High School).
I. PHILIP (Mountjoy),
R. MEATES (High School).
N. O'BRIEN (Beaumont).
S. HILL (Wesley College).
G. PATERIKIOS (St. George's, Salisbury).
J. LEESON (St. Columba's),
M. BULLICK (Coleraine A.I.).

Club records can often be totally misleading, but I think that the similarity in those of Trinity and U.C.D. are a true reflection of the facts. Here are two evenly matched teams. Trinity started the season rather patchily, but have been going from strength to strength. U.C.D. likewise, have been improving steadily, and at the most opportune moment turned in a highly efficient performance in beating Wanderers 31-6 last Saturday. Trinity,

D. Fitzpatrick has cried off due to injury and is replaced by R. Pentycross.

unfortunately, received a shock defeat at the hands of Old Belvedere. One cannot believe, however, that this was normal form. We know that they can play better, and it is to be hoped that on Saturday at Lansdowne Road they will return to the form of a fortnight ago.

Even with Mulcahy a doubtful starter, U.C.D. are heavier than Trinity at forward. U.C.D. should do well in the set scrums, but will have more difficulty in the line-outs. Assuming that U.C.D. gain possession frequently, much will depend on how the wing forwards deal with the elusive out-half, Tormey. If Tormey is given too much latitude he will make openings which a speedy three-quarter line will accept readily. In McCarville at full-back, U.C.D. have a performer almost the equal of McMullen—which is saying a great deal.

Trinity have a light pack which often starts slowly, but when working at full

pressure is full of dash and vigour. Rees is currently the finest scrum-half playing in Ireland, and the mercurial Hall, on his day, is as dangerous a runner and dropper of goals as there is in Dublin. The centres can be penetrating, but often fail to combine properly. McMullen is absolutely safe.

Trinity can win if their forwards contain the U.C.D. eight, if Hall has his kicking boots on, if Endall and Moore are sufficiently incisive to make openings for their wings. Only last Saturday's disquieting display by Trinity swings the scales in U.C.D.'s favour. They are a more solid team; there is less to go wrong. I sincerely hope that I will be proved wrong in this forecast. One prophecy can be made with certainty—that this will be an exciting, action-packed match.

Swimming

EASY WIN

Trinity had an easy victory over North Dublin S.C. in a water polo match. No credit for Trinity, however, as the opposition were three men short. The game was thoroughly scrappy and one-sided. G. O'Kelly (two), R. Jagoe, J. Sharpe, and M. O'Brien Kelly were Trinity's scorers in a 5-1 victory.

To-morrow, the 1958-9 Senior Championships and the 1959-60 Freshmen Championships are being held in Tara St. Baths. Would Freshmen wishing to swim in these events, please sign on the notice board, or turn up at the baths.

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