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Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

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

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COLLEGE TIGHTENS PURSE STRINGS

Foreigners Foot the Bill

THE recent measure of the College Board to discriminate against overseas students by charging them a surcharge of 50 per cent. on all their tuition and laboratory fees has already produced bitter resentment among them. As opinion hardens, there is a growing agreement in favour of a strong protest against what appears to be a form of poll tax.

There is no clear evidence as to what course the representations will take, but "Trinity News" has found out that the West Indian Students' Union has asked the British Council to inquire through the appropriate channels as to the possibility of amending the new regulation before it comes into effect next October.

Trinity Hall Entertains

Last Thursday night, for the first time in its history, Trinity Hall entertained its committee to dinner. The evening was a great success, as was proved by the cheerful babble of conversation (not entirely due to the sherry thoughtfully provided beforehand) from guests and hostesses (dressed for the occasion in all their Sunday frillies).

After dinner coffee was served in the library, and then the guests were shown around the Hall. They moved off cheerfully enough in their twos and threes, each with a guide to escort them through the long, dark passages. They were quickly swallowed up in the gloom and disappeared completely from sight. An hour or so later, when they came trickling back again, they were white, and gibbering of unimaginable horrors. What it was, we shall never know.

We hope that in spite of the rather shattering end to the evening they will come again—we shall be delighted to see them.

"PHIL." To-night at 8 p.m.

Mr. J. T. Killen (Sch.) will read a paper entitled

"The Problem of Leisure"

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The Brown Reversion

So much has been effected recently in the drive to re-organise and augment Trinity's financial position that it seems odd that the Board have not put in a claim under the terms of the Brown Bequest.

In 1846, a Mr. Thomas Brown left over £20,000 and the residue of his estate in the hands of representatives of London University to set up an institute for the investigation and treatment of diseases prevalent among quadrupeds and birds useful to man. This was to be established within one mile of Westminster, Dublin or Southwark. Under these terms the Brown Animal Sanitary Institution was founded in London, and for many years such eminent men as Horsley and the great neuro-physiologist Sherrington were occupied upon research there. The interest to Trinity in this set-up lies in a further clause in Mr. Brown's will: Should the institution not continue for the purpose for which it was intended, the money used for its purpose should revert to Trinity College, Dublin, and be used to maintain professorships in any three or more of these languages: Russian, Persian, Chinese, Coptic, Sanskrit, Welsh or Sclaronic.

Now, the Brown Institution was destroyed by an air-raid during the second World War and has never been re-built. It is pertinent to enquire whether Trinity should not have entered a claim for the maintenance funds.

New Lane Scandal?

Unfortunately for Trinity, there is a clause further on in the will which states that if the College does not enter its claim to the endowment within a year of becoming eligible, the money would finally go to London University to establish the three professorships. No such claim has ever been put forward.

A reliable source informed our correspondent that in the published version of the will a portion is missing ("torn off," were the words actually quoted). In an interview, Dr. Chubb disclaimed all knowledge of the matter, and Mr. Mitchell stated that Trinity's legal consultants had advised against the claim being opened. Perhaps the answer to the mystery which surrounds the application of the Brown Bequest in relation to Trinity lies in the missing portion of the paper. Has College become involved in a newer version of the Lane Bequest? The executors of the Trust are stated to be "quite content with the way the money is being handled."

one purpose very admirably—it makes overseas students feel they are not so desirable here, and thereby endangers the cosmopolitan society of which we all are so proud.

FABIAN ACTION

Not many people will remember the Fabian Society as it was in 1952, before it disintegrated, after having been taken over by a clique of Communists who manoeuvred the Society's executive into their hands and used it to hammer their own party line. They abandoned the ends for which the Society had been formed—to pursue and stimulate social research—and the few socialists left in the Society resigned or dropped out, leaving an empty shell in the hands of the Communists.

Needless to say, this farcical position resulted in the Society's dissolution and since 1953 it has been in abeyance.

During last Trinity term, with the guidance and advice of Dr. Owen Sheehy-Skeffington, a few enthusiastic socialists got together and slowly re-created the foundations of the Society.

A Freshers' tea at the beginning of this term not only attracted the usual

free-tea crowd, but a surprising amount of students genuinely interested in left-wing politics and socialist research. They held their first constructive meeting last week—a Brains Trust Panel consisting of Mr. Peadar O'Donnell, Mr. David Thornley, Dr. Brendan Deylin and Mr. R. M. Fox, which proved a most stimulating discussion. On account of the bad publicity there was only a small audience, which was a great pity.

Next week, Andrew Bonar-Law will deliver a paper on "Conservatism in England." By next term a paper based upon research into the problem of unemployment in Dublin should be ready.

The Society is not aiming at a large membership and will do well to keep its activities on a really high plane at the expense of avoiding the flock of social society members. It will be interesting to see how these modern Fabians progress—perhaps they will give Trinity an intellectual pep-up pill.

But are they withholding funds which should rightfully belong to Trinity? Perhaps it is still not too late for something to be done.

Irish Premiere for D.U. Players

Dublin University Players are celebrating their twenty-fifth anniversary this year and the first event in the season's activities is the Irish premiere of "Jim Dandy," by William Saroyan, the great American philosopher-dramatist.

Saroyan is considered by many authorities to be (along with Eugene O'Neill) the greatest dramatist that America has produced this century. He was the forerunner of the present trends in French theatre as represented by Eugene Ionesco and Samuel Beckett.

"Jim Dandy" is, to say the least of it, an extraordinary play. It is set inside a transparent and quite invisible egg-shell (according to the author's directions), the egg-shell being filled with "miserable and majestic ruins" and a varied selection of characters ranging from a Maharajah, who turns out to be a Cherokee Indian, to a gibbon who gradually turns into a man. As Saroyan says, "Everyone in the play is a miracle."

"Jim Dandy" is, however, essentially a comedy, one with a message, that humanity could be so much more wonderful if only people would try a pleasant change in these days when modern serious theatre deals more often with the futile and depressing aspects of life.

The play is being directed by Louis Lentini, who also directed "The Enchanted" and "The Shadow of Mart," two of the most successful productions that Players have produced in recent years.

The cast includes Bill Meek, David Novian, Brian Osman, Alex Smith, Tony Colegate, Suzanne Sheridan and Juliet Tatlow, as well as some very promising newcomers to Players—Terence Brady, Michael Leahy, Bruce Arnold and Mavis Cleave.

"Jim Dandy" opens at the Players' Theatre, No. 3 Trinity College, on Monday, December 2nd, and will run for two weeks, nightly at 8 p.m. Booking (5/- and 2/6) is at Brown Thomas and Front Gate, T.C.D.

MISCELLANIA

We apologise to Rev. K. Maguire for the errors of fact in last week's reference in "College Observed" to the Folk Mass, which, we learn, was in fact held in Rev. Maguire's rooms, and was given a mixed reception.

The annual Carol Service will take place at 4.45 p.m. next Monday in College Chapel.

We apologise to Mr. Michael Middleton for misreporting him in "Four and Six" last week. The error appears to have been due to the fact that our reporter is a fervent worshipper of Bacchus.

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WHITHER?

THE modern intellectual is faced with a dilemma. If he is, as we understand him to be, a product of a good public school who has gone from there to a reputable university where he has, among other things, pursued a course of study in the humanities, he will find, upon graduation, that the modern world, far from welcoming him with open arms, will be as embarrassed as he himself to find something to do with him. The age where the enlightened intellectual reigned supreme is past; this is an age of scientific discovery in which the technician has replaced the craftsman and in which the tastes and opinions of the masses, rather than those of the cultured individual, are important.

Two ways are open: to sell one's soul for a little jam, having realised with Maupassant that "le latin ne nourrit pas son homme"; and to die a martyr to the cause, regarding oneself as the last heir of a great and glorious, but, unfortunately, neglected tradition. Cheated of one's rightful inheritance, the problem is to decide between claiming one's rightful place and restoring the balance, and accepting things as they are. Formerly, the gentleman could have been expected to gain a knowledge of the problems of the world; to-day, we have no longer the leisure to gain the unbiased knowledge necessary if we are to lead. The world no longer regards the intellectual as such as having an essential part to play.

But this does not mean that ideals have no part in our contemporary society — far from it. On the other hand, we have lost in war (and for other reasons) any traditions we once held, we are without the security of accepted standards, and, still worse, try to convince ourselves that we have lost nothing. Our moral and spiritual life is a void.

The best hope appears to be to produce a race of technicians who are at the same time gentlemen, in the fullest sense of the word. It is essential for the future, not only of mankind as a whole, but of the life of the individual citizen to make some attempt to attain a state of spiritual development comparable to our technological progress. In this respect, the contribution of the old-fashioned man of culture is already diminishing; that of the technologist, the Man of the Future, will become ever greater — his responsibilities are very great indeed.

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Profile:

R. A. Q. SKERRETT (Sch.)—Entertainer

Although there are some who have not heard the aristocratic name of Richard Alexander Quayle Skerrett, everyone in College must know that sturdy, hulking figure which surges daily over Front Square and answers to the name of "Dick." For Dick is one of those few genuinely dynamic characters in College who makes all those other pretenders pale before his many-sided brilliance. Although he is often heard protesting that he is really very retiring and quiet, yet it is equally true that in no matter what society he finds himself, Dick invariably occupies the centre of attraction and hilarity. Exuberance is the keynote of this interesting creature. Enforced by something vaguely resembling brilliance and a mania for dabbling in as many stews as possible, the Skerrett machine rumbles disturbingly through College life, exhausting all competition and overpowering his female acquaintances. With regard to the latter, Dick is notorious for his frequent practice of publicly embracing College women, but denies that he is at all passionate. "It's just my way of showing I like them," he protests. One wonders apprehensively what would happen if the Skerrett heart should one day find it necessary to demonstrate love.

Born twenty-two years ago, of a Manx mother and an Irish father, educated at High School, Dublin, from which he entered College in 1954 with a second class Junior Exhibition, Dick has made Irish and French the basis of his College career. One of his treasured possessions is a photograph in which an astonished Jennifer Corscadden surrenders to a triumphant Skerrett hug soon after the moment when College was shocked to learn that Dick had got Schol. Dick, really equally surprised, takes glory in his stride, and wears his scholar's gown like a conquering barbaric chieftain.

We have said he is a dabbler. This is no exaggeration. The number of activities in which Dick has hurled himself is truly formidable. He boxed in school and played rugger both there and during his College career (in the Wanderers' 3rd A team). He has meddled with College dramatics, storming through two French plays and one Irish, besides hanging around in the Irish acts of the last three "Carnivals of Nations." This nationalism culminated in his auditorship last year of the Gaelic Society, which he almost managed to reduce to chaos. He is currently singing bass in chorals, and plays the mouth-organ, cornet, ukelele and guitar —despite an inevitable cooling off of

friendships as a result. However, he is most passionate with a trumpet. He plays in a brass band and informal jazz sessions. He has tried to compose. He can say "I love you" in ten European and four Asiatic languages. He once flourished a beard (which amused College for two terms), but shaved it off on finding that women began to giggle ticklishly before he embraced them. He can make his stomach muscles roll, he can roar louder than anyone else, he was a great friend of the notorious Fergus Pyle, he never



smokes and rarely drinks, his musical tastes extend from German Leider to Louis Armstrong, and he also draws. In fact, Dick is always surprising the vast circle of his acquaintances. Work cannot wither him, nor College stale his infinite variety. Other actors clothe the appetites they feed, but Dick makes hungry where most he satisfies.

Yes, with all his characteristics, Dick is the College comedian par excellence. His genius gallops over vast fields of burlesque, a deadly foe to everything stuffy and pompous, shattering by his chuckling informality the decadent barriers of social etiquette. A complete entertainment in himself (ladies, please note, he is now resident in Botany Bay), Dick Skerrett provides a refreshing comment on the wonderful comedy of life, and is undoubtedly one of the most lovable creatures in the gallery of College curiosities.

Envoyos of the Durty Weetch

After soggy bread, stale jam, and strong tea, the wanderers were again on the road to Cork. The people of Middleton scattered and the old folk hurried by at the teddy-girl appearance of Averne Shirley, with her broad duffle-coat, narrow jeans and adventurous eyes. Chris Daybell, whose love had been temporarily mislaid, declaimed his grief to the stars and a passing petrol pump, punctuated at regular intervals by Denzil Stewart's hiccups. These had been concealed in a dark drink of adverse political persuasion, and were now doing violent battle with their victim's Northern spirits.

Despite all this, a rattling cattle truck was coaxed into picking up the travellers, thus providing Averne with unexpected romance — owing (it is said) to the dimensions of the cab. The driver spoke in a strange dialect that his Anglicised passengers could barely understand, but one particularly long trill, like a cat greeting all her kittens separately, indicated that he was slipping into a wayside pub. "for half a minute — to see a friend I have there."

A moment later two schoolboys pedalled out of the gloom, prompting an unexpected "Buona sera!" from the prosaic C.I.E. truck. The boys stopped. "Venite quin?" — the words echoed from the cab, touched their Irish ears, and enlivened their Celtic tongues. "Wha's tha?" "You coma heer," insisted Averne in her best broken English. "Yez, yez, you a-come," added Chris, for good measure. With shy uncertainty they came, a prospective wheedle already beginning, to brighten their eyes. "Whair a' roo from?" asked one. Averne, beginning to feel slightly seasick on account of Denzil's hiccups, replied "Italia," with a convincing Spanish accent. Then: "We speeg leetle Eenglish — you sneer Eenglish too?" An insulting question which was impatiently overlooked in favour of: "We speak Irish too," and then in more fervent tones, as all the aloofness of Snenser and the atrociousness of Cromwell passed across the troubled brow of their grandfathers' memories — "English is a durty language." There followed a rapid session of trilingual conversation, in which the boys explained to Chris and Averne what things were in English, confused the issue by adding the Irish, and left it to Averne to change both into Italian for the benefit of an apparently bewildered Denzil. In connection with the latter, the word "speaclai" was often mentioned.

Tiring of the new language, a male voice boomed from the depths of the cab: "You lyga Queen Elizabeth?" The shadow of the famine returned to the sons of the oppressed, and they replied: "She do be a durty weetch!" — and a screech as long as a broomstick underlined the epithet. "What did she ever do for Ireland?" "But she was not Queen of Ireland; she only Queen of England." Averne's Somerset tongue released the words from their prison one by one. The sentences edged their way into rebel minds, and were given conditional asylum. "But she do have the Six Counties an' she won't give them over. She do be a durty weetch!" — and the formation of a republican spit could be seen as its components were rallied in the cavern of revenge.

Denzil's bubbling Belfast blood now joined his hiccupping spirits, and the resulting stream of indignation changed in the nick of time to gushing hybrid Italian. The translators put the point, and considered sending a rose of Tralee to the insulted lady. But the natives had held a rapid conference (in English) and only said: "Have 'oo any Italian money?" We have to go home now fur our tea — have 'oo any furrin' money? — English money'll do." It was an enterprising invitation; perhaps they were philatelists, too. "You lyga furrin, francobollo? . . . francobollo?" repeated Averne, like Ibsen's Oswald Alving asking for the sum "Stampa," explained Chris. "Stalimp, you," replied the boys, becoming confused with the "furriners" accents, and accepting the proffered Queen Elizabeth penny blue. "Dat's not furrin'; that's an English stamp!" they shouted. "No, we buy eet een North Ireland," Averne stabbed gently. "Dat's Queen Elizabeth, th' durty weetch!" came the angry Southern tones, while the driver climbed into his seat and the engine grunted and woke. "She's nuttin' to do wid Ireland — have ye no furrin' stamps?" came the call as the lorry moved on into the dusk. "Have ye no furrin' stamps at all?"

GAELIC FOOTBALL

The Gaelic Football Club has again come to life and intends to enter a team in the P. G. Duke Cup competition which starts soon. Trinity hope to put their name on the trophy for the third time and all players are welcome.

The A.G.M. is to-morrow night at 7.45 in No. 5.



Social Circular

Congratulations to Vera Cole on falling out of love.

We send our further congratulations to the President of the Phil. on attaining his majority and on his new(?) technicoloured shirts.

Trinity Hall has been honoured by a visit from the Board.

Rev. Charles Cooke has lunched in Hall during the past week.

Mr. T. D. Spearman (Sch.) has announced that as from this date he will eat his own sweets in the Reading Room.

Mr. M. Brereton has withdrawn from society this week, due to indisposition.

Mr. W. Hipwell has returned to College following a week-end at home.

Miss J. Murdoch has returned to College after a week-end's absence.

COLLEGE OBSERVED

Last week we observed that College life seemed to be a shocking waste of energy and time on frivolous subjects, a (we called it) very "Much Ado About Nothing." This week, however, we are delighted to offer the answer to this accusation by mentioning some half-dozen examples of very worthwhile activity, and to offer for public acclaim their enterprising authors.

Starting with the most exalted and important enterprise, we learn that the Board, with its well-known concern for the welfare of the undergraduate, has made a new law regarding supplementary exams. Previously those who, owing to illness or other unforeseen circumstances, were obliged to sit for supplementary exams, were left in doubt for a long time whether they would have to pay £1 or be exempted from any fee at all. Such indecision is, of course, very unsatisfactory, and the present Board, so rapidly rising in our esteem and in their College charges, have declared that from now on everyone taking a supplementary will pay them £5. This is most commendable for, since undergraduates have already enough to pay and would not care to add to their expenses, those who, in normal circumstances might sometimes feel ill, will be encouraged to ignore the symptoms. So, thanks to our benevolent Board, illness will soon completely vanish from the College scene. For this, three cheers.

Next on the list of busy bodies is Mr. Thornton who, exercising his privilege as a lecturer, has recently got the Board to help him either (a) to cope with his fan mail or (b) to encourage one, by fixing up outside his door a special letter box. Three carpenters spent a whole day on the job, and now there it stands, gaping expectantly. So, from to-day, don't forget to write before you knock.

Follow the recent adventures of the History Society. Miss Gaye Turtle brings in her little sister to a private committee meeting. Now little sisters are not allowed to attend private committee meetings, and Miss Turtle, being Secretary, should have realised this. But she didn't. Mr. Pat. Burke constitutionally furious. Must get rid of Turtle. Turtle learns. Writes apologetic note, very tender, very diplomatic, very sugared! Committee captivated. Turtle stays. Burke frustrated. Little sister gone home ages ago. Enterprise, gentlemen, enterprise! Hail Burke! Hail Turtle! Well done, both!

Mr. Neville Howard-Avison and Mr. James Allen Poynton are both considering suing this publication for libel. Mr. Howard-Avison complains that, since "Four and Six" last Thursday associated his name with David Robertshaw, he has suffered severe financial losses, and denies (far too loudly) that he is any sort of a "chum" of the said Robertshaw. Mr. Poynton's bone of contention is being picked with the feature writer who included him amongst a quadruplet of "creeps." "I am not a creep," snorted Mr. Poynton indignantly. "I am incapable of creeping. The fact that I live with three specimens has nothing to do with it. I am perfectly capable of retaining my English dignity amongst a hoard of barbarians."

Finally, a delightful artistic surprise is in store for lovers of French poetry, as Mod. Lang. romantic David Caskett toils lovingly at his "Sonnet to Three Dark Ladies," while all over College everyone female and unfair prepares to recognise herself in the trio. Who will the lucky three be? Perhaps next week we may be able to announce the result. Until then, ladies, tremble in anticipation.

"Pip."

GERMAN SAUSAGE AND INTERNATIONAL MASH

My first recollection of the Frankfurt University summer course is Malcolm Yaffe's sausage drama.

As you all know (or perhaps as you all don't know), Franz Kafka was a German author who wrote stories in which commercial travellers were changed into cockroaches. This brilliant synopsis of Kafka's work, I may hasten to add, is entirely my own, and is admittedly open to criticism, because of its cryptic quality. These stories always had a double meaning, which was not the usual one associated with stories about commercial travellers; the other meaning was occasionally discovered. Inspired by this, Malcolm Yaffe and the British group took part in a play which dealt with the psychological problems of personality-disintegration of the modern mixed-up German sausage. This masterpiece was presented to an international audience and was an unqualified success. But why was Malcolm inspired to write this type of play after a month's course at the Johann Wolfgang University? Is this phenomenal production indicative of anything? Was it merely a flash of doubtful inspiration which caused us to decide on such a plot, or was it the result of mental indigestion? As we can be the last to claim for ourselves brilliance and inspiration, we may decide on the latter.

This is in fact my first and perhaps only criticism of the course—there was too much of it. Kafka was unfortunate enough to be singled out for the pillory, but that was inevitable, as such subjects as he deals with can so easily be perished by those who are themselves healthily normal and unscrupulous enough. No, it was not just Kafka who drove Yaffe to German sausages, it was more—yes, very much more. It began at 8.15 a.m. in a sound-proof theatre, continued through gruelling sessions of composition and Wortschatz, then phonetics, followed by German philosophy, lunch, perhaps a tutorial of an hour and a half, German architecture, and then our old friend Kafka from 5.30 p.m. to 7 p.m. The result was that, after two weeks, lectures were deserted. If the planned course had been halved it would have had two advantages. Firstly, everyone would have appreciated nearly all the professors had to offer in lectures, and much more time would have been spent in private exploration.

The planned recreation, however, was arranged with German efficiency, which never appeared cold or impersonal. Each week-end we went on bus excursions into the surrounding district. On these, everyone let his or her hair down. There was a Swiss-French priest who was a joy to watch from a distance, but rather a nuisance to sit beside; he was a mathematician with a clear, brilliant brain which interested itself in everything and everybody, and he expressed his thoughts thereon in voluble French, while his hands, his strongly sensitive face and his whole body registered surprise, admiration, puzzlement and disbelief in an essential language of movement, subtle, thrilling to watch and so refreshingly sincere. He had a large, enthusiasm in life, his most frequent interjection being "Oh la la," which when he said it seemed an utterance newly coined! The stage Frenchman, the pseudo-continent, or the mere fop with his nothingness of affectation are all parodies of such a character. But there was nothing fake about this lean, bronzed, pipe smoking priest from Lucerne.

The question of the relation of nationality and temperament (or type) I leave to others. Let me simply recall some of the people I met. There were the Italian brother and sister who were always together and always cheerful, in a forced sort of way, and always spoke Italian. Then there was the Turk who pinched the Belgian's girl-friend, and was generally abrupt, or merely moody; Sortska, from Yugoslavia, eighteen-year-old and female, who either exaggerated her youthfulness—at one period she ran around clutching a teddy-bear—or became over-sophisticated. The biggest disappointment was the species French female student, who gloried not in what one might legitimately hope or expect, but in work; they seemed to have the genuine blue-stocking temperament, always appearing keen, yet work-worn (in that unique weather-beaten female way) in lectures, and merely awkward and disused at dances or parties. Then there was the Costa Rican medical student who verged on the other extreme; his favourite subject was sex, which he managed to get over very well to us in spite of his insipid German: perhaps this was the result of a mutual interest. This interest seemed to be shared by an Italian girl whom he took under his wing, but we couldn't decide whether the relationship was a result of the interest, or the interest a result of the relationship. Next we come to the English—Mr. Wainwright and Mr. Marshal. Mr. Wainwright went stolidly to the football match every Sunday, while Mr. Marshal never spoke to us.

For those who are interested in the theatre I must not forget to mention the smallest theatre in the world—the Schmiere. This is situated in a cellar

and the company of four specialises in topical revues, with subjects ranging from Frankfurt's prostitute problem to politics, which they assured us were both dirty businesses. The curtain is a piece of cardboard two feet square; the producer is also the main performer, and lifts the tickets at the door before the performance. The pianist leaves his place among the audience to join those on the stage, while the leading lady is the wife of the producer. As the "auditorium" is packed each evening, I guess there's gold in that that Schmiere. What else can I recall? Well, there's Apfelseine. This is roughly cider; it tastes watery and looks like diluted varnish and has the power of convincing youthful Englishmen that they are German tram-drivers. American Service-men are plentiful; they appear well fed, are usually very young and sometimes very drunk; the average German accepts their benefits and ignores their presence, which is not difficult as the soldier is independent and aloof from the civilian; they appear to be there to stay, and provide the railway stations, the Bierstulen and the prostitutes with plenty of business. The traffic is savagely regardless of anything but speed and the German policeman is a big disappointment.

On my way home I had a religious argument with a German atheist, and an inspired disciple of Billy Graham who came from Bradford and had lived for 20 years in America, after which it was pleasant to go to bed.

A SCANDAL has come to my notice. So blatant is the audacity of its perpetrators, so pernicious their designs that I feel it my bounden duty to reveal before mankind the naked unadulterated truth—the earwigs hiding in the cabbage. I do not propose (as Henry VIII said to Anne Boleyn) to give myself heirs on matters relating to slum-age, that is, the study of habitation in Dublin's pride and joy, the residential mansions of the Coom. That privilege, I understand, is reserved as a monopoly of the illustrious society which is called after Fabius.

Fabius, the initiated will recall, was the great opponent of Hannibal (the cannibal). No doubt he gazes with pride from celestial heights upon the staunch warriors who bear his banner to-day. Do we also gaze with pride upon our Fabian friends? Indeed so great is my faith in their cause that I accepted the Chairman's personal invitation to attend the Freshers' reception at the beginning of term. The good Professor Sheehy-Skeffington spoke to us of the sorry plight which befalls many of our countrymen, and as he spoke I noticed many a snuffle and many a tear pass distastefully into snotty handkerchiefs. "Are you aware?" he asked, "how many unfortunate persons are obliged to live together in only one room?" Though my own circumstances were not dissimilar to those in question, I held my peace. The rest also remained silent, the more, I fear, through

Wolf in the Fold

By Seamus na Coelcánthé

Scandal—I.

ignorance than, as in my case, through modest self-compassion.

Professor Skeffington continued by saying that the society should make a point of finding out just how sordid a life our less fortunate neighbours live. My neighbour, poor fellow, can only afford to eat at Alfredo's, with Commons at its present price.

AND NOW, might I ask a question: Just how much have the Fabians done so far to find out what wretched misery I and my fellow paupers endure? Even the numerous cats around us live better. How many tenements has the Chairman, for instance, condescended to visit? Reach for your fans, smelling salts, brandy, benzedrene, lest the figure should cause you acute shock. He, dear reader, returns a large O, and the other officers, I gather, can lay claim to an equally staggering figure. Oh yes, well may you exclaim and raise your hands in horror so, but pray hush, for now I will ask a very sinister question: WHEN IS A FABIAN A FABIAN??!! A Fabian is only a Fabian when he is not a member of the Fabian Society. I don't mind saying (no names) that some Fabians are nothing short of mugwumps. Here is a list of the officers of the D.U. Fabian Society: Excellencies Meek, Laski, Poynton, Law, Turtle (some Laskivous Turtles are not so Meek on Poyns of Law). Are these people Fabians? I think not. They may say they are, but, if so, they are telling Fabs.

More SCANDAL next week.

Mist and Mysticism

Addressing the College Classical Society on Friday evening, Mr. Anthony Gamm said that Orphism, the subject of his paper, had always appealed to poets, fanatics and philosophers. He traced the history of the Orphic religion back to the dim but heroic age of Greece.

Mr. Alan Elliott proposed the vote of thanks and pointed out the similarity between Orphism and Protestantism. Each originated in a spiritual renaissance and laid emphasis on personal communion with the Divine.

The Chairman, Mr. Luce, said that the revivalist movement in the sixth century B.C. was not confined to Greece alone, since Confucius in China and Zoroaster in Persia were also active at that time. The existence of Orphism was proved by scanty references in literature, but the archaeological evidence was so uncertain that scholars ran the risk of "soaring on winds of speculation beyond the point of no return." He congratulated the speakers on avoiding this catastrophe. Orphism, he suggested, provided the Greeks with a refuge from wine, women and song, and was more personal and morally-satisfying than Olympic religion.

The Auditor won the approval of the meeting by declaring that the origins of Greek religion were too vague to study. He condemned superstition in general, and the Americans in particular for taking out extra insurance whenever the 13th is due to fall on a Friday.

ZAMBERENE

It is hardly surprising that a paper on such a subject as Albert Schweitzer should attract a large and interested audience. The essayist, Mr. T. T. West, showed Dr. Schweitzer as a man of many parts, a man who felt he was called to Africa as a missionary and was prepared to set himself seven years of study to achieve this goal. In an entertaining and illuminating paper, Mr. West took different aspects of this brilliant man, weaving them together to create a vivid impression of a great man.

A completely different aspect of the subject was covered adequately by the Treasurer, who took the line of Albert Schweitzer the organist. He portrayed him in terms of stops and pedals as the greatest living exponent of the works of Bach. He spoke of his practising on a piano in Zamberéne because he had no organ, and yet in spite of all difficulties remaining a great, indeed a very great, player.

Many of the succeeding speakers from the floor spoke of Schweitzer's theology, questioning whether it was Christian or sub-Christian and at the same time trying to publish their own views of religion. R. D. Bluett spoke of him as a heretic, on an equal with the other heretics who have plagued the Church ever since it was founded—he did not say which church he meant.

Of the many speakers who followed, Mr. Beeston was outstanding. He took a line which had up till then been

ignored, of Albert Schweitzer as a human being, not as a member of any religion or sect, but as a man who was in the public eye. He compared him with Moses whom God buried so that he would not be worshipped. He warned that Schweitzer should not be praised and set up on a pedestal, but looked on as an example of one who tried to "beat their swords into ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks."

AGRICULTURISTS

On Wednesday, 20th, an informal meeting of the D.U. Agricultural Society was held in West Chapel 5. During the evening a series of motions dealing with agricultural, horticultural and forestry topics were discussed freely at large by the members. The principal contributors were the Auditor, Mr. Reid, and Messrs. Roche, Seagar, Demrant, Ferguson, Bird, Leeson, Cobham, Leonard, Perry.

It was noted with satisfaction that lively and intelligent participation was made, especially from first year members.

By all appearances the Society has a full and fruitful year ahead. A programme of educational trips to farms, forests and factories is being arranged for the session. The first of these is taking place on Thursday, 28th, when the members of the Society will be guests of the Irish Sugar Company at Carlow.

FOUR & SIX

"Bi." Ball Bubbles

At the "Bi." Ball on Monday the class-pervaded accents of Ronnie (sorry, chaps!) Snow and Tony (Toothpaste) Colegate competed gently at the mike, and there was a minor stampede as Heather Laskey—voted the girl I'd most like to succeed Sabrina—sang about a sentimental journey in an attractively alcoholic voice. Meanwhile partner Bob Barton, lolling luxuriously in Jenny Phelps' lap, refined on the slap and tickle technique with his post-surrealist Dali moustachios. David Gilliat, once known as the boor-about-the-Bay, had so far redeemed himself as to achieve pre-Raphaelite Gabrielle Hamilton. But careful David, blondes prefer gentlemen, John Goldberg, the legal eagle, impressed with his fully fashioned silk socks. And didn't Henry Smith and Nicky Howes look like a couple of sartorially minded spaniel puppies. Chiffon-clad Nicky was demonstrating how not to wear the latest fashion and Henry how to wear last year's with bravado. (Jokes about a red cummerbund to an Irish bull have carefully been discarded.) Buck Mahony raked the

tables with his ogling eye and quizzed la Mooney enwrapped with John Gibson. The James Dean of the Medical School, Chris. Brownlow, was a non-starter in that particular handicap.

Where Do You Go For Kicks?

Astonished to receive an invitation, which saves so much trouble and words such distressing situations, we went to a party in Hume Street and were given excellent hospitality by José Xuerib and Jill McEvady at their cocktail party. While blinking our eyes at the spectacle of Jane Bayldon fluttering her sack dress, we nearly missed seeing Mike Cochrane and Johnny Anderson being precipitated downstairs, from which strategic position they flexed their Boat Club biceps and muttered Ulster imprecations.

Editor's Note: We issue an apology on behalf of our correspondent to the three J.F. party-throwers who failed to get their names in print last week. We have established them to be Larry L'Estrange, Bill Ainsworth and Tony Perry.

P.S.—Perhaps we'll put your pictures in the paper too! "Nony Mouse."

Moses, the first Public Health Officer

A pleasant change from the perennial round of doctrinal controversy was given to the Theo. when Mr. J. M. Dunlop, B.A., read his paper entitled "Medicine in the Old Testament." One might have feared that this address would be dull and technical, but Mr. Dunlop did not allow it to become so. Using simple language intelligible to the layman, he gave an outline of the diseases found in the Bible. Many of the diseases prevalent to-day, he declared, were mentioned in the Bible. These ranged from T.B. and infantile paralysis to a slipped disc which Jacob suffered from after his wrestling bout at Peniel. Mr. Dunlop then went on to describe the attempts made by the early Hebrews in the field of preventive medicine. Moses was the first public health officer—and a very sensible and efficient one at that, judging by all comparisons with modern methods. One cannot help feeling that Mr. Dunlop has a wonderfully firm grasp of the relationship between God and man, between religious faith and human suffering. He concluded his paper with the telling quotation from Eccles.: "I tended him, God healed him."

Mr. W. J. Johnston, proposing the vote of thanks to the essayist, attempted to shatter the essayist's psycho-analysis of Joseph, and denied that Joseph was the friend of Egypt. Mr. C. Capper, seconding, emphasised what had been said earlier about the public health laws, regarding uncleanness and food. He stressed the utter practicability of the Mosaic law and said how, as a result of these laws, Israel had been freed from many epidemics which had attacked other Semitic nations.

The paper led to much discussion from the house, and Rev. T. N. D. Salmon, B.D., summed up.

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Rugby

N.I.F.C. Just too Strong *All Fit for Lansdowne*

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ON Saturday Trinity travelled up to Belfast to play N.I.F.C. at Ormeau Road. This match has always been one of Trinity's best fixtures and Saturday's game proved no exception, both sides opening up the play on all possible occasions.

N.I.F.C. fielded a strong team with an above average pack and Kyle and Henderson gave to the back line a tremendous amount of thrust. Trinity were without Nisbet, Sutton and De Wet, substitutes being Drewery, Saville and McCord, respectively. Two newcomers to the side were McCurdy and T. P. Smyth.

In the first half Trinity did not get much of the ball from set scrums, but won a fair share of the line-outs, with Dowse in particular jumping well. However, the backs did not seem to be able to get going. North, on the other hand, were making repeated sallies on the Trinity line and only some solid defensive play by the Trinity backs prevented the score being more than 13-5 at the interval.

The first North score was engineered by Kyle who, catching a mis-kick to touch, tore off for the open, then stopped and passed back to the blind side, leaving the Trinity defence split wide open. Trinity retaliated with a try following a kick ahead by Dornan which was chased by McCord going like a hare for the line, then he passed to O'Connor who scored. Reid-Smith converted. Just before half-time, K. Smythe was injured and Trinity played with 14 men for the remainder of the game.

In the second half Trinity were getting more of the ball, both in set scrums and line-outs, Laville being noticeable for some excellent jumping. He is definitely a prospect for the future.

Trinity's second score was probably the best of the match. T. P. Smyth broke through inside the Trinity half, dodging in inimitable fashion Hender-

son's clutching hands, passed to Steen, who with an excellent burst of speed outpaced the covering defence, drew the full-back and handed to Reid-Smith who scored under the posts. The scorer failed to convert. North scored three further tries, the last of which found a rather tired Trinity defence.

The match as a whole, however, was an interesting pointer to the coming colours match and, providing the Trinity forwards can reach peak fitness in the coming ten days, an exciting match should be in store at Lansdowne Road on December 7th. *

On Saturday, Trinity will, D.V., field their strongest side this season, with Nisbet, Sutton and De Wet all returning to the fold. Bagley is replaced by Lee for this match against Lansdowne at Lansdowne Road.

D.U. Swimming Club

The evening of Thursday, 21st, saw Trinity continue their successes in the inter-club swimming and water polo winter competition held in Iveagh Baths. They trounced Pembroke by 32 points to 16 in the swimming and by 6 goals to 1 in the water polo.

Trinity were off to a good start with an easy win in the 100 metres by M. O'Brien Kelly. J. Lee and G. Potter followed this with a fine performance, obtaining first and second, respectively, in the 100 metres backstroke. In the breaststroke we were not quite so successful, but swam well to take first and second places. Victory was well in hand when a win for our strong medley squad was followed by another for the flying squad. This latter achievement is pleasing as two Junior Freshmen, C. Pringle and W. Sprout, gave a good account of themselves in it. It is hoped that more such Junior Freshmen will show an interest in the club.

In the water polo, Trinity proved too good for the Pembroke side. The game was always in our control and a couple of good moves got under way, with the result that every man scored.

E. Skelly was always a danger and one of his shots went in for a beautiful goal. Things felt safe with P. Burgess-Watson, the captain, and J. Lee defending in their assured manner.

The chances of the team look bright this year and under the guidance of the captain, many victories can be looked forward to.

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Hockey

A Scottish Journey *Three Wins, One Draw*

YET another tour has come and gone, but the lucky thirteen who travelled in Scotland last week will long remember these eventful days.

The tour was a great success both on and off the field. The side were undefeated in four games and the hospitality extended knew no bounds. The opening match, which resulted in a 2-1 victory over St. Andrew's University, was perhaps the most enjoyable of the tour. After an early deficit, Trinity equalised when Steepe scored from a short corner. Keely scored the winning goal.

A memorable evening at St. Andrew's probably accounted for the team's very poor showing against Edinburgh University the following afternoon. Trinity had to be content with a 1-1 draw, Hughes scoring in the first minute. All played below their usual form.

Trinity returned to winning form when they beat the Royal Veterinary College

4-1 and played with great enthusiasm. In the first half, goals came from Findlater and Judge. Moffett flicked the ball past the goalkeeper to make it three and Campbell added the last goal.

In the final match, Trinity defeated Glasgow University by three goals to one.

Ladies Hockey

Chilean Cup for Queen's Again

Trinity began by defeating U.C.D. 3-2 in the semi-final of this competition. It was a closely fought game, and this score certainly does not flatter the victors. In fact, Trinity might have won by a far greater margin if all the players had steadied themselves and concentrated more keenly.

The opening goal came from centre-half R. Ritchie, and before the end of the first half inside-right E. Pritchard-Jones had netted another, the result of a quickly-snatched opportunity. U.C.D. replied, making the half-time score 2-1.

The second half produced the equaliser and from this stage to the final whistle it was a grim tussle. Trinity just managed to emerge winners, the result of another brisk shot from E. Pritchard-Jones.

In the final, Trinity were opposed by a formidable Queen's side and did well to keep the score down to 4-0. Perhaps the match was more even than the score suggests, for all four goals were scored within 10 or 15 minutes mid-way through the second half.

Trinity's forwards attacked up to a point, but seldom looked really dangerous. They seemed incapable of making good use of some excellent passes from both H. Kirwan and J. Palmer. The defence had more than their fair share of the play, for the Queen's forwards (including two internationals) were a constant menace. J. Palmer and E. Roche were very sound in defence, ably assisted by some good saves from goalie E. Irvine. At centre-half, R. Ritchie had a determined game.

It would, therefore, appear that the four goals against Trinity were the result of a temporary lapse in concentration and lack of stamina.

This is Queen's fifth successive win in this competition, so Trinity should try to produce something extra next year in order to end this monotonous domination by Queen's.

On a brighter note, we are pleased to announce that Miss June Palmer has been chosen to play for Leinster Selected next week.

Corrida de Toros

IN these sunless latitudes, bull-fighting is not only scorned upon by animal lovers but also by those who themselves enjoy some form of hunting, and yet this sport is practised in no fewer than seventeen countries and is the national sport of both Spain and Mexico.

How did such a controversial form of entertainment originate? Demand for a new form of amusement by the Romans led to the importation of this savage species of bull (*taurus l.*) and men from the Iberian Peninsula by Julius Caesar. Augustus built an arena, *Stadilus Taurus*, especially for the sport. In Spain, bull-lancing became the favourite sport of the aristocracy. Lances were used until a short spear was introduced in the reign of Philip IV. Competition to produce the best bulls was keen among such countries as Spain, France, Italy and Portugal. Even dogs (*perros de presa*) were employed at one time. By 1700, bulls were fought on foot, only peons using the horses.

The festival's name, corrida de toros, comes from the Latin, "currere — to run"; it lasts for about two hours in the heat of the afternoon. As in music, which requires an appreciative ear, so bull-fighting requires a special appreciation, with such events as the death of the horses being subsidiary to the whole performance. It would be unfair to visit an arena with the idea of placing oneself in the position of the bulls or the matadors—such an idea would lead to a thoroughly calamitous afternoon.

With a completely open mind, then, one arrives in the ring bathed in bright sunshine. The "symphony," which is in three movements, opens with the "paseillo" (parade), the resplendent matadors leading, while a band plays amid the excited applause of the crowd—a most spectacular movement. As the

bull enters the arena the crowd is stilled to an impressive silence, broken only by the snorting of the bull. After a few preliminary charges at the matador, armed solely with his cape, the bull is confronted with the picadores on horseback. They are frequently dismounted and have to be protected by the matadors. Sometimes, however, it is the bull that is victorious at this stage. The defects of the bull, if any, are also assessed and then alone in the ring the matador has to insert about four pairs of harpoons or banderillas in the humped muscle of the bull. This requires great skill as it is accomplished in about five minutes to music, making a picturesque scene.

Taking his mulete and sword, the matador then dedicates the death of the bull to a friend and the third movement commences. The bull, by now fully enraged, charges with all his strength. Courage is not enough, for one false move by the matador and his death would result. Carefully following the stringent ethics of bull-fighting, he must kill with his sword, having lowered the bull's head, between the shoulder blades—an instant death. With the bull's blood on his chest, the sign of a skilful kill, the matador retrieves his "montera" from his "brindis" amid the clamour of the crowd. He is well rewarded if skilful and in addition receives the ears and tail of the bull. However, it takes a brave bull to make a good fight and he, too, receives a great ovation.

Bull-fighting becomes like a wine which at first may taste bitter, but after indulging more often changes to sweetness, but intoxicating. However, there is little scope for dishonesty in this most artistic and complicated of sports.

★ News in Brief ★

Week-end Double

Victory continued for the Harriers over the week-end. On Saturday afternoon they lined up against Crusaders for a race over the six-mile course. Shillington took the lead at the start and held it throughout to win comfortably in the fast time of 33 mins. 45 secs. Connolly was next home, followed by Doyle of Crusaders. Roe and Reed occupied 4th and 5th places, with Ryan 9th. Considering D.U.H. were without McCaughey and Bayne, they did very well to emerge winners by 9 points.

Although the race against Aberdeen University Harriers was held at lunchtime on Monday, D.U.H. fielded a full team. After a fast start Shillington took the lead, with Connolly close behind. Both ran well and turned in first equal with the excellent time of 33 mins. 25 secs.—only 52 seconds outside the record set up by an Aberdeen man two years ago.

Three Aberdeen men were next home, closely followed by McCaughey and

Reed. This was an exciting race and Trinity well deserved their win by the comfortable margin of 8 points.

* * *

Three Days to Go

With the Boat Club "At Home" Regatta only three days away, all three crews are reaching the final stages of their training. The "A" boat has started only this week to move as a crew, but has made rapid progress and should be well able to overcome any challenge from Lady Elizabeth or Queen's. "B" crew has shown satisfactory improvement and, with the makings of a strong VIII, should give a good account of themselves in senior company. "C" crew will be taking part in their first race, which should provide a taste of the competition to come in the new season.

Following the Regatta, there will be an informal dance at the clubhouse.

* * *

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