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Trinity News

A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

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LESSON LEARNED? No 'Angry Young Men'

Regrettable Incident

After their dinner last Friday evening, the members of the Laurentian Society repaired to a flat in Hume Street for a party. As appears to be usual with College parties outside, the inevitable crashers arrived, or rather just failed to arrive. This time, however, instead of coming in through the door as respectable crashers do, these three Boat Club men decided to go the flat.

OFFICIAL OPENING

Last Thursday afternoon the new coffee-room in No. 27 was officially opened by the Provost. The ceremony was attended by most of the College dignitaries and officers of societies.

In his speech, the Provost spoke of the reluctance with which the College authorities had enforced the new levy, and said they would have preferred to have all societies voluntary. Unfortunately, the financial aspect of this system made it unsatisfactory. Having enforced the levy, the authorities were determined to give full value for the money spent and the coffee-room was an excellent example of the ends for which the increased revenue could be used. Concluding, the Provost thanked and congratulated those concerned with the building of the coffee-room, especially the Clerk of Works and Mrs. McClure.

Tyndall — his work

William Tyndall was the subject of this week's paper which was read by Mr. G. C. Kerr. After outlining the career of this great pre-Reformation figure, Mr. Kerr proceeded to give a very clear and full analysis of Tyndall's theological views and also his qualities as a translator and as a man. This paper was a treat to listen to, as it was so thoroughly "human" and practical, in contrast to many papers read to the "Theo" which have too much of an air of abstraction.

Mr. T. V. Stoney, B.A., proposing a vote of thanks to the essayist, set Tyndall in his contemporary surroundings, and Mr. B. Hannon discussed the results of having the Bible in the vernacular.

The paper stimulated much discussion from the floor, which ranged from the orthodox to the heretical. In the absence of the President, Professor Vokes, as Chairman, summed up the evening's discussion.

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MORAL FORCE SOLUTION?

Experience since 1945 had shown the necessity for Europe to unite economically and for a firm recognition of the value of the individual on the part of the free states of Europe, said Mr. J. Kaminski giving his inaugural address as Chairman of D.U.A.I.A. on "Ideologies in a United Europe."

Rt. Hon. Clement Davies, M.P., spoke on war and of the war expenditure undertaken by European states. He maintained that international law did not really exist.

Mme. H. Mayer contrasted the divisions in free Europe with the unity of the Communist front, and suggested that moral force was the best solution to our problem—possibly the most constructive suggestion of the evening.

Dr. A. C. Esmond, T.D., spoke of his experiences in the Council of Europe and of the part which Ireland could play in a Free Trade Area and of the contribution which the Irish, by reason of their unique position, might give to the world, especially to under-developed countries.

Mr. R. H. Robertson told of the relative success of the Council of Europe and similar bodies, thus showing the one-sidedness of Mr. Clement Davies' speech.

The President, Prof. T. W. Moody, then summed up in his own inimitable manner, bringing to a close a successful, though scarcely completely satisfying, evening.

No 'Angry Young Men' — But Censorship Criticised

Last Friday evening, before a large audience in the G.M.B., Mr. R. H. Bolster gave his inaugural address as Chairman of D.U. Modern Languages Society on "Censorship in Ireland."

He began by regarding censorship in its historical aspect, and showed how it could be used, firstly, as a means of suppressing new ideas; secondly, as a means of ensuring the superiority of a particular political or religious system, and, thirdly, as a means of suppressing the corrupt evil in literature. Referring this to the case of Ireland, he maintained that, on the whole, it had been used here for the third purpose, but that elements of the second purpose could be traced, that the administration of the act had been lax, and that the enlightenment of the censors had been doubtful. Mr. Bolster's paper, while leaving the central problem of indecency in literature for his speakers, was very thorough and the sound basis of fact and quotation, together with the mature and elegant tone, made it particularly pleasing.

The first speaker, Mr. Edgar Deal, in an excellent speech, expressed his doubts about the necessity of censorship, citing the refusal of two of the present censors to pronounce judgment on a book unless they had read all of it, as an instance of the utter unworkability of the present system.

Mr. Ulick O'Connor, in his usual breezy manner, praised the Chairman for avoiding the pit-fall of being an "angry young man," and while supporting censorship of indecent literature as a general principle, poured scorn on the mentality which condemned good literature because it mentioned the seamy side of life, citing as examples the banning of books by two eminent Catholic authors, Graham Greene and Dr. Halliday Sutherland.

Dr. Roger McHugh, the most practical of all the speakers, claimed that in political matters progress was slow and

Truth v. Fear

On Monday afternoon the Elizabethan Society held a very successful debate with the Philosophical Society in No. 6, perhaps partly to show off the good taste and luxury of their newly decorated rooms. The motion, "That Truth is a stronger world force than fear," was supported by Mr. Laurence Roche who connected Truth with God, with Christianity in general, and with the Western Powers, and Fear with Russia and Communism. He spoke confidently of the inevitable victory of Truth over fear, showing a highly idealistic conception of life and of Western morals. Miss Joan Lloyd, President of the Elizabethan Society, also supporting the motion, treated less universal matters, of how distorted Truth can create fear, and described Truth itself as a fire born with us, which keeps on burning in us and increasing with our years. Fear, she said, was merely a protective mechanism against things we dislike and tasks we do not wish to do, and Truth was a protection against fear.

Mr. Derek Cummins, President of the Philosophical Society, opposed the motion in his traditionally confident and realistic manner. The application of moral power, he stated, is non-existent to-day, because it has failed. He would like to see Truth dominant over fear, but impressed that this was impossible, mainly due to the nature of Soviet power. Miss Edith Boyle, also opposing the motion, spoke of fear as man's first instinct from infancy. She referred to intelligent and hard-working students who fail exams, because fear of this very failure overcomes the truth of their knowledge. She spoke strongly of intolerance in Ireland, blaming it mainly on the older generation and their predecessors, and impressing our responsibility to our country, as she said, "we are the people to make or mar her."

Speakers from the floor were Mr. Burnstein, Mr. Solomon and Miss R. Morreau. The two former were strongly in opposition to the motion, and Miss Morreau is to be admired for her unbiased views and for keeping off the subject of toleration. After the four main speakers had exercised their right of reply, the Chairman, Mrs. Mitchell, summed up and the meeting adjourned; the Society's thanks are due to her for the very able and entertaining way in which she conducted the meeting.

We apologise to those who sent in letters to the editor and to those secretaries of societies whose reports we were compelled to omit this week because of pressure on space and pressure of time.

Jobs For the Irish?

Unknown to most of us, the November Council meeting of the Irish Students' Association was held in Trinity last week-end. The most important matter discussed was the question of whether I.S.A. should continue to be affiliated to the National Union of Students. This whole matter of I.S.A.'s association with N.U.S. really depends on the provision of vacation work by N.U.S., for unless I.S.A. is affiliated to N.U.S. it is not possible for the individual Irish colleges to obtain work through that organisation. Last year, N.U.S. raised I.S.A.'s affiliation fee from £60 to £75 per annum. At the same time only 149 jobs were obtained by Irish students through N.U.S. The conclusion to be drawn from this is that jobs were being subsidised to the extent of 10/- each above and apart from the individual registration fees. Furthermore, N.U.S., having found that its vacation work department was losing heavily, in spite of heavy subsidisation amalgamated it with the Debates and Events Department, with the result that vacation work is now only a very small and insignificant section of this large and important department.

Faced with this problem, the I.S.A. formally agreed, on the suggestion of Frances-Jane French, that it should appoint one of its members to investigate the possibility of I.S.A. arranging vacation work in England for Irish students, and to report back the possibilities to the next Council meeting. If this scheme is successful, it seems fairly safe to prophesy that by this time next year I.S.A. will no longer be affiliated to N.U.S.

Whether this affects Irish students' chances of vacation work in England is doubtful—most resourceful students can find work for themselves without the aid of intermediaries.

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

Mr. T. T. West will read a paper entitled

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"QUAERERE VERUM"

In the spheres of religion and politics, which together with drink and sex are the perennial sources of undergraduate amusement and discussion, it would seem to the lucky, though, of course, non-existent person, who could begin his study of these all-important subjects from a condition of "tabula rasa," that here, if anywhere, knowledge is unsure, certainly hard to find, and absolute values absolutely impossible to find. In these matters, the critical method of earnestly seeking the facts and sifting fact and truth from rumour and dogma would appear particularly valuable and, indeed, indispensable.

Instead, when we look around we find that the opposite is generally the case. The raw undergraduate arrives here with views instilled by parents and school-teachers and, in most cases, when he leaves he is more mature and more than a trifle blasé; but his version of the truth (or his very lack of such a version) is still intact. It might appear pertinent (if not irreverent) to ask how many Northerners spend four years in this city, without losing the conviction that everything north of a certain line is paradise, and that the desolation south of that line is the judgment of God on a charming (though erring) people; how many Southerners are content to regard Northerners as mean Presbyterians with harsh voices and bad manners; how many, who are pretentious enough to call themselves Christians, read with understanding Bertrand Russell's "Why I am not a Christian"; how many of us whites regard colonial students as more than super-sensitive people with a colonial axe to grind? It would appear that we are prepared to be most dogmatic about those things about which absolute knowledge is impossible. The subjects of the best state and the best life have taxed the best brains for centuries; yet we are quite content to dismiss them with a few hackneyed opinions, and to regard those who disagree with us as dishonest or stupid.

This is hardly what might be expected of those who are entitled to regard themselves as the intellectual cream of their country. The search for truth is the essence of all scholarship, and he who, having abandoned all prejudices and preconceived ideas, spends his four years here in discovering facts and drawing his own conclusions on the basis of these facts, will not have wasted his time. He will be at least semi-educated in that he has studied most points of view appreciatively and critically, rather than accept one particular point of view without examining its basis. He will, also, have helped to contribute towards building a world in which people may differ because they understand each other's point of view, a world different from the one in which we live, where strength of belief and insistence on the absolute rightness of a particular system of belief are in inverse proportion to the logical foundation of that system of belief and the toleration afforded to those who refuse to conform.

Profile:

T. D. SPEARMAN

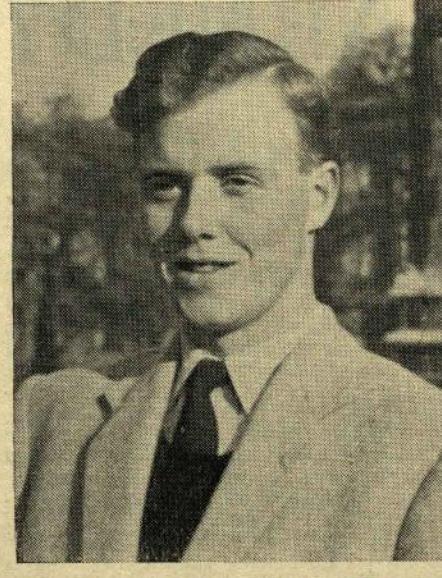
No matter how one comes into contact with David Spearman—whether it be by means of an argument on Commons on religion or Picasso, or through listening to his impeccable rendering of the two Graces, or the sight of his upright walk and "shining morning face" at 10 a.m. in the Reading Room, or whether one happens to be the lucky woman who is at present in favour and receives sweets passed secretly (with a beautiful blush) in the Reading Room—he cannot fail to create an impression.

Born just under twenty-one years ago in Dublin, of Scottish and Huguenot stock (as he likes to recall), David's career in Trinity began auspiciously with a first-class Junior Exhibition and Sizarship from Mountjoy School. He has more than justified earlier high hopes. He has taken the strenuous and unenviable task of a double moderatorship course in experimental science and mathematics in his stride, and with signal success in both subjects. In his Senior Freshman year he became a Scholar in mathematics, and last September he achieved a first in both honor courses, having done just three days' work in one subject—a truly remarkable achievement, and striking proof of his academic soundness.

But academic activities have not prevented David from playing his part in College life. On the contrary, he has succeeded in combining depth of knowledge with a refreshing breadth of interest. Sailing has always been one of his chief interests, and in his Senior Freshman year he was a very successful treasurer of the Sailing Club; apparently this success was produced in some measure by his patient honest and (less patent) shrewdness and refusal to allow himself to be beaten down, which had the desired effect with the D.U.C.A.C. Finance Committee. The reward for this hard work came last year, when he was Captain. Meanwhile, he was foolish enough to allow himself to become a member of the S.R.C. Fortunately, he caught himself on just in time, and avoided the Editorship of the College Diary and the numerous Chairmanships of minor committees—a sure way to ignominy. This year he is Auditor of the Mathematical Society, having been last year's Secretary. He is, in addition, a council member of the "Phil." and Chairman of the Minor Societies' Finance Committee under the new levy scheme.

(Sch.)—Gentleman

Always immaculately dressed, David breathes the very spirit of formality. Even with his close friends, he refuses to use diminutives, and his conversation is always on a high intellectual level. His views on the subject of religion and drink are quite clear-cut, though the more ill-intentioned of his friends hope to make him take down his Pioneer badge for just one evening before leaving College. With women he is popular because of his combination of reserve and



gallantry. Unfortunately, he refuses to become "entangled," a source of heartbreak to the select who have been dated by one of College's most eligible bachelors. To those who do not know him, these qualities make David appear stiff and unyielding, but those who have the privilege of his friendship know differently. Once the barrier of reserve is broken, David is, in fact, most hospitable and friendly.

Academic worth, conscientiousness, formality combined with friendliness, impeccability in speech and dress, breadth and depth of interest—these are the qualities which make David Spearman outstanding. They will stand him in good stead and assure him of success and achievement in whatever field he decides to use them.

SNOBBERY IN TRINITY

Have you ever been called a snob? If so, what is a snob? The dictionary definition says: "A person whose conduct or opinions are influenced by the acceptance of social position or wealth or success in place of merit as a criterion." You may naively think you know no one answering this description.

By the time a member of the upper or middle-classes comes up to University he will already have gathered enough potential snob value to make easy his entry into charmed circles. From his family circumstances he has an undeniable advantage; then follows prep. school. There is, strangely enough, hardly any snobbery about prep. school—the main thing is to have been to one. At prep. school he goes through the experience of seeing whether his background measures favourably with that of his companions. Trade and the stage are no longer a bar; in fact, provided one's father has made a packet and all the better if one's brother has the lead in a West-End production. In this matter of relatives the boy quickly learns which to single out for special mention—uncles in the Congo, cousins taking Silk. Only on visiting days are these relatives actually seen and tested. There is nothing more cruel than a critical child.

His public school career is valuable if only because it assists him to discriminate between people who matter and those who do not. Should he do any military service before entering a university, provided the regiment is a reasonably good one, he will have additional scope. To the host of desirable acquaintances made at school, he can now add distinguished military names and regale audiences with accounts of adventures abroad.

Eventually, he enters the ancient portals of this College. Here he finds himself in a real arena of clashing forces. His accent being satisfactory, his schooling is put under scrutiny. For there is snobbery in public schools—perhaps—perish the thought!—he was at a second-rank one. A grammar school might pass, but the essential is that all pre-university education be privately paid. In this, class distinction is closely allied to money.

Now he must carve a niche for himself in College society. Carefully he prepares the way by skilful use of old stock tuft-hunting remarks. One notices how cleverly this has been done by a section of the more socially-minded Junior Freshmen. Casual references to "deb." parties are made, calculated to produce awe and respect in those not eligible to attend those plagues of society. House parties, flats in town, friends in Belgrave Square, presentations at Court, country houses, fathers with factories, all add glist to the snob-mill.

What does one say when this panorama of plushness is ended? A natural human desire to equal the claims asserts itself, and most people are able to dig deep enough into their family history to counter each claim. It is rather like a game of "shop"—cousins in the Peerage, uncles in the higher clergy, politicians, financiers pass between the couple like shuttlecocks. They part, each satisfied with the showing of the other. In future, having passed the snob test, they can obviously be recommended, "He's a jolly good chap, in my house at school/knows my cousin/his mother knew my aunt" or any variation that pushes up social standing.

There is snobbery in geography. To have been born in a foreign country is an advantage—few bother to find out exactly why the parents were in Bolivia. Snobbery in clothes—and where they were bought—games-snobbery, bridge-snobbery and even holiday-snobbery—unless some good reason can be given why you were not in the South of France, Austria, Switzerland—winter sports a definite must—Achill Island, cruising, all is over. Never think a week at Margate will suffice. Do go and stay with someone however remotely connected—"My aunt in the Pennines, you know."

If you are a snob you should recognise some of your characteristics in this sketch. If you are not one, you will be prepared and know how to behave when you do meet one. Deflation is usually rather effective—try it and see the result.

"Leofric."

The Latitudes of Love

David Allen's production of this Terence Bowen desert island comedy was played to a full and appreciative house last Thursday. A pleasant cocktail of sex and wit, written in verse, and in "The Little Hut" mood it offered us three charming Junior Freshmen and gallant Senior Fresh. Gillian Howe, who stepped into her part at two days' notice. Jean Scott and Mavis Cleave wore grass skirts and discussed men; Miss Scott was most luscious in her enunciation of the verse, while Miss Cleave preferred to sing it all away; both, however, were enchanting. Miss Howe and Miss Marion Lurring, having no verse to get excited about, flourished instead Yorkshire and Scottish accents, respectively. Miss Howe was not keen on her grass skirt, while Miss Lurring was quite pleased with her bathing costume.

The play was really nothing more than a long preparation leading to the dubious excitement of David Allen's entrance in literally the last minute. The players, if somewhat erratic, were obviously full of enthusiasm and so was the audience. In fact, the production was such a success that Players would, I feel, find it well worth while to offer it again. It certainly deserves repetition.



Social Circular

Congratulations to Mr. Vivian Morrison on being invited to Hall Dance. The score d'amour between him and Mr. D. J. Caskey has now become even. Mr. Morrison has now moved from the bottom table in the Reading Room to more lofty heights.

Congratulations to Miss Norah Beare on attaining her majority this week.

Further felicitations to all those young ladies who have by now run to earth their partners for Hall Dance.

Miss Gillian Akyroyd and Miss Isobel Chesney have announced their engagements.

Felicitations to Mr. M. R. Ryall on maintaining his platonic relationship successfully during the week; we are pleased to announce that he has agreed to write for us a serial of his love-life (in 100 instalments).

COLLEGE OBSERVED

With our world so incomprehensible and hectic, never has the need been so great for the youth of to-day to devote its energies to the formidable task of preparing for adult life. And yet, in a College where one would expect youth to be receiving the finest and final polish to its equipment, we find, regrettably, a great deal of noise and confusion being created over practically nothing.

For instance, consider the Reading Room. For some weeks now this supposed haven of silence and meditation has been a battleground for warring faculties. In the pit, the Law faculty, armed with multitudes of books and pamphlets, has well-nigh taken over the Economics table, sending members of the latter faculty into ignominious flight. In the gallery heights, however (and particularly in the front seats), the forces of Law are not being so successful in their grim struggle against heroic Classic students. Finally, at the back table of the pit, the long reign of the present Mod. Lang. Senior Sophisters draws to its close, as hordes of barbarians thrust themselves in amongst German and French romantics, thus making all those sweetly whispered, intimate tête-a-têtes almost impossible. And this is not all. Quite apart from providing space for three major wars, the Reading Room is also being used for all those personal feuds and alliances, which result in an endless procession, up and down and round about, of giggling girls and blushing youths. We ask, does it really matter where one sits? And does it not matter a great deal that, in the one place in College where students are allowed to avail themselves of library books, they should be permitted to do so in peace?

The College Chapel recently witnessed the interesting experiment of a Folk Mass, in which the Divine service was played out to the accompaniment of skiffle players and "The Dam Busters' March." Apparently the result was not quite as frightful as some expected. That is not the question. What is important is that this puerile method of drawing in the public, this "Joe Macbeth" sort of show, is neither Christian nor dignified, but frankly crude and pitiful. It smells of the worst odour of American sensationalism.

At the beginning of last week, those two grim monuments of indigestion, both mental and physical, were nearly connected during the lunch hour when the Buffet queue reached almost to the Reading Room. Apparently some exams. for outside faculties were being held, whose participants innocently tacked themselves to the lunch queue. However, an irate undergraduate made the point of exploding in front of Mrs. Townsend, who promptly sent for a porter, who stationed himself at the door and, for two hours' pay, turned away precisely one person.

This seems to be the sort of entertainment that appeals to many students. It is not surprising, therefore, to hear (as I have heard) our University life condemned as a far too "Much Ado About Nothing."

"Pip."

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THE COCKTAIL PARTY

The Lady Armagh Dine sat comfortably perched on one of the highest branches on the fashionable tree, and at the very eminence of social notoriety. Other ladies tried to attain her level, who in individual qualities, such as beauty, wit, or driving energy, undoubtedly excelled her (and always made her feel it), but who, in the sum total of these qualities, fell far short of the deadly magnetism which she exercised over all she met. None was her equal, none even a worthy rival in those attributes which society worships in its heroines. She ruled victorious, and consequently alone, over her frustrated imitators, and so complete was the triumph that there was never a ball, never a reception, never a cocktail party or a scandal or even the faintest false whisper of one, that did not have as its very centre of interest and its magnet of attraction the dynamic personality of the Lady Armagh Dine.

She could rightfully look down in contempt on all the other struggling worms so far beneath her, for she had out-clawed and out-grappled all competition in her sweating climb up the poisonous ivy of high society, that parasite which, though it cannot contaminate the precious sanctuaries, yet infests by its venomous rapacity, the exterior surfaces of life's temple. Whenever she entertained, which was regularly, her invitations slithered along the bloodstream of our meaner society and trumpeted suddenly into our letter boxes like a summons to a police-station, and we would squirm and curse, but never fail to button up the conventional mournful armour of our evening-dress and arrive just in time for her earliest verbal concert. We would try not to miss one of her items, for she had raised gossip to a fine art, and regularly subjected to impromptu symphonies of slander her trembling guests. If she had one genius, it was the ability, in a single aspic phrase, to annihilate her victims. We would listen in agonised suspense to the massacre that was her conversation, praying that we would be spared that evening from joining the corpses (strewn around her) of ruined reputations. For instance, society had never seen again the dainty writer for women's magazines whom she had laughingly stabbed with the sub-title that epitomised his character, "That boy with the snake-like hips." And he was merely one among legion.

Entering the intricate web of hypocrisy and indiscretion that was her drawing-room where I knew I would soon see her, an overdressed spider encircled by fawning sycophants, some of whom she might graciously decline to gobble-up, I had, first of all, for I had arrived late, to thread my way through a litter of dribbling piglets, comprising those professional layers of society who, precisely because of their being branded with the individual odours each of his occupation, are as tiresome as a series of monothematic symphonies. This Babylonian debauchery of technicoloured vulgarians comprised swaying circles (to the pulsating accelerando of cocktail melodies) of muscled, bearded physicians; Bohemian alcoholics pretending to be actors; navy men, all roaring brawn and no brain; economists with an eye for figures; politicians, from the taps of whose mouths pattered unceasing streams of clichés, and no less volatile members of the legal profession. Centre of the last circle was that dubious aristocrat, Sir Michael of the Mist. "Bubble-bubble, bubble-bubble, bubble-bubble," rushed the express train of his conversation through an interminable tunnel where meaning was obscure and enlightenment impossible. He loved to hear himself talk; it was his only intellectual pleasure. And in one corner, surging from the crab-looking clique of poets, like a solitary coconut tree, I could see that exiled prince celebrated for his research into Celtic history, drinking in culture and alcohol in very unequal quantities.

Suddenly, from the middle of a thicket of bobbing and bending parasites I heard, wafted over the perfumed atmosphere, that voice I knew so well, punctuating its conversation with silver semi-scales of laughter, alternately ascending and descending, but never modulating from C major.

"I never read books," said the Lady Armagh Dine, "I merely inspire them."

At last I had reached that exclusive circle of high society, whose inhabitants, having nothing in their lives resembling anything so vulgar as a profession, are never tied down to an identifying conversational motif, but feel equally inspired to indulge in unlimited rhapsodies on

any and every theme. Prominent amongst the talkers, where he frolicked frivo-losely with the philosophies of great writers, Lord Henry, conscious of his brilliant intellect, but quite capable of disguising it in his conversation, gurgled gleefully as he gulped love-inciting liquor and ogled the Misses Snippet, Mippet and Pippet, an inseparable trio full of mischief and charm, who sang their party piece, "We aren't sisters, but we live as if we were," in gleeful, school-girlish trebles. In between repetitions of these nymphs graciously accepted cocktails from their attentive, devoted chaperon, the enchanting Ensign Casqué (Conversation Casqué to his envious enemies and plain Cuddles to his fans), while hovering dramatically in the background was the mysterious Count Vivatiano, who, tall, dark and handsome and giving one the impression he had recently emerged from a Hugo tragedy, was passionately sipping orangeade.

And now I could finally see the spider herself, swaying narcotically to the drugging influence of her own music, scattering liberally deadly diamonds of wit, and mesmerising, lamia-like, the breathless beasts about her.

"I never think," said the Lady Armagh Dine. "I feel. I am all sensation."

She caught sight of me and gave a shrill, delighted scream.

"Floriola, my diddle-darling, come here and stroke me," she squealed. I hastened to obey, like a monkey who obliges his master only because he is a glutton for pe-a-nuts. Lady Dine seemed quite pleased with me. She even patted me once.

"Floriola is my pupil. I teach him," she giggled, "to be nasty."

"Don't worry," I replied, "you've succeeded."

She ran swiftly up five vocal steps to top G, and I felt a shudder in my spine as if I had just received an electric shock. Then she began, for my benefit—because she had condemned me to be her successor—and in her most velvet voice, her masterpiece of the evening, her symphony outstandingly poisonique,

leaving in the wake of its arsenic phrases dozens of writhing reputations.

Meanwhile the lower layers of society had graduated into a squabbling babbler, all gesticulation and incoherence. The exiled prince, inspired unfortunately more by alcohol than culture, had slid down the ticklish bannister of his intoxication and was dancing to himself amidst an enthusiastic audience; he pranced nimbly and zealously over the floor like a grasshopper suffering from indigestion. In his own corner, Sir Michael was trumpeting fortissimo his philosophical motif. "Life," he shrieked, "is a Zoo, and I am its performing baboon." There were chorus yells of appreciation and assent.

I looked down. For some time I had been vaguely aware that what I was stroking was not, as I thought, a human surface but rather something rougher, hairy, with feline origins. And, sure enough, in place of what I thought was the Lady Armagh Dine, there now reclined, equally contentedly, sleek, well-fed and regal, a monstrous purring cat. I looked around in surprise. It was most strange. Everything was going on just as usual. No one seemed unduly alarmed. Indeed, there was no one in the human denotation of the term, to be alarmed. Nearby, a mild and docile collie continued to amble attentively round three shrilly, yelping, busily frisking, happily romping poodles. A babbling baboon held forth in the background; a monkey performed before others of his species. All about me were more animals, domestic and domesticated, but all quite unworried. I looked down again. Lady Armagh Dine rose, arched herself leisurely, bared her claws, yawned and shrank back into a contented purr. Looking at her with renewed interest, I realised now that she had always looked like a cat.

My astonishment ebbed. I rose and, gathering up my tail, brayed farewell. "Goodbye, pussy dearest," I said. "I think I have assimilated enough of your poison to last me and my acquaintances a lifetime."

"Prr, prr," assented the Lady Armagh Dine.

Letter to the Editor

Sir,—I am sure we are all agreed that there has never been a Dixon like it. The Badminton Club last Saturday, due largely to the competence and inspiration of their secretary, have struck a blow for the prestige of our "hops."

It is instructive to examine their achievement in some detail. Superb music and tidy organisation (windows closed, gate-crashers rigidly excluded, etc.) combined to make the evening such an outstanding success. If only we could confidently expect the same next week, and the week after, and every week!

The sad state of affairs that persisted all last year was entirely due to the rather hand-to-mouth basis on which these "hops" rest. Last week the Badminton Club ran the "hop"; this week it will be the S.C.M., and next week it will be somebody else. One good week has for so long been sandwiched between such a succession of mediocre, badly attended "hops" that nobody cares any more.

The only possible solution is to take matters out of the hands of clubs and societies altogether, and bring them under the control of a central committee—the Students' Union, if it

existed; the S.R.C., if it were functioning—the precise composition of such a committee is a matter of detail. In this way, Queen's University, Belfast, fills two halls every Saturday, in spite of vigorous competition from Stranmillis, the "Tech" and "Inst.", not to mention places like the Plaza or the Orpheus. Such a committee would regularly engage a band of the calibre of Alan Beale, and see to it that admission was properly controlled. A levy of 1/- extra for the first few nights after about 8.30 would get the new "hops" off to a good start.

The Badminton Club has shown us the way; are we altogether too apathetic to follow?

R. E. Harte.

16 College.

* * *

Editorial Comment: Mr. Harte certainly has a point, but he seems too optimistic about the future of the Dixon. The Dixon exists primarily as a form of escapism for Freshmen who have not yet any roots in Dublin. It would seem more sensible for Freshmen to try to get to know the very many better ways of spending one's spare time (if any).

FOUR & SIX

The usual high I.Q. crowd of besotted, inarticulate drunks graced a party at Rathgar Road given by three up and coming Junior Freshmen, whose names I cannot remember, on Saturday night. Some wise guy, let his name be unknown, thought it very funny when he managed to pour a bottle of stout over Gay Turtle, whose presence had been one of the civilising features of the party; she then disappeared, protected from future incidents by those two stalwarts of the History School, Raymond (le Gros) Kennedy and Joe Starr. Count Tolstoy loudly denounced Marco Tomacelli's pretensions of possessing blue blood. The unfortunate Neopolitan pretender collapsed—shock, no doubt—and was carried off the scene by Nick Fitzsimons. I noted that the people who seemed to be enjoying the party most were those who were oblivious to it, like Helga Atkinson and Joe Mostert, although I noted how

happy David Robertshaw looked having escaped, it seemed, the plots, counterplots, subterfuges and practical jokes with which he is continuously persecuted by his chum, that enigmatic and precocious Freshman, Neville Howard-Avison.

* * *

Ralph Cobham gave a stag-party on Friday. I don't know why. Any promise of respectability was soon eliminated by Mike Middleton pouring stout down everybody's trouser legs and smashing chairs. Maurice Fitzmaurice demonstrated the yogi act and Paddy Knox-Peebles pinched everybody else's sausages. Edward Hamilton tried to hoist a female through a window, but George Green pushed her out again. Mike Hudson sang dirty songs and then asked David Pratt if he had a vocation. The party ended with an unrepeatable conversation.

Wolf in the Fold

GUIDE TO CRAWLERS

by Séamus na Coélcánthe

Great men and wise fools have lived in Dublin; the revered annals of their glorious past, long since forgotten, were destroyed in the Irish Inquisition of 1916. Yet not so wan, thou seeker of the Chosen Quest, on but little further, and behold this city shall belch forth a very Crocoda of testimony, more than ample to whet the appetite of even mighty Titan. Pursue, like Aeneid, the path to the underworld (up Capel Street, turn left, first on the right), thence to the Palaces of Unquenchable Boozers ("pubs" to the uninitiated). Here are gathered the men of destiny. Here, gentle apostle, lie the treasures of your desire. Wise men and fools, humbugs and mudumps, whores and bores, bog-men and gombeen men clash mug and tankard in mutual accord. Here the protoplasm of intellect continues the birth of genius, and the oracles pronounce upon the future of mankind.

That phenomenon of society, the "Crawler," will no doubt appreciate some information as to the whereabouts, quality, and menagerie in general, of these "Maisons d'Intelligence."

Turning left at Front Gate, the "Crawler" makes for Grafton Street, to Dublin's No. 1 pub, Jammet's, where the good Monsieur Jammet in person stands smiling benignly at the door to welcome his sundry clients. This is the Elysium of the élite (though goodness knows what brings Draper there). Undoubtedly the main attraction is the exceptional glamour of the ladies on both sides of the counter. Normally there is little sign of life till about 8 p.m., except for Tomacelli who is there all day. Among the early birds is Trinity's pauper, Timothy Boyd-Maunsell, who sits down to his customary six-course snack. "Doctor's orders," he says, struggling with an obstinate oyster. "Besides, I just couldn't face Commons—that cabbage and sago gives me constipation." By 9.0 the usuals have all arrived, except for Helga Atkinson who arrives at 9.02, announcing herself with a hilarious "Whoopie-ee!" All eyes turn in her direction, a passage is cleared. She flashes a wink at the nearest male, who promptly swoons on the floor. Leaning across the counter, eyebrows closely drawn, she glares menacingly at the array of bottles on the opposite shelf. "Katy!" she yells. "A double Scotch and step on it!" At such times it's a brave man that dares cross Helga. Lovely Helen (was this the face that launched a thousand ships? No, only David McCarter) Noble has only eyes for one. I wish it were me. The "Crawler" will probably see Wall-Morris there, but Wall-Morris won't see him as, contrary to convention, he starts his crawl elsewhere, and is just about half way through by the time he reaches Jammet's.

Moving up to Duke Street, the "Crawler" arrives at Davy Byrne's, a less sophisticated establishment. Brian Fisher, brandishing somebody's thigh bone, emits licentious cackles at intervals. Barton sits in a corner methodically spraying his beard with D.D.T., while beside him Bonar-Law desperately tries to shield his own from the "gleaning" inhabitants. John Harold-Barry examines the women through his three-dimensional spectacles, and Gemma Pringle examines the men through hers.

The "Creeps," however, go to Jury's. Most notable are the quadruplets—Ted Nolan, George Patrikios, John Black and Poynton. Poynton is not normally visible, being hidden behind a smoke screen which emanates continuously from his volcanic pipe. Occasionally the mist thins, revealing a pair of sharp eyes staring indignantly through thick horn-rimmed spectacles. Poynton has appeared, but the eruptions continue and the vision is soon lost.

Meanwhile Edward Hamilton watchfully herds his drove of fillies to the Old Stand, and woe to the covetous one who tries to steal one of them. No mean man is Edward!

The "still-thirsties" proceed to Matt. Smith's after 10.0, when all respectable city pubs close. A taxi may be necessary, but undoubtedly the regulars—Graham Reynolds, Boyd-Maunsell, George Green, and the Bielenburgs—will render their limousines available if necessary.

The unmentionables go elsewhere. This further establishment only remains worthy of attention. Tucked away in Moore Street, far from the madding crowd, the "Crawler" comes upon a small but respectable pub called "The Hammer and Sickle Arms." Within, a lone figure is seated at a table, his eyes cast upon the ceiling, an enraptured look upon his face. Who knows what greatness may lie beyond the noble countenance? Perhaps some Milton composing "Paradise Lost," or a Ronald Snow thinking up his latest dirty quip. This dear "Crawler" is me. Disturb me not, I prithee, but pass gently by on tip-toe.

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SPORTS NEWS

Boxing

Future Assured

Newcomers, Mumford and Purcell, Shine

C LIVE Mumford and Alan Purcell, two newcomers to Trinity boxing, raised the hopes for the future of the Boxing Club when they won their fights in grand style in the Novices' Championship on Tuesday evening.

The evening's programme consisted in the main of special contests between Trinity and boxers from the Dublin clubs, Terenure and Arbour Hill. In one of the two light middle-weight contests there was a very tough fight between Dick Gibbons and J. Behan (Terenure). Gibbons was victorious in a points' decision. The other light middle-weight contest provided one of the most interesting fights of the evening, Bob Cooke beating P. Collins (Terenure), despite his lack of height and weight. Alan Purcell's light welter-weight victory over his Terenure opponent (P. Murphy) in his first fight for Trinity was most encouraging.

A close contest was seen in the fight between fly-weights Dermot Sherlock and P. O'Connor (Arbour Hill). The boxing in this match was extremely good, with O'Connor bringing off the only defeat of a Trinity boxer.

In the bantam-weight, Trinity's all-round sportsman, David Wheeler, was a narrow winner on points over Lynch of Arbour Hill. Despite suffering from a badly damaged left eye, Danae Tula-lamba boxed very well in his feather-weight contest against P. Corrigan (Terenure) and was eventually the winner. Clive Mumford, Trinity's other promising newcomer, won a close points' decision over Kelly of Arbour Hill.

In a cruiser-weight contest, Nevill Hillary and Gordon Hayes displayed great fighting spirit.

The moderate crowd enjoyed a fine evening's programme, in which Trinity boxers again reaped the benefits of their hard training.

Hockey

Mills' Cup Defeat

Dublin University 0
Three Rock Rovers 4

On the eve of their tour of Scotland, Trinity suffered their first defeat by an Irish team this season in the Mills' Cup. Unlike last week's ordeal, this was played on a firm pitch and right from the start, with the ball running fast and smoothly, the spectators enjoyed a display of lively hockey. Mistakes by Trinity were disastrous with the clever Rovers playing right on the crest of a wave, a time when nothing goes wrong. One such mistake or rather misunderstanding by the defence paid the price of the first goal after but a few minutes. Trinity were untroubled by this goal and settled down, but the Rovers' forwards penetrated time and again. A brilliant save by goalkeeper Stewart from point-blank range prevented Rovers increasing their lead. Trinity had some chances in the first half, with some beautiful centres by Campbell, but these were spoiled by weak finishing.

Soon after the restart Rovers collected two quick goals which shook Trinity who had been playing well enough to make a close game of it. The second goal came after a short corner with Stewart well beaten. An opportunist's shot made it 3-0. Trinity reverted to attack, but shots were rare as Rovers' defence suppressed the movements before they became dangerous. The fourth goal gave Stewart no chance, while Trinity made no reply at the other end. Although the score flattered Rovers, their forwards deserved all their goals, while Trinity's forwards were ineffective in the circle on this occasion.

What!
No clean shirt for
to-night's do?
Then ask the
COURT LAUNDRY
to help!

LIGHTNING CHESS

Tuesday week saw the first event of the chess season. This was in the form of a lightning tournament, and such a tournament must be witnessed to be believed. Out of the glamour and excitement of five seconds per move, ringing bell and the directions of controller I. A. Derham, junior Freshman R. Gibbons claimed the first prize. Runner-up was old hand G. D. Liversage.

This was a fine start to what promises to be a fine season, with a club championship beginning immediately and the prospects of an active ladies' team.

The Chess Club had another enjoyable evening last Tuesday. The proceedings began with the presentation of the Golden Rook for the best performance in the Ennis Shield competition. The Rook was won by Mr. I. Dorham.

This was followed by a simultaneous display by the South African champion, Mr. Heidenfeld. He had all twenty boards beaten in two hours. One of the longest survivors was Miss D. Willcox, the only lady taking part.

Rock and Veg.

NO, sir; we do not lasso the top; we climb up to it," said the climber as he watched two specks perched on an invisible ledge; one began to move very slowly upwards, trailing a rope behind him. "You see, the lower man is tied on to the rock, and it is his job to prevent the leader from falling too far." With that he moved away from my road-lubbery presence.

Mountaineering (or rock climbing) is a sport bringing out the highest qualities man possesses. For in fact he places his life at the disposal of the elements, and frequently puts it in the hand of others in whom he must have explicit confidence. Although the objection that rescue parties endanger their lives for the sake of an inexperienced climber's error, it is rare that such a party is itself jeopardised.

The lure of the mountain is attracting more to-day than ever before. "Whence is the attraction?" a soldier might well ask. Whence indeed, for one is only moving up a rock face at a snail's pace, often cold, sometimes wet through, or sweating up a hillside liberally supplied with holes and rocks ready for the carelessly placed ankle, or maybe picking a route through a maze of perilous crevasses with a storm brewing overhead. And have you ever crawled out of bed at 2.0 a.m. to start a climb before the sun softens the snow?

"Nothing to breathe but air,
Quick as a flash 'tis gone.
Nowhere to fall but off,
Nowhere to stand but on."

D. U. Boat Club

Much activity has been seen at Islandbridge over the past fortnight, and hard rowing is again coming into its own, one crew covering a total of 7½ miles last Saturday, a rare figure for the close season. The faults brought out by this practical start are being eliminated with regular tubbing by senior members.

The annual "At Home" will be held on November 30th, and will be followed by a dance in the clubhouse. To attend both functions, the following crews have been announced by the Captain:

A Crew — Ross-Todd (bow), Blair, Corran, Duncan, Hallows, Keatinge, Molyneux, Martin (stroke), Colegate (cox).

B Crew — Bird (bow), Vokes, Fitzsimon, Hanson, Blanchard, Stubbs, Cochrane, Murdoch (stroke), Boulbee (cox).

D.U.C.A.C.

D.U.C.A.C. hold their annual general meeting on Tuesday next at 8 p.m. (No. 5). All interested in sport are invited

Soccer

Surgeons Beaten

Dublin University 2
College of Surgeons 1

On Wednesday, Trinity continued their series of victories with a well-merited win over Surgeons. This was a notable performance in view of the fact that five reserves were fielded, such established players as Sainsbury, Galvin, Prole and Stewart being unavailable. The game was played at a fast pace throughout and after a shaky start Trinity settled down to play consistent football.

After four minutes Surgeons were awarded a penalty as Widdis was alleged to have handled. McLean scored from the spot. The equaliser came with a well placed shot by Rosenberg after some neat work by Elder. The winning goal came during a storming finish when Elder was somewhat lucky to score. Despite fierce attacks in the closing minutes the Trinity defence held firm.

Individually, Verbyla again distinguished himself in goal, while Widdis played his best game for the club with strong tackling and first class distribution. The foundation of the victory lay in wing-halves Brett and Wheeler. Captaincy seems to have brought the best out of the latter. (Another Billy Wright?) Rosenberg showed some neat football in the forward line and Kenny proved invaluable in helping out the defence when necessary.

Rock and Veg.

Yet mountains alone remain relatively untouched by the battle cry of "Comfort and security for the masses," to which civilisation marches on. Pylons, reservoirs, power stations and railways sprawl across the countryside, invading the privacy of man and his activities. Perhaps this is part of the answer to the question so often put to mountaineers: "Why?" Here man can compete with nature at its rudest. There is the real sense of freedom when range upon range lie unfolded beneath one's feet. There is the knowledge that one is holding one's life in one's own hand instead of at the disposal of a bus driver or Prime Minister. Or there is the exhilaration of standing poised on small holds with a 500-foot drop beneath one's heels. Some revel in the Alpine dawn when the rising sun picks out the mountains in blue, then red and, finally, pink, while the lights twinkle in the darkness of the valleys where others are in a breakfast of porridge and baked beans—what a feast!

Then there is the teamwork—important as in no other sport—which has been responsible for the fine reputation that British climbers have secured for themselves despite the lack of mountain material at hand. There are excellent facilities for rock climbing all over the isles ready and waiting for any would-be mountaineer. Mallory summed up the reasons for mountaineering when, referring to Everest, he said, "Because it is there."

The Trinity crews will also be visiting the U.C.G. "At Home" on November 28th, and the C crew will be showing the flag at the novices' races in Belfast on December 7th.

The talents of D.U.B.C., however, are not all liquid. Two rugby matches were played with Mr. Brewster's "Knights" XV and the Soccer Club, heavily reinforced with experienced members of the handling code. Both proved extremely enjoyable, but were lost by the narrowest of margins, due to the opposition's insistence on fast handling instead of more social scrummaging.

Saturday Special

Nap Miserable Monk stop. Doncaster, 1.15 Saturday. "Col. Tottering."

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News in Brief

Rugby

Trinity travel to Belfast on Saturday for their match against the strong North of Ireland Football Club. The team includes T. P. Smyth, one of last year's backs, who makes a welcome return to the side. He should strengthen the backs considerably. De Wet has recovered and takes over on the wing from D. Dowse. While Hall has been selected, he is on the injured list and is unlikely to be fit for this match. In the forwards, Clinch, who has hooked in all the matches played so far, makes way for McCurdy. Fitzpatrick returns to the front row in an otherwise unchanged pack. Team:

Henry; Reid-Smith, Steen, Smyth, De Wet; Dornan, Hall; Doyle, McCurdy, Fitzpatrick, Dowse, Bagley, O'Connor, Sutton, Smythe.

Shillington Fifth

C. Shillington and M. Connolly represented Dublin University Harriers in the Clonliffe invitation road race on Saturday. Shillington came fifth and Connolly seventh out of a strong field of 60 which included some of Eire's top-class cross-country runners. Shillington's time of 9 mins. 21 secs. was only 13 seconds behind the winner.

D.U.H. took first three places in a team race against St. Columba's College on the same day with McCaughey, Roe and Reed. Bayne finished 6th, while Kerr was 12th. Trinity deservedly won, but St. Columba's were a plucky team.

Squash Success

A depleted team creditably defeated Glasgow University (3-2) on Monday. That the 1st and 2nd strings, Gilliam and Yeo (D.), were the beaten pair suggests the selectors may have trouble in choosing the full team. They may find hot rivals in their captain, Wilson, who is beginning to ally some skill to his enthusiasm; in Pentycross, who crashed round the court like an inspired fury, and in Roberts, who made particularly good use of the left hand wall in a very sound game.

The Ramblers have also been successful. Led by M. Brydan, they defeated Aer Lingus Pilots 4-1. Bateman and Mooney will be two men to watch.

Ladies' Sport

The Ladies' Hockey Club are competing in the inter-Varsity Chilean Cup competition which starts at U.C.D. today. If they reach the final, as expected, they will probably meet the holders, Queen's, who again field a formidable team and are top of the Ulster league.

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