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"Hearts and voices lift in harmony,
Shout the triumphs of the Fleur-de-Lys!
Fill up your glass with joyous boast,
Fill up your glass to pass the toast,
Drink with three times three success to
dear old Trinity."

EDITORIAL.

Now, at the close of 1921, most of us are looking forward to the Jubilee Year of the College, wondering how it can best be celebrated. It will be an important landmark in the history of the College, marking a point where we may well halt for a space and take stock of ourselves. For a certain amount of reflection and new resolve is essential to ensure that we shall profit by past experience. There are few in College at present who would deny the value of traditions. In fact, some are so obsessed by the word that they put themselves to a good deal of trouble to invent traditions which shall be in accord with their own particular way of thinking.

How far, then, can tradition help us? Just in so far as it sets us the example of

a broad outlook, of strong principle, and of sane forethought in the smooth and successful running of the College. Old Trinity men—and most of them very worthy ones—have faced such problems of internal administration as we are confronted with, and their point of view in meeting them may quite profitably be taken as a precedent. Trinity is very proud of her public spirit. Her members regard their membership as a great privilege. Freshmen are impressed with the paramount duty of doing everything "for the College." So far so good. But how does it work out? Men take up those athletic pursuits in which they are interested, and in winning success in them they bring honour to the College. A good deal of self-control, and hard, conscientious effort is often involved in the attempt, and those

the Trinity team was defeated by the Hostel. The President's medal for oratory was awarded to Mr. Mayman, and the Leeper prizes for oratory to Messrs. Murray, Mayman, and Dicker. In the University Debating Team which visited Sydney during the vacation, and defeated the Brisbane and Sydney teams, were Messrs. C. H. Murray and B. A. Hunt.

A feature of the term was a request from the Hostel for representation on the Committee of the "Fleur-de-Lys," which was granted, and we trust that the forthcoming issue of the mag. will prove our policy sound.

The Glee Club has started in full force, and everything points to a splendid concert in third term. This year a new departure from the old form of concert has been taken, and the proceedings will include a short play.

Third term has begun, and the Committee would like to point out to all whom it may concern that the oak tree will shortly be in full bud, and this is a sure sign of the approach of stew vac.



COLLEGE NOTES.

The College Library has undergone a transformation. Several of the theological treatises and volumes of sermons, for which there was not a constant demand, have been relegated to limbo, and the remaining volumes have been efficiently catalogued on the lines of the Dewey system. The card index is a marked improvement on the old style, and it is possible now to find several books on the same subject without having to hunt through all the shelves. Though several sections of the Library are at present sadly starved, a very creditable start has been made by the Council in allotting £100 per annum, and the Library Committee, on which the men in College have two representatives, decided to spend the grant this year on strengthening the Sociology department. Other sections will be fed in turn.

It is believed that many old boys would be glad to give books, if they knew what were required. For example, the Commonwealth Acts from 1914 to date would be welcomed.

Two old numbers of the "Fleur-de-Lys" are wanted to complete the Editor's file—

No. 2 of Vol. 1, dated October, 1907, and No. 18 of Vol. 3, 1916. Will some "old boy" (or girl) please oblige?

There are many back numbers which we will gladly supply to any applicant on receipt of 6d. in stamps. Look through your file and see if some old copies are not missing.

The Fiction Library, comprising over 100 volumes, is now an accomplished fact, and is housed in the Billiard Room. It is filling a distinct need in College life, and helps to keep many minds occupied which would otherwise find expression in noise and general disturbance. The large extent to which it is used shows its usefulness. Moral: When you have bought a novel and read it, hand it over to the Fiction Library, so that others can read it.

The Hostel is defunct. It expired quietly but gracefully during second vac., and the obsequies were attended by the College Council. Feeling that Janet-hyswyl should be commemorated in a more lively manner than the Bidding Prayer permits, that lady's name has been incorporated in the new title—Janet Clarke Hall. The College is now faced with a serious problem. Hostile no longer. Perhaps "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." But the term "Hostile" has become associated with all that is kindly and venerable in our midst. In fact, several members of the College in the past have felt unable to face the prospect of permanent separation from them, and have joined forces. We believe that the present generation of students is capable of carrying on the good work. Meanwhile College wits with a penchant for abbreviation have been busy with a suitable adaptation of "Janet."

The members of the College extend their sincere sympathy to Mr. Woinarski upon the death of his father, at the end of first term, and to Mr. D. A. White upon the loss of his sister early in third term.

At the annual conferring of degrees, in April, Dr. Newton took out his M.D., and Mr. Taylor was successful in securing the "Harbison-Higginbotham" Research Scholarship. The fruits of his labours can be seen in printed form in the College Library. To both these gentlemen the College extends its congratulations. It is gratifying to find that our tutors have been infected with a passion for work, as a result of living in our midst.

The following review of Mr. Taylor's work is taken from the "Argus" Literary page, 13/8/21:—

AGRICULTURAL BANK.

Mr. D. G. Taylor, M.A., won the Harbison-Higinbotham Scholarship at the Melbourne University for a thesis on "The Agricultural Bank and Industries Assistance Board of Western Australia." The work has now been published in book form by Macmillan and Company Limited, of London and Melbourne. Professor Meredith Atkinson supplies a "foreword," in which, when commending Mr. Taylor's thesis as one of the few contributions by Australians to the world's stream of sociological thought, says that the bank, although efficient in its earlier administration, cannot but be regarded as "an example of the inefficiency, wastefulness, and opportunism that dog the steps of most State enterprises in Australia." Mr. Taylor supplies the evidence on which this conclusion rests. In its inception the bank was an integral part of the land settlement policy of the Forrest Ministry, and was intended to enable the man going upon the land to obtain assistance instead of having to rely on the storekeeper or on the one bank of the State which was identified mostly with pastoral and trade interests. In its earlier days the institution fulfilled the purpose for which it was established, and, under capable management, progressed, but, as always happens with State institutions, the politician soon saw in the bank an instrument, by the use of which he could curry favour with the growing farming vote. Perhaps an intense belief in the future of the State, engendered by the optimism of the gold boom, may have also led those in authority to alter the law governing the bank until the margin of safety in respect to advances was swept away. The management was obliged to carry out a policy of which it did not wholly approve, and, as Mr. Taylor points out, the motto of "watch and wait" was not observed. So, by accepting the proposal to allow advances to be made to the full value of improvements, and by opening the way to political influence, the foundations of adversity were laid. The so-called liberalisation was done on the plea that it was necessary to encourage settlement, and a boom in settlement was promoted. This resulted in a large increase

in the area under cultivation, but Mr. Taylor's conclusion is that the industry was in a less sound condition when war occurred than in 1906, when the fundamental principles on which the bank was based were operating. So, in the concluding pages of his thesis he contends that, despite all that the institution has done to promote agriculture, it is fast losing vitality, and that unless reorganisation takes place it may never recover its vitality.

COLLEGE NEWS.

This term the College is losing the services of Messrs. Parker and Curwen-Walker, who have both given of their best for the College, the former as Hon. Sec. of the Social Club, and the latter as Indoor Rep. The Social Club as a whole is indebted to them for their public spirit and their enthusiasm on behalf of the College.

Early in first term, one evening after Hall, the Common Room presented an animated appearance, when a grand clearance was made of all the rubbish which had accumulated during the last year or two. Old clothes of all descriptions, razors, pictures, kerosene lamps—relics of the dark ages—were knocked down to eager purchasers. Several of our Freshers, by their purchases, showed a very "advanced" taste in pictures, and the Sub-Warden, we understand, has spent many anxious moments translating the text underneath the framed pages from "La Vie Parisienne."

Perce made an eloquent auctioneer, though his voice gave out at half-time. The commission accruing to the Social Club funds rendered the effort well worth while.

The end of first term witnessed a very unequal contest in the Bulpaddock. One man, armed with shovel and barrow, was pitted against eight stalwart cows, all in excellent training. For about a fortnight the struggle went on, until finally the man wheeled away his barrow in disgust, leaving the cows to reign supreme in their own domain. One practical gain was that the Warden's garden was considerably enriched.

Speaking of cows, the unerring judgment of the Warden, cow-man, or whoever is in charge of these matters, is once more worthy of the commendation of the whole College. As soon as second term began,

roast veal assumed a prominent place on our menu, and the inmates of the Wing were treated to nocturnal bovine wailings for the young who had been sacrificed on the shrine of domestic necessity.

Second term saw the Janet Clarke Hall (nee Hostel) very much perturbed. It had lost its pram, and wrote to our President, demanding its immediate return, as it was wanted badly. The pram mysteriously disappeared, with its occupant, and has not been heard of since, but Mr. T—l—r was seen wearing a very mysterious and satisfied air. Duff has not disclosed the manner in which he pacified our angry neighbours, nor what compensation he offered.

We were formally introduced to our Freshers early in the year, when they advanced one by one to meet us and tell us a little about themselves. Some of the younger ones did not seem to take things very "seriously," except their Christian names, but time works wonders.

Later in term the time-honoured custom of "swearing-in" and blowing out the match was observed, the scene this time being the dining-hall, where the Freshers walked up between rows of members of the Social Club, and on making the necessary declaration, were vested with the robes of office and presented with a neat little souvenir of the occasion. The most important feature of an event such as this should be the President's speech, pointing out the duties and privileges of newly-admitted members of the College.

Ormond's victory over us at cricket was celebrated by the whole College in splendid style. Headed by the Freshers, arrayed in flowing robes and bearing aloft the College mascot, we gave Ormond, and, of course, the Hostel and the neighbours, a musical treat. Judging by their performances, some of our Freshers ought to hire themselves out as professional mourners. We draw a veil over the feats, etc., of the Ormond Freshers. The "ashes" were handed over to Ormond temporarily, suitably encased in a flower-pot.

We are grateful to the College Council for the substantial grants they have made towards defraying the cost of this issue, and also towards meeting the expenses of the Prelection. We hope that the Council will continue the good work.

One of the latest and most acceptable items of College news is that a former benefactor of the College has intimated to

the Warden his desire to give a further £5,000 towards the extension of the College, which, it is hoped, will be commenced next year. This gift should be an excellent stimulus to other prospective benefactors. Elsewhere in this issue we have a view of the elevation, from Sydney Road, of the proposed new buildings, so all interested can see for themselves how admirable are the schemes for extension. Next year—Jubilee Year—will be a very fitting one for work of this kind to begin—if sufficient funds are forthcoming.

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COMMON ROOM CHATTER.

We have resurrected an age-old sport, and small change, particularly coppers, are much in demand. The College drive re-sounds daily to the tinkle of falling metal, and we understand that Tots' missionary box has reaped quite a harvest in consequence.

One of our number, although not quite au fait with all the Freshers, is on perfectly easy terms with the chef. We understand that his "beautiful eyes" have quite a fascinating influence, and he often finds it necessary to go kitchen-wards—purely on business, of course. Naughty Clive!

Owing to the institution of "Bath Night" at the Hostel, with the consequent making of much smoke and flame by the bath-heater, the question of a fire-escape has become a burning one. Reg. was approached as to whether he would allow himself to be used as an extension ladder on such occasions, and our "little man" immediately began training for sprints up the rungs. The old method of jumping into a tarpaulin has been considered unsafe—for the tarpaulin—and the Hostile element in the College has been training assiduously as an amateur fire brigade. A special petition for an outbreak of fire has been placed upon the College prayer-list.

While on the subject of life-saving, Doug. White's effort should be mentioned. "Rising in his seat, he plunged headlong into the billowy wave, and with a few powerful strokes reached the victim." Alas! the "victim" was only a would-be suicide—a mere male—but the intention and the execution were excellent, and it is splendid practice for possible accidents on Henley

Day, because sudden movement on the part of two in a canoe does lead to accidents.

Bl—nn—r's disappointment at the Social Club's decision to "co-operate" re this issue, was so great that he had to retire to hospital soon afterwards, and he hasn't been the same man since—in more ways than one.

In addition to a Glee Club, the College is now the proud possessor of an orchestra. Led by Percy's "Uke," as he affectionately calls it, and reinforced by a few flutes, combs, and vocal efforts, it succeeds in edifying the College almost daily. So moving an effect has the whole thing upon the hearers, that missiles and language of all descriptions have been hurtling through the air towards it. We believe that it is now practising something very special for Jubilee Year.

Some men in College have been causing a good deal of annoyance by noisily wandering round corridors and hilariously greeting their cobbles in raucous tones at all times of the night. Such people seem overcome with a sense of their own importance. At any rate, they are quite oblivious of anyone else's claims to importance or consideration.

The attitude of some people towards Freshers is hard to understand. It seems that they must either ignore them in a lordly manner or else mother them in a way wondrous to behold. It is more unfortunate when they adopt the first attitude towards a good many and the latter towards one or two. For one thing, it is very misleading to the Fresher, and is only storing up trouble for the future.

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CRICKET.

At the commencement of the year we found that we had lost from last year's team four members, Sweetnam, who, as captain of the team, and a good bat and bowler, was largely responsible for the team's success, Bailey, and Robin having left College, while W. E. Hasker was incapacitated owing to having again injured his knee. However, a considerable amount of new talent was available, and we began the season with high hopes. Several practice matches were played with varying success, but during the last of these we were unfortunate in

the fact that Langlands, who, it was hoped, would be the mainstay of our bowling side, was so injured that he was unable to take part in any of the other matches during the season. Thus we came to the Intercollegiate matches with five vacancies to fill. These were taken by the following men: Irvine, Rusden, Cotes, Purves, and Ainslie, all of whom justified their inclusion in the team.

In the first match, Trinity met Queen's in fine but windy weather. Queen's, winning the toss, decided to bat, and were dismissed for 155, Gaydon, Lewis, and Holyman being the principal scorers, while the wickets were taken by Cotes (3), Purves (2), Sholl, Rushton, and J. Hasker (1 each). In the first innings Trinity made 229, chiefly owing to Irvine's excellent score of 90. He opened the innings, and was not dismissed until the eighth wicket. Scott, bowling well throughout, got 7 wickets for 61 runs.

In the second innings Queen's, with the exception of Scott, collapsed rather badly, Scott getting 61 of their total of 123. For this Purves was largely responsible, getting 4 wickets for 19.

With only 49 to make, the match seemed to be won, but in the second innings a remarkable rot set in. With Scott and Holyman bowling well, the wickets fell rapidly, and seven had fallen before we passed our opponents' score. With 7 for 54 we finally won by 3 wickets and 5 runs. The scores were:—

QUEEN'S.

First Innings.

Morris, lbw, b Sholl	15
Lewis, b Purves	32
Cook, b J. Hasker	8
Holyman, run out	24
Scott, c and b Cotes	4
Gaydon, b Rushton	35
Winch, b Purves	3
Mills, b Cotes	11
Barker, run out	15
Tyrer, b Cotes	0
Stafford, not out	0
Sundries	8
Total	155

Bowling.—Cotes 3 for 27; Purves 2 for 29; Hasker 1 for 20; Sholl 1 for 32; Rushton 1 for 37.

Second Innings.

Morris, b Hallowses	2
Lewis, run out	2
Cook, c Irvine, b Sholl	0
Holyman, c and b Purves	17
Scott, b Purves	61
Gaydon, c and b Purves	0
Barker, b Cotes	3
Winch, st Plowman, b Purves	1
Mills, not out	10
Stafford, lbw, b Cotes	1
Tyrer, lbw, b Hallowses	6
Sundries	20

Total 123

Bowling.—Purves 4 for 19; Cotes 2 for 20; Hallowses 2 for 23; Sholl 1 for 26.

TRINITY.

First Innings.

Irvine, b Scott	90
Mappin, lbw, b Scott	2
Hasker, c Cook, b Morris	23
Rusden, b Scott	15
Moule, c Barker, b Scott	37
Plowman, b Holyman	5
Rushton, b Scott	21
Hallowses, b Scott	1
Cotes, run out	18
Sholl, b Scott	5
Purves, not out	2
Sundries	10

Total 229

Bowling.—Scott 7 for 61; Holyman 1 for 65; Morris 1 for 25.

Second Innings.

Irvine, c Lewis, b Scott	7
Moule, b Holyman	7
Hasker, c Barker, b Holyman	8
Mappin, lbw, b Holyman	0
Rusden, b Scott	8
Plowman, c Gaydon, b Scott	7
Rushton, b Scott	3
Cotes, not out	7
Hallowses, not out	5
Sundries	2

Total for 7 wickets 54

Bowling.—Scott 4 for 16; Holyman 3 for 36.

In the next match, Ormond beat Newman after a very exciting match, by 3 runs, so that Trinity met Ormond in the final on April 5.

Trinity batted first, and made 246, including a fine partnership for the fifth

wicket of 101, put up by Sholl and Hallowses, and also a useful 47 by Hasker. The innings closed with a very bright innings by Ainslie, who got 25 in a very few minutes. Ormond replied with 361, of which Lee got 89, Seed 61 not out, and Sutherland 56. Sutherland and Lee put up a good partnership of 104 for the third wicket.

In the second innings Trinity again failed, and were all out for 134, of which Irvine got 29 and Hallowses 20. Freeman bowled well, and got 8 wickets for 54. Ormond, with only 20 to win, came in for the second innings, and a win by 10 wickets seemed probable, but Hallowses caused something of a sensation by clean bowling first Seed and then Lee in his first over. The runs were, however, made without further loss, and Ormond won by 8 wickets and 2 runs.

The scores were:—

TRINITY.

First Innings.

Irvine, c McLean, b Sutherland	17
Rusden, st Hall, b Freeman	2
Hasker, b Thomas	47
Plowman, c Ride, b Sutherland	10
Sholl, run out	56
Hallowses, c Charlton, b Thomas	53
Rushton, b Sutherland	2
Mappin, b Thomas	7
Cotes, c McLean, b Sutherland	2
Ainslie, b Thomas	25
Purves, not out	2
Sundries	23

Total 246

Bowling.—Sutherland 4 for 66; Thomas 4 for 67; Charlton 1 for 21.

Second Innings.

Rusden, c Borland, b Freeman	15
Irvine, c Ride, b Freeman	29
Hasker, c Charlton, b Freeman	16
Plowman, b Thomas	9
Sholl, c Charlton, b Freeman	11
Hallowses, c and b Freeman	20
Rushton, c Borland, b Freeman	8
Mappin, b Freeman	1
Cotes, not out	5
Ainslie, lbw, b Freeman	0
Purves, b Thomas	0
Sundries	20

Total 134

Bowling.—Freeman 8 for 54; Thomas 2 for 23.

ORMOND.

First Innings.

Charlton, b Cotes	20
Miller, st Plowman, b Purves	23
Lee, b Sholl	89
Sutherland, b Hallows	56
Ride, c Hasker, b Cotes	19
Seed, not out	61
Borland, b Cotes	13
Freeman, c Sholl, b Cotes	0
McLean, c Rusden, b Purves	14
Hall, c Ainslie, b Sholl	35
Thomas, b Cotes	15
Sundries	16

Total 361

Bowling.—Cotes 5 for 88; Purves 2 for 39; Sholl 2 for 99; Hallows 1 for 67.

Second Innings.

Miller, not out	7
Seed, b Hallows	0
Lee, b Hallows	0
Charlton, not out	10
Sundries	4

Total for 2 wickets 21

Bowling.—Hallows 2 for 6; Sholl 0 for 11.

We take this opportunity of congratulating Ormond on their win, which was due to their merits as a team, although they were certainly hard pressed by Newman. We also wish to express our thanks to those schools with which we played practice matches, especially as all these matches were played on the grounds of the schools concerned, it not being within our power to give them return matches, as we have no ground of our own.



FOOTBALL.

College football was very well looked after this year, as a careful early arrangement found us with quite a full programme of practice matches for the season before the Inter-Collegiate matches arrived. There was more keenness and attention to practice than there has been for some time, and we played several enjoyable games with Melbourne Grammar, Scotch College, and Geelong Grammar.

The first round in the Inter-Collegiate contest was played on the Oval on Wednesday, June 29, between Trinity and Newman. Both teams were much stronger

than last year, and a close contest resulted. A strong northerly wind was blowing, favouring the Newman College end of the ground. The following represented Trinity: Tate (capt.), J. Hasker (vice-capt.), Barrett, Buntine, Duffy, Fitts, Irvine, Mair, Muntz, Pardey, Plowman, Rusden, Rushton, Sholl, Sutherland, Tunbridge, Vincent, Vine.

The game was very fast all through. Newman were the first away, and the first quarter ended in their favour with the scores 5.1—1.2. Trinity pulled up well during next quarter. Muntz received a knock on the hip, and was limping badly for the rest of the game. At half time the scores were Newman 5.6; Trinity 3.8.

The third quarter was our best. Muntz, Sutherland and Buntine all scored goals in rapid succession, while Mair, Duffy and Sholl were prominent in defence. Scores: 7.9—6.11.

The last quarter was very fast, and excitement was intense. Buntine scored a goal with a beautiful kick, and we were leading for the first time by 3 points. Newman, after sweeping down twice, added a goal, and Trinity were unable to score again. Newman ran out winners—8.14 (62 points) to 7.11 (53 points).

We congratulate Newman on their fine game. They were a faster team, and Lennon, McGillicuddy, Clements and Byrne deserve special mention. For Trinity, Buntine was perhaps the best, while Tate, Rusden, Duffy, and Sholl (whose kicking off and defence were noticeable all through) stood out from a very even team.

Our players have done well in University football this year. Tate and Sholl played in the Inter-Varsity team which defeated Adelaide in August, while Hasker, Sholl, Sutherland and Tate played in the team which defeated the Combined Public Schools on the M.C.C. Several of our men played in the Combined Colleges versus Extra-Collegiate team in April last. Altogether, we have had a good, keen season, and hope at any rate to be in the Inter-Collegiate final next year.



ROWING.

For the Inter-Collegiate Boat Race this year a splendid eight commenced training under Mr. Alan Spowers, but, lacking a firm leg drive, was beaten by Queen's in the first heat. Ormond defeated Newman

in the second heat, and the final was a magnificent struggle between Queen's and Ormond all down the course, resulting in a dead heat. A blue pennant was presented by Mr. Justice Higgins to the stroke of each crew, and the M. B. Higgins Shield was given to each College for six months.

Mr. Spowers was unable to coach the crew for the last week, as he departed for Tasmania with the Victorian VIII., and his place was taken by Mr. Roy Duncan, of the Albert Park Rowing Club. To both we extend our thanks for their services.

In second term the Warden and Mrs. Behan very kindly entertained the crew and coach at dinner at the Lodge. The crew consisted of S. Plowman (bow), C. H. Z. Woinarski (2), M. Curwen-Walker (3), R. E. Webb-Ware (4), G. J. Pardey (5), P. C. Ferguson (6), C. G. B. Parker (7), D. A. White (stroke), T. A. B. Harris (cox).

The Second Eight did excellently in the preliminary event before the final, winning the race by over a length. It consisted of J. M. Vine (bow), E. B. Tunbridge (2), T. G. Lahey (3), W. M. Irvine (4), R. F. Ritchie (5), J. S. Bloomfield (6), H. F. Stokes (7), R. H. Keon-Cohen (stroke), G. D. Broome (cox).

In the Inter-Varsity Crew which won at Brisbane were four Trinity men—Messrs. Keon-Cohen (2), D. White (4), Parker (7), and Harris (cox).

At the annual meeting of the University Boat Club Mr. C. G. B. Parker was elected Captain of Boats for 1921.

Throughout second term members of the College continued rowing practice, being coached by members of the First Eight.

The Inter-Faculty Boat Race for the John Grice Shield was held on Thursday, Sept. 8, and resulted in a win for the Arts and Law crew, stroked by R. H. Keon-Cohen, of Trinity. Other Trinity men in the crews were: Arts and Law, Lahey (bow), Webb-Ware (2), Bloomfield (4); Engineers, Stokes and Ritchie. Mr. D. A. White, who was stroking the Engineers, was prevented at the last moment from rowing, and Mr. B. Parker went out of the Arts crew with influenza.

On Saturday, Sept. 10, the Colleges held their Annual Regatta, Trinity competing for the Elliott Fours. Eight crews entered, and Parker won the first heat from Ritchie and Bloomfield. Plowman and Webb-

Ware rowed a dead heat in the second, with Tunbridge third. Woinarski won the third heat from Keon-Cohen. Parker's crew, consisting of W. P. White (bow), J. M. Ainslie (2), L. E. Le Souef (3), C. G. B. Parker (stroke) E. W. Kyle (cox), won the final by a length. The row-off of the three winning College crews was won by Newman, with Ormond and Trinity dead heat for second place.

Crews are getting into training for Henley, and the University hopes to enter a Junior Eight, Maiden Four, and Maiden Eight, in each of which Trinity will be well represented.

ATHLETICS.

It is rather unfortunate that the Inter-Collegiate running should take place at the end of first term, the week after the Public Schools' Boat Race, a week of excitement and celebrations. The proximity of the College rowing also prevents many men from getting into proper running condition. Of course, there are objections to holding the sports in second or third term, but they are not so great as those already mentioned for first term. The matter will be brought before the Colleges in the near future, and is deserving of everyone's attention.

In spite of the boat races, however, this year's meeting was probably one of the most successful ever held, the performances all being uniformly good. In the long jump, for instance, W. P. White could only get fifth place with 19 ft. 10 in., while R. L. Almond (Ormond) won with a magnificent leap of 22 ft. 10 in. J. R. Hasker's effort, 20 ft. 10 in., was quite good enough to win in normal years. Macmillan and Hewitt, of Ormond, O'Driscoll, of Newman, and Keon-Cohen, of Trinity, presented a formidable quartet in the distances, and would take a lot of beating in any company, as would also Almond and Oldham (Ormond) in the sprints. Our best performer was Le Souef, who won the putt easily. He deserves the highest praise for the conscientious way in which he trained. He received his reward when he broke the Inter-Varsity record at Brisbane. Our congratulations also go to Keon-Cohen, who won the Inter-Varsity half-mile. J. R. Hasker did well in both the High and Long Jumps, while Buntine was useful in

the Hurdles and High Jump. That we only gained fourth place was due partly to the high standard shown by our opponents and partly to the poor showing made by the rest of our team, for which the first part of this article may serve as an explanation if not as an excuse. The final result was: Ormond first, Newman second, Queen's third.

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TENNIS.

Committee.—Team Representative, C. H. Fitts. Social Club Representative, H. F. C. Hallows. Third Member, J. R. Hasker.

Pennant Tennis.

There were plenty of players this year for the Committee to choose from, for the various Pennant teams. We entered teams for B, C. and D Grades, and were represented in the Saturday games principally by the following:—

B Grade.—F. H. S. Mair, W. M. Irvine, B. A. Hunt, T. R. Mappin.

C Grade.—G. J. Pardey, L. E. Le Souef, W. H. Moule, B. A. Hunt.

D Grade.—R. C. Bridgeford, R. A. Must, E. de J. Robin, S. Fraser, J. G. A. W. Ashton.

The first team was good, but results were very disappointing. The Pennant matches are not yet over, but as all the teams are low on the list, none of them will make its way into the semi-finals. This state of affairs seems to be due to a certain tendency among players to take the games as a matter of duty rather than of pleasure; a little more keenness would make all the difference, as there is no lack of ability—the inter-College matches showed that—so that next year we hope that the Pennant teams will be higher on the list.

Match Against Old Boys.

Early in the year teams representing Trinity and the Fleur-de-Lys Union played a match, arranged by Mr. Raynes Dickson, President of the Union, who also kindly provided afternoon tea. The following were the teams:—

TRINITY.—C. H. Fitts, H. F. C. Hallows, F. H. S. Mair, J. R. Hasker, B. A. Hunt, T. R. Mappin, M. A. Buntine.

OLD BOYS.—P. O'Hara Wood, R. Wertheim, R. Sweetnam, Dr. K. Fairley, L.

Miller, Dr. Hurry, Dr. E. R. White, Dr. S. Cowen.

The match resulted in a win for the Old Boys.

University Tennis.

C. H. Fitts played with the University A Pennant Team during the season, and in the Inter-Varsity team which defeated Adelaide and Sydney in first term.

Inter-College Matches.

The draw for the Inter-Collegiate matches this year placed Queen's against Newman, and Ormond against Trinity. Queen's defeated Newman, on Sept. 20, by six rubbers to two. On the following day we commenced our match with Ormond.

The following represented Trinity: C. H. Fitts (capt.), H. F. C. Hallows, W. M. Irvine, B. A. Hunt.

Scores:—

Fitts d. Hylton, 6—3, 0—6, 6—1.

Hallows lost to Millar, 6—8, 6—2, 6—8.

Irvine lost to Laver, 6—8, 2—6.

Hunt lost to Bailhache, 4—6, 6—2, 6—8.

Fitts and Hallows d. Laver and Bailhache, 6—4, 3—6, 6—1.

Fitts and Hallows d. Hylton and Millar, 6—3, 7—5.

Irvine and Hunt d. Hylton and Millar, 2—6, 6—3, 6—4.

Irvine and Hunt lost to Laver and Bailhache, 6—2, 2—6, 3—6.

Total:—Trinity, 4 rubbers, 11 sets, 108 games. Ormond, 4 rubbers, 11 sets, 106 games.

It was a remarkable match. Rain stopped play on the Wednesday, and the match was finished next day. It was a blow to Trinity's hopes to end up the singles with one rubber to Ormond's three; but Irvine and Hunt, in the doubles, rose to the occasion, and defeated the Ormond first pair. We were then three rubbers all. Bailhache and Laver then defeated Irvine and Hunt, and left Fitts and Hallows to win the next rubber in straight sets, if a win was to be hoped for at all. The excitement was intense, but the Trinity pair got home, and won the match by two games, mainly owing to the masterly generalship and brilliant play of Fitts, though he was well supported by the rest of the team.

Final: Trinity v. Queen's.

This match was played in excellent weather on Sept. 28. Another exciting contest resulted, the scores being:—

Fitts d. Holyman, 6-3, 6-4.
 Hallows lost to Mills, 6-4, 1-6, 5-7.
 Irvine lost to Scott, 3-6, 6-4, 6-8.
 Hunt d. Stafford, 7-5, 8-6.
 Fitts and Hallows d. Holyman and Mills, 6-3, 3-6, 6-3.
 Fitts and Hallows d. Scott and Stafford, 6-2, 7-5.
 Irvine and Hunt lost to Holyman and Mills, 2-6, 6-8.
 Irvine and Hunt lost to Scott and Stafford, 2-6, 4-6.

Total.—Trinity, 4 rubbers, 10 sets, 96 games. Queen's, 4 rubbers, 9 sets, 97 games.

We were thus successful in winning the Inter-Collegiate Championship again, by one set. The interest was sustained to the end. When the last set of the last rubber commenced, we were equal on sets, with Queen's one rubber to the good. Fitts again played splendidly, and proved an excellent captain. Hallows, Hunt and Irvine all supported him well, and we congratulate the team on their victory.

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SPORT PAR EXCELLENCE.

In a contest that is becoming an annual fixture, the College amateur hockey enthusiasts met a hot combination from the Janet Clarke Hall on Saturday, August 13. Our representatives, as usual, spent more than they could afford at Madame Valentine's, and the result was a weird assortment of Chinamen, Jesters, Parsons and Hags, not to mention an Admiral in a real squash hat, and Mr. Backwards.

The team played valiantly, in spite of having had no practice together, and not knowing even the important rules. Play was slow, and the College men seemed frightened to "hoe in"—with exceptions, of course—with the result that there were no accidents.

In the second half play centred round the College goal, where all crowded in, but even this did not benefit us, as someone would no sooner get a decent shot for goal than up would go his stick sky high. The match was won by "The Janes" by 2 goals to 1, and seems to have been thoroughly enjoyed by the onlookers. The ladies very thoughtfully provided oranges, which some "stout fellow" handed round at half-time.

DIALECTIC SOCIETY.

This year the society has carried out a remarkably ambitious and varied programme. The attendance at the meetings was not large, but enthusiasm and talent amongst the regular speakers were not lacking. A noticeable feature has been the interest taken by the Freshmen, several of whom promise to become speakers of no mean order.

In addition to three challenge team debates, eight general meetings have been held. The first was devoted to the election of office-bearers for the year, the result being:—

Vice-President: The Sub-Warden.

Committee: N. V. Henderson, B.A., G. L. Mayman, M.A., C. H. Murray, B.A., W. H. Moule.

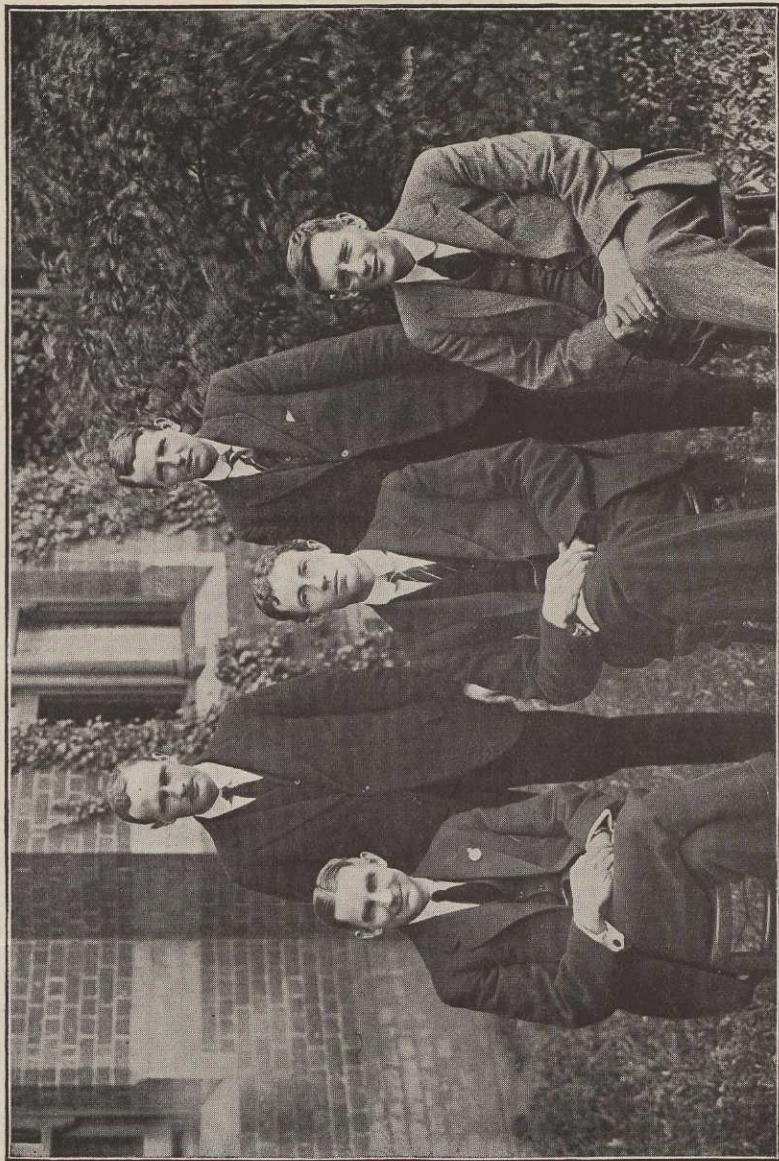
Secretary: P. H. Dicker, B.A.

The first debate was held on April 6, when Mr. C. H. Murray, the Oratory Medalist for the previous year, contended "That the modern conditions of life are more conducive to happiness than those that prevailed in days gone by." Mr. Mayman, goaded on, no doubt, by the bitterness of personal experience, led the negative side. He declared that he was no pessimist about the world's onward march, yet he sighed for the good old days.

After twenty-six speakers had contributed to the discussion, the vote showed that the meeting was equally divided. The Warden, perhaps unconsciously comparing his student days with his more responsible duties of the present, settled the matter by voting that the happier days belong to the past.

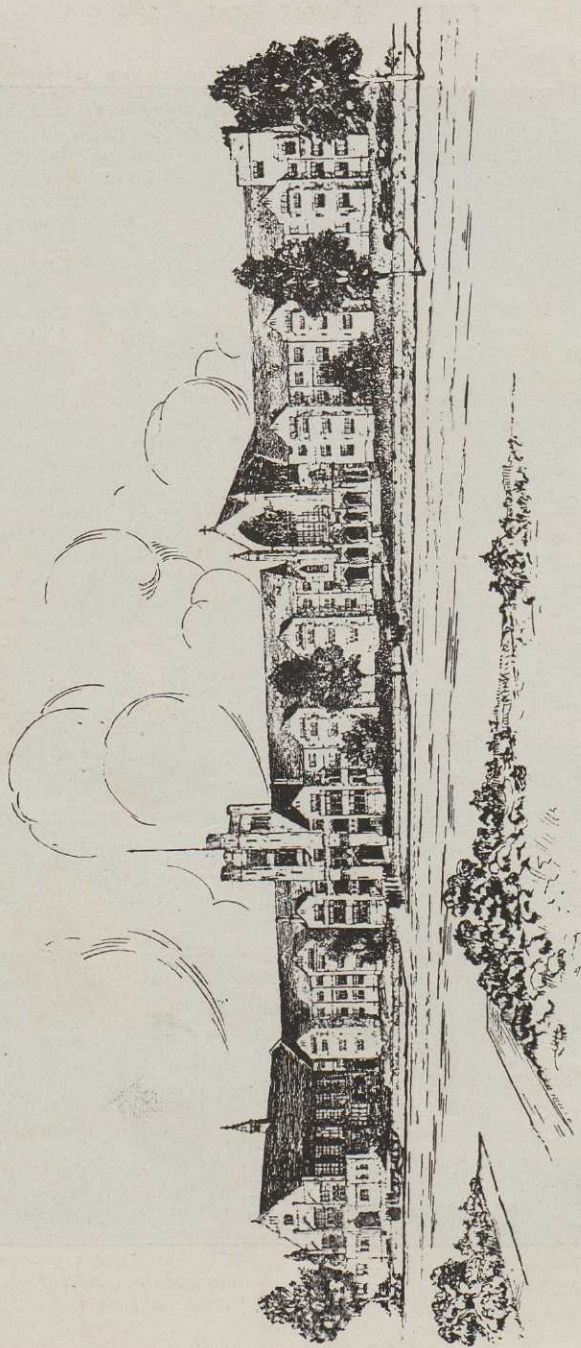
A deadlock at the next meeting was similarly overcome. Mr. Moule and his supporters feelingly declared "That Platonic Friendship is Impossible." Mr. Carrington and others were equally emphatic in maintaining that it is possible. When the meeting divided equally the Warden promptly cast his vote in favour of the possibility. All present felt that the matter was authoritatively settled.

One of the general meetings took the form of Ladies' Night. The meeting was interesting, for on previous occasions the society's choice of subject was criticised for not being sufficiently serious. But when Mr. Sholl denied "That the increasing lack of seriousness constitutes a menace to the stability of society," the only two lady visitors who spoke surprised



TRINITY STAFF, 1921.

Dr. Newton.
Dr. Lawton, The Warden (Mr. J. C. Behan), The Sub-Warden (Mr. R. L. Blackwood),
Mr. Taylor,
JUNIOR STAFF, 1924.



ELEVATION OF PROPOSED NEW BUILDINGS FROM SYDNEY ROAD.

everybody by upholding Mr. John Blennerhassett of all people when he upheld the statement.

On several occasions distinguished visitors were present, and gave the society the benefit of their maturer views. Dr. Cumpston's support for the proposition "That the medical profession should be nationalised," was warmly welcomed.

Two new departures were made this year. The Teachers' College Debating Society challenged our society to a debate, which was accepted. Messrs. Murray, Mayman, Henderson and Smith represented Trinity, but, as they failed to convince the adjudicator "That French Imperialism and hatred of Germany did not constitute a menace to the peace of the world," the laurels were awarded to the Teachers' College. The other innovation was a challenge issued to the Trinity Hostel. Six members of the society employed all the arts of oratory to prove "That romance dies out as civilisation increases," but the Rev. Frank Lynch gave his verdict in favour of the ladies. It remains for Trinity to turn the tables in the coming year.

This year Queen's College defeated Trinity in the annual debate. In adjudicating, Mr. Picken emphasised the difference between debating as a game and debating as a reality. The former, he thought, should be discouraged.

Mr. C. H. Murray was elected Prelector for 1921, and again secured the highest award for oratory. The President's Medal was awarded to Mr. G. L. Mayman, and the Leeper Prizes divided between Messrs. Murray, Mayman and Dicker.

Messrs. Murray and Hunt are to be congratulated on their inclusion in the University Debating Team, and more particularly on their success against Sydney and Brisbane.

The Dialectic Society is one of the oldest and best institutions in College life. It affords unparalleled opportunities for the student wishing to become an efficient public speaker. We would therefore like to impress on members, especially the Freshmen, the benefits to be gained by an active participation in the debates of the society.

P. H. DICKER.

THE PRELECTION.

The Prelection was held in the Melba Hall on the night of Sept. 7. The experiment of holding the meeting in the University precincts was justified by the good attendance. A further new feature was the election of a Prelector still continuing his studies in College. Mr. Murray took as his subject "Education and Citizenship."

His Excellency the Earl of Stradbroke presided, and the other speakers were Sir James Barrett, Professor Moore, Mr. Frank Tate, and Mr. McRae.

The Prelector delivered his address well, and was congratulated by the later speakers for his optimism, enthusiasm, earnestness, and sound outlook. Mr. Murray said that the aim of education is both individual, embracing technical and vocational training, and communal, enabling a man to fulfil his public functions, and inspiring him with the spirit of social service. The full significance of this second aim is as yet inadequately realised. Compulsory education should extend to the age of 15 years, and juvenile employment be discouraged, as depriving a boy of the chief opportunities and privileges of his age. Continued adult education should be regarded as the normal thing, and should be conducted along cultural and civic lines. The work of the W.E.A. and the University Extension Board is very valuable in this direction. Culture and practice should blend, and find expression in all the duties of social life. Citizenship, or the art of living together on the highest plane, is the end which all study should promote. The bitterness attending the study of controversial subjects can be overcome by fostering a spirit of fair-mindedness, inquiry, love of truth, and patient search after it, which, if carried into our social and political life, would transform society.

The general opinion of the address was that it was the best Prelection speech given for a number of years. The truth of this is evidenced by the number of copies requisitioned from various quarters. The "Australian Mining and Industrial Standard" has intimated its wish to publish it verbatim, while a synopsis is to be printed in the "Education Gazette." A few days after the Prelection Mr. Murray was asked to meet Lord Northcliffe at Government House. Before the close of

included jokes for the young and jokes for the old—the latter carefully censored, for the Profs. were about, and, whatever the cost, their minds must be kept uncorrupt.

Of the musical numbers, perhaps Beethoven's "Swanee" was the most effective. Even the ducks, taking refuge in the tree tops, thought longingly of home when they heard the touching words. But only after the niggers had positively refused to respond to any more encores, and the crowds melted slowly away, were the poor things allowed to creep back to the abode whence noisy merry-makers had banished them.



SOME INTERESTING BOOKS IN THE LEEPER LIBRARY.

By ALBERT B. FOXCROFT.

Mr. Foxcroft, of the Public Library Staff, who catalogued the College Library in the Long Vac., has very kindly contributed this article, which should be of very great interest to Trinity men.—Ed.

It is declared by the eight witnesses whose testimonies stand as a preface to the Book of Mormon that they had not only "handled with their hands" the ancient gold plates containing the original version of the Utah Bible, but had also actually "seen and hefted" them. It was likewise my privilege last year not only to see and handle, but also to "heft" all the the books in the Library. The following notes do not aspire to be a bibliographical description of all the rare and curious books in the Library, because no matter how interesting the books might be, such descriptions are—at least to the layman—almost invariably dull reading. Reversing the procedure, however, I hope to show how some supposedly dull books are really very interesting.

Johnson's "Dictionary."

What reference book, for example, is usually considered so uninteresting as a dictionary? Yet Johnson's dictionary is really what a novelist would call a "human document." Johnson's humorous antipathy to Scotchmen is well known; nor does he keep it out of his dictionary. Take his definition of "oats." "Oats: a grain, which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people"! The College Library possesses Todd's revised edition of Johnson—not the original, in which "pastern" is defined as the "knee of a horse." When Johnson was asked by a lady friend how he came to make such an absurd mistake he replied, "Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance." Anyone who thinks a dictionary dull should look up Johnson's definitions of Lexicographer, Grub-street, Whig, Tory, Patron (always keeping in mind Johnson's scathing response to the Earl of Chesterfield's

belated offer of patronage to this very dictionary), and Excise. In the Library copy Dr. Johnson's definition of Excise is omitted, and, instead, an apology inserted!

Another interesting point in connection with Johnson's dictionary is that it aimed to fix the standard of good usage in English, even as the dictionaries of the French and Italian Academies fixed it in those languages. The student who wishes to see how far the English language was fixed by Johnson should compare his accentuation of "balcony" and his definition of "ascertain" with what is given in Murray's New English Dictionary, which stands on the shelves alongside of Johnson's Dictionary.

Some Forgeries.

Interest of quite another kind attaches to the "Book of Jasher," which purports to be the lost Hebrew book of national songs of that title mentioned two or three times in the Old Testament. It is, however, really a clumsy forgery by one Jacob Ilive (1705-63), whose career is detailed in the Dictionary of National Biography in the Library. Another forgery is the so-called "Ingulph's Chronicle," the Anglo-Saxon charters in which were fabricated in the fifteenth century in support of certain monastic claims. A somewhat dry-looking book is Richard Bentley's "Dissertations Upon the Epistles of Phalaris and Others," yet it is really one of the most interesting in the Library. For it was with this book that Bentley intervened in the great literary controversy that raged in the 17th century concerning the relative merits of the writings of the ancient and the modern world—a controversy, by the way, which inspired Swift's "Battle of the Books." Sir William Temple, who championed the ancients, unfortunately for himself and his side, claimed that no modern work was equal to Phalaris. Richard Bentley, however, had little difficulty in proving once and for all that the "Letters" of the Greek tyrant of the 6th century B.C. were in reality a modern forgery. But the worst deception of all is that included in a book well known to students as containing Asser's Life of King Alfred—Giles's "Six Old English Chronicles." One of these six chronicles purports to be by Richard of Cirencester, who flourished in the 14th century, yet modern criticism almost unanimously considers the work as a fraud perpetrated four centuries later by Charles

Julius Bertram. It is almost impossible to realise the havoc played by this forgery upon English history. Gibbon cited it as an authority upon Roman Britain, as indeed did every historian for a hundred years. The English Ordnance Survey maps derive from it the names of Roman camps and stations—and yet the whole compilation is a fraud!

A Few "Treasures."

One cannot refrain from mentioning, however briefly, a few of the gems of the collection. There is Shakespeare in the second folio edition; a beautiful set of Charles Dickens, with a holograph letter from Dickens himself; some valuable works presented by that prince of book-collectors, Henry Huth, to G. W. Rusden; the "Mad Mollah's" copy of the Koran; and last, but not least, the Journals of Charles George Gordon, with a note by Gordon's sister, enclosing "the last words in the last letter to me" from Khartoum. The words are worth quoting: "C. G. Gordon. P.S.—I am quite happy, thank God; and, like Lawrence, I have tried to do my duty."

It is not to be imagined that the above list exhausts the interesting volumes in the College Library—far from it. As I said at first, I have not sought to mention books well known as interesting or rare, but have tried rather to show how interesting many books really are, that superficially are dull. There is sufficient material available in the rare and valuable books to compile not one article, but a whole series.



COLLEGE CREST AND COAT OF ARMS.

There are so many varieties of explanation of the symbolism of the College crest and the coat of arms, and its component parts, that we have endeavoured to get somewhere near the truth with this issue, for it is at least incumbent upon the Editorial Staff of a magazine bearing the title "Fleur-de-Lys" to know something of its name and of the badge it displays. Several Melbourne authorities on heraldry were interviewed, but their information was very limited concerning the subject of our queries. The best sources finally happened to be the Encyclopædia Britannica

and a small book on heraldry. In addition Dr. Leeper (the late Warden) has furnished, at our request, a very interesting note on the considerations which moved him in designing the familiar College mark.

The Fleur-de-Lis is common in the heraldic designs of all countries, but has become to be specially associated with the Royal House of France. It represents—though very imperfectly, the three flowers of the white lily. Some aver that the conventional flower was really meant to represent the white iris—the flower-de-luce of Shakespeare; others that it is but a battle axehead or spearhead; others again that it is an amulet fastened on date palms to ward off the evil eye. Its very common use dates from the 12th century. In 1376 Charles V. of France reduced the number on the Royal Arms to three, in honour of the Trinity.

Tradition has attributed its origin to Clovis, the founder of the Frankish monarchy, and has said that it represented the lily given him by an angel at baptism, but the use of the fleur-de-lis is clearly far older than this monarchy. Whatever the origin, history does not say why the French Court adopted it. Some have held that the name is but a corruption of "fleur-de-Louis."

An Order of the Lily, with the fleur-de-lis as badge, was established in the Roman States by Pope Paul III., in 1546—its members being pledged to defend the patrimony of St. Peter against the enemies of the Church. Happily, Dr. Leeper has shown that this beautiful flower must not be a sectional badge, but must symbolise something very general in aspiration—a blameless life.

The Cushion.—What looks like a detached rope is really the edge of a cushion, upon which the crest rests. It generally consists of six twists of ribbon or cord.

The Chevron (French, Chèvre—a goat).—Like the trefoil, the chevron is also an architectural term. Its angular shape is supposed to have a fancied resemblance to a butting goat. But where is the significance of the term when it also applies to the distinguishing badge of N.C.O.'s?

THE COLLEGE COAT OF ARMS.

Note by Dr. Leeper.

Soon after I became Warden I was set the task of designing a coat of arms, motto, and crest for the College. The trefoil, as the recognised symbol of the Holy Trinity, occurred to me at once as appropriate for the main device upon the shield. The chevron, or bar bent like two meeting rafters, is one of the most familiar of what are called the "honourable ordinaries" in heraldry, but has no special significance. I have often been asked why I took the Fleur-de-Lys for the crest. It was suggested to me by Tennyson's line, "Wearing the white flower of a blameless life." It seemed suitable and inspiring for such a society as ours. The motto that I chose, "Pro Ecclesia, Pro Patria," was meant to suggest alike the ecclesiastical and the national character of the College. While a Church of England foundation, it was also to be an integral part of our national University.

I don't know whether it may be of interest to any readers of the "Fleur-de-Lys" to add that I am also responsible for the motto of the Melbourne Grammar School—"Ora et Labora"—as well as for that of the Girls' Grammar School—"Nisi Dominus Frustra." An unfortunate reputation that I have earned for aptness in devising mottoes has at times brought trouble upon me. Once I was rung up late at night from a country centre, and asked for a Latin motto for a meat preserving company. I said sleepily that I would think about it and let them know in a week or fortnight; but the voice replied that it was wanted "immediately," as the directors were then holding their meeting, and desired the motto before they rose! They did not get it. A happily chosen motto has sometimes meant weeks of reflection.

HOSTEL SOCIAL CLUB REPORT.

Office-bearers for 1921.

President: Miss Denney.
 Secretary: Miss Baird.
 Librarian: Miss Reilly.
 Tennis Secretary: Miss Saltau.
 Auditor: Miss Cowen.
 Social Club Committee.—Miss Denney, Miss Baird, Miss Service.
 Tennis Club Committee.—Miss Saltau, Miss Ireland, Miss Noall, Miss N. Green.

This is our last appearance in public as Trinity College Hostel. The name of our building has been altered to "Janet Clarke Hall, Trinity College." At the next Social Club meeting the name of the Social Club will follow suit, and the Hostel will be no more. The word "Hostel" has been used so much of late in completely unacademic connections, that it was felt to be necessary that we should adopt a name more in keeping with collegiate tradition, and Janet Clarke Hall was that finally decided upon by the Old Trinity Women's Association, who had the final decision in the matter.

Our numbers have been greater than ever this year. We started with 43, and it was found necessary to take yet another house on Sydney-road to accommodate us; but as the year has passed we have lost several of our number. Among those who have left are the tennis secretary, Miss Saltau, and the auditor, Miss Cowen, whose positions have been filled by Miss Ireland and Miss Knox respectively.

The debt on the tennis court yet hangs like a millstone round our necks, but by the performance of "Eliza Comes to Stay," in second term, we wiped off a good deal of it. Several of the Hostel took part in the play, which was produced by Miss Webb, to whom we owe our most grateful thanks for her help. By the courtesy of the Trinity Dramatic Club, we sold sweets at the Trinity concert, and wiped off some more.

On Sept. 8 we were honoured by a visit from Lady Stradbroke, who was deeply impressed by the almost inhuman neatness and meticulous orderliness of the rooms, and by the modest demeanour and aloof courtesy of those Hostiles who, clad in pure white, were present at afternoon tea. Unfortunately, however, she returned to the Dining Hall for a moment after her supposed departure. We will not describe the scene. Suffice it to say that Lady Stradbroke's final impression of us was not one of monastic austerity.

The Hostel dance was held at the end of first term, in a riot of autumn foliage and orange-shaded lights. The night, though cold, was perfect, the grounds were comparatively dry, the year was yet a pup, and the Meds. forgot August for a space. What more need be said?

We wish to congratulate our ex-Senior Student, Miss Jennings, who has been ap-

pointed English Tutor to the College, and House Tutor, also the following: Miss Baird (Zoology III., Exhibition), and Miss Baynes (Zoology II., Exhibition), Miss Service (Hastie Exhibition in History of Philosophy), Miss Vincent (Brunning Prize in Botany), Miss Rayward (Second Class in Finals), Miss Conder (Third Class in Finals), Miss Ramsay (Second Class in Finals), Miss Halbert (Second Class in Finals), and Dr. Wanliss and Dr. Warner, who are now residents at the Melbourne.

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TENNIS NOTES.

Last term, owing to interests in hockey and other details, such as exams., etc., the tennis court was only used by enthusiasts, but now it is in constant use, which fact is evidenced by the unfortunate net, which is beginning to gape widely in vital parts.

Owing to this increased amount of practice, we are happy to relate that now quite a considerable number of us have completely acquired the knack of hitting the ball with the right end of the stick, and that most know when to hit the ball under, and when through, the net. So far no one has succeeded in depriving the fence of a panel, but we note with a feeling akin to exhilaration that some of us can hit the ball over the aforementioned fence. (For further information on this point, see the cows of the Bulpaddock, who have sore feelings on the subject.)

The outcome of this brilliancy was that sixteen candidates offered to play off for the team. Apart from any other consideration, it was most gratifying that so many Hostiles were keen enough to enter for the contest.

After playing the sixteen off against one another as often as possible (which was twice), the Selection Committee chose to hold a meeting on the tennis court (or rather at the side thereof), while certain candidates were in turn appointed to play thereon. As a result of this, and later investigation, the team was chosen as follows: O. Noall (capt.), E. Champion, M. Lloyd N. Green.

Women's Inter-Collegiate Matches.

Contrary to the usual custom of playing doubles only in the annual inter-collegiate matches, it was decided this year to include singles.

In the first round, Queen's defeated Ormond both in singles and in doubles. Newman and Trinity were more evenly matched. The contest was very keen, but fortunately for us, Trinity came out one set to the good.

The final match was played between Queen's and Trinity, the singles on Saturday, October 8, and the doubles on Tuesday, 11th. The Trinity team was the same, but as Miss O. Noall was unable to play at the last moment, Miss J. Kay proved a very efficient emergency. The singles resulted in a win for Trinity by eight games, so that everything depended on the doubles. The Tuesday afternoon was very warm, but the players were considerably warmer, and as the Queen's team were playing much better than they had in the singles, the excitement on both sides was intense. After the first two rubbers Trinity led by five games, sets being even. At one time a point lay between Queen's and victory, but they failed to get it, and eventually Trinity ran out winners by five games, thus gaining the championship. All the team played splendidly, and are to be congratulated on their victory.

We are indebted to the Trinity College four for their excellent umpiring, and to Newman for the lavish supplies of afternoon tea provided on each occasion.

Since the beginning of the term we have been endeavouring to run a Singles Handicap Tournament at the Hall. The tennis club, in a moment of unprecedented generosity, has signified its intention of presenting the winner with a trophy worth two guineas. So far, though so much energy has been concentrated on the choosing of the team, no progress beyond the first round has been made with the tournament.

On October 1 we are holding a tournament, consisting of Mixed and Ladies' Doubles, in aid of the Central Europe Fund. It is hoped that this effort will be a success, especially from the financial point of view, considering the urgency of the cause.

At the end of last term the Tennis Club was unfortunate enough to receive the resignation of Miss Jean Saltau, who had conscientiously performed her duties as Secretary for nearly two years, and among many other things had guided the club through the stormy passage which it experienced when trying to free itself from

the tennis court debt. We are relieved to state that now, owing to the proceeds from "Eliza Comes to Stay," only a few pounds are required to completely pay our creditors, and these few pounds we hope to reduce still further by the sale of delectable sweets at the Trinity concert; hence at present every Hostile shudders at the mention or sight of, sugar or boxes, such has been our daily contamination with these articles.

Mention might finally be made of the tennis court itself. Sad to relate, it decided to sink two inches in the corner adjacent to the Caterpillar. This defect has been made good mainly by tar, which has a decided affinity for the soles of one's tennis shoes, but the cause of the catastrophe has not been ascertained. It seems strange that this accident could have occurred, but if any member of the Caterpillar knows how anything so extraordinary could have been brought about, we should be eternally grateful for any advice on the subject.

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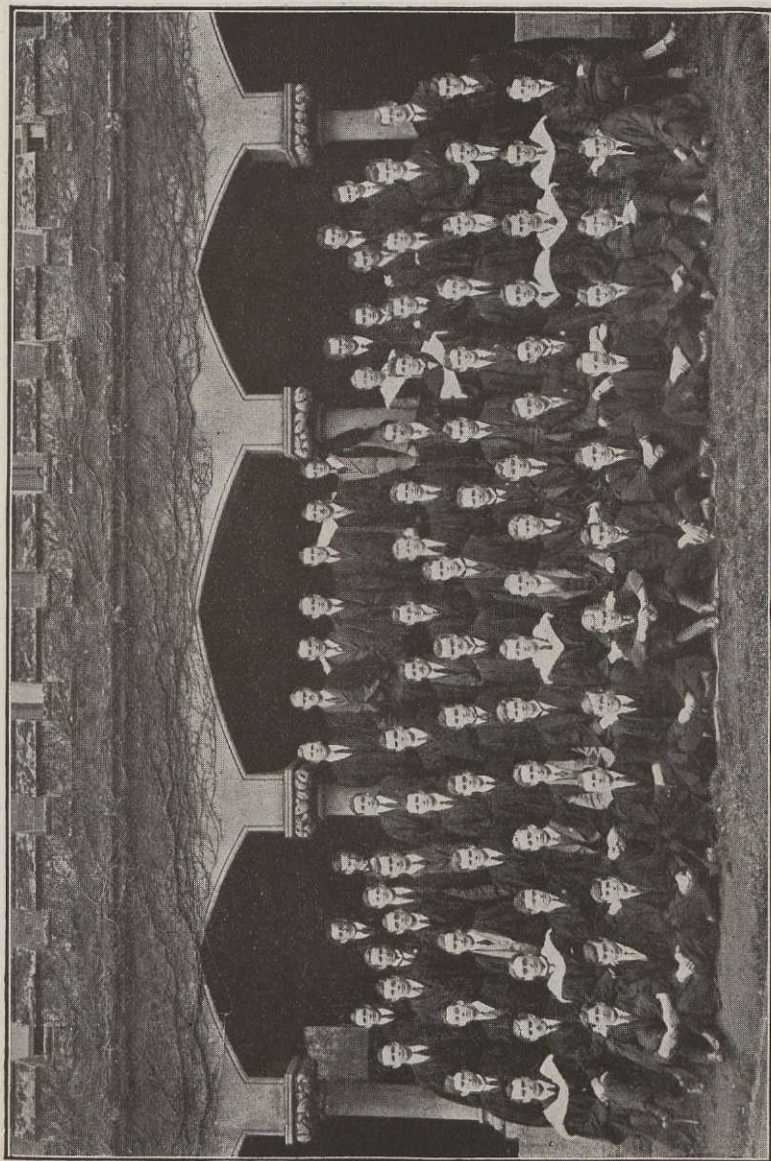
HOCKEY NOTES.

Hockey seems to have proved as attractive to us all this year as it did last year, and twice a week, between the hours of 5 and 6 p.m., during the latter half of first term and the whole of second term, Hostel enthusiasts might be seen practising on the hockey field. Even if some of us, perhaps, were more zealous than scientific in our methods—well, no harm has come of it, and we are all alive to tell of our narrow escapes—and of how we made up for in energy, what we lacked in skill. We think, also, that possibly we introduced a little more skill into our play as we proceeded.

We played two matches, and were not defeated! The first match, which took place towards the end of second term, was against the Training College. This was a closely contested match, and ended in a draw, the scores being one goal each.

A few days later we met the players from Trinity on the hockey field, and after a very exciting match succeeded in defeating them, the scores being 2 goals to 1.

Last year Trinity had challenged and defeated us. This year the challenge came from our side. This was an extremely interesting match from more points of view



TRINITY COLLEGE, 1921: MEN STUDENTS.



TRINITY ATHLETES, 1921.

R. R. Sholl, A. R. Tate, G. W. Leeper, M. A. Buntine, J. S. Bloomfield, T. G. Lahey, A. G. Duffy,
R. H. Keon-Cohen, L. Le Souef, W. H. Moule, W. P. White, F. H. Vincent, J. R. Hasker.



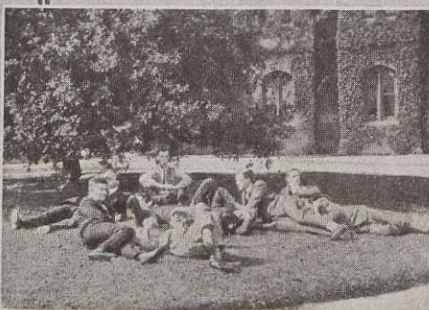
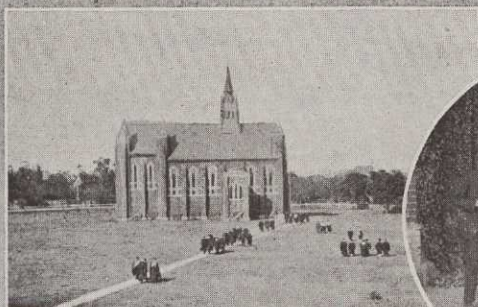
TRINITY COLLEGE CREW, 1921.

S. Plowman (bow), M. C. Walker (3), T. A. B. Harris (cox), C. H. Z. Woiharski (2),
 R. E. Webb-Ware (4),
 G. J. Pardey (5), C. G. B. Parker (7), D. A. White (stroke), P. C. Ferguson (6).



TRINITY TENNIS—CHAMPIONS, 1921.

B. A. Hunt, W. M. Irvine, H. F. C. Hallowes, C. H. Fltts.

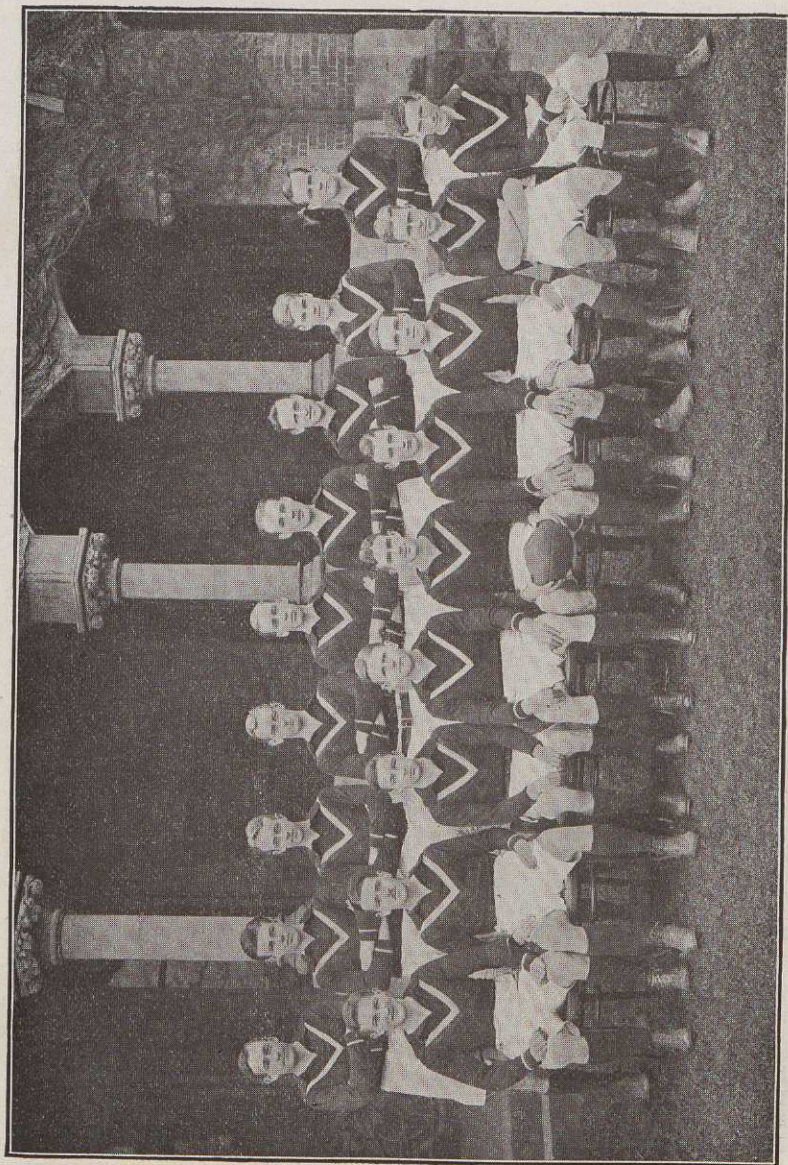


COLLEGE SNAPS—1921.



TRINITY COLLEGE CRICKET TEAM, 1921.

J. R. W. Purves, C. B. Cotes, J. M. Ainslie, W. M. Irvine, T. R. Mappin, G. F. Rusden.
H. F. C. Hallows, V. L. Rushton, J. R. Hasker (Vice-Capt.), S. Plowman (Capt.), W. H. Moule,
R. R. Sholl.



TRINITY COLLEGE FOOTBALL TEAM, 1921.

R. B. Sutherland, R. R. Sholl, E. H. Vincent, M. A. Buntine, J. M. Vine, G. J. Pardey,
 V. L. Rushion, W. M. Irvine, C. H. Fitts.
 G. F. Rusden, F. H. S. Mair, W. N. Muntz, J. R. Hasker (Vice-Capt.), A. R. Tate (Capt.),
 S. Plowman, A. G. Duffy, H. R. Barrett, E. M. Tunbridge.



TRINITY MINSTRELS, 1921.

J. P. Blennerhassett.
 V. Rushton, T. G. G. Lahey, J. P. Alnsle, R. A. Must, M. C. Walker, F. H. Vincent, R. E. Webb-Ware,
 R. C. Bridgeford, A. Pldd.
 C. G. B. Parker, W. L. Carrington, R. F. Ritchie, P. H. Dicker, G. W. Ashton, E. W. Kyle,
 M. A. Buntine. P. St. J. Wilson. R. R. Orr.

than from that of the mere play. We feel, however, that it will be described at length elsewhere in these pages, so it is sufficient to say here that we played the match, and from it was derived much amusement and enjoyment by both players and spectators.

This year nine of our members succeeded in occupying places in the 'Varsity A and B teams, and four of these were chosen to play for the 'Varsity in the Inter-Varsity Women's Hockey Contests held in Sydney last vacation. Who knows? Next year we may be even better!

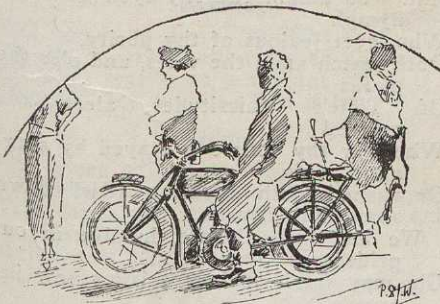
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FROM A HOSTEL BOOKSHELF.

"The Last Late Leave, and Other Poems: The Record of a Well-Spent Term," by N. O. R. Wood. The authors have put much good work into this slim green volume, though the first poem, "The Last Late Leave," breathes a spirit of pessimism and hopelessness which is very depressing. For the rest, it is an account of simple pleasures and innocent gaiety, in very passable verse. "Four Fridays" is particularly enjoyable.

"The Vice-Regal Visit," a fascinating story of incident and adventure. Every page is tense with excitement and anxiety, and the plot moves swiftly to an entirely unexpected finish, winding up with a crash!

"The Debaters' Manual; or, How We Beat the Favourites." The question immediately arises, Whose favourites? A volume full of the garnered wisdom of the ages, pulsating with passion, redolent of romance.



BEWARE!

Beware! the wisest minds are had
When sobersides like Vic. go mad.
Who would have thought so dire a plot
Could from such innocence be got!
Who would have thought so wise as G,
Would go to town in holy glee,
In necktie blue, with but one clue,
To seek a girl he never knew!
How long the shining bike he cleaned!
How oft the practised smile he beamed!
What would he say to fair Irene,
Should she upon the Block be seen?
"Come, lady fair, come sit you here,
I'll put my Singer into gear;
Yes, on the cushion, on the back;
It isn't far—just up the track."
He took his station on the curb,
Nothing could his calm disturb;
But moments fled, and still there came
No lady in a gown of flame.
The hour of tea-fights now was past—
The sudden thought struck him aghast:
What could have happened, what
amiss?

Poor Vic. is anxious, long ere this.
With lingering looks he started out,
And rode for home in growing doubt.
He enters now the College gate,
Crawls up the drive—to meet his fate:
He meets a sea of laughing faces,
Is maddened by their pert grimaces,
Encounters such a storm of jest,
For every wit is at his best.
He rushes up to see good Vic.,
Who never would play such a trick;
At any rate, he'd clear his doubt.
He cleared it soon, for Vic. was out!

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DAY DREAMS.

They come from far-off old Romance
Like glimpses of some lonely star
Half hidden by swift clouds that dance,
All thoughtless where its glories are.

Old wonders of the rich Levant,
Torn marbles from the Cyclades,
Swift quinquiremes with sweeps aslant,
To steal the sunbeams from the seas.

A poppy-field in Normandy,
Sloping to show a fretted spire
That soars in Gothic majesty
Across the gold-shot sunset-fire.

Between two stark, time-wounded hills,
A stream that sings like mailèd brass;
In echoes where the bell-bird trills,
Enthronèd in his sassafras.

Light-footed fabrics—half awake,
I strive to hold them to my heart;
But, like the dawn-mists on the lake,
Swift as they came the dreams depart.
R. K.-C.

SONNET.

Woman! when I behold thee, crowning
all,
Radiant, on highest pinnacle of mind,
Where rosy hues of early years en-
shrined
Thee glorious, as the dawning sun-
beams fall
On distant hills, and ever hold in thrall
Enduring charms, their warming light
gleams find
'Mid morning mists, that heavenward
soon wind,
Yet leave clear day and morning's
charm withal;
Shall I, then, listen to the world's vain
voice,
That bids me tear this image from its
place,
That morning mists before the noon
sun fly,
And beauty never was, but Fancy's
choice?
Nay! Nothing shall my vision e'er
efface,
For beauty once conceived can never
die.

"TRINITY."

Thy ivied walls, e'en did they bear the
marks
Of thrice thy term of Time's relentless
hand,
And thy reverberating cloisters raise
Aloft to heaven, their grey-hued,
crowned shafts;
And if thy Halls more sacred treasure
held
Than memories of joys in friendship
shared,
E'en then our song could never meet
the swell
Of that deep love, which pours forth
from the heart,

If these alone our song should be. But
more:
Thou art a stream of fellowship, which
flows
Amid the verdant banks traditions
raise,
When they express the commonweal of
all
Who ply their barque upon thy liquid
depths:
A stream which rose on lofty mountain
Hope,
And strongly flows throughout the
lapse of years,
To mingle with the ocean of all love.
A guardian deity thou hast, thine own,
E'en as those shady streams of ancient
Greece;
That bright-eyed, shy, elusive nymph is
she
Whom gentle Love to calm-eyed Wis-
dom bore;
And she is known to fame as Sacrifice,
As College Spirit is she wooed by us.
When out the lofty mount thou
flowed'st in glee,
A trickling stream amid those ancient
vales,
Where splendid kindred streams for
aye have flowed,
Full many waters swelled thy shady
course
From springs afresh, and thou a mighty
stream
Hast grown, whose steady flood o'er-
flows the plain
With sweet refreshment for the fertile
soil
Of our fair land. Such is our joy in thee.
A joy indeed! but our supremest joy
We find in thy pure cleansing of the
souls
Of all who mingle in thy living stream,
And woo amain the shy-eyed guardian
nymph
Who, ever jealous of thy purity,
Doth watch amid the vales, and o'er the
plains
Of Time's vicissitudes, alert and
grieved
Whene'er thy course is stayed by stag-
nant pools,
Or rushed with reckless swirl down
some dark chasm.
We hail thee, College, humble in our
pride!
Oh, may fresh springs arising now in-
crease

The glory of thy stream, and speed thy
course
Amid those verdant banks, kept verdant
still,
That thus the present, keeping trust
with past,
May pass to those who follow in our
stead—
The ever-living stream of Trinity.

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SMALL THINGS.

Turnstiles are designed, I'm told,
To keep out wand'ring cattle;
But, in my mind, they're surely made
Poor students' nerves to rattle.

To burn leaves when the wind is strong
Is really most unwise;
We choke and stifle in the smoke,
And rub our smarting eyes.

The coffee-milk is rather blue—
With cold—you may be right;
But let us help the cows along—
Praps lime will make it white.

× × ×

LIFE.

Morning.

She came to me when dawn was near,
Her hair was bathed in golden light,
Her face with morning joy was bright;
She left me when I loved her most.

Noon.

She came to me at high noon-tide,
Glowing with life; her auburn hair,
Her full red lips, her bosom rare,
And garnered knowledge in her eyes.

Evening.

She comes to me as twilight falls,
An old, a worn and withered shade
Of what was once a radiant maid;
But, oh! her wrinkled face is kind.

Night.

One more will come to me ere long,
Will blind my eyes and close my ears;
Will make me free from hopes and
fears,
And she will be the best of all.

—B. W. M.

A SONNET.

When I consider how my life is spent,
Attending lectures which are useless
quite,
Avoiding College tutors when I might
Be really working, then my soul is rent,
And all the staff to Hades have I sent
Quite frequently (in mind), though it's
not right
To do so, and they'd be a horrid sight,
I have no doubt. But on me they all
vent
The long-drawn agony of piled up
knowledge
Badly delivered; such is life in College.
This sonnet is too short, but what are
rules
To one who cannot gladly suffer—Col-
lege lecturers!

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A REVIEW.

"College Memories," by Lady Jane Folly,
published by S. Kandle and Co., Parkville.

[Readers of Margot Asquith's "Memoirs"
will recognise the source of the inspiration
of this article.—Ed.]

It will be obvious to the most casual
reader that this book is the reflection of a
somewhat vain and frivolous spirit, but it
has, at the same time, a charm peculiarly
its own. The style is dashing and spirited
to a degree, the pictures of contemporary
life vivid and striking, even if they occa-
sionally strike the critic as being charac-
teristic of an ingenious imagination rather
than a strict regard for truth.

Here, for instance, is an extract which
will illustrate my point:

"There seemed to be something about
me which appealed especially to strong
men; the crew adored me to a man. I
shall never forget the time they rescued
a drowning man from the river. There
was a ball a few nights later, and during
the first seven dances three of those men
proposed to me, and told me how the
thought of me nerved them to brave the
wet water, and so on. Number one was
romantic, and brought in stories of old
knights who did brave deeds for the sake
of their ladye loves, but I turned him down
because they always finished up by going
off with somebody else's ladye. Number

two was severely practical, and I gathered that his love for me kept him so warm that he did not catch a cold in his head. I don't like people to be too practical. He would want to save up the confetti to light the kitchen fire. Number three was incoherent. He seemed to think it was me he had pulled out of the river. You can't rely on that sort at all, they are too absent-minded. There were two more, but I was bored by heroism after that."

There is obviously more fiction than fact in that rigmarole.

She is at her best when giving a racy account of a secret society which, apparently, really did exist in the College at that time. It had an unpronounceable name, and very select membership, but, according to Lady Jane, its aim seems to have been shrouded in mystery. Into College life she entered enthusiastically, giving us lively descriptions of cricket matches "tea-fights," supper parties, moonlight picnics, when they danced round a certain historic oak tree singing popular songs, and ending up with *al fresco* suppers on the lawn. Here she is evidently writing of things she knows, and we are grateful for the opportunity of seeing College life as it really was in the early twenties.

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WRITTEN AFTER PROLONGED CONTEMPLATION OF THE PLANS FOR THE NEW COLLEGE.

Time: 2,021 A.D.

Scene: A stately quadrangle, surrounded by lofty buildings, in which all styles of architecture are blended in a whole which is pleasing and harmonious, yet austere and dignified. The atmosphere is almost mediæval in its hushed peace, its cloistral seclusion—it is, in fact, positively stagnant with culture.

Two Freshmen enter, bearing notebooks.

Wilfred (musically): "How fair is this sunny spot, Reginald, the fairest in all the College, I have sometimes thought."

Reginald: "How strange that you should say so. To me, it is sinister, menacing. A brooding spirit of evil seems ever to dwell in it. Its very name repels me, I know not why—'The Hostel Court.' Why should such horror lurk in those meaningless syllables?" He shudders. "I know not, yet

it is here that I hear most plainly the plangent voices of the past, strident, inimical."

Wilfred: "Why should this corner, pleasant as it is, although pervaded by a subtle melancholy, be known by such a barbarous appellation? How exquisitely painful to the cultured ear are such sibilant syllables. But here comes our Senior Student."

They turn towards a newcomer, pale, fragile, *spirituel*, with a smile of rare beauty, at once affable and remote. He speaks with suitable kindness.

"I chanced to overhear your discussion, gentlemen. I do not know why this name has been retained, being, as it is, the last relic of an epoch in the past history of our College which we cannot but deplore. It would be impossible for me to picture for you the undisciplined disorderliness of those days, so different from the studied calm, the cultured peace, as of the Universities of the Old World, which pervades our precincts now. I cannot describe the unbridled lawlessness of the so-called students, and the savage ferocity with which they would indulge in their deplorably rough and uncivilised games. Work, as we know it, was utterly unknown. But I have said enough. Suffice it to say"—he raises a pale hand, blue-veined, almost transparent, to hide a faint blush—"such was the almost incredible barbarity of the time, that there were women at our University!"

Reginald (utterly unstrung): "Women! My God!"

Wilfred (gasping for breath): "Oo-ooo!"

The Senior Student: "Women! That vast apartment yonder, within which take place all the chief inter-collegiate events of the year—the annual ping-pong tournament, the writing races, and calculating contests—was once their Commonroom; the room below, now devoted to the filling of fountain pens, was their Dining Hall."

Reginald: "They ate then?" A slight expression of distaste crosses his sensitive features.

Senior Student: "Oh, they ate. And on this plot they would gather after their gargantuan repasts, to disport themselves with ribald merriment and unseemly mirth. I cannot wonder that you, gentlemen, feel the influence of this spot, once the playground of such primitive and elemental creatures, with their uncouth manners,

their coarse wit and their barbarous ideas of pleasure." The clock strikes five. "But I must leave you." He moves away, tall, languid, serene.

Reginald: "In this crisp autumn weather I long for vigorous exercise. Come, let us fill our lungs with the sparkling wine-like air, and our hearts with the joy of living, and the proud consciousness of youth and strength."

Wilfred: "Yes, by all means. I feel positively Pagan."

Reginald: "Good. Then we will walk round the Triangle."

Exeunt.

BISMUTH.

THE PEEVED PIPER OF PARKVILLE.

Parkville town's near Brunswick,
By famous Melbourne city;
They tell the time by the Ormond clock;

They hurry each day through the Bulpadock,
And after dinner they walk the block,
Each with an ice-cream wafer.

And you see them skirting the turnstile way,
If a cow benignly looks their way,
Because they think it's safer.

But now to the subject of my ditty.
Which is the unfortunate failing they had,
Which caused them to chatter—more's the pity,
In shriller tones than a talking jay had.

Talk!
They talked all day, they talked at night,
They talked in dining-hall and study.
They talked in the gap between each bite,
They talked if the Chapel path was muddy.

They drowned the sound of the dinner gong,
They deafened the people who didn't belong
To Janet's incessantly chattering throng.

By shouting and shrieking,
More squeaking than speaking.
Like a screeching parrot that's gone quite wrong;

But the strange thing was, while the Hall resounded
As if 'twere confusion at last confounded;

Yet in Chapel their voices
Could scarce be called noises,
When it seemed not a note of a Psalm or hymn sounded.

At last there appeared an imposing figure

Who said, "By my spat,
A nocturnal cat
Or bubonic rat

Could put up a volume of sound much bigger."

So he waved the trencher of his power,
And conditions were changed that very hour.

The organ was drowned
By a volume of sound
Which swelled and which wound
To the roof from the ground,

And the Hall it was quiet,
No rushing nor riot,
Nor clamouring nor hammering;
But peace and seclusion instead of confusion,

By day and by night Janet found.

And the Piper remarked, "It's not claiming too much
To say this is due to the magical Touch;

By my trencher ubiquitous,
I hold it iniquitous
To ascribe it to aught but my magical Touch."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Historic pile, whose stately height doth rise

In proud defiance to the Parkville skies,
Braving the Boreal blast that blustering blows,

What store of students staid canst thou disclose?

What art thou—House or Hostel, Home or Hall?

Thou and thy inmates, what am I to call?

Mansion, or building, edifice or wing,
"Integral part of Trinity," or "Thing"?

The building pondered long, and racked its brains—

Then answered: "I am Janet's, they are Janes."

THE SECOND BOOK OF THE PROPHET BULSHIMIAH.

Now at the end of the third year of the reign of John, which is also called Willi, many great and mighty men went forth from the land of Trin.

Among them were Copper the Strong of Arm and Harold the son of Harbi, which is also called Monk. This is the same Monk who was a mighty jumper and a great physician. And Henry, which is kin to Haw, also went forth from the land; and Duff the Mighty ruled over the men of Trin in his stead.

At the beginning of the next year many Freshmen from far countries journeyed up into the land of Trin. And behold they knew not which way to turn. But behold these Freshmen were very fortunate, for this year there was no swimming race for them to take part in, neither was there a concert, nor the Feast of the Cinema.

Now it happened that there was a great carnival in the lands which lie near to Trin, and all the men of Trin went over that they might help in the rejoicings.

And the chief of all these men was Angus, which is also called Porrall. This is the same Porrall who rides the mighty steed of iron. And many of the men of Trin blackened their faces, and wailed aloud, making strange noises, wherefore the people round about them laughed greatly. But behold, when they began to sing the people laughed no longer, but went their way as fast as they could, for the noise thereof was like a cow wailing for its calf.

And Woosser, the man who ploughs, took two great ships, and he and many others of the men of Trin sailed forth on the great sea, that they might find strange lands. And behold, where they sailed, all the sea was turned to fire, whereat all men marvelled.

But when they had reached a small island which lies in that sea, a terrible darkness descended upon them. And in the midst of the darkness came the wild men of the tribes which live to the north of the land of Trin; and with them was Bruceunt, their leader.

And Bruceunt's men fell upon Woosser's men, and after a great battle defeated them, so that none escaped to bring the news to the land of Trin. And Bruceunt kindled a mighty fire, and all the

wild men danced round it, and offered sacrifices, rejoicing greatly.

And John which is also called Willi arose in his might, and issued a decree, publishing it to the uttermost parts of the kingdom. For he said:

On four days in each week shall ye starve as hitherto; but on three days, yea, even on the second day, and on the fourth day, and on the sixth day, shall I give unto you fruit, that ye may not hunger.

And all the men of Trin rejoiced exceedingly. But certain lewd people of the baser sort threw their orange-skins upon the highway, so that John which is also called Willi slipped upon them. Wherefore he was exceeding wroth.

And the time was now nigh when this scribe had to journey to a far land, that he might display his knowledge to the great prophets Os-bun and Ber-ri. And a great fear fell upon him, and he laid aside his pen, that he might have time to learn of many weighty matters. Wherefore he no longer recorded the deeds of the men of Trin, and all that which they said.

ARTEMUS.

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THE ROWERS.

Of yore we toiled as thalamites,

About the warmer seas;

We drove our blow with Phormio,

And struck at Salamis.

The stout ash was our manhood's love,

The vessel true our pride;

Three to a sweep we spurned the deep

With fifty oars aside.

Our creaming catheads underneath

Have known the trackless seas

Of every clime, each in their time,

Along the centuries.

And still, spite wind and steam aleash,

To drive the nations' gain,

True as of yore we serve the oar,

Nor do we serve in vain.

For though the vessel hears no more

The bosun's rhythmic flute,

Yet still we know the racing foe,

The splendour of pursuit.

Light-hearted, fancy-free, alive,

With joy and hope and pride,

The rowers feel the pulsing keel,

And drive it through the tide.

R.K.-C.

LOVE.

Dawn, and the grey clouds breaking
To skies of a greyish blue;
Dawn of my life is awaking,
Because I remember you.

Night, and the grey clouds burning,
Tinged with the day's last hue;
Night of my life, and the yearning
For radiant sunshine with you.

※ ※ ※

COMMENCEMENT NIGHT.

'Twas water, water, everywhere,
And Bishop's boards did shrink.
'Twas water, water, everywhere,
But different drops to drink!

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THE LAY OF A LOVER'S FRIEND.

I would all womankind were dead,
Or banished o'er the sea,
For they have been a bitter plague
These last six weeks to me.
It is not that I'm touched myself,
For that I do not fear—
No female face hath shown me grace
For many a bygone year.
But 'tis the most infernal bore,
Of all the bores I know,
To have a friend who's lost his heart—
A short time ago.

Whene'er we beat it to Black Rock,
Or down to Hampton run,
To quaff the pleasant cider cup,
And feed on fish and fun,
Or climb the slopes of Parkville's hills
To catch a breath of air,
Then, for my sins, he straight begins
To rave about his fair.
Oh, 'tis the most tremendous bore,
Of all the bores I know,
To have a friend who's lost his heart—
A short time ago.

In vain you pour into his ear
Your own confiding grief;
In vain you claim his sympathy,
In vain you ask relief;
In vain you try to rouse him by
Joke, repartee, or quiz;
His sole reply's a burning sigh,
And "What a mind it is!"
Oh, Lord! it is the greatest bore,
Of all the bores I know,
To have a friend who's lost his heart—
A short time ago.

I've heard her thoroughly described
A hundred times, I'm sure;
And all the while I've tried to smile,
And patiently endure;
He waxes strong upon his pangs,
And potters o'er his grog;
And still I say, in playful way,
"Why, you're a lucky dog!"
But oh! it is the heaviest bore,
Of all the bores I know,
To have a friend who's lost his heart—
A short time ago.

I really wish he'd do like me,
When I was young and strong;
I formed a passion every week,
But never kept it long.
But he has not the sportive mood
That always rescued me,
And so I would all women could
Be banished o'er the sea.
For 'tis the most egregious bore,
Of all the bores I know,
To have a friend who's lost his heart—
A short time ago.

CAELEBS.

※ ※ ※

DISILLUSIONMENT.

By a Flathead.

Many years ago, when I was a youth
with a great imagination, I used to dream
of the time when I would go to war to
fight for my nation's honour; of the time
when I would distinguish myself; and
of the glorious and victorious homecom-
ing; of the time when before all the multi-
tude the battle-scarred veterans would be
presented with their hard-earned and well-
deserved reward—their war medals.

Yesterday I wended my way to the
Barracks, and was directed to the War
Medals Department. Presenting myself
there, I was asked for my discharge, par-
ticulars were taken, and an order shouted
down a tube.

After an interval of a few minutes a
packet was whizzed along another tube.

"Sign here, please!"

And thus was another dream shattered.

A BERMAID STORY: or, A SLIMY TAIL.

(In Two ERS.)

Scene:

Study in upper Clarke's.

Dramatis Personæ:

Bo.—A dark, handsome man, with a commanding voice. Champion fisherman of the Dead Sea, Sahara Desert, and Tasmania. Lineal descendant of Jonah, who bluffed the whale.

Tall Thomas.—Knows nothing about fish except when he gets a bone in his throat, and then he can tell you their whole pedigree and colour.

Handsome Hammie.—Fond of female fish. Uses a tennis net to save time.

Me or I.—Editor of the Missionary Notes to the famous monthly, "Fish That Swim."

ER. I.

Tall Thomas: "Well, it's time we did some work."

Chorus: Good-O. (Silence for an hour, broken only by the occasional "Make it a bob.")

Rat-tat.

"Oh, come in."

Enter Bo.

Bo: "Er—good evening, old chaps. Miserable night, eh?"

Handsome Hammie: "Nice night for rabbits, Bo."

Bo: "Talking about fish, did I ever tell you—"

T.T.: "Yes, I think you did. However, while we are on the subject. Saw a man the other day on St. Kilda pier catch a "Salt Water Taylor" weighing 40 lbs. Unfortunately, just as he was pulling it on to the pier he saw its face, and fainted, and the fish disappeared."

Bo: "But how did he know how much it weighed?"

T.T.: "By its scales, of course."

H.H.: "Deucedly clever, by Gad!"

Bo (quick on the uptake): "Well, as I was saying, did I tell you of the time—er—"

Yawn from H.H.

—"I went for a fishing expedition in Siam with my friend Bicky Derry?"

T.T.: "Yes, Bo, a couple of times!"

Bo: "Well, er—we started out from—er—Zanzibar about 4 a.m., and after three

days' walking we arrived at the River Murray, which runs into the Nullabor Plains. We pitched our tent, baited our hooks with some—er—er—pneumococci which Bicky brought with him, and cast them into the river. It was frightfully—er—exciting. In about two hours Bicky got a bite, but it was only a flea; and then I suddenly felt a tremendous tug on my line. With a gurgle of delight—er—I hauled it in, and found a most beautiful—er—er—mermaid—er—caught by her left—"Eh?" says H.H., waking up)—fin, waded in, and lifted her to the shore, and patched up her wound with the flyleaf of the 'Compleat Angler.' Er—She rapidly recovered, and said in charming English: 'Ave yer got a Cappo?' to which I replied 'Quo Vadis,' or some other French idiom which means 'No, but I'll roll you one.'" (T.T., like an eel, sneaks off to bed.) "She began sobbing, 'Oh, I'm so hungry.' 'Ha, ha, sorry old girl; I'll speak to the Warden about it.' 'Have we got any food to give her?' says Bicky. 'Yes,' responds Bo. 'That flea which you caught and a little thyroid extract.' She rapidly consumed this appetising meal, after which she retired to our—er—tent, while we lay down in front of our camp fire."

(H.H. slides off to bed. Me, being the mug of a host, must stay.)

"Next morning we were awakened by a flapping of—er—flippers. You wouldn't believe it, old chaps, but—er—that—er—thyroid extract had worked in the night to such an extent that our beautiful—er—Mermaid—er—had grown to—er—er—fifty times her normal size, which reminds me—er—of the largest fish I ever caught, perhaps not quite so handsome, but it weighed"

I dropped off to sleep.

ER 2.

Scene: Next Morning, in Same Study.

"Wake up, you poor mutt. It's awfully late."

Me (waking up with a start): "Why, what's the time?"

"About 9.30, and breakfast is nearly over."

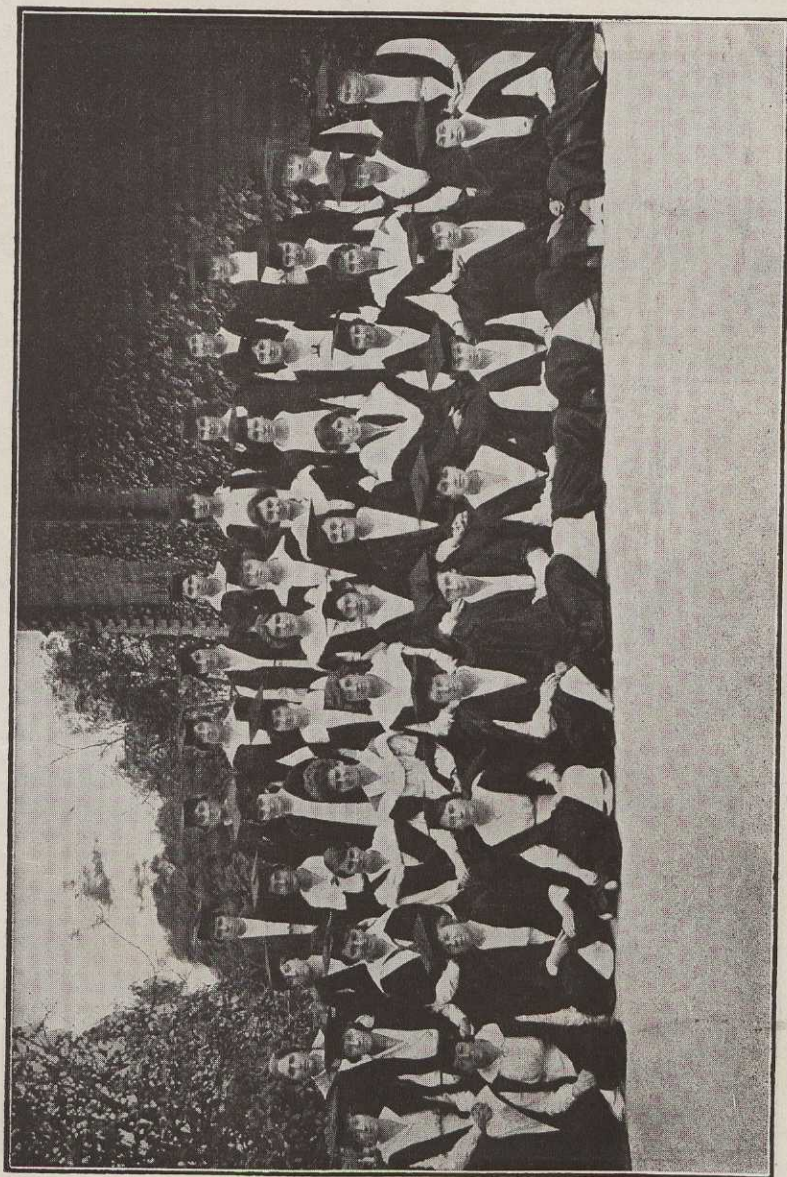
Me (drowsily): "Anything decent for breakfast this morning?"

"Yes, FISH!"

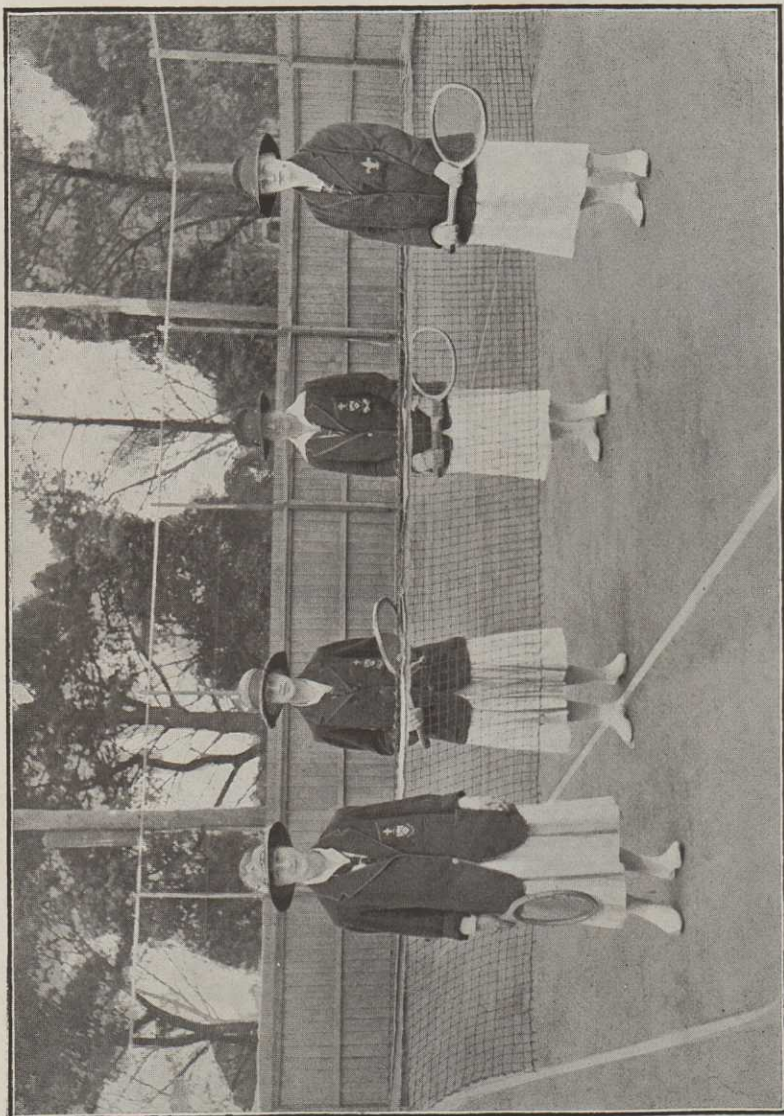
Convulsions and Fitts.

(Curtain.)

By TWO FLATHEADS.



JANET CLARKE HALL, 1921.



HOSTEL TENNIS—CHAMPIONS, 1921.

Miss E. Champion.

Miss O. Noall (Capt.).

Miss M. Lloyd.

Miss N. Green.

ODE TO A MORNING AFTER.

My head aches, and a furry whiteness pains
My tongue, as though of Walker's I had
drunk,

Or swigged a quart of Joshua's to the
drains

Only last night, and pavement-wards had
sunk.

'Tis not as though I get soused easily,
But, mixing my potations without care,

Vest'reen green devils seemed to shine
While floating hazily,

Some were snakes, and some with women's
hair

Claimed me, my soul, and all that I
called mine.

Oh, for a draught of soda that hath been
Mixt with a soothing Bromide, or else
some

Aspirin, to take away the dreadful sheen
From those grim phantasies, born of
neat rum.

Oh, for an icepack round my bursting
head!

The dizzy flies that climb upon the wall
Seem iridescent messengers from Hell,

Loud buzzing by my bed,
To keep informed my lagging mind of all
The promises I made, and how I fell.

VICTOR.

FRAGMENT OF AN EPIC (NOW
FORTUNATELY LOST).

Beside the oak a lop-eared mongrel lay,
Scratching itself upon—a winter's day;

Its mother's pedigree had gone to seed,
But one of its fathers was of purest breed.

Brave Raymur, passing by, beheld the
brute,

And through his brain a bold idea 'gan
shoot.

Seizing the flea-bit neck, dauntless he
bore

The unresisting canine to the door
Of that vast edifice that's known to fame

In College by a V-ery D-ubious name.
Before him lay a straight and narrow track

That plunged into its bowels dim and
black.

On either hand though nameless perils
lurk,

He enters, and strides onward through the
murk.

Straight on his left he sees that fatal
door;

Thirteen, the mystic number looms before
His eyes, with many a magic word as
well.

Yea, Abracadabra and Timbarlow fell
With Smokbaracouta word of boding
spell;

But magic's nought to one that dare de-
ride it,

He opes the door and shuts the mong. in-
side it.

"A REGULAR COW."

The Freshman reclined in the cosy com-
fort of his bed, preparatory to a good
night's sleep. A smile of dreamy content-
ment displayed itself upon his tranquil
countenance, with all the exquisite glory
of self-congratulation. For until now he
had been merely tolerated. But the awful
ceremony was over, and he was a full-
blooded gentleman of the best College
under the moon. The moon apparently
knew this, as she was beaming benig-
nantly at him through the window. But
her attentions were not permitted to pass
unrivalled by the denizens of the bulpad-
dock, as just at this moment there beamed
before the Freshman's gaze the buxom
bulk of a cow. The beast lifted its head,
and stared at him with a vacant expres-
sion of bovine bewilderment. Then it
moved on with a faint rustling noise.

Slightly startled, the Freshman turned
over and closed his eyes.

Suddenly he was aroused by a loud
rumbling sound close to his bed. He
opened his eyes in terror. Ere he could
move he was swung roughly upwards, and
borne aloft through space with terrific
velocity. Then he was thrust down with
a violent motion. All the time a jarring
sound tormented his ears. Then suddenly
it ceased, and all about was as silent and
as ghostly as a grave. But a veritable
ocean of billowing sound arose from the
fierce pulsations of the Freshman's heart.

In this momentary respite he gathered
his scattered senses. He was seated at the
bottom of a table. The judge at the head
uprose with awful grandeur and a re-
sounding stamp. The shadowy forms at
the sides sprang to attention. The judge
spoke:

"Who are you?" he thundered; and at
the dread sound a part of the ceiling col-
lapsed upon the Freshman's head. That
scattered his senses again.

"I don't know," he faltered.

"How dare you say you don't know
when you do?" thundered the judge again

with tremendous meaning. At that the rest of the ceiling came crashing down. With a supreme effort the Freshman raised his head above the gaping ruins and gasped out his name.

He looked around him. He was in the centre of an open field. The moon was looking down at him now with a red and hideous leer. He turned his eyes timidly upon the portentous figure of the judge. Where had he seen it before? A flash of inspiration chased away the clouds that were whirling through his giddy brain: it was the cow which had looked through his window a few minutes before. In fact, all the figures around him were most decidedly cows. It was strange that he had not remarked before upon this peculiar fact.

The Chief Cow spoke again:

"Did you say that a cow can never be really happy because it is too placid?"

"No; I have a great respect for cows," replied the Freshman with admirable tact.

"Liar!" shrieked the cow. "Nobody respects us now. In times gone by we calmly nibbled grass in the Garden of Eden, and all who beheld us in our pride venerated us even as we deserved. But where can we turn now for peace and comfort and consolation? Lo, we are driven forth from our pleasant pastures to the nauseous atmosphere of the Wing! We are tormented and tortured and milked. And this morning, as we partook of our morning slumber, we were disturbed by the screeching yells of a mob of gyrating savages. And you were one of them. I marked you well. You are condemned to die."

With this peroration the cow sprang at him, and gathering him up on her two horns, she tossed him as he quivered with panic high into the tingling air.

He came down with a thud.

He was not quite clear what happened next. But judging by the furniture flying about the place, he must be back in his bedroom again. At last the noisy troop of invaders cleared off in search of another victim. He got up from the remnants of the bed, reeled through the manifold obstacles in the way, and switched on the electric light.

I draw the veil of discretion over the sight that he saw and the words that he said. Suffice it to say that as he set himself gingerly to recover the various items

which had once constituted his bed, he reflected with sorrow upon his recent vain-glorious thoughts. Both the gentleman and his status somehow seemed to have fallen flat. Before he sank again into the deep repose of slumber he muttered an earnest prayer that he might be permitted once more to become an object of mere toleration.

"FRESHER."

THE LIGHT OF AGES.

When the golden moon was shining
O'er dreaming fields of corn,
And other skies watched o'er you,
Far off beyond the Morn;
That night my soul went straying
To the land where dreams are born.

And I dreamed that you and I, love,
Were roaming hand in hand,
Down a wondrous, winding pathway
In an old forgotten land,
Where the dust of Time's great empires
Strewed all the desert sand.

'Twas the place of Time's abiding,
Where Love at last must go,
Where Eternity's grey twilight
Shall change for Life's warm glow—
And the ageless skies above us,
And the age-long dust below.

R.R.S.

TWO CHOICES.

Two choices are there; one is of the Fish,
One of the Steak, and each a nasty choice:
In both from morn to morn thou dost rejoice,

They are thy chosen breakfast, Trinity!
We came as Freshers, and quite joyfully
We fought against thee—but have vainly striven,

Out of the dining-hall at length we're driven,

Our hunger unappeased by eating thee.
But if of breakfast you'd not be bereft,
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left;

For, third-year men, what sorrow would it be

To get in hall at nine, or just before,
And find, when safe inside the closed front door,

You'd have to breakfast off a cup of tea?
"VERDANT."

SONNET.

What though the waves recede and leave
the shore
That late they covered with their waters
deep?
I stand serene, as they must evermore,
Upon the sands their drops continual
weep.

They may remove to near or distant place,
Disclosing rocks and shoals quite unsus-
pect;

With sorrow, joy, or anger will they race,
Destroy, or lull to sleep, slay or pro-
tect.

Departing and returning, in and out,
In fluctuating eddy ever flows
Affection deep and high, as when in rout
Wave from the depths below to'wards
Heaven oft goes;

Waves shifting ever, billows, current, tide,
Shall never come between us to divide.
"QUI."

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"KOOKABURRA."

Kookaburra, kookaburra, kookoo-kaka-
burra,

What funny story is tickling you now?
Kookaburra, kookaburra, tell me what the
joke is—

Chuckle, cackle, chuckle, on a gum-tree
bough!

Kookaburra, kookaburra, you're a funny
fellow,

Lift off the crinkles that wrinkle my
brow;

Kookaburra, kookaburra, talk to me a
little—

Chuckle, cackle, chuckle on a gum-tree
bough!

Kookaburra, kookaburra, give me your
attention;

I want to cackle, so please tell me how.
Kookaburra, kookaburra, have you any
manners?—

Chuckle, cackle, chuckle on a gum-tree
bough!

Kookaburra, kookaburra, you are just a
jackass;

I'll put a stop to your silly old row;
Kookaburra, kookaburra, with these hands
I'll choke you—

Chuckle, cackle, chuckle on a gum-tree
bough!

Kookaburra, kookaburra, kookoo-kaka-
burra,

I'd like to choke you, but you won't
allow.

Kookaburra, kookaburra, cackling on a
gum-tree,

Chuckle, cackle, chuckle on a gum-tree
bough!

"SAFF."

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TARZAN OF THE APES VISITS
PARKVILLE.

Another Extract from the Lost Parkviliad.

[Our readers will remember (improbable condition in future time) that last year we were successful in recovering portion of that remarkable epic, fortunately now lost, known to fame as the "Parkviliad," and containing accounts of various remarkable tours conducted on the lines of Cook's famous business, with the object of exhibiting the wonders of Parkville to famous personages of literature or history, especially recalled from the shadows for the purpose. Some readers may perhaps object that the narratives of their tours are forced, but are they not then "tours de force"?]

Tarzan of the Apes swung himself lightly from the Ormond clock to the spire of the Trinity College Chapel (built by Baker and Bourne, the famous architects) with that perfect muscular grace born of his jungle training, and stared in ape-like wonder at the homes of these strange white people among whom he had recently found his way, and who perplexed him greatly. As he squatted on the roof, the moon shone down upon a scene, the wild beauty and tropical splendour of which, if it had had them, would undoubtedly have reminded him of his home in the primeval forest. For from a sort of great hut nearby came nothing but a sound like the steady breathing of some sleeping Headman, or such, of the tribe, for so the Ape-man judged him to be, from the magnificence of his dwelling. The rest of the long, rambling village appeared devoid of life. Tarzan was vaguely wondering what lay within, when suddenly there rang out the wild and dreadful shriek of one of those great animals of the jungle which the tribe had tamed and kept in an enclosure. One of these having been deprived of its young for purposes of sacrifice—now lo!

down there below him it reared itself on its four vast legs in the pale moonlight, and uttered ever and again the awful, blood-curdling challenge of its kind. All at once one of the funny little squares in the hut opened, and a white man shouted in a strange tongue. Vaguely wondering the meaning of his words, Tarzan waited, and in a few moments the great beast was almost beneath him. At once his lasso shot out in practised fashion, caught the animal round the neck, and swiftly drew it up, where it was despatched with his keen knife. But the flesh he found distasteful, for had he but known it, the animals had long been unable to obtain herbage in that wild and desert enclosure, but had lived on a curious white powder periodically cast to them by the Headman of the tribe, who as Tarzan afterwards found, was the famous gentleman who discovered a way of making square roots round without breaking them. Soon morning began to break, and many funny little figures crossed the field and entered the door of the edifice on which he was seated. After most were inside, two more figures approached. Both had funny little glass windows over their eyes, and were clothed in the skin of some black beast, while the taller wore a curiously shaped gourd of the forest on his head. Tarzan thought it must be as a protection against falling meteors. He acted quickly; he caught them quickly in his lasso, and hauled them up to examine them curiously.

At the sight of the wild ape-man the larger of them appeared perturbed, and exclaimed, "My dear sir, would gentlemen desirous of calling upon me be good enough to do so between the hours of 1.45 and 2 p.m.?" But the smaller, appearing more at his ease, addressed the ape-man in fluent Gum-Arabic, "How are you, old man? Don't you remember when we hunted fish together in the primeval forests of Tasmania?"

But Tarzan of the Apes was already heading swiftly for Central Africa.

PETER PAN.

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[John Bl-r—tt thinks we can't have a joint magazine with the Hostel "till they can come and live with us on equal terms." The following is a forecast of what might happen, though some, with the black-fellow, may say, "Damn sight mightn'ter."]1

Time: The Future. Enter two Hostiles.

1st H.: "They'd great discussion yesterday
In the Social Club across the way;
Some want to win the Newman tenner
About the football"—enter Bl-r.

B-r: "Come live with me and be my love,
I'm quoting Marlowe (see above)—
My study's rather small, I know;
To get three in is touch and go;
Perhaps just two is quite enough."

2nd H.: "Really, dear sir, you're rather
rough!"

B-r: "I think we lead too quiet a life,
Just dragging on as man and wife—
I'll go and lose the wife I've got—
Just you be waiting on the spot.
You'll find the number on the door,
In Bishop's Wing—the upper floor.
Yea! you shall soothe my aching head,
And bring me morning tea in bed.
What if the Council do turn green?
We'll have a bonza magazine!"

PETER PAN.

No. 21.

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"WORK, WORK, WORK."

A Dirge of the Third Term.

Work, work, work,
At thy hard, stern tasks, O Shop!
And I would that my feet could follow
The road to the mountain-top!

O well for th' equestrian boy,
That he falls from his horse in the mud!
O well for the golfing lad,
That he bangs at his tee with a thud!

And the dreary days go on
To their ending under the plough;
But O for the touch of a holiday breeze,
And the sound of a holiday row!

Work, work, work,
Till my hairs are as snow, O Shop!
But I'll think of days that were wasted
until
They all from my head shall drop.

'ALF PENNYSON.



P.S.Y.W

SHAKESPEARE ONCE AGAIN IN COLLEGE.

To anyone trying to obtain a second helping of beans in Hall:

"The task you undertake
Is numbering sands, and drinking
oceans dry."

To a College tutor returning essays:

"I rather had one scratched my head
in the sun,
Than idly sit to have my nothings
monstered."

Bill—M—le:

"..... My beauty
Needs not the painted flourish of your
praise."

Blenner:

"Ne'er durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were tempered with love's
sighs."

The Sub-Warden:

"Think you a little din can daunt mine
ears?"

Tommy:

"Not yet old enough for a man,
Nor young enough for a boy."

Wooser and Fred:

"The crow doth sing as sweetly as the
lark."

Miller:

"We that are lovers run into strange
capers."

Russell:

"Dainty bits make rich the ribs,
But bankrupt quite the wits."

Reg.:

"Thou shag-haired villain."

Hendo:

"All delights are vain."

Duxo: "What's gone and what's past
help

Should be past grief."

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FRAGMENT.

Chas. a Theolog. would be,
Preaching endless sermons;
Three times the measure of his waist,
The length of each determines.

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TRINITY COLLEGE, A.D. 2021.

Scene: Common Room in Lowest Behan's
Wing, during Social Club meeting,
second term.

Enter Senior Student, followed by Com-
mittee. Immediately all members fall
on their knees while the Committee
take their places in dead silence.

S.S. (reverently): Brothers, let us pray
for all the benefactors of this College and
Janet his wife, and for all those gallant
gentlemen who so ably cleared this beauti-
ful place of all Med., Law, Science, and
Engineering students, for the benefit of
mankind.

Chorus: Amen.

S.S.: Now, brothers! let us to this hate-
ful business. I call on Brother Mule to
read the minutes of the last meeting.

B.M. (blinking through his specs.): Min-
utes of meeting held first term, 2021.

Present, 300 Theological gentlemen and 1 Arts student. The matters brought forward for discussion were as follow:—

Bro. Vilescent proposed that the soft drinks be cut out at the Valedictory Dinner, and lavender water substituted.—Carried.

Bro. Convulsions proposed, and Bro. Bendersome seconded, that a move be made to introduce stamp-collecting into the Inter-Collegiate contests instead of snooker, as the latter would prove too expensive. Bro. Simoh objected, on the grounds of its being too rough.—Carried.

The next question to be discussed was the most important of the meeting: Chapel attendance. The rule was that every brother was under a voluntary compulsion to attend five days a week.

Bro. Scrub objected to this, as during the last two weeks he had attended six times a week, and had been warned by the Warden that if he did it again he would be excommunicated. Therefore he proposed, and Bro. Mare seconded, that the attendance be increased from 5 days to 6.—Carried by all standing and singing the Duxology.

Minutes confirmed.

S.S.: Any complaints?

Bro. Duxo: At the end of Upper Clarke's there is some forgetful person who never—

S.S.: Hush, brother, hush! With heaven's help it shall be attended to. Let us sing hymn No. 66, "Hark, 'tis the watchman's cry."

Bro. Hercules Pair-o'-Stays: The lift in Upper Taylor's Wing has not been working properly lately.

S.S.: We will see the proprietors about it, and will Bro. Hiram P. Bardey kindly take round the plate, the proceeds to go towards the fund for assisting indigent Hostiles.

The meeting broke up in disorder.

FLATHEAD.

✕ ✕ ✕

TOILET HINTS.

All Nature's great men have their peculiarities. For instance, it is not generally known that Alexander the Great invariably had poached eggs served him with the toast on top, or that King David, after polishing off his post-prandial psalm, drank up the

remainder of the consecrated ink in order to disappoint the bluebottles. I myself, in my salad days, was wont to carry my umbrella upside down by the point, in the hope that some happy day the heavens would rain lager beer, and once pursued a receding cable-tram for two blocks in order to unburden my soul of the consciousness of having unwillingly defrauded the Board of the sum of one tram ticket. Since then I have been unable to look a cable-tram in the face without its running off the line. But I have discovered the hairiest of hirsute idiosyncrasies within the very walls of the College. I cheerfully remove my hat to the gentleman who has recently contracted an alarming corrugation on his upper lip and distressing symptoms of springhalt at the mere spectacle of a crack in the floor.

Lord Tennyson tells us how

"Tristram girt him for an oarsman's place,"

but it would surpass all the facile ingenuity of the poet to do justice to the process as practised by this particular gentleman, who is intensely proud of a "shocking bad hat." The curious ritual which he daily observes at the boatsheds is indeed worthy of remark. Coat, collar and boots are doffed with alacrity, but how he hates to part with his hat! However, the time comes to climb out of his shirt. Off comes the hat, followed immediately by the shirt. On goes the hat, we suppose to hide his blushes during the removal of those garments which in a magazine run on the co-opting principle it would be highly improper to mention. Exiguously shorted, he must now assume his snow-white zephyr. Reluctantly the hat is laid aside, and the garment drawn rapidly over his shoulders. On goes his hat again. The reverse process is the same. Having conscientiously tubbed himself, on goes the hat, while he towels his glowing limbs. A momentary uncovering is sufficient for a dive into the shirt, and the rest is easy. To be regimentally naked is apparently his oppressing incubus. In his hours of meditation he may see himself the apostle of a new order, and the College looks with interest and concern to the day when, like Leander's of yore, her crew will swing past in a blaze of green belltoppers, with red and white cockades.

CHARON.

A PAEAN OF KEON.

There was a young fellow named Cohen,
 Who had a cobbler, Doug. White,
 They were both pretty good at Rowen,
 And had also a large appetite.
 As to who could eat most was not known,
 So they set to with all their might,
 And forthwith they both began hoen
 The very next morn at daylight.
 To see Keon-Cohen keep stoen
 Seventeen spuds at one bite,
 And Doug., who ate even the boen,
 Was truly a wonderful sight.
 At noon they weren't even blown,
 A fact which caused much delight,
 Though at evening Doug. started to moan,
 With Keon still merry and bright.
 They say Keon-Cohen's still goen,
 But poor Doug. was buried that night.

A. FLATHEAD.

[The metrical structure of this poem defines us. We offer a prize for the best explanation.—Ed.]

SALVETE.

Freshmen, 1921.—Bloomfield, J. S.; Buntine, M.A.; Bush, F. K.; Carss, H. C. S.; Castles, G. M.; Chapman, G. R., B.Sc.; Tasmania; Colvin, J. P. S.; Cotes, C. B.; Dyring, V. C.; Gibson, W. K.; Hunt, B. A.; Irvine, W. M. W.; Leeper, G. W.; Miller, W. W.; Milne, W. S.; Orr, R. G.; Pidd, A. T.; Purves, J. R. W.; Robinson, M. H. B.; Smith, T. W.; Sutherland, R. B.; Webb-Ware, R. E.; Woinarski, C. H. Z.

VALETE.

Sweetnam, R. I.; in Coll. 1914-15, '17-20. XI., '14, '19, '20. IV., '19, '20. Social Club—Hon. Sec., '17. Sen. Student and Pres., '17, '18, '19. Table Pres., '17, '18, '19.
 Garde, G. D. C.; in Coll. 1914, '15, '17-20. Social Club—Table Pres., 1917-20; Treasurer, 1918-20.
 Hawkins, H. R.; in Coll., 1913-15, '19-20. Crew, 1913-14, '20. Social Club—Treasurer, 1915. Sen. Student and Pres., 1920. Table Pres., 1919-20.
 Armstrong, J. H. B.; in Coll., 1913-15, '19-20. Social Club—Hon. Sec., '19-20; Table Pres., '19, '20.
 Harbison, H. W.; in Coll., 1919, '20. Council Schol., '20. Social Club—Out. Rep., '20; Table Pres., '20. XI., '19-20. Running, '19, '20. Tennis, '19, '20.

Clinch, A. J.; in Coll., 1919-20. Running, '19, '20. XVIII., '19, '20. Tasmanian Rhodes Scholar, 1920.
 Robin, E. de J.; in Coll., 1919, '20. XI., '19, '20. XVIII., '19, '20. Running, '19, '20.
 Clark, G. C. L.; in Coll., 1919, '20. XI., '19, '20. Table Pres., '20.
 Archer, H. R.; in Coll., 1919, '20. Council Schol., '19, '20.
 Lowenstern, R. I.; in Coll., 1919, '20. Council Schol., '19, '20; Editor "Fleur-de-Lys," '20.
 Fetherston, G. R.; in Coll., 1919, '20.
 Billson, A. T.; in Coll., 1920. XVIII., '20.
 Harkin, C. F.; in Coll., 1920. Running, '20.
 Weigall, T. T.; in Coll., 1920. Running, '20.
 Ferguson, P. C.; in Coll., 1920, '21. VIII., '20-'21.
 Kenna, W. K.; in Coll., 1920; Theolog. Schol., '20.
 Joshua, C.; in Coll., 1920.
 Chomley, R. a'B.; in Coll., 1920.
 Hudson, C. L.; in Coll., 1920.
 Dempster, M. G.; in Coll., 1920.

EXAM. RESULTS.**December, 1920.**

Sholl, R. R.—Greek I., Ex.; Latin I., Ex., aeq.
 Berriman, N. G.—Latin I., Ex., aeq.; Science of Language, Ex., aeq.
 Archer, H. R.—Geology III., Ex.; Howitt Natural Hist. Schol. in Geology.
 Keon-Cohen, R. H.—Ancient Hist., Ex.

March, 1921. Final Honours.

Murray, C. H.—Hastie Schol. in Philosophy.
 Harbison, H. W.—Beaney Schol. in Surgery.
 Dempster, M. G.—One-third "Argus" Schol. in Mining Engineering.
 Clark, G. C. L.—Half Lansell Schol. in Mining Engineering.
 Mayman, G. L.—Cobden Club Medal in Pol. Econ.
 Taylor, D. G.—Harbison-Higginbotham Research Schol.

August, 1921.

Carrington, W. L.—Therapeutics and Public Health, Ex.
 Bromby Prizes.—Hebrew, P. H. Dicker, B.A.; Greek, C. G. B. Parker, B.A.

Degrees, 1921.

M.A.—G. L. Mayman.
 B.A.—C. H. Murray, T. G. G. Lahey, C. G. B. Parker.

M.B., B.S.—H. W. Harbison; H. L. Stokes,
J. F. Shaw, F. G. Furnell.
B.Sc.—H. F. Stokes, H. R. Archer.
Dip. Min. Eng.—M. G. Dempster, B.Sc.,
G. C. L. Clark.

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ON DIT.

That owing to the amount of broken glass on the Bulpaddock, and the Warden's habit of placing lime on it, the cows will soon be laying bottles of limejuice.

That Tommy can't reach it.

That the electric light switches ought to be Behanised. That they ought to be pushed instead of pulled.

That Charlie Adamson woke up.

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WANTED TO KNOW?

The name of the animal frequently seen hopping over the cracks in the Upper Clarke corridor?

The length of Reggie's hair, the depth of his voice, and how long the latter will go without running down.

The number of George M.'s wi—but no, we are getting personal.

What's the joke that is always tickling Bish?

Whether Tim charges his hair off the electric light switch or whether the effect noticed is merely caused by excessive reading of sensational fiction.

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BOOK TITLES.

"Cricket, and How Hits Are Made," by the Australian Balzac, Twicee L—gl—nds.

"Groans," by J. Miller. These groans have grown since publication, but the book is still worth reading. The author is too well known to say more.

"Oo-ooos and How to Grow Them." An excellent treatment of a vital subject, and most sympathetic in its general outlook, includes "Outdoor and Indoor Sports," "What to Say and When," and "The Art of Gentle Love." The authors prefer to remain anonymous.

"Telephone Talks," by G.L.M. The author writes from wide experience. Improve your telephone vocabulary tenfold. The lure of the mouthpiece and the charm of the receiver are well illustrated. The music of the telephone bell is most picturesquely painted.

"Perils of a Dipsomaniac," or "Experientia Docet," by Al—n T—te. A breezy

little volume of essays, with a strong personal note. The author has investigated deeply into the problem—from the strictly scientific point of view.

"Cubic Capacity," by K—n C—n. An interesting digest of a scientific problem. Cannot offend anyone's distensibilities. The author treats of the work of his Italian contemporary, Signor Timbalo, and gives a brief sketch of the services rendered to science by Monsieur S. Almon Rissolo.

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PESSIMISM.

"The following will represent Trinity. . . . It is hoped that Trinity will be well represented."—Another Notice.

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A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

"Wear the regulation gown. Non-essentials, such as trousers, dinner-jacket, etc., at the discretion of the individual."—Common Room Notice.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

Learn to play Ukulele. Expert tuition, success guaranteed. Surprise your friends. Apply W. P. Wh—te.

Cure yourself of the Drink Habit. Try my direct yet tactful treatment.—J. W. B—n.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

(To the Editor of the "Fleur-de-Lys.")

Dear Sir,—I would like, through the medium of the "Fleur-de-Lys," to warn a certain pair in Lower Bishops that, if the noise which has been proceeding lately from their study does not cease, drastic action will be taken.

I would suggest to them that they are abusing the spirit of the "Oak." The "Oak" is generally hanging outside their study, but the hilarity which takes place therein shows that they are not working very hard.

The long and short of it will know whom I mean.—Yours, etc.,

DIRECT ACTION.

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Dear Sir,—I should like to draw attention to a matter in connection with the election of Sports Sub-Committees in the

College which would admit of improvement. At present, the Sub-Committee consists of three members, the first elected by the team, and the second by the Social Club, while the third is co-opted by the other two. I think it will be agreed that herein lies the danger. Of course, the first two men are now fairly certain to be the best available in College, but the principle of personal selection is one that is manifestly liable to grave miscarriage. For instance, if the President and Vice-President disagree—and there is often every reason for difference of opinion—what is to happen? Usually the President's man is chosen. But quite apart from the possibility of such a deadlock, and without applying my remarks to anyone in particular, it has often occurred to me that the system of co-optation lends itself very easily to the fostering of little cliques and cabals. There is nothing which can injure a team's morale more, or detract more from the confidence of the College, as one of these discreditable little "caves." At one of the other Colleges the third member is, as a rule, a non-member of the team, but this is carrying precaution into the realm of burlesque, and one can see very little in this idea to set off its obvious defects.

The power of nominating the third member, then, should not be vested in the President and Vice-President alone, with a double possibility of mistake, but should be a prerogative of what is really the senior body of the College—the Social Club Committee—possibly in conjunction with the President and Vice-President as the chosen representatives of the team and the College. More attention would then be paid to keenness and organising ability than to mere seniority, or easy prominence in the field. All considerations of a personal character would thus be eliminated, and the preference, as is only a fair thing, given to men whose participation in University or Inter-Varsity sport, and membership of University Sports Committees, marks them out as genuine enthusiasts. Finally, the casual spirit should be eliminated as far as possible from all College elections. Sincere and thoughtful judgment will produce results satisfactory at once to the individual as to the general, and will give to all, in the words of the poet, a fair burl.—Yours, etc.,

R. H. KEON-COHEN.

BLUE PENCIL.

A good deal of material has been handed in by members of the College, some very good, the rest ranging from good to well-intentioned. But it is gratifying to find so many people doing their best. It gives the Editor interesting reading, as well as giving him all the more to choose from. Some articles were rejected in toto, while from others we print selections. Here is a verse taken from one contribution:

"Moonlight on the water,
Silence in the scrub,
Bulging from the slaughter
Comes a dingo cub.
Rabbits feeding ghostlike,
Hear his careless trot,
Freezing almost frost-like,
Wish that he were not."

We leave it to your imagination to fill in the rest.

We hope that those whose contributions are not included will not be discouraged. At any rate, they are one better than those who didn't contribute at all. On the whole, the response has been liberal. The Editor for once will not grumble.

"Silence is Golden."—We think so, in this case.

"Aquatic Adventure."—Treated elsewhere.

"Bulshimiah."—Part of your bulsh has been already inserted. Fair burl!

"Misogynist."—The facts belie you.

"Tolby."—We sympathise with you, but there are considerations of space.

"Wisin."—Like the age-old curate's egg—in parts.

"P-dd."—Your "Light Refreshment" in two acts was realistic, but—well, at any rate, we liked the refrain, which we print:

Chorus: "Pile up the chairs, pile up the chairs,

We'll teach all those who put on airs."

"A Tale of Blighted Hearts."—Might arouse a sense of guilt in so many hearts, that for the sake of peace we refrain.

"Fairplay."—A legitimate grievance, referred to elsewhere.

OLD STUDENTS.

The Union of the Fleur-de-Lys.

The annual meeting was held at the College on the evening of August 19, 1921. When the minutes of the last meeting and

the balance sheet had been read and confirmed, the following office-bearers for the year 1921-22 were elected:—

President: Mr. Balcombe Quick.

Vice-Presidents: Lt.-Col. H. A. Crowther and Dr. E. R. White.

Executive Committee: Messrs. Raynes Dickson, Alan Spowers, Rupert Hawkins, Rev. L. Arnold, and Dr. J. H. Shaw.

Hon. Secretary: Dr. F. Blois Lawton.

The following motions were submitted to the meeting and were passed:—

1. Proposed by Mr. W. Kent Hughes, and seconded by Mr. O'Dell Crowther: "That the retiring President shall be ex officio a member of the Executive Committee for one year after his retirement from the office of President."

2. Proposed by Mr. Raynes Dickson, and seconded by Mr. W. Kent Hughes: "That at least one member of the Executive Committee shall be a man who had left College within the three years preceding his election."

3. Proposed by Mr. Behan, and seconded by Mr. L. F. Miller: "That the Committee be empowered to appoint two representatives of the Union to the College Council."

The meeting then terminated.

The Annual Dinner.

Immediately after the meeting the annual dinner was held in the College Hall.

Mr. Balcombe Quick presided, and proposed the toast of "The College," to which Mr. Bright Parker, representing the senior student, and the Warden, responded.

The only other toast was that of "The Retiring President, Mr. Raynes Dickson," which was proposed by Dr. E. R. White.

It is most regrettable that there were only thirty-five members present at the dinner, and it is hoped that future dinners will be better patronised.

The Union of the Fleur-de-Lys cannot be considered to be in a flourishing condition, for at present subscriptions for the year 1921-22 have been received from only 94 members. Circulars were sent to everyone whose address was known, and the response was not good.

There are many old students whose addresses are not known, and the Hon. Secretary will be very pleased if anyone who reads these notes will send him the address of anyone whose name is not in the list published in this number.

List of members who have paid the subscription for 1921-1922:—

W. Davenport, E. S. Hill, H. P. Finnis, Alec. Mackay, H. B. James, The Bishop of Nelson, W. S. Sproule, W. W. S. Johnston, F. H. Foster, S. P. Thompson, Dr. Chenery, H. W. Harbison, J. Ross Soden, N. E. Gibbs, S. S. Argyle J. L. Jona, R. F. Watson, J. Ramsay Webb, A. G. Owen, R. G. Casey, E. R. White, N. H. Dooley, E. C. Dyason, J. W. Allen, F. E. C. Crotty, S. McCulloch, R. Fowler, M. G. Dempster, C. L. Baillieu, P. H. Lang, H. A. Crowther, C. Maxwell, G. A. Kitchen, The Bishop of Wangaratta, R. I. Lowenstern, P. O'Hara Wood, Newcastle,* A. A. McKay, L. F. Miller, Allen Spowers, C. W. Meredith, W. H. Godby, A. L. Giblin, A. Law, A. E. Morris, T. a'B. Weigall, D. Ross Hewton, N. W. Faulkner, K. Fairley, J. A. Wallace, F. B. Lawton, C. F. Burke Gaffney, E. J. Hamilton, G. F. Mathews, L. Arnold, J. S. Mackay, G. L. Lillies, L. Voumard, C. J. Lowe, E. F. L. England, R. R. Stawell, Raynes Dickson, J. H. Shaw, Charles R. Long, O. J. Brady, H. Bush, E. S. Hughes, H. R. F. Chomley, T. a'Beckett, John Carse, W. Lewers, C. Gavan Duffy, A. W. Finch Noyes, W. G. a'Beckett, J. S. Drought, F. Andrew, C. M. Williams, Noel Nash, E. W. Outhwaite, E. Allen Mackay, A. Mackenzie Tyers, W. Kent Hughes, O'Dell Crowther, Balcombe Quick, H. B. Gill, H. L. Stokes, S. Dutton Green, Heaton C. Clarke, S. E. Elder, H. I. Graham, A. L. Keep, J. C. V. Behan, H. Sutton, R. W. Fowler.

*Postal note from Newcastle. No name sent. Presumed to be from the Bishop or the Archdeacon.

On April 9 a tennis match was played between teams representing the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys and the College.

Our team consisted of P. O'Hara Wood, R. Wertheim, C. F. Miller, M. Hurry, E. R. White, K. Fairley, S. O. Cowen, R. Sweetnam.

The College players were C. Fitts, H. C. F. Hallows, F. H. S. Mair, W. Irvine, T. R. Mappin, B. A. Hunt, M. A. Buntine.

The Old Boys won by 18 games.

Unfortunately, there was heavy rain in the morning, and the afternoon apparently promised badly, but in spite of this, there was a fair attendance of members and their friends.

All who were present spent a most enjoyable afternoon.

Members and their friends and the members of the College were entertained at tea by Mr. and Mrs. Raynes Dickson.

Jottings.

Allen and Rex Leeper are both in the Foreign Office, where they each rank as "Second Secretary of Embassy."

Allen has lately been appointed one of Lord Curzon's private secretaries, and apparently to celebrate the fact, got married. His bride is Miss Janet Hamilton, a niece of Sir Ian Hamilton. A painting by her father, who is an artist by profession, hangs in the Sydney Gallery.

Rex Leeper's special job in the Foreign Office has to do with Russian affairs, and he is expected to keep himself well posted in Russian journalism and literature. Both brothers were lately decorated with the C.B.E., in recognition of their war work.

W. H. Godby has been in Mildura for some months, but he has managed to come to town a couple of times, and was present at the tennis match. His engagement was announced recently.

Trinity is well represented on the resident staff of the Melbourne Hospital this year.

W. W. S. Johnston is senior resident pathologist; Keith Fairley is medical registrar; and H. W. Harbison and J. H. Shaw are junior residents. Drs. Warner and Wanliss, who were in the Hostel last year, are also junior residents.

At the Alfred Hospital, J. S. Mackay is medical superintendent, and H. L. Stokes is a junior resident.

Mark Gardner is said to be returning to Melbourne shortly. He has spent several years in England, and during the war he was in several continents.

J. S. Drought, who was married a few months ago, is at All Saints', St. Kilda. We regret that he was unable to be present at the annual dinner on account of sickness.

C. N. Atkins returned from a visit to Europe a few months ago, and is back in Hobart again. While in England he obtained the D.P.H., Oxford.

Frank Gill, who lives near Perth, intends to come to Melbourne for a holiday next month.

H. B. James, who was an editor of the "Fleur-de-Lys" some years ago, wrote

from Moonta recently, enclosing his subscription for several years in advance. This practice is worthy of encouragement.

Within the next few months a memorial to Franc Carrs is to be unveiled. When the date is fixed an attempt will be made to communicate with everyone who was in College with him, and it is hoped a large number will be present.

H. L. Wilkinson returned to Melbourne a few months ago from a tour of the East, where he was engaged in selling gold for the Gold Producers' Association.

F. C. Burke Gaffney is at Bendigo, and appears to be in very good form. He hoped to come to town for the dinner and the College dance, but did not appear at either.

Horace Crotty, who is now Archdeacon of Newcastle, paid a brief visit to Melbourne early this year, and dined in Hall. His Bishop was here more recently, and visited the College, but was not able to come to the dinner, which was held while he was in Melbourne.

Bob Fowler, after distinguished service with the Australian Mounted Division, worked in London for some time, and obtained the coveted F.R.C.S. He returned home a few months ago, and practises in Spring Street, and is on the staff of the Alfred and Women's Hospitals.

We congratulate W. W. S. Johnston and J. S. Mackay on obtaining their M.D. this year, and the latter on his appointment as medical superintendent of the Alfred Hospital.

Ben Lewers, after about a year at home, has returned to England to do special work.

Hal Maudsley is also in England doing special work.

K. T. Henderson is on the staff of St. Peter's College, Adelaide, where he is doing good work for Trinity. Last year he won the Dublin prize for an original contribution to literature.

Ned Herring, after distinguishing himself at Oxford, and in the army, is practising in Melbourne, and is to be found at Selborne Chambers. We congratulate him on his engagement to Dr. Mary Lyle.

S. F. McDonald, who served with the R.A.M.C. from the beginning of the war till about a year after the Armistice, returned to Australia last year, and now practises in Brisbane.

E. T. Brennan joined the navy last year. When last heard of he was on H.M.A.S. "Sydney." Len Darby is in the same service, and early this year he had a special appointment in Sydney.

Alan Spowers, who coached the crew this year, was stroke of the Victorian Eight. He is keenly interested in the welfare of the College, and, as will be seen elsewhere, he is now a member of the committee of the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys.

Trinity has a good representation at Oxford at present. S. C. Lazarus is in Balliol, and A. J. Clinch in Magdalen. C. E. G. Beveridge, who is in New College, has been rowing in the "Eights Week" and at Henley. "Joe" Hancock, another Rhodes Scholar, is shortly going to join the Melbourne delegation at Balliol.

TRINITY WOMEN'S SOCIETY.

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Trinity Women's Society was held at Janet Clarke Hall on Saturday, July 30. It had been decided last year that, besides the dinner, which is essentially a reunion of old students, it would be well to have some function at which past and present Trinity women should meet. Accordingly, it was arranged that on the day of the annual dinner an afternoon tea should be given at the Hall, followed by a service in the College Chapel, so that old students should have an opportunity of meeting the present ones, and of seeing over the Hall. This arrangement proved very satisfactory, and some were able to come for the afternoon who could not be present at the dinner. All generations were represented, even to the days when the Hostel did not exist. Nearly everyone went round the rooms to indulge in reminiscences and to see the recent improvements.

The Chapel service was conducted by the College Chaplain, and the address was given by the Dean of Melbourne, who emphasised the need for the graduates of a College to take an active interest in its progress; without their loyal support it could do little. Such a gathering as this, where past and present meet within the precincts of the College, helps to quicken the interest of those who have left, and to

make those who are still undergraduates realise the traditions which are theirs to uphold.

There were about twenty at the dinner, and the Secretary read apologies and good wishes from many who had been prevented from being present. The Dining Hall was arranged with one long central table, decorated with orange Iceland poppies and autumn leaves. The President (Miss Herring) proposed the toast of "The College," and was supported by Mrs. a'Beckett, who referred to the fact that Trinity had not only been the first of the Colleges to open its doors to women, but had also given the lead to the whole University by appointing a woman as lecturer. When this toast had been honoured Miss E. Bage proposed "Absent Friends," and Dr. Ellis "Present Students." Miss Denney, who, as President of the Social Club, was the guest of the Society, responded to the latter, and gave an interesting account of Hostel activities during the past year, referring in particular to examination honours and to the interest taken in hockey and tennis.

At the meeting held in the Principal's study the question of changing the name "Hostel" was discussed. Although there was a certain sadness in the thought that the Hostel, and Hostiles, would no longer exist, it was decided by an almost unanimous vote that the name "Janet Clarke Hall" should be recommended to the Hostel Committee. It was felt that the name "Hall," which, through its use in English University Colleges, has academic associations, should replace "Hostel," which is in more general use, and it seemed fitting that Janet Lady Clarke's name should be attached to the place which owes its existence to a large extent to her generosity. It was also decided that a news sheet of Trinity women should be compiled. The Committee for 1921-22 was then elected.

Committee of the Trinity Women's Society.—President, Mrs. a'Beckett; Vice-Presidents, Miss Ethel Bage, Miss Herring; Hon. Sec, Miss Marion Brock; Miss Florence Young, Miss Marion Wanliss.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

"Melburnian" (2).