

Robert G. Lyall



THE FLEUR-DE-LYS

A MAGAZINE OF TRINITY COLLEGE
IN THE UNIVERSITY
OF MELBOURNE.

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Editor: T. M. BAWDEN

Sub-Editor: M. W. ASHTON

Janet Clarke Hall Representative: MISS A. M. OGILVY

Business Manager: E. A. C. FARRAN

Into this Universe, and *why* not knowing,
Nor *whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing!
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste.
I know not *whither*, willy-nilly blowing.

—Omar Khayyam.

SOCIAL CLUB OFFICE-BEARERS:

1.—*General Committee*

President: Mr. L. C. L. Murray.
 Hon. Sec.: Mr. L. J. Bakewell.
 Hon. Treas.: Mr. E. A. C. Farran.
 Indoor Rep.: Mr. M. R. Norton.
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2.—*Inter-Collegiate Delegates.*

Mr. B. T. Keon-Cohen.
 Mr. T. M. Bawden.

3.—*Library Committee.*

General Rep.: Mr. T. M. Bawden.
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4.—*The Fleur de Lys Committee.*

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 Business Manager: Mr. E. A. C. Farran.

5.—*Dialectic Society.*

President: The Warden.
 Vice-President: The Sub-Warden.
 Hon. Secs.: Mr. R. B. Fraser and Mr.
 T. M. Bawden.
 Committee: Messrs. A. Garran, B. C. D.
 Jones and T. M. Bawden.

6.—*Music Sub-Committee.*

Messrs. B. T. Keon-Cohen (Pres.), C.
 W. K. Hardy and J. Grimwade.

7.—*Dramatic Sub-Committee.*

Messrs. L. C. L. Murray and R. M. V.
 Blakemore.
 Business Manager: Mr. H. B. Somerset.

8.—*Dance Sub-Committee.*

Messrs. J. B. Turner and N. H. Rob-
 inson.

9.—*Christian Union Representatives.*

Mr. L. J. Bakewell (Pres.), Messrs. L.
 C. L. Murray and L. G. Ball.

10.—*Sports Sub-Committees.*

Athletics: Messrs. P. Radford, M. Kent
 Hughes and E. A. C. Farran.
 Cricket: Messrs. T. M. Bawden, P. Rad-
 ford and G. O. Ewing.
 Football: Messrs. E. A. C. Farran, P.
 Radford, G. Ewing and F. Vincent.
 Rowing: Messrs. L. C. L. Murray, B.
 T. Keon-Cohen and E. W. Turner.
 Tennis: Messrs. J. B. Turner, F. N.
 B. Newman, and P. Haege.

11.—*Curators.*

Billiards: Messrs. P. Wood, S. Weir and
 B. Jones.
 Tennis: Messrs. P. Haege and H. Barrett.
 Stationery: Messrs. M. Kent Hughes and
 J. Sewell.
 Buttery: Messrs. T. a'Beckett, T.
 Coulter and L. Brumley.
 Common Room: Messrs. A. Garran, E.
 A. McDonald and K. Rex.
 Cigarettes: Messrs. T. Hollway and J.
 Harris.
 Telephone: Mr. J. Grimwade.
 Fiction Library: Mr. G. See Poy.
 Secretary's Assistant: Mr. T. P. Pringle.
 Treasurer's Assistant: Mr. F. N. B.
 Newman.
 College Recorder: Mr. J. Long.

Milk: Mr. W. F. King.

Medicine: Mr. R. de Crespigny.

REPORT OF THE SOCIAL CLUB COMMITTEE,
THIRD TERM, 1925.

Gentlemen—

Your Committee has much pleasure in submitting its report for third term, 1925.

After one year's lapse, the College was again successful in winning the Inter-Collegiate Tennis Premiership, and so resuming our long line of victory.

We are sure the College joins us in congratulating the team on its victory.

The Valedictory Dinner was a very marked success and reflects great credit on the secretaries, the matron and the staff. An innovation was made this year in inviting the President of the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys (Mr. Maurice Hurry) to propose the health of the College, and urge those who were leaving to join the Union. Mr. Hurry presented the Cup donated by the Union to the cricketer with best batting average (Mr. T. M. Bawden).

After many years' agitation, we have succeeded in getting an open door all night. This saves the bother of getting keys or of knocking up the porter, but the gate book has still to be signed after 10.30 p.m.

The following gentlemen have won exhibitions and so brought honour on the College:—Messrs. A. Garran (3), B. C. D. Jones, M. W. Ashton (3), L. G. Ball, E. A. F. McDonald, and Messrs. Kent Hughes and McDonald the Baldwin Spencer Prize.

Congratulations are due to Messrs. G. Ewing, J. B. and E. W. Turner, and P. Haege on gaining University Full Blues, and Messrs. B. Keon-Cohen and L. Murray on gaining Half Blues.

During third term and long vac. a number of College men rowed in regattas, viz.: Henley, V.R.A., Maiden, Ballarat and Barwon, and Champion Eights, Messrs. M. H. B. Robinson and L. J. Bakewell winning Maiden Pairs at V.R.A. With this solid foundation of training we feel confident of winning the impending boat race.

The Mixed Doubles Tennis Tournament was a great success again, and the secretaries are to be congratulated on their general management and on getting the tournament finished in one day. The thanks of the College are due to Dr. and Mrs. Behan, who acted as host and hostess at afternoon tea, and did so much to make the "Back-to-the-College" element such a success.

Queen's College are to be congratulated on their victory in the unofficial Inter-Collegiate billiards, which, it is hoped, will be held in 1st term this year.

The Fleur-de-Lys met with very general approval, reflecting, as it did, nearly all aspects of College life. Its news about Old Boys, fuller than usual, increases its interest for the senior men especially, and for Old Boys.

The bow of the "Janet" has been at last hung in the Billiard Room. The Common Room lighting has been much improved—all bare lights having been covered up.

The financial position is sound. The tennis courts have both been remade at an expense of £110 to the Social Club, the Council paying the other £110. This will be covered by the Reserve Fund, which stands at £177. We begin the new year with an estimated surplus of £61.

We congratulate Messrs. Bawden and N. H. Robinson on playing in the University 1st XI. We congratulate also Mr. Haeghe on the high distinction of representing Victoria in Interstate tennis.

In conclusion, we congratulate the following on obtaining their degrees last December:—Messrs. Must, Barrett, Morgan, and Mr. Milne on his Th.L. Certificate.

During the term the Warden, at the invitation of the Social Club, dined with the men in Hall as the guest of the Table Presidents in rotation. We welcome this innovation as tending to better mutual understanding and co-operation and hope it will become an established custom.

On behalf of the Committee,

31.3.26

L. J. Bakewell, Hon. Sec.

REPORT OF THE SOCIAL CLUB COMMITTEE, FIRST TERM, 1926.

Gentlemen—

Your Committee, in presenting its report, is pleased to be able to record several permanent improvements to the College.

The new temporary Dining Hall in stone is a great improvement on the old. It is shortly, we believe, to be decently furnished. It is hoped that it may be used for the reading of the Wigram Allen Essays and that the public may be invited.

The Warden's efforts over the last five years to improve the grounds are now showing some fruits. The lawns round the Oak have been much improved, and borders planted, and the Bulpaddock is also vastly improved.

The John Sutton grandfather clock has been put in the Common Room, and everyone is very pleased with it, although its present position, especially till the curtains behind it are put up, is not very satisfactory. The Committee considered that the curtains were more urgently needed than the President's Board, and as finances would not stand both, they decided to get the curtains. They are being got now.

A new billiard cloth has been put on, and the cane seats done up in pantasote.

We were successful in winning the Boat Race this year, after a splendid race with Queen's in the final. Our congratulations go to the crew and to its untiring coach and former stroke, Mr. Russell Keon-Cohen.

In cricket we defeated Ormond, but, after a splendid match, lost the final to Newman, whom we congratulate.

In athletics we did better than last year, and pulled up to third place. Our congratulations go to Ormond.

We have to thank the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys for its gift of a Challenge Cup for athletics, to be awarded to the best individual performer, its first holder being Mr. M. O. Kent Hughes.

A conference of six members of the Social Club, with six of the Council, was held last term to give the Council opportunity of learning the attitude

of the Social Club towards compulsory Chapel. We feel that whether we get compulsory Chapel abolished or not, the conference was a distinct success, and both sides expressed the hope that similar conferences would be held in future, when important subjects had to be discussed.

The experiment of serving coffee in the Common Room has undoubtedly stimulated a "Back-to-the-Common-Room" movement, practically the whole College gathering together for ten minutes or so every evening. This all helps to create a good College spirit.

There have been two addresses in the Common Room after coffee—one by Mr. Gepp, the other by Dr. Ochiai. It is hoped to arrange for more addresses on subjects of general interest or from eminent visitors.

Dr. Mott, President of the World Student Christian Federation, was the guest of the College in hall during his visit to Melbourne.

The C.U. has been active, circles starting about the middle of the term, with 64 men in study circles.

The Dialectic Society has held two meetings, and we congratulate Messrs. Bawden, Fraser and Garran on their inclusion in the University Teams v. the Imperial Debaters.

The Fresher's Dinner, preceding the blowing-out of the match ceremony, was revived this year and was considered a great success.

The Trinity Minstrels maintained or rather excelled their usual high standard at Commencement. About three-quarters of the College took part in the Yellow Cab Parade, which was a very creditable performance.

Your Committee records with regret the continued ill-health of the Warden throughout the term, and Mr. Geoff. Coldham's illness. We wish them both a good recovery.

The following gentlemen have brought honour on the College in the academic world, and we congratulate Messrs. Winter, Must, Smith, Garran, Leeper and Bloomfield on getting their degrees, and Mr. Pringle on completing his University course in electrical engineering.

In the University sporting world several Trinity men have represented Melbourne in Inter-varsity sport.

Messrs. Haege and Turner represented Melbourne in tennis and Mr. Haege played in the Interstate team. In athletics, Messrs. S. Burston and Sewell, and in rowing Messrs. Harris, Keon-Cohen, L. Murray and Norton represented the University. Mr. Hirschfeld was manager for the crew in Tasmania, and was considered the most efficient manager they had had for some time.

Messrs. Bawden and Robinson played in the XI.

Our congratulations go to all these gentlemen who have brought honour on the College.

We record with regret the deaths of two distinguished Old Boys—Mr. Justice T. a'B. Weigall and Dr. Frank Andrew.

We were pleased to have Mr. A. E. Molson, the Oxford debater, as a guest during his stay in Melbourne.

The financial position is covered by the Treasurer's report.

On behalf of the Committee,

14.6.26.

L. J. Bakewell, Hon. Sec.

REPORT OF THE SOCIAL CLUB COMMITTEE, SECOND TERM, 1926.

Gentlemen—

Your Committee has much pleasure in presenting its report. In football, after a very good match, we were defeated by Queen's. * Our congratulations go to the winning College—Newman.

In the May finals, the following Old Boys obtained their degrees of M.B., B.S., and so brought honour on the College:—Messrs. Bush, Clemons, Crisp, Giblin, Robinson and Travers. Our congratulations go to them.

The College Dance was held on June 18 and was a great success. We wish to thank the dance secretaries for their work.

As a result of the Chapel Conference, attendance at evening Chapel now counts as well as that at morning Chapel.

In the Inter-collegiate Debate against Queen's, at Queen's, our team was victorious in denying that "the Influence of Modern Journalism is Pernicious." We congratulate the team.

On July 30 we were honoured by a visit from Mr. Justice Higgins, who came to present the Mervyn Higgins Rowing Mugs to our crew. We have to thank Mr. Justice Higgins for his gift and for his kindness in coming up.

We have also to thank the anonymous donor of the oars to the crew.

A set of coffee cups was purchased by the Social Club this term. The Warden has undertaken to replace breakages.

The Common Room has been improved by the addition of curtains to the south windows, and the Presidents' Board is being made now.

Your Committee congratulates the following gentlemen who have represented the University in Inter-varsity sport:—Football—Messrs. Ewing and Newman; Rugby—Messrs. Blakemore (capt.), B. Jones (vice-capt.), Mack, Pern, Robinson, O'Brien and Sewell; Baseball—Messrs. Bawden and Sholl.

We report with great pleasure the very active part taken by Trinity men in the University Clubs and Societies. Many of the secretaries and members of committees have been Trinity men, and we hope that the College will continue this active participation in University activities.

At the end of last term the Warden invited the Committee to meet him, the Sub-Warden and Tutors in conference. A report of the relations between the tutorial staff and the Social Club, which have been existing for some time past, and recommendations for future relations, were considered in a very amicable spirit, and the Committee feels sure that if the Social Club will support its new Committee in carrying out the recommendations agreed upon at that conference, at which many misunderstandings were cleared up, the future relations between the Social Club and the Warden and tutorial staff will be very much more what everyone would like them to be.

At the next General Meeting of the Social Club, the Warden will, in the presence of the tutors, tell the College what happened at that conference.

Finally, your Committee congratulates the Fancy Dress Hockey Team on its draw in the match against Janet Clarke Hall after a hard-fought game, and is pleased to report that there were no serious casualties.

On behalf of the Committee,

3.9.26.

L. J. Bakewell, Hon. Sec.

The Editorial

Trinity College—we meet with the words often enough, printed on our writing-paper and on our cigarettes; and the phrase is so common in conversation that it passes almost unnoticed. All at times forget its meaning; and some may never know.

Let us consider for one brief moment the year that has just gone by in the life of this deliberate community, this common thing.

We observe, amongst other facts, that initiations are becoming milder; that the old habit of supper-fights, bad for the digestion and good for several other reasons, is slowly losing ground; and there is not the old enthusiasm in sport—an Inter-Collegiate game is a little cold now. Then, too, we are becoming more critical of methods and conventional institutions. The College is growing quiet. Idle times are wasted times. And in the University we remark the increasing number of posts filled by men from here. Discussions of all kinds have been freer, more intelligent, and more curious. What may we conclude?

After reflection, we can find the secret. Personality is becoming more definite, more developed; the College is, in the best sense, growing older.

Yet is this tendency a desirable thing, after all? Surely it is regrettable for men to be striving away from the common life?

Now, when any society is composed of members who hold the same conceptions, who are interested in the same things, who are similarly moved by the same situations, then each member of that society may be expected to find considerable pleasure in mingling with the other members; he will find far greater satisfaction in talking, eating, and working in the company of his fellows than in performing these operations alone.

But as soon as individuals begin to think more broadly, as soon as each man becomes sufficiently unlike a sheep to critically survey his immediate social code, and to compare it with other social codes, and grows bold enough to reject even one of its tenets in favour of another which carries the prestige of apparently wiser groups of men, then the spell is broken.

In the case of any two individuals, for every new idea which one accepts and the other does not accept, by so much is the common ground lessened between them. In a word, the individuals in a flock of sheep show no tendency to be bored with one another—intelligence too low. In the same situation each reacts in almost the same manner. Whereas, amongst individuals here, the common social code, which is normally assimilated almost completely by each member, as in most public schools, has frequently been so profoundly modified that there is scarcely any common ground left.

We have asked whether this is to be regarded as a desirable thing. The only answer can be that the present situation is not in itself desirable, but that, although we must expect this divergence to be more marked the greater the difference in intelligence, yet this same withdrawal of individuals must be regarded as an essential stage in the progress of any group of men, a stage which could only be avoided if, in some inconceivable manner, each individual developed along precisely the same lines at almost the same rate.

Now, the development of great personalities is, without any doubt at all, the greatest factor in the progress of all societies. We must decide, therefore, to accept as a joyful omen the present tendency to disintegrate.

In the light of these arguments, the past year must be recorded as a considerable advance.

In the Christian Union the growth of more positive minds has been most striking. In the study circles discussion has been freer, and thought less paralysed than before; the dull hold of dogma has at last been loosened. And, even though a structure centuries old comes tumbling about our heads, our regret shall pass into joy when soon we remember that "God fulfils Himself in many ways, lest one good custom should corrupt the world!"

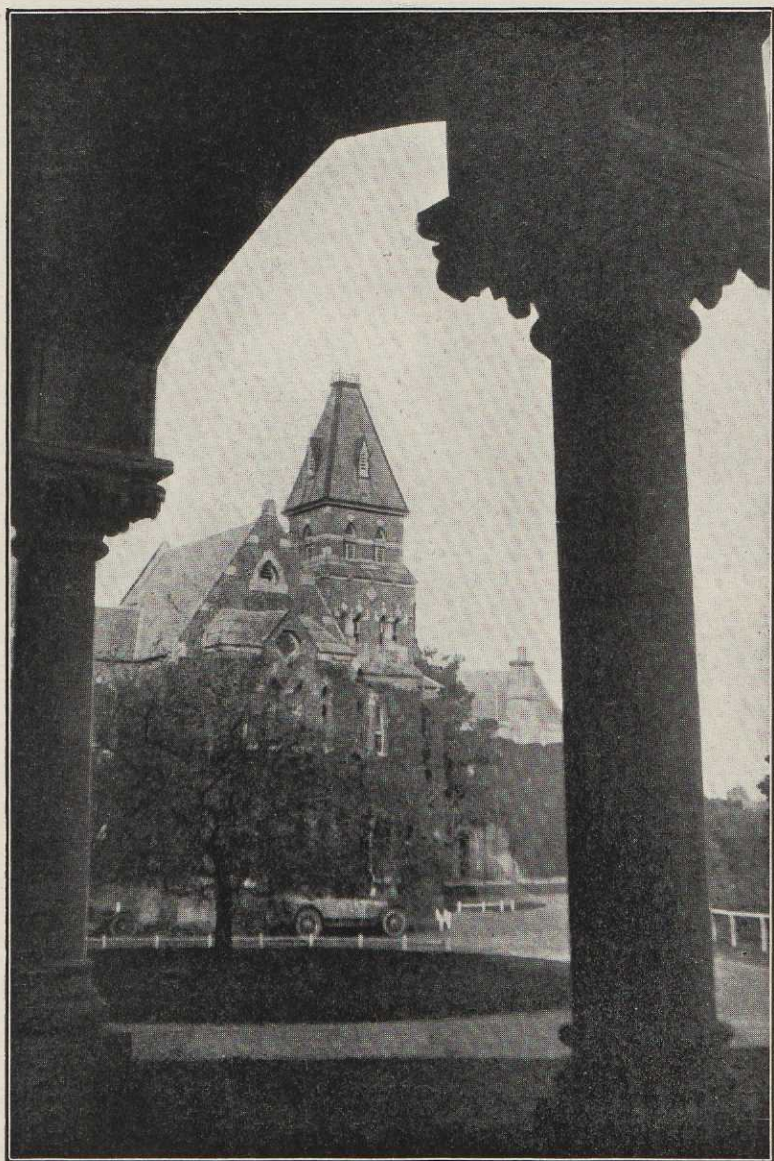
We have observed, too, the rise of a spirit of criticism in everyday life. Many are wondering whether it is desirable to encourage it. Now the word criticism has two meanings—a good one, and a bad one. If it stands for malicious fault-finding, ill-meant scoffing, and unthinking destructiveness, then the word will, of course, stand for something harmful. But may no one ever discourage us from throwing ourselves wholeheartedly into the good kind of criticism, without which only the slowest advance would be possible—the kind that comes through a real interest in the welfare of the method or institution, and a fearless desire to help one's fellow-men.

Yet, in growing older, we must take care to cherish those things which men so often need—the obvious things of childhood. So that, in the realm of sport, we may come to realise more vividly the unique benefits of that vigorous physical contact which brings intense common experience, facts which will cast grave doubt on, perhaps even disprove, our less mature charges of over-emphasis and waste of time. We may learn, too, to do deliberately, in the Common Room and at Supper Fights, another far greater thing which before we did like sheep—to seek the company of others. For there is a wider aspect of experience which belongs to every man—the ever-present realisation that we all walk the earth together. On this framework there can with sureness be woven a common sympathy between widely-differentiated individuals; a mutual regard, a broad affection, the only unfailing source of tolerance and understanding.

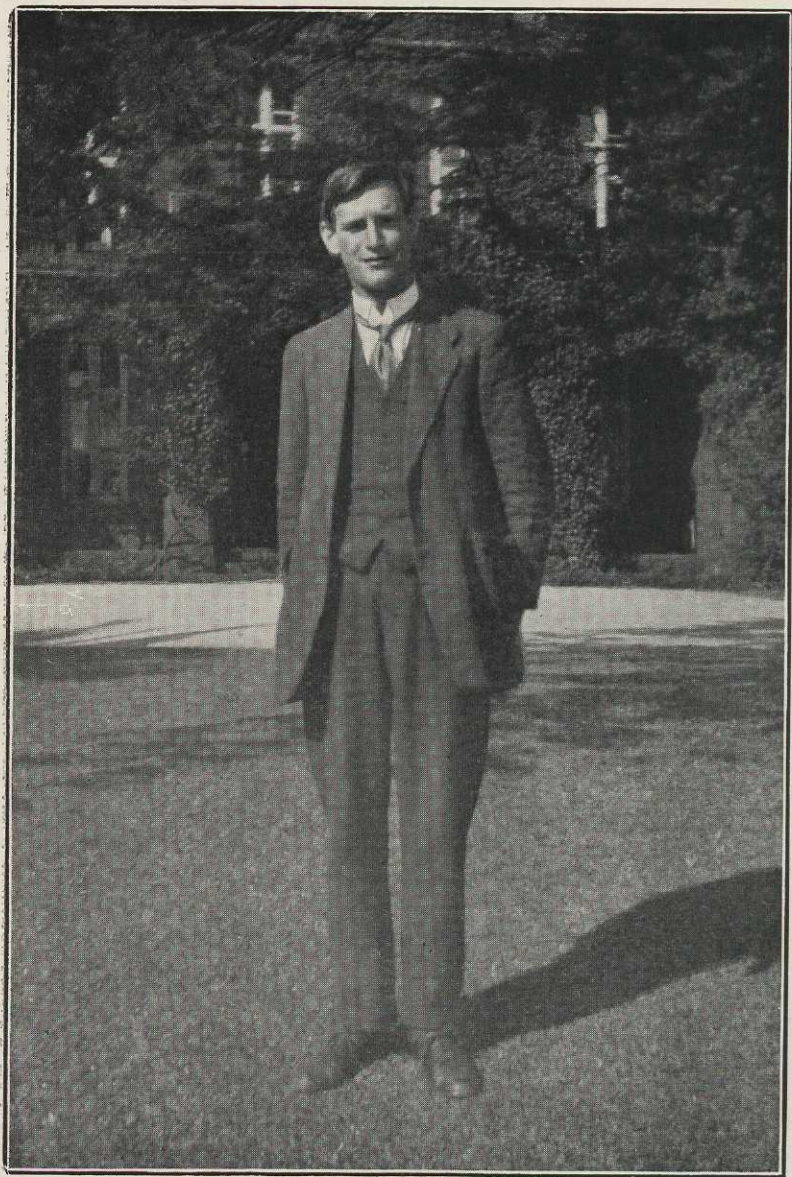
Remembering this, let us cement more strongly our friendship with the Warden, and be glad to work with him for the good of all. And let the Freshmen come here humbly, ready to learn, that they may become strong to act; for they are the all-important inflow, that trickles into the old gaps, and fills them up, most of them, once again.

A deliberately-formed community, which, by making possible the ceaseless interaction, the bold and virile adjustment of mind and mind, seeks the highest development of character and personality—that is the meaning of the words Trinity College.

Let us, therefore, be friends together, think together, talk on together till the morning, full of hope to grow, each giving the other some of himself, perhaps till all may know that "the best is yet to be, the last of life, for which the first was made."



THE TOWER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



ROBERT LESLIE BLACKWOOD

THE LATE ROBERT LESLIE BLACKWOOD.

The College was hushed on the morning of Friday, September 17, for the Sub-Warden had died in the night.

Though his health had for some time been causing anxiety to his more intimate friends, it was a terrible shock to all when his heart failed so suddenly.

He was a teacher, not merely a lecturer; and his work was his greatest pleasure. His father, too, was a teacher at Bellerive, in Tasmania. There Robert Leslie Blackwood was born in the year 1877, and there remained until he had completed a brilliant Arts course at the University of Tasmania. He then came to Melbourne and joined the staff of the Church of England Grammar School. When he left, 17 years later, he held the position of senior classics and English Master. The number of exhibitions gained by his pupils during this time is a remarkable testimony to his teaching powers; but finer still is the high standard to which he raised every member of every one of his forms. He never concentrated on an individual.

At the school he was editor of the "Melburnian," a vice-president of the Debating Society, and coach of one of the junior football teams.

In 1920 he was appointed Sub-Warden and tutor in Classics at Trinity College, and, since then, by his energy and unselfishness, he has earned its lasting gratitude. He placed at the disposal of all his wonderful gifts of teaching; he helped as much as lay in his power in every branch of College activity.

Mr. Blackwood was not unknown in the literary world, and wrote several appreciative works on English poets and on poetry in general, compiling also a Latin text book of chosen pieces, a tribute to a language he loved.

In the world of sport, during his later years, he confined his activity, though not his interest, to the pursuit of fishing. He had studied his subjects and was about to publish a book on the use of the "fly." His anecdotes were deservedly famous.

Prior to the funeral, at the hour of 10 a.m., a memorial service was held in the Chapel. The family was represented by the eldest son. Many friends came to honour Mr. Blackwood's memory. The College was there to a man, and members of the Council were present. Tribute was paid by the attendance of many representatives from Melbourne Grammar School, from the University, and from the Classical Association; also by the presence of students and members of the staffs of the other Colleges—Ormond and Queen's. We sincerely thank them for this expression of their sympathy. The domestic staff of the College was also represented.

The service was conducted by the Chaplain. The lessons were read by the Archbishop of Melbourne and the Warden. The Archbishop was attended by Canon Hancock, who is a member of the Council, and by the Rev. E. Wade, former Chaplain of the College.

After the service many College men proceeded to the Fawkner Cemetery to pay a final tribute at the grave-side.

The loss that Trinity College has sustained in him is great indeed, and we offer our sympathy to those who feel his absence most; and yet we feel that he is not altogether dead; for the influence of his teaching and his personality still lives on with the College.

THE CHAPEL.

As a result of a conference between members of the Council and of the Social Club, attendance at Chapel in the morning is no longer obligatory. Though this is but a small step, it is undoubtedly an advance in the right direction. The day of voluntary Chapel has at least appeared on the dim horizon. Whether this day approach or not must be left in the hands of the Chaplain and the Social Club of to-morrow. A result of this regulation is a slight falling off in the attendance at Matins. Nevertheless, Evensong is now a College service, and not for Theologs. only.

During the year visits have been paid us by the Rev. Hamilton, of St. Michael's, North Carlton, on Sunday, May 9, and by the Rev. G. Shetliffe, of St. Andrew's Cathedral, Singapore, on Sunday, July 18. Much interest was also aroused by the visit of the Rev. Walter Bentley, of New York, who spoke in the Common Room after dinner upon the evolution of the theatre and its connection with the church.

Special services were held on Anzac Day and Ascension Day. April 25 is a day of memorial and a fitting service was held in our Chapel, the Chaplain speaking upon the subject of "Remembrance." At the College Corporate Communion on Ascension Day, May 13, there was a good attendance. One rejoices to see a true display of College spirit; two former members of the College—the Chaplain, assisted by Rev. P. St. J. Wilson—celebrated, and the majority of the present communicant members participated.

The inner meaning of the term "member of Trinity College" is shown, too, by the number of Old Boys who still turn to the College Chapel. Three former residents of the College were married in the Chapel this year. On April 8, Rev. C. G. Bright Parker was married to Miss Kathleen Wainwright by the Archbishop of Melbourne, assisted by Canon Hancock. On July 3 the marriage of Douglas White and Violet Fullerton was conducted by the Rev. F. E. Brown, D.D., assisted by the Chaplain.

Again this year the University Christian Union held their Annual All-University Service in our Chapel on the afternoon of Sunday, July 25. The devotions were conducted by the Rev. Lawton, the lessons read by Mr. Picken, and the address was given by Dr. Sugden.

At the end of second term a visit was paid to the Theological Faculty of the College in combination with Ridley College by the Dean of Melbourne, who gave a very interesting address upon the "Modern Preaching of the Atonement." At the invitation of the Archbishop, many of us spent an extremely helpful "Quiet Day" with him at Bishops court. Also, the Rev. Storrs was of great practical help to the Theologs. at the "Quiet Day" spent at Holy Trinity, Kew.

We take this opportunity of thanking those ladies of Janet Clarke Hall who have willingly undertaken the arrangement of the Altar flowers throughout the year.

The memorial service to Mr. Blackwood was held on September 17, at 10 o'clock, in the morning.

DIALECTIC SOCIETY.

1924

As a consequence of the departure of members at the end of last year, and the comparative withdrawal from the society of several quite able speakers, the standard of dialectics has been slightly lower this year.

However, we may still express satisfaction at its activities, for it is a just claim that the University Dialectic Society receives its main support from the Trinity Society, and the College and Janet Clarke Hall frequently comprise half the audience.

The following officials were elected at the first meeting of the Social Club this year:—President, the Warden; vice-president, the Sub-Warden; secretary, R. B. Fraser; committee, T. M. Bawden, A. Garran, B. C. D. Jones. At the end of the 2nd Term, owing to the resignation of Mr. Fraser, Mr. Bawden was elected secretary.

The annual debate against Queen's took place in the Common Room at Queen's College. The team was chosen as follows:—R. B. Fraser (leader), T. M. Bawden, A. Garran, L. C. L. Murray. Bawden was unable to be present, however, and B. C. D. Jones filled the place.

The William Quick Club affirmed, and Trinity denied, "that the influence of the modern press is pernicious." The adjudicator, Mr. R. G. Menzies, awarded the debate to Trinity, and accorded some measure of praise to the work of the team.

The Wigram Allen Essays were read on the night of September 23. The President was in the chair, and Professor Scutt, Professor Berry, and Father Murphy were present to adjudicate.

Essays were read by Messrs. Bennett, Garran, C. Keon-Cohen, Hollway, and B. Jones.

Garran, with his essay on "Bush Fires," was awarded the prize. The attendance was small.

After the meeting the adjudicators, the essayists, and the Dialectic Committee retired to a very pleasant supper in the vatican.

The subjects for ordinary debates were as follow:—"That Human Nature does not Change" (Ashton and Ball); "That Democracy is Proving a Failure" (G. F. Taylor, Newman College, and T. W. Smith, ex-Trinity); "That Prohibition is Désirable" (Bakewell and Fraser); "That Test Matches should be Played to a Finish" (Radford and Lempriere); "That the Modern Stage is Decadent" (Murray and Garran); "That White Civilisation is in Danger from the Coloured Races" (Bawden and King); "That Farrago has Done More Harm than Good" (Glover and Jones v. Hollway and McDonald).

The voting at these meetings resulted in the following awards:—R. B. Fraser, 8.15; A. Garran, 6.87; L. C. L. Murray, 6.65; B. C. D. Jones, 6.47; T. Hollway, 5.37.

The President's Medal was awarded to A. Garran, and the Leeper Prize to L. C. L. Murray.

Congratulations go to Messrs. R. B. Fraser, A. Garran, and T. M. Bawden on their inclusion in the University Team against the Imperial Debaters, and to R. B. Fraser as the leader of the winning Inter-Varsity Team.

Next year we look for larger attendances and still more enthusiastic debating, that the prestige of our Dialectic Society may be maintained and advanced.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

Choosing a College play is a matter of extreme difficulty. A good three-act comedy with a sound plot and plenty of fun will usually ensure a pleasurable evening, and one would like to see the audience thoroughly happy, enjoying every minute of the performance.

This year's production consisted of a curtain-raiser, followed by a two-act farce.

"Augustus in Search of a Father," by A. Chapin, depicted the return of the prodigal to his native land. In a lonely road, at night, Augustus stumbles up against his father, an old nightwatchman. During the dialogue that follows, Augustus, Mr. Harvey Barrett, is revealed as a young man, ex jail-bird, penniless and hungry, yet with a spark of sincerity and worth, illuminating an otherwise undesirable character. His father, whom he recognises, is a typical nightwatchman. As the latter, Mr. Donald Mack provided some good humour, mingled with a touch of pathos. He played the part in a very pleasing way. As the burly policeman, Mr. Glover was in excellent contrast to the nightwatchman. He was typical of the Force, but his individuality lay in his rather unsuccessful attempts to be funny.

As a representation of three widely different characters, the play was good, and the acting of a high standard. But as a College play, it did not come up to the mark, owing to its lack of good fun. Any humour in the piece, any laughter from the audience, was continually damped by the pathetic dialogue between the old man and his son.

"Wurzel Flummery," by Milne, consisted of two acts of utter nonsense, which would have been quite suitable if the fundamental basis of a good plot had not been lacking. Wurzel Flummery was a fictitious name offered to two members of Parliament by a cynic with a low opinion of the qualities of his fellow men; for fifty thousand pounds was to be theirs if they consented to assume the dreadful name.

As the two M.P.'s, Messrs. Lee Murray and Reg. Blakemore were in direct contrast. Mr. Murray, as Mr. Robert Crawshaw, was a pompous individual with no sense of humour, and played his part well, sustaining his character to the end. Richard Meriton, on the other hand, was a young well-meaning but rather conceited lover. He was persuaded against his better wishes to accept the name and money by his fiancée, Viola Spalding. As Meriton, Mr. Blakemore was the member of Parliament, but not the lover. The part of Viola Spalding, played by Miss Allen, was that of a rather shallow young girl, decidedly more ornamental than useful.

Perhaps the most promise was shown by Mr. Geoff. Pern, who, as the lawyer, was possibly the most natural actor in the whole production. He was quite at home on the stage, and filled his part perfectly. His performance, however, was marred by his lack of experience in voice production, and unfortunately he was practically inaudible from the back of the hall. He was admirably assisted by his juvenile partner, Master Lancelot Dodds (Mr. J. B. Somerset), whose knowledge of worldly affairs, tact, and discretion at once earned our respect. As the wife of Mr. Crawshaw, Miss Levy played an unattractive part well, and to Miss Levy and Miss Allen we extend our heartiest thanks for helping us with our entertainment.

Too much praise cannot be given to our producer, Mr. Norman Simpson. His enthusiasm held the cast together throughout, and made the work of rehearsals a pleasure.

However, despite the somewhat doubtful success of the performance, the evening was quite enjoyable, and concluded with study tea-fights and dancing in the Common Room. The College orchestra, which played both in the Melba Hall and afterwards in the Common Room, deserve our heartiest congratulations and our appreciation. The enthusiasm and vim which they put into their music made us forget our troubles and feel that after all life was really worth living!

THE LEEPER LIBRARY.

"Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be."

And it is partly for this reason, no doubt, that our Editor endeavours to get reports from all the various societies and institutions which go to make up our College life. I say partly, because, of course, one reason is so that a magazine recording as many College interests as possible may be produced for the enjoyment of those now in College. But, besides this, just because our present "little systems . . . cease to be," we like to leave behind us some sort of contemporary record.

We talk with pride about our traditions, those customs and those little bits of College history which are "handed on" from generation to generation. What traditions, what little scraps of College history will a quiet visit to the Library reveal to us? Who knows but that if they are not written down now they may pass—and pass quickly—into oblivion.

Do you realise when you run in to the Library to get a book, or to return a book already three days overdue, and you are thinking of the nine-pence you might have saved had you returned it in time—to say nothing of the trouble you might have saved the librarian in writing out the chit to tell you the book was due, delivering it to you, serving you a fine chit, and then collecting and giving a receipt for the fine (yet think not I say this bitterly, for

I have made some good friends through the Library, and one of those whose friendship I value most could produce receipts which add up to no less than 11/6—do you realise that the building you are entering was once the whole College—Warden's Lodge, Students' quarters and all? It was. And one of our present lecturers—Bishop Green, our first Old Boy to serve the church as a Bishop—was a resident student in those days, and was College librarian.

Those of you who were in residence three or four years ago may remember a rather quaint relic of the time when the Warden's Lodge was the whole College. Over the door of the Library was the legend, "Lege, Disce, Tace" (which, for the sake of such as my wife, who studies engineering, may be translated, "Read, Learn, Be Silent"). Over the door of the Old Chapel, now the Theological Lecture Room, was the legend, "Sursum Corda" (Lift Up Your Hearts). Over the door of the Rusden Library were written the words, "Benedictus Benedicat" (May the Blessed One Bless), recalling the days when the Rusden Library was the dining hall. I always feel something of a grudge against the ruthless calcominer who covered up these old signposts.

Since those days the dining hall has grown, and the Chapel has grown, but what of the Library? Has it grown proportionately? Certainly it has overflowed into the old dining hall, and into the lobby, but I fear that even so it has not grown as it should have.

The same thought seems to have struck the powers that were in 1920 or 1921, for they had the whole Library reorganised and numbered on the Dewey Decimal System (a most excellent system which is used in many large libraries to-day), instead of the old system by which you kept all sorts of books on the most diverse subjects on the same shelf.

At the same time, an annual grant of £100 was made by the Council for the sake of buying new books. In 1921 it was spent on Political Economy and Political Science; in 1922, on English; 1923, on Science; 1924, on History; 1925, on Greek; 1926, on Science. And it is interesting to note the much-increased use of the Library since then, as shown by the numbers of pages of entries in the borrowing register. In the four years preceding the War, when there were 60 men in College, there was an average of 11 pages of entries per annum. In 1921, when the numbers had risen to 80, there were 17 pages used; in 1922, 24 pages; in 1923, 27; in 1924, 36; in 1925, 57; and to date there are 44 pages—an increase of about 5 pages on this time last year.

This year the rules were slightly revised to allow the borrowing of all dictionaries, encyclopaedias and atlases, except a very small list of standard works which are confined to the Library. This list is posted on the door jamb. This year also a more polite and less peremptory form of intimation that books are due was introduced in place of the old one, which was drafted, I believe, in the "eighties." A "fine" chit, which saves the librarian much writing of little notes, was also printed and introduced this year.

One grows fond of one's habitual haunts. Having frequented the Library for three years now, I shall, when I come back some day and find here a generation "which knows not Joseph," repair to the Library, feeling that there

is a place which is a little more mine than other places. And I shall always find there at least one old friend who has helped me all these three years in my librarian's work, and that is the Old Statue. The Warden knows a little story about him. He was in his present position in the Warden's student days. Future librarians, never let the Old Statue be removed! He is most useful for propping up the books, back upward, as you tick them off the register.

Finally, what of the name, the Leeper Library?

That is explained by a little brass tablet in the lobby, which, as I myself only translated it fully for the first time to-night, I expect very few have ever translated. So I shall conclude with the following very unpolished rendering, which may stir someone in the future to publish a better one. "That it may be handed down to everlasting memory how much praise, both for the foundation of the Collegiate system of education among our countrymen, and also for the administration and expansion of this, the oldest College of this State, its first Warden, Alexander Leeper, has deserved, this College Library is named, in English, with a name never to be changed, 'The Leeper Library.' In the year of salvation, 1918."

Farewell.

The Librarian.

COLLEGE NOTES.

This year we are glad to welcome Mr. R. L. Aston, B.Sc., who has come from Sydney and joined the staff as a resident tutor in mathematics and science subjects. Mr. Aston has but lately returned from Cambridge, where he completed a brilliant course, and we feel sure that his presence will do much to inspire our scientific and mathematical brethren to greater endeavours. We hope that Mr. Aston will long be with us.

We extend congratulations to Dr. W. L. Carrington, who is leaving us for the Alfred Hospital, where he has been appointed Superintendent. Dr. Carrington has been resident medical tutor for some years, during which time the excellent medical results of College men have borne witness to his zeal and success as a tutor. We are very sorry he is going, but at the same time we are glad that his work has met with the rewards it well deserves.

Mr. D. G. Taylor, L.L.M., has been appointed Acting Sub-warden.

On reassembling after the long vac. we were all interested to find the new dining-hall complete—a happening for which we had scarcely dared to hope at the end of 1925. The new building is one of stone, and is vastly superior to the old wooden structure which had been in existence for years and years. It is larger and more comfortable, has much more light, and is better ventilated. In addition, there are now two doorways—one leading to the eastern porch in Lower Bishop's—and no longer do we assemble for dinner outside. During the year new furniture arrived and has proved highly satisfactory. Both tables and chairs are made of solid wood, and are very handsome, the Warden's

especially being a veritable king among chairs. The tables are longer than the old ones, and now we do not often discover our next-door neighbour's elbows in our ribs at dinner. Apparently the College is not expected to win more than one Inter-Collegiate trophy, for there is just one little glass cupboard let into the southern wall of the hall, big enough to contain only one cup. We are pleased to say that at present the niche is occupied, and trust that it will be so always, for otherwise the little glass cupboard is going to look bare.

Other building operations have been going on, and at last our cows are to have a really comfortable home. A very substantial looking brick cowshed has been built along Tin-Alley, near the tennis courts, and, though it does not add very much to the beauty of the approach to the College, it does not look quite so common as most cowsheds are wont to do.

We have recently noticed remarkable goings-on outside the Hostel. Men have been there with axes and have made havoc of a number of trees and plants. We are wondering what these signs portend.

The lawns around the College have been fenced off with a low, white railing, and at last the grass beneath the Oak and in other places is beginning to grow. However, motor cars seem to be attracted to the railing very easily, and in other ways also the fence is not always treated in the manner first intended.

Commencement this year was a great success, and Trinity can well be proud of its part in the festivities. The Yellow Cab procession on the Saturday morning was a triumph, and it will be long before we quite forget our present senior student sitting in solitary chicness in the rear seat of an enormous char-a-banc. Keen interest was evinced by all in the proceedings, and three-quarters of the College were on the Block in fancy dress. The Trinity minstrels lived up to their reputation at the gala in the evening by providing an amusing entertainment for the best part of an hour. Mr. Radford as Bones and Mr. Ashton as Sambo, together with Mr. McIver (the Rev. Esau Legge, himself) were the chief performers, though we must not forget to mention the laughter-in-chief, Mr. Harris. This year the minstrels, and also the College orchestra, had the novel experience of being broadcasted two nights before the gala from 3LO studio, and numerous messages of congratulations on the show were received from the most outlandish places. We hope that this broadcasting will become an annual affair. Altogether, it was very pleasing to note the interest the whole College took in Commencement, and we sincerely hope this will continue.

During the year the excellent custom has been established of having coffee served in the Common Room instead of in Hall, as previously. We cannot stress too strongly the advantages accruing to this.

The appearance of the Common Room has been greatly improved by the addition of a grandfather clock, in memory of John Sutton. The clock, which is made of beautiful wood, chimes the hours, and at present stands at the southern end of the room. The old clock, which used to stand over the Common Room door, has now been removed to the Billiard Room.

We are disappointed to remember that so far nothing has been done with regard to a connecting footway between Upper Clarke's and Upper Bishop's. The veriest child can see that to form a community and then immediately segregate the individuals is to instantly thwart the whole aim. The question of extra expense is strangely irrelevant. A plank and permission—nothing more is needed. Nor will the appearance of the buildings suffer in even the minutest degree.

If the tremendous social harm of the present state of affairs is not apparent; if the profound social benefit of the scheme is difficult to see; if the groundless arguments of expense and appearance are judged to outweigh the advantages of an ethical move which will directly and strongly influence more than twenty minds a year from February to December, then we may be forgiven a moment's despair.

We have noticed round the College a new species of bird—the Pilot-Officer. Three members of the College were down at Point Cook during the long vac., where they learned the art of flying, and now, on parade days, they look very blue in their uniforms.

During first term a dinner was given to the Freshers by the rest of the College, and the toasts of the King and of the College were honoured. In a fine speech, the Senior Student (Mr. Lee Murray) stressed the significance of the College motto and all it should mean for Trinity men. Then, on the night of the Inter-Collegiate tennis final, a similar function took place. The holding of these dinners is a most excellent idea, tending as it does to foster the community spirit in College, as well as the spirit of loyalty to King and country; the originators of the scheme have our gratitude.

The College dance was held on June 18 in the St. Kilda Town Hall, and proved an unqualified success. The Trinity dance is always voted one of the best of the season, and it did not fall short of expectations this year. For the success of the dance we have to thank the secretaries, Messrs. J. B. Turner and N. H. Robinson, whose untiring energies and enthusiasm were largely responsible for the success of the evening, and who fully deserve all the congratulations they received on the night. The orchestra was better this year, and the decorations were exceedingly effective.

This year's award of Blues includes a number of Trinity men and women, whom we congratulate on their successes. Rowing: J. S. N. Harris, B. T. Keon-Cohen, L. C. L. Murray, M. R. Norton (Blues); Football: F. N. B. Newman (Blue); Athletics: S. C. Burston, J. E. Sewell (Half-Blues); Rugby Football: R. M. V. Blakemore, B. C. D. Jones, D. G. Mack, G. Pern, N. H. Robinson (Half-Blues); Women's Hockey: Misses K. Bloomfield and E. A. N. Macknight (Blues), Miss B. Baird (Half-Blue).

We wish to convey to the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys our great appreciation of their further generosity in presenting a Cup in Athletics as a perpetual trophy to be awarded to the best individual performer, its first holder being Mr. M. O. Kent Hughes. It was only last year that a cricket Cup was presented by the same donors, to be given to the member of the cricket eleven who obtains the highest batting average in Inter-Collegiate cricket for the season.

Once again we won the Boat Race after a wonderful race with Queen's in the final. Congratulations to the crew, and many thanks for his generosity to the anonymous donor who so kindly presented the crew with their oars. The Mervyn Bournes Higgins trophies were presented by His Honour, Mr. Justice Higgins, in the Common Room one night during second term. A large number were present, including contingents from other Colleges.

The University Sports Week, which was held at the end of second term, with the object of raising funds for the sending away of Inter-Varsity teams, was well supported by College men. Several members of the College were candidates in the Ugly Man Competition, and they all polled most satisfactorily.

The 1927 S.R.C. will have for its president a member of the College, Mr. B. C. D. Jones. We are glad to congratulate Mr. Jones on his election to this high position. Mr. R. M. V. Blakemore was also elected a member of the S.R.C. for 1927.

We might conclude by expressing pleasure at there having been so many men from Trinity who have shown themselves ready to take part in the affairs of the University as a whole. This is progress indeed.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION.

"Time worketh,
 Let me work too;
 Time undoeth,
 Let me do;
 Busy as Time my work I ply,
 Till I rest in the rest of Eternity.

—Quoted by Dr. Mott.

It is extremely difficult to write a fair report on the work and activity of the Christian Union in College this year. "Difficulty" is a word on which Dr. Mott laid great emphasis at the Easter Conference for the Executive Committees of Christian Unions of all the Universities of Australia. He said that it was not the easy course, the half-hearted challenge, that would win men for Christ, but the challenge of a big job. Men would respond to the call to a difficult job, where they would not to an easy one.

The usual policy for running study circles in College has been to try to make the circles as easy and attractive as possible, to scratch the surface, as it were; never going too deep or studying the life and teachings of Jesus too seriously, for fear of driving away many who joined—well—ostensibly, perhaps, because other fellows were joining.

During the last five years the "easy" policy has had a fair try. Five years ago the Bible Study Circle method was abandoned, and mass meetings were held in the sub-warden's study, at which a prominent and rather

revolutionary speaker gave an address which was followed by keen discussion. Two such meetings provoked much discussion and interest—one addressed by Mr. E. J. Holloway, of the Trades Hall, and one addressed by a woman (name forgotten) on Birth Control and Primary Prophylaxis. This policy certainly attracted some of the senior men for whom largely it was thrown out as a bait. But as for winning anyone to devote his life more fully to the service of God and of his fellowmen, and advancing the Kingdom of God here on earth, it is extremely doubtful if it accomplished anything. Furthermore, it was found very difficult to get speakers to face such an audience!

The next year about 35 men agreed to join study circles. Five were formed. The endeavour was throughout to make the circles easy and attractive. The result may be summed up in a terse Livian phrase—"re infecta."

The next year, through the dilatoriness of the president, no circles were held. Again the phrase, "re infecta."

Last year between 45 and 50 gave in their names to join study circles. Seven were formed, and the two most active had about seven or eight meetings only, one had three or four meetings, and four hardly met at all. Again easiness and attractiveness were aimed at. We got the cheapest books we could—7½d. or 9d. We were sure the fellows would not pay any more than that, and we did not dare to ask them. Also, one feared to go too deep—the fellows might not like it; they might leave. Yet we had perhaps one or two interesting discussions. We might say for the year, "something attempted," even if we cannot finish the quotation.

Now the difficulty comes as we reach to the year of grace, 1926.

We had tried the easy and attractive method, and we had failed. This year we said: "Let us try something really hard." Let us make an honest endeavour to get men to study the life and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth. Never mind what they think of Him, let us simply try to unveil Him to ourselves by studying (and then, perhaps, by trying to live out) His life and teachings as recorded by those who saw Him, or heard of Him from eye-witnesses (i.e., as recorded in the first three Gospels).

About 64 men gave their names in at the first, and ten circles were formed. The dearth of experienced leaders was a very great initial handicap. Of the ten leaders, four had never been in any study circle before; only four had had previous experience in leading, and of them only one had been in circles other than College circles. As was expected, the book met with opposition from the start. It was opposed both by some who now value it highly and by some who still oppose it. That was natural, as they did not know the book. All that was asked of them was that they give it a fair trial for this year.

Four circles did, and their members vary from being willing, to being very keen, to go on with it next year. They, for the most part, say the book is good, and some say it is excellent, and they do not think a better could be got. That, again, is what was expected.

The other six circles varied from abandoning the book out of hand to pecking at it here and there. For the most part they say the book is no good: it cramps discussion, it dogmatizes, etc., etc. Some had recourse to more or less vague and indefinite discussions as to their own ideas, or lack of them, about God, about Jesus, about other religious or moral teachers, about the universe, about man, about themselves. Naturally, they feel they did not get anywhere much, except, perhaps, that they got to know one another a little better, and that airing their own views, and thinking, were of some value. But they know no more of Christ and of Christianity as a result. They have not even gained the satisfaction of assuring themselves that Christ has nothing of any value or help for themselves—for they did not study Him. Doubtless, they will say: "What's the good of studying His life and teachings till we are sure they are worth studying?" On the other hand, if they were to study them first, they might be in a position to form an estimate.

It is hoped that next year's circles may be formed so that members may resume in the book where they left off this year. It is hoped also that those who rejected the book this year will give it a fair try next year—a fair try—and then pass judgment on it.

Of course it is impossible to get far in the book (or in any course of Bible study) in one year. But if members go on year after year from where they left off the previous year they will in the end have a fairly comprehensive idea of what Jesus taught, how He lived, and what the claims and challenges of Christianity are. For such, "Jesus in the Records," will give them.

Let us try and get something of the spirit of the Queen's motto—"Aedificamus in Aeternum," "We are Building into Eternity"—in our studies.

A new feature in this year's work is the leaders' circles. During first and second terms two leaders' circles met—one at 8 a.m. and one at 7.30 a.m., on Tuesday mornings. This term, though the ordinary circles have stopped, we are still holding one leaders' circle at 7.30 on Tuesday mornings.

The leaders this year were Messrs. L. G. Ball, T. M. Bawden, R. B. Fraser, J. F. Grimwade, W. W. Lempriere, E. McIver, L. C. L. Murray, L. E. Odium (resigned; circle carried on by G. S. Hall), T. P. Pringle, and L. J. Bakewell. Committee, 1925-26: L. J. Bakewell (Pres.), L. G. Ball, L. C. L. Murray. Committee, 1926-27: G. S. Hall (Pres.), W. W. Lempriere, L. E. Odium.

We do not look for results that can be tabulated in this work. We hope rather to see the results of the year's work in the lives of those who have been studying *The Life*. We feel at least that there has been activity, and, to close, as we opened, with a word of Dr. Mott's, the President of the World Student Christian Federation, of which we are a branch, "It is better to see activity, even if it is active opposition, than inertia and lifelessness."

We only hope and pray that five years hence, should another retrospect be written, it will not be written down against the year 1926—"re infecta."

—L. J. Bakewell.

JANET CLARKE HALL NOTES

OFFICE-BEARERS, 1926.

President: Miss E. Macknight.

Secretary: Miss F. E. Allan.

Committee: Misses E. Macknight, F. Allan, K. Bloomfield.

Librarian: Miss B. Baird.

Auditor: Miss A. Ogilvy.

Tennis Secretary: Miss B. Nankivell.

Tennis Club Committee: Misses B. Nankivell, N. Grant, E. Mackay,
W. Kent Hughes, K. Stobie.

There is always some excitement at the beginning of first term, when we all meet and compare notes after the long vac., and this year was especially notable, because we had the pleasure of welcoming Miss Herring back amongst us after her trip to Europe. We celebrated the occasion with a dinner, at which Miss Herring gave us a most entertaining account of her holiday. Her reminiscences have been a topic of endless interest for us all, particularly her accounts of University life in various parts of the world, of which she made a special study.

At the end of 2nd Term another wandering member of the staff, Mrs. Coates, returned to us, and we expressed our gladness, in the usual way, with a dinner.

We were happy, too, not to lose Miss Kelly, who carried on in Mrs. Coates' absence, and who is remaining with us.

There were fewer Freshers this year than usual, but after seeing the bright show with which they entertained us at initiation, we decided that they made up in quality for the lack of quantity, and would be an acquisition to our number.

Casting our thoughts back to the dim past of 1st Term, in the brain-wracking effort to find something to write about (why don't people keep diaries nowadays?), a nebulous idea floats into the mind—Commencement! Immediately a host of associated impressions take shape before the eyes—eaties!—scones!—cups of coffee!—lemonade!—sandwiches!—endless streams of them! This strange phenomenon was brought under the attention of an eminent psychoanalyst, who had no hesitation in declaring it was a complex, the result of the hectic hour we spent serving supper in the Club House on Gala Night. The departure from our usual custom of running a soft drinks and ice-cream marquee was thought advisable, Commencement coming late in the year, and the weather being what it is! and so we amalgamated with the rest of the University women, and looked after the ordinary supper.

On a certain night in 1st Term the usual sober and sedate assemblage at dinner was replaced by a strange and motley crew—chorus girls, niggers, princesses and princes, countesses and earls—in fact, the entire cast of the celebrated

pantomime, "A Modern Cinderella," which was performed that night at Melba Hall, on the occasion of Stunt Night.

The Common Room has suddenly become one of the most popular places in the Hostel, and sounds of mirth and revelry can be heard issuing from it at most times of the day. The reason for our sudden affection for this erstwhile deserted spot is the introduction of new furniture, carpets, and two arm-chairs, and a couch of truly soporific softness! for which we have to thank the committee; and two bizarre—no, *decorative*—pouffes donated by past members of the hall.

The dance was, as always, most enjoyable, and we wish to congratulate all connected with the arrangements. The decorations, usually the most banal of topics, were much discussed by all, for the walls of Melba Hall had become the stamping-ground of large and truculent Chinese dragons, who proudly sported the College colours of red and green. The effect was most striking, and admired by all, but the decorative committee responsible for it cannot yet look a dragon in the face, after the hours on the following day spent in removing all traces of them, and restoring the walls to their pristine whiteness!

In sport, we are very pleased to be able to congratulate our tennis team on their victory in the Inter-Collegiate tennis.

Interest in tennis has been very keen all this year, stimulated by an energetic and enterprising tennis committee, which has arranged two doubles tournaments. The first, which took place on a Saturday afternoon in 2nd Term, and was accompanied by a sumptuous afternoon tea, was won by Enid Mackay and Mollie Robinson. The second is still in progress, and the survivors of the first round are practising assiduously at all hours of the day.

The Hostel have taken a very active part in University hockey this year, and a large proportion of both A and B teams are members of the Hall.

Golf is also pursued with enthusiasm, and some hundreds of balls must be scattered over the outer ground and the common as a result of our activities.

A great rate of mortality was observable among the stockings of the Hostel recently, owing to the presence of a ferocious puppy, reputed to be an Irish terrier, by name Hoots! His owners were of the opinion that he would be a great protection against burglars, but, to their disappointment, no opportunity occurred for testing his powers as a watchdog.

Several successful meetings of the Debating Society have been held this year. At the first the burning question of compulsory chapel was argued with much feeling, and some excellent speeches were made both for and against; at this meeting the freshers all delivered their maiden speeches. Later the effects, deleterious and beneficial, of moving pictures on the community were discussed, and finally an impromptu debate, which produced some very bright efforts, closed the year's proceedings.

As far as can be foreseen, this year will be the last of the old Hostel, for there is every prospect that the long-awaited new buildings will be complete and ready for occupation in 1927. While rejoicing sweetly over the consummation of our hopes, there will yet be a certain regret in the minds of many of us, for Norwood and Shannonville have many pleasant associations, and will always be regarded with affection by those who have lived there.

DEGREES.

- B.A. (Hons.)—F. E. Allan, M. Clark, M. E. Davies, J. M. Finlason, E. R. Lowenstern, C. C. Skinner, D. A. White, A. E. Winter.
 B.A. (Ord. Deg.)—H. I. Jeffrey, L. M. Noall.
 B.Sc.—E. B. Tucker.
 LL.B.—J. S. C. Bloomfield.
 M.A.—R. A. Must.
 M.Sc.—R. R. Garran, G. W. Leeper.
 LL.M.—T. W. Smith.
 M.B., B.S.—F. K. Bush, G. M. W. Clemons, E. R. Crisp, C. A. G. Duffy, C. H. Fitts, T. Giblin, H. F. C. Hallowses, M. H. B. Robinson, T. a'B. Travers.
 Dip. Ed.—E. M. Henderson.

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

Exhibitions, December, 1925.

- Greek I—A. Garran.
 Latin I—A. Garran.
 Greek II—M. W. Ashton.
 Latin II—M. W. Ashton.
 Science of Language—M. W. Ashton, A. Garran and A. L. Sharwood (aeq.).
 Ancient History—B. C. D. Jones.
 Advanced Ethics—L. G. Ball (aeq.).
 Botany I (Bunning Prize)—E. Nankivell (2nd Prize).
 Zoology II—W. P. Kent Hughes.
 Zoology (Medical Course)—Baldwin Spencer Prize—M. O. Kent Hughes, E. A. F. McDonald (aeq.).
 Botany (Medical Course)—E. A. F. McDonald.

Final Honours, March, 1926.

- Hastie Scholarship in Philosophy—D. A. White (aeq.).
 Dixson Scholarship in Mathematics—F. E. Allan, E. R. Lowenstern (aeq.).
 Wrixon Exhibition in Agriculture and Agricultural Engineering—J. N. Barrett (aeq.).
 Wyselaskie Scholarship in Mathematics—F. E. Allan, E. R. Lowenstern (aeq.).

College Prizes, 1926.

- Bromby Prize in Biblical Greek—A. E. Winter.
 Bromby Prize in Biblical Hebrew—M. W. Britten.

Class Lists, December, 1925.

- Greek I—A. Garran, 1st Class; W. F. W. King, C. M. Kennedy, 3rd Class.
 Latin I—A. Garran, J. C. W. Brown, B. C. D. Jones, 1st Class; B. G. Baird, W. F. W. King, E. V. Mitchell, 2nd Class; C. M. Kennedy, J. J. Thompson, R. Myer, 3rd Class.
 English I (School E)—J. C. W. Brown, 2nd Class.

- English I (Combined Courses)—B. G. Baird, 1st Class; J. J. Thompson, 2nd Class; D. M. Major, E. M. Howse, 3rd Class.
- French I—P. Haege, 1st Class; J. J. Thompson, D. M. Major, 2nd Class; N. M. Grant, E. V. Mitchell, 3rd Class.
- British History B—E. B. O'Dwyer, J. N. M. Rice, 2nd Class; N. M. Grant, D. M. Major, 3rd Class.
- Psychology, Logic and Ethics—J. C. W. Brown, 2nd Class.
- Pure Mathematics I—C. B. O. Mohr, 1st Class; T. McK. Coulter, L. P. Brumley, 3rd Class.
- Mixed Mathematics I—C. B. O. Mohr, 2nd Class; T. McK. Coulter, 3rd Class.
- Ancient History—B. C. D. Jones, 1st Class; J. N. M. Rice, B. G. Baird, E. B. O'Dwyer, 2nd Class; N. M. Grant, T. J. P. Johnson, 3rd Class.
- Science of Language—M. W. Ashton, A. Garran, A. L. Sharwood, aeq.; A. M. Ogilvy, 1st Class; G. B. S. Hart, P. A. Strickland, 2nd Class; T. M. Bawden, C. M. Kennedy, W. F. W. King, 3rd Class.
- Greek II—M. W. Ashton, A. M. Ogilvy, G. B. S. Hart, A. L. Sharwood, 1st Class; P. Radford, P. A. Strickland, R. B. Fraser, 2nd Class.
- Latin II—M. W. Ashton, A. M. Ogilvy, G. B. S. Hart, 1st Class; P. Radford, A. L. Sharwood, R. B. Fraser, P. A. Strickland, 2nd Class; T. M. Bawden, 3rd Class.
- English II (School E)—A. L. V. Kellaway, 1st Class.
- English II (Combined Courses)—E. J. M. Mackay, 2nd Class.
- French II—S. A. F. Pond, 1st Class; T. M. Bawden, E. J. M. Mackay, 2nd Class; A. L. V. Kellaway, 3rd Class.
- History of Philosophy—L. G. Ball, 2nd Class.
- Advanced Ethics—L. G. Ball, 2nd Class.
- British History D—R. S. Gibson, 1st Class; G. K. Sutton, 2nd Class.
- Political Economy—R. S. Gibson, 1st Class; G. K. Sutton, G. S. Hall, 2nd Class; K. W. R. Bloomfield, not classed.
- Natural Philosophy I—L. P. Brumley, T. McK. J. Coulter, C. B. O. Mohr, 1st Class.
- Chemistry I—C. B. O. Mohr, 3rd Class.
- Zoology I—S. E. Allason, 2nd Class.
- Chemistry II—H. B. Somerset, 2nd Class; M. C. McKie, W. A. Glover, 3rd Class.
- Botany II—W. P. Kent Hughes, 2nd Class.
- Zoology II—W. P. Kent Hughes, 2nd Class.
- Physiology I—M. C. McKie, 3rd Class.
- Natural Philosophy (Medical Course)—E. A. F. McDonald, 1st Class; S. I. Weir, 3rd Class.
- Chemistry (Medical Course)—E. A. F. McDonald, 1st Class; G. D. T. Watson, 2nd Class; R. G. C. de Crespigny, S. I. Weir, P. H. Wood, 3rd Class.
- Zoology (Medical Course)—E. A. F. McDonald, 1st Class; S. I. Weir, P. H. Wood, aeq., 2nd Class; M. O. Kent Hughes, 3rd Class.
- Anatomy (including Histology)—E. A. C. Farran, E. A. N. Macknight, 2nd Class; N. H. Robinson, E. W. Turner, 3rd Class.

Botany (Medical Course)—E. A. F. McDonald, 1st Class; P. H. Wood, R. G. C. de Crespigny; G. D. T. Watson and S. I. Weir (aeq.); M. O. Kent Hughes, 2nd Class.
 Physiology—J. B. Turner, E. A. C. Farran, 1st Class; E. A. N. Macknight, 2nd Class.
 General and Special Pathology, with Bacteriology—F. J. A. Juttner, 3rd Class.
 Graphics—L. P. Brumley, 3rd Class.
 Surveying II—D. G. Mack, 2nd Class.
 Civil Engineering I, with Civil Engineering Design I—D. G. Mack, 3rd Class.
 Accountancy I and Business Practice—G. L. Mayman, 2nd Class.
 Economic Geography—G. L. Mayman, 3rd Class.

Class Lists, March, 1926.

Classical Philology—A. E. Winter, 1st Class.
 History and Political Science—J. M. Finlason, 2nd Class.
 Philosophy—D. A. White, 2nd Class.
 Mathematics—F. E. Allan, E. R. Lowenstern, aeq., 2nd Class.
 English—C. C. Skinner, 2nd Class.
 French Language and Literature—M. E. Davies, 2nd Class.
 English and French (Combined Course)—M. Clark, 3rd Class.
 Sociology—J. M. Finlason, D. A. White, 2nd Class.
 Electrical Engineering—T. P. Pringle, 2nd Class.
 Agriculture and Agricultural Engineering—J. N. Barrett, 2nd Class.

Class Lists, May, 1926.

Medicine (including Clinical Medicine)—C. A. G. Duffy, 1st Class; C. H. Fitts, T. a'B. Travers, T. Giblin, 2nd Class; M. H. B. Robinson, F. K. Bush, 3rd Class.
 Surgery (including Clinical Surgery)—C. H. Fitts, T. a'B. Travers, M. H. B. Robinson, 2nd Class; C. A. G. Duffy, T. Giblin, 3rd Class.
 Obstetrics and Gynaecology—E. R. Crisp, T. Giblin, 2nd Class; M. H. B. Robinson, T. a'B. Travers, C. A. G. Duffy, 3rd Class.

COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIP, 1926.

A. M. White—H. A. H. Smith, D. G. Sutherland, A. M. Ogilvy, M. W. Ashton, E. A. F. McDonald, E. R. Lowenstern, F. E. Allan, B. G. Baird, R. S. Gibson, B. C. D. Jones, P. Radford.
 Clarke—A. H. B. Heymanson.
 Berthon—H. G. Sutton.
 Hebden—E. K. Sholl.
 J. H. Sutton—M. W. Ashton.
 A. R. Grice—W. P. Kent Hughes.
 F. C. Stanbridge—H. E. Jones.
 Mrs. L. L. Lewis—J. Leslie.
 F. H. Chambers Memorial Exhibition—N. L. Carr.
 Council—C. H. Keon-Cohen, L. P. Brumley, T. McK. Coulter, E. A. C. Farran, J. B. Turner, E. R. Lowenstern, F. E. Allan, E. Macknight.

Bursaries—W. A. Glover, E. A. Druce, J. A. Fowler, M. C. McKie, B. L. Watkins.

Theological Studentships.

Bishop's Studentship—J. C. S. Proud.
Combedown Studentship—W. E. McIver.

SALVETE.

R. E. Calthrop—1st year Arts.
C. Crooke (re-entered)—2nd year Med.
F. D. Cumbrae-Stewart—1st year Arts.
H. T. Harvie—1st year Dent.
A. H. B. Heymanson—1st year Arts.
F. K. S. Hirschfeld—3rd year Med.
F. G. Jones—1st year Dent.
C. H. Keon-Cohen—1st year Arts.
E. McIver—3rd year Arts and 1st year Theol.
E. D. E. E. O'Brien—1st year Med.
G. Pern—1st year Med.
A. C. Russell—1st year Arts.
F. A. B. Sheppard—3rd year Med.
E. K. Sholl—1st year Arts.
H. A. H. Smith—1st year Eng.
J. B. Somerset—1st year Med.
D. G. Sutherland—1st year Eng.
H. G. Sutton—1st year Arts.
E. McD. Walker—1st year Eng.
H. C. Webster—B.Sc., Research.

SALVETE (JANET CLARKE HALL).

Freshwomen, 1926: N. Carr, M. Davies, E. Druce, W. Hardy, H. Jones, J. Leslie.

VALETE.

R. A. Must—In Coll. 1919-25. Social Club—Indoor Rep., '23; Hon. Treas., '24; Pres. and Senior Student, 24-5. Editor of Fleur-de-Lys, '25. Table Pres., '24-5.
G. M. Haydon—In Coll. 1920-25. Table Pres., '24-5.
G. M. Castles—In Coll. 1921-25. Table Pres., '25.
W. S. Milne—In Coll. 1921-25. Table Pres., '25.
F. K. Bush—In Coll. 1921-25. Table Pres., '25.
M. H. B. Robinson—In Coll. 1921-25. Aths., '23. Table Pres., '25.
A. C. Dyring—In Coll. 1921-25. Table Pres., '25.
A. T. Pidd—In Coll. 1921-25. Aths., '24. Table Pres., '25.
T. a'B. Travers—In Coll. 1922-25. Social Club—Indoor Rep., '24; Hon. Sec., '25.

- E. R. Crisp—In Coll. 1922-25. XVIII, '23-4-5; Aths., '23-4-5. Social Club—Outdoor Rep., '24; Hon. Treas., '25. Intercoll. Delegate, '25.
 T. Giblin—In Coll. 1922-25. Aths., '22.
 G. M. W. Clemons—In Coll. 1922-25. XI, '24-5; XVIII, '24-5.
 J. N. Barrett—In Coll. 1922-25. Aths., '24-5.
 P. L. Brown—In Coll. 1923-25.
 G. M. Rutherford—In Coll. 1923-25.
 D. S. Mackay—In Coll. 1923-25. VIII, '25.
 J. S. Kirkham—In Coll. 1923-25.
 H. E. Nicholls—In Coll. 1924-25. Aths., '25.
 J. Pigdon—In Coll. 1924-25. XI, '24-5.
 B. C. Fitzpatrick—In Coll. 1924-25.
 J. G. Morgan—In Coll. 1925.
 E. V. Mitchell—In Coll. 1925.
 A. L. Neil—In Coll. 1925.
 C. Woodhouse—In Coll. 1925.

 VALETE (JANET CLARKE HALL).

- M. Brown—In Coll. 1921-23, 1925.
 M. Clark—In Coll. 1922-25. Third Member, 1925.
 J. Finlason—In Coll. 1923-25. Tennis, 1924.
 M. Harper—In Coll. 1924-25. Tennis Captain, 1924.
 E. Henderson—In Coll. 1922-25.
 N. Jeffery—In Coll. 1923-25.
 L. Noall—In Coll. 1923-25. Social Club Sec., 1925. Tennis, 1923.
 B. Watkins—In Coll. 1925-26.



OLD STUDENTS



THE UNION OF THE FLEUR-DE-LYS.

The annual meeting of the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys was held at the Hotel Windsor on Friday, May 21, 1926, at 6.40 p.m. Over forty members were present. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.

The financial statement, showing a credit balance of £42/15/11, was read and adopted. On the motion of Mr. Lewers, a vote of thanks to the retiring President was passed unanimously. Mr. Hurry responded briefly.

The following office-bearers were elected for the year 1926-27:—

President: Mr. C. Gavan Duffy.

Vice-Presidents: Dr. F. Blois Lawton, Dr. Mark Gardner.

Committee: Messrs. H. R. F. Chomley, M. Hurry, E. F. Herring, W. Lewers, G. L. Mayman, R. Must, Dr. H. Maudsley, Mr. L. Voumard, Dr. E. R. White.

Hon. Secretary: Mr. F. F. Knight.

Letters were received from Dr. Leeper and the Warden, who regretted that they were unable to attend owing to ill-health. The Warden's annual report to the Society was read on his behalf by Mr. C. Gavan Duffy.

Immediately after the meeting the annual dinner was held at the Hotel Windsor. The Sub-Warden, the Social Club Committee, and Mr. R. L. Aston were guests of the members, forty-seven of whom were present. This poor attendance was, to some extent, caused by an epidemic of influenza, but it was far from satisfactory. Except for this numerical defect, the dinner was a success, and the principal speakers gave exhibitions of oratory and wit which we shall not attempt to paraphrase here. The President proposed the toast of the College. Mr. Blackwood (sub-Warden) responded, and was ably supported by the Senior Student (Mr. Lee Murray). The late Mr. Justice Weigall proposed the toast of the Society, and Mr. Spowers responded. The Hon. Secretary was instructed to write to the Warden and Dr. Leeper, to convey to them the greetings of the meeting, and to express regret that they were not able to be present. Before the meeting broke up, the health of the Hon. Secretary was proposed by Dr. S. Argyle. The Hon. Secretary responded.

It is hoped that more members will make an effort to attend next year, as this is the only big function of the Society during the year.

Last October, members were invited to take part in a Mixed Doubles Tennis Tournament, which has become an annual fixture of the College. H. D. Wiseman and his partner succeeded in winning.

Both players and non-players were entertained at tea by the Warden and Mrs. Behan. It is hoped that this year more members will avail themselves of this very pleasant opportunity of visiting the College.

Early this year the Society sent a team, organised by G. L. Mayman, to play cricket against the College XI. The match, which was drawn, is reported elsewhere. The team and supporters were entertained at lunch by the students. As we have had no difficulty in providing teams in the past, we hope this match will become an annual feature.

We take this opportunity of thanking the students for allowing our members to join in the College dance this year.

This year the Society was able to donate £10 to the purchase of another cup, which has been presented to the College. The committee decided that the cup should be given for inter-Collegiate Athletics, to be held on the same terms as the cricket cup presented last year.

The number of members who are financial is 167, a slight increase since last year, when the total number was 163. The number of life members at the time of going to press is 25.

Members are particularly requested to notify the Hon. Secretary of any change of address. Every effort is made to keep the list up-to-date in this respect; it is impossible to do so without the help of members. Many notices have never reached the addressee on this account.

At a recent meeting of the Executive Committee, it was decided that the future date of the Annual Dinner was to be definitely fixed. The date decided on was the Saturday after the Inter-Collegiate Boat Race. The boat race takes place in April, and notices will be sent out in March next year.

Any member who fails to receive a notice is requested to communicate with the Hon. Secretary.

During the last few years a considerable number of men leaving College have not joined the Society. Some have failed to do so under the erroneous impression that they were ineligible, as they had not completed their course. All men who have been resident in College are welcome, and though we can offer no more material advantage than good fellowship, we hope to see all men going out of College become members next year.

The subscription is 7/6 per annum. Life membership is £5/5/-. Any number of years' subscription may be paid in advance.

All subscriptions are payable to the Hon. Secretary, 11 Selborne Chambers, Chancery Lane.

News & Notes.

E. S. Hughes, who has not been in good health, has resigned from St. Peter's, Eastern Hill.

L. P. Brent is Government medical officer in Townsville.

C. E. S. Jackson, who is practising in Brisbane, was in Melbourne for a few weeks early in the year.

H. Crotty has gone to England to take part in the Toc H celebrations in November. He will be away three months.

C. Gavan Duffy has been appointed lecturer in the Law of Contracts and Personal Property, in the Melbourne University, in succession to Walter Sproule, who has become a Crown Prosecutor.

P. A. Crivelli is in the Forestry Department in Adelaide.

W. E. Donaldson was recently appointed Registrar at the Austin Hospital, Heidelberg.

J. S. Mackay, who was Registrar of the Alfred Hospital, has resigned, owing to ill-health.

T. N. H. Buesst has gone on a trip to the Solomon Islands.

Friends of Geoff. Pardey will be glad to hear that he has completely recovered from his long illness. After two years' absence he has returned to Melbourne. The Women's Hospital is his present address.

We congratulate the large number of our members who were married this year, and wish them the best of luck.

Mark Gardner was married to Miss Beryl Fitts in August. He is President of the University Association and the Legacy Club this year.

Bright Parker, who is in Gisborne, married Miss Wainwright early this year.

Bruce Hunt married Miss M. Harper in August.

F. Brett married Miss M. Loader at the end of July.

Neville Fraser was married in Sydney to Miss Una Woolf, and R. G. Casey, who recently married Miss Maie Ryan, is on his way to Australia.

T. Travers is a resident at the Alfred Hospital, where W. L. Carrington has been appointed Superintendent.

Balcomb Quick, who is returning from England, has announced his engagement to Miss Stephens.

S. C. Lazarus has gone to England as political secretary to the Prime Minister.

Miller Vine has been at Wilcannia for two years. There has been a great improvement in his health lately.

Bill Irvine was elected a vice-president of the Melbourne University Cricket Club at the last meeting.

Lang Jack has returned from a short trip to England. He says the place has changed.

C. E. G. Beveridge is in the medical service in the Soudan.

Bill Ritchie has been put in charge of the new sewerage scheme at Horsham.

M. C. Walker has just bought a practice in Merbein.

John Shaw, who has been in England, returned in time for the Annual Dinner, and is now at 55 Collins Street.

G. M. Castles is Associate to Mr. Justice Higgins.

L. F. Miller returned from a trip to England early this year.

Rex. Sweetnam has left Warracknabeal and gone on a trip round the world for his health.

S. C. Lazarus, Bruce Hunt, N. G. Berriman and T. W. Smith were members of the University team which debated in May with a visiting team from the English Universities.

R. R. Garran rowed in the successful London University crew against Reading University, and was subsequently elected President of the London University Boat Club.

W. K. Hancock is Professor of Modern History in the University of Adelaide.

H. H. Perottet is at Christ Church, St. Laurence, Sydney, N.S.W.

R. R. Sholl toured America last April with the Oxford and Cambridge lacrosse team. He obtained first-class honours at the Final Honour examination in the School of Jurisprudence at Oxford. He expects to return next year.

Raynes Dickson, sen., was elected President of the Old Melburnians for this year.

Last July the honour of K.B.E. was conferred on F. G. Clarke, the President of the Legislative Council.

H. B. Lewers, who was in Borneo for some years, is now at Ilfracombe.

Harry Crowther has announced his engagement to Miss Doris Umpfelby.

L. E. Le Souef, who was at the Perth Public Hospital for some years, has gone to England. His address is c/o The Royal Bank, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.

E. C. Dyason is lecturing to the Commerce students at the Melbourne University on Banking, Currency and Exchange.

TRINITY WOMEN'S SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Trinity Women's Society was held this year on Saturday, October 2, and took the form of a dinner at Janet Clarke Hall. More than forty were present, and included among the guests of honour were Dr. and Mrs. Leeper, Miss Amy Skinner, Miss Queeyum Yang, from Corea, and representatives from the sister Colleges.

Before the arrival the guests, a short business meeting was held in the Common Room, at which Miss Joske, the president for the year, took the chair. At the beginning, the meeting passed a formal vote of sympathy with Mrs. Blackwood in her recent trouble. The annual report and financial statement were then read and the following committee elected for the ensuing year:—President: Miss Tisdal; Vice-Presidents: Miss Skinner and Miss Joske; Secretary and Treasurer: Miss Dougharty; Committee Members: Mrs. Kenny, Miss Archer, Dr. Cowen.

After the dinner, when the toast of the King had been honoured, Miss Joske proposed the toast of "The Collège." Miss Herring responded to this, giving an outline of the design for the new buildings shortly to be erected, and stating that Dr. Leeper had promised a handsome donation to the fund. Miss Herring also made reference to the great loss sustained by the College in the death of Mr. Blackwood.

Dr. Leeper responded to the next toast, "Our Guests," giving an interesting account of the early days of the College, and stressing the fact that some record should be kept of the kindness of Lady Loch, Lady Clarke, and others, who had interested themselves in the beginning of Janet Clarke Hall.

Dr. Isabel Ireland completed the toasts for the evening by proposing "Absent Friends." In giving a list of former students now engaged in special activities, she mentioned, amongst others, Freda Bage, now representing Australia at Geneva; Vera Jennings, who has completed an honours course at Oxford, and Vera Scantlebury, who has lately been appointed head of Infant Welfare in Melbourne.

The remainder of the evening was spent in the Common Room, where Miss Queeyum Yang, interpreted by Miss Skinner, gave a most interesting account of her life in Corea.

This brought to a close what was unanimously declared a very happy meeting.

OBITUARY

FRANK ANDREW.

By the death of Frank Andrew, Trinity College has lost one of her most brilliant and devoted sons, and the medical profession an inspired surgeon and a great leader.

On June 7, 1926, Dr. Frank Andrew, whilst sailing his yacht in Corio Bay, was seized with an attack of angina pectoris and died with tragic suddenness. The news came as a great shock to the medical profession throughout the Commonwealth. Already, at the age of forty-five, he was recognised as a brilliant surgeon and a leading specialist for the nose, throat and ear. He entered Trinity College in 1890, and commenced a brilliant academic career in medicine at the Melbourne University. He was a scholar of the College for five years, through the remarkable feat of securing high honours at the annual University examinations. In 1903 he gained the Beaney Scholarship in Pathology, and in his final year he was second in the honours list, dividing with another student the exhibitions in both medicine and surgery. Already he was proving himself one of the really brilliant men of the period.

During his College days he took an active and prominent part in College life in general, and he played in the football team and rowed in the crew in Inter-Collegiate contests.

After a term of general practice in Perth, he returned to Melbourne 11 years ago and set up in Collins Street as an ear, nose, and throat surgeon. By his wonderful capacity for work, and by that brilliant intellect which amounted to genius, he rapidly became a leader, and one of the foremost specialist surgeons in the Commonwealth.

Frank Andrew had a remarkable personality with all his truly brilliant attainments; he was a strong man, lovable, sincere, and most generous.

His loss is irreparable; but his brilliant and sadly-shortened life must surely have a wonderful and permanent influence upon Trinity students of every generation.

—E.R.W.

THEYRE a'BECKETT WEIGALL.

It is with very great regret that we have to record the death of Theyre a'Beckett Weigall, LL.M., K.C., who died after a brief illness on June 6, from pneumonia supervening on influenza. He was a student of the College, which he entered as Warden's Exhibitioner, from 1876 until 1880, in which year he completed the course for LL.B., taking first-class honours throughout. During his College career, and for many years afterwards, he was also a noted figure at the Dialectic Society, and was one of its Prelectors. In 1881, at the age of 21, he was called to the Bar, and read in the chambers of his uncle, afterwards Mr. Justice a'Beckett. He rapidly acquired a large practice on the Equity side, and, after the appointment of Mr. Justice Higgins to the High Court Bench, became the recognised leader of the Equity Bar. He was acknowledged as the leading authority on company law and the law of trusts, and his opinions upon these branches of the law were greatly valued. Subsequently he took silk; and those who were associated with him in the Courts testify to his unfailing consideration for, and kindly interest in, the juniors with whom he was briefed. In 1919 he was offered, but declined, a Supreme Court judgeship; but in 1923 he was induced to accept the position of acting-judge, to which office he was re-appointed in 1924 and 1925. This year he was again appointed to take the place of Mr. Justice Cussen, who had been relieved of judicial duties in order to undertake the consolidation of the statutes. Only a week before his death he was sitting in Court, apparently in good health.

Outside the sphere of law, the late Mr. Justice Weigall had many interests. In his younger days he was a leading tennis player, and was one of the founders, and, also, until 1925, when he resigned the position, President of the Lawn Tennis Association of Victoria. He was a cyclist and golfer; and in recent years one of his favourite recreations was walking with the Wallaby Club, of which he also had been President. He possessed, too, in a marked degree, the gift of literary expression, and, when so minded, was a graceful versifier.

His interest in the welfare of Trinity never wavered or slackened. In the midst of an exceptionally busy forensic life he always made a point of attending any reunion of old Trinity men. At the last annual dinner of the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys he proposed the toast of "The College." He was in his happiest vein, and in a witty speech described the College as it was in the early days. The late Mr. Justice Weigall was one of the most distinguished old Trinity students. By reason of his personal qualities, his death will be deplored by all who knew him.



SPORT



ATHLETICS.

The Inter-Collegiate Athletics were held on the last Wednesday of the first term. At last, in athletics, Trinity has stirred itself, and has climbed to third place after occupying last place for several years. This was largely due to greater enthusiasm on the part of possible members of the team at the beginning of the season; but there is still room for a great improvement in this direction.

Start training early, and remember that football and athletics cannot be worked together. Those who are keen on obtaining a place in the College Athletic Team must resign themselves to the fate of giving up football until the Inter-Collegiate Athletics are over. The team finally selected was as follows:—P. Radford (captain), M. O. Kent Hughes, E. A. C. Farran, C. W. K. Hardy, H. T. Harvie, P. Hæge, C. Keon-Cohen, W. Muntz, F. N. B. Newman, G. Pern, J. Sewell, M. M. Smith. G. C. Coldham was unfortunately not available owing to illness. Ormond again triumphed, and we heartily congratulate them on their ninth successive win.

The results were:—Ormond (1st), Newman (2nd), Trinity (3rd), Queen's (4th). The best performance for Trinity was M. Kent Hughes' win in the Mile, an event which he also won last year. Leading the field from the gun, he maintained a rattling pace throughout, winning by 15 yards from Parker (N.); he also gained fourth place in the 880 yards. J. Sewell ran a fine race in the 880 yards, obtaining second place by a yard to D. O'Brien (N.). Other places obtained were:—Harvie (second in High Jump), Newman (fourth in 440), Hardy (fourth in Long Jump and fifth in 440), Hæge (third in High Jump), Smith (fourth in Hurdles), Muntz (fifth in Hurdles). In the 'Varsity Championships, S. C. Burston gained second place in the Hammer Throw. We congratulate Messrs. Sewell and Burston on their inclusion in the Inter-'Varsity Team, which won in Adelaide. The Athletic Cup, donated by the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys for the best performer in the College team on Inter-Collegiate Day, was awarded to M. O. Kent Hughes.

Depression always seems to settle on the College when the Inter-Collegiate Athletics draw near, but people are apt to think that firsts are needed to win, and forget that it is possible to win by getting consistent third and fourth places.

Remember that the M.U.A.C. track season starts at the end of the year, and there is always room for triers in the team; the racing experience gained there is the best possible preparataion for the Inter-Collegiate events, and it is only this experience that will turn out a winning team.

BOATS.

This year will be remembered for many a long day by the College and her supporters for providing one of the most thrilling boat races in the history of the College. Rarely before have the fortunes of the competing crews in the final heat of the Mervyn Bournes Higgins trophy varied so much, and the manner in which the College eight came through in the final dash to the finish should be an inspiration to Trinity crews for years to come.

Mr. R. H. Keon-Cohen, who stroked the '24 College crew to victory, and two Varsity crews as well, was once again in charge of the training of the crew, which was eventually selected as follows:—Bow—M. R. Norton, 10.6; 2—C. W. K. Hardy, 10.0; 3—F. K. Hirschfeld, 11.4; 4—R. M. V. Blakemore, 12.2; 5—H. D. M. L. Murray, 11.12; 6—L. C. L. Murray, 11.8; 7—R. G. C. de Crespigny, 11.9; Stroke—B. T. Keon-Cohen, 10.9; Cox—J. S. N. Harris, 8.12.

All but 3, 5, and 7 had been members of last year's crew, while H. Murray, with L. Murray and B. T. Keon-Cohen, had rowed in the 1924 Head of the River crew. Of the newcomers to Inter-Collegiate rowing, Hirschfeld had been emergency to both Queensland and Melbourne University, and also the Queensland Interstate crew, while de Crespigny had made a promising debut at Henley last year. On paper, therefore, it was apparent that the crew would take a lot of beating.

Mr. Keon-Cohen put the crew through an exceptionally severe preparation, and the fact that his methods were adversely commented upon by the press critics did not in the least shake the confidence of the crew in his ability to get the best out of them. And so it turned out. Easing up over the last week of training, and concentrating on a quick "break-away," the eight turned out to contest their heat with Newman trained to the hour.

Unfortunately the weather on both days was boisterous—strong northerlies blowing straight up-stream. For the first few strokes Newman held a slight advantage, but quickly getting into their stride, Trinity drove their boat ahead, and at the Tin bridge ($\frac{1}{4}$ mile) were $1\frac{1}{2}$ lengths ahead. Still driving her hard they led by over two lengths at the Monier bridge. This lead the crew maintained to the finish, and won an easy race by about three lengths. Newman are to be congratulated on rowing a plucky race. Their day on the river is yet to come, and the indications at present are that it is not very far ahead, judging from the keenness and enthusiasm of their second crew, who are entered at Henley as a maiden eight.

Queen's, after an interesting struggle, in which Ormond hung on for three-quarters of a mile, won well by a clear length. This crew, once again coached by Mr. Chas. Donald, had previously defeated a strong extra-collegiate crew in impressive style, and were blended together after the manner of all Mr. Donald's crews. It was apparent that a close race could be expected in the final.

The wind on the second day was very strong, and from our point of view most unfortunate. The Trinity men had exhibited dashing form during their training courses, and depended on pace and condition to see them through.

A tail wind would have suited their fast rate of striking to perfection. In the final heat the crew started in sensational fashion—the reward of 24 practice racing starts during the two final training rows. Rowing 44 strokes to the first minute into the wind, Trinity jumped almost a length on the Queen's combination, who appeared uncertain and labouring in the unfavourable conditions. The effort, however, was too much to maintain, and between the two bridges the rate of striking in the Trinity boat gradually diminished. Queen's had then settled down to a perfect swing and drive, and, with the advantage on the first bend, gradually drew up on the leaders. Trinity reached the Monier bridge half a length in front, both crews striking at about 35. In the race to the bend, Queen's showed out to advantage, and just below the drain drew level. Round the bend, Trinity, with the inside course, could make little impression on the Queen's crew, and, both striking at 34, entered the straight a canvas behind. Down the straight the pressure was maintained, Queen's gaining slightly, until at Brander's they led by a third of a length. When the stone wall was reached, with the positions of the crews unchanged, Queen's supporters were already proclaiming victory for their crew; but it was here that Trinity commenced a long-sustained dash, which had been rehearsed every day "ad nauseam" for over four weeks. Striking at 36 and maintaining an excellent length, Trinity gradually overhauled the Queen's boat. The excitement was electric when, at the end of the wall, and but 15 strokes from the finishing line, the crews were on level terms. Greater pressure was applied, and with frantic cheering from the Trinity supporters on the bank the crew forged ahead and won a wonderful race by a third of a length. Over the final stages of the race the form and length displayed by the Trinity crew was more convincing than that in the Queen's boat, where their effort of making good the losing of nearly a length at the start began to take effect.

The display of the College crew was a triumph for the coaching of Mr. Keon-Cohen, to whom the thanks of the crew and College are due. His enthusiasm and optimism—as of yore—had a great deal to do with their success. It was only his persistent driving of the crew day after day down the stone wall to the finish against the watch, that enabled the crew to produce a winning effort when it was so badly needed. May he continue with his good work for many years to come.

After the race Mrs. John Lang presented to the stroke the pennant accompanying the Mervyn Bournes Higgins trophy, and congratulated Trinity on their splendid performance. The stroke responded in a few well-chosen words, after which most of the College crew repaired to the Boat Club Ball and spent a very enjoyable evening.

Second Eights' Race.

Great enthusiasm was shown by the younger oarsmen of the College, and a good second eight, in charge of Mr. E. W. Turner—whose ill-health deprived the College of her foremost and mightiest oarsman—met and defeated the Extra-collegiate second eight by a canvas. Being badly left at the start in the second eights race, they were unable to catch Newman, who led all the way, and won easily by a length from Trinity. The crew was seated as

follows:—Bow—L. E. Odum, 9.12; 2—A. H. B. Heymanson, 9.6; 3—G. Pern, 10.9; 4—G. C. Burston, 10.7; 5—T. L. a'Beckett, 12.2; 6—D. G. Mack, 10.3; 7—K. Rex, 11.2; Stroke—T. P. Pringle, 10.6; Cox—J. Somerset, 8.7.

No notes would be complete without mention of a most notable event which took place shortly before the Inter-Collegiate race. Apparently there was much dissatisfaction amongst certain members of the College over the selection of the second eight, particularly among prominent footballers and cricketers. Hence "Vincent's Vanquishers" challenged "Turner's Terrors," as the second eight styled themselves, for the right to represent the College in the second eights' race. Quite a large crowd turned up one sunny morning to see the race. Some delay was entailed in getting the "Vanquishers" into the boat, as so few of them had been in one before. After a great deal of excitement—on the part of those in the boat particularly, for it was surely no place for anyone of neurotic tendencies—they reached the starting post. Mr. Murray, who acted as starter, got the boats in line without difficulty, but the line was not straight across the river; in fact, it hit the other bank somewhere down near the finish, giving the Vanquishers a very slight advantage. Very obligingly, however, he sent them off to a perfect start just when the Terrors were backing down and had their bow mixed up with the weeds on the bank. Not dismayed by this, however, the Vanquishers disappeared in a cloud of spray, and were a long way down the river before the Terrors had disengaged their boat from an argument with the bank. The Terrors set off in hot pursuit and, urged on by Mr. Turner, were seen to be making rapid progress through the water. Mr. Weir, who stroked the Vanquishers, showed fine judgment in the early part of the race in not waiting for the Terrors, but Mr. Vincent mistook his oar for a scythe right from the outset, which annoyed Mr. Farran intensely. Mr. Robinson had at this stage rowed several more strokes than any other Vanquisher, but suddenly found the sliding seat incompatible with his own. By this time the Terrors, who were showing fine form, had drawn level, and rapidly passed the Vanquishers. Mr. Vincent then caught several crabs, during which process Mr. Farran took the handle of his oar neatly and precisely to the lumbar region with considerable force. This annoyed Mr. Farran very much, but, with great presence of mind, he seized Mr. Vincent's oar, and, wrenching it out of its rigger, hurled it into the river. This amused Mr. Vincent intensely, so much so that for several strokes he forgot what he was there for. From that time onwards a slight improvement was noticed in the Vanquisher's form, but by this time the Terrors had won by nearly a furlong. At any rate, the Vanquishers were disqualified by Mr. B. Keon-Cohen, who acted as stipendiary steward, on the grounds that they weighed too light. And that is how the second eight nearly didn't represent the College on Inter-collegiate Day.

Trinity was well represented in the 'Varsity crew, having B. T. Keon-Cohen, stroke; L. C. L. Murray, 2; and M. R. Morton, bow. J. S. N. Harris steered the crew and F. K. Hirschfeld was manager and emergency.

Trinity men were fairly well represented in regatta-rowing during the year, but there has been a distinct tendency towards a falling off in this direc-

tion. It cannot be too strongly urged that Trinity's success in the river during the last few years has been mainly due to the enthusiasm with which most of the members of the crew have consistently competed in M.U.B.C. crews in club regattas. The best coach in the world could not make a winning College crew out of nothing in the little time available between the beginning of term and the Inter-Collegiate race, so it behoves every oarsman in Trinity to make the most of his opportunities during the long vacation if the College is to retain the Head of the River, as is to be hoped, for several years to come.

Messrs. R. and B. Keon-Cohen, R. R. Webb, H. and L. Murray, and E. B. Tunbridge have appeared at most of the regattas to which a senior eight was entered. Bakewell and M. H. B. Robinson won a maiden pair at last year's V.R.A. with ridiculous ease, while Blakemore, Norton, a'Beckett and T. W. Smith have been fairly consistent performers in maiden eights during the season.

Rowing at Henley this year are de Crespigny, Pern, King, Stephen, H. Murray, Heymanson, and E. W. Turner, who has made a welcome return to the fold after a year's retirement, made necessary through ill-health. This is not up to the standard of previous years, and it behoves the College, with some of the "old stagers" going down, to look to its laurels in no uncertain manner.

During the second term the College were pleased to welcome Mr. Justice Higgins to the Common Room, on the occasion of presenting to the crew the Mervyn Bournes Higgins trophy. A representative gathering from the Colleges came across, and His Honour recalled many of his contemporaries who were at Trinity when he was at the University. Mr. B. T. Keon-Cohen moved a vote of thanks to His Honour, which was seconded by Mr. R. H. Hadley, stroke of Queen's, and the gathering then dispersed.

The Elliott Fours, postponed on account of the death of the Sub-Warden, were eventually held on Saturday, September 25, in conjunction with the Ormond Morrison Fours.

As usual, there was a good entry of 13 crews from the College, while Ormond had 16 crews. It was at first thought there would be some difficulty in despatching so many heats, but, thanks to the efficiency of the strokes, and the help of all concerned, we were able to finish well up to time. The less said about the standard of rowing the better, but the steering in most of the boats was well up to standard.

First heat—Bakewell's crew, 1; M. Murray's crew, 2. Second heat—Blakemore's crew, 1; King's crew, 2. Third heat—Turner's crew, 1; L. Murray's crew, 2. Fourth heat—De Crespigny's crew, 1; Pern's crew, 2. Final—(Bow) B. Somerset, (2) H. Sutton, (3) S. Weir, (Stroke) L. Bakewell, (Cox) P. Radford, 1; Turner's crew, 2; De Crespigny's crew, 3.

P. Radford won the coxswains' trophy, and deserved it more for his smilingly boyish encouragement than for the mathematical accuracy of his many-angled course. It was a happy afternoon.

CRICKET.

The match in the first round against Ormond began on Tuesday, March 23, at 12 o'clock. Trinity won the toss, and sent Ormond in to bat on a wet wicket. J. R. T. McMillan and Cust opened for Ormond. McMillan took strike to Jones, and hit the first ball for four. Brumley was the other bowler, and the first few overs were expensive, but when Jones was put on from the University end McMillan hit at a good length ball swinging away, and was caught in the slips by Ewing.

Freeman joined Cust, and Harvie relieved Brumley from the pavilion end. At lunch the score read 1—48. Freeman was out soon after the adjournment. He had hit well for 21. Sixteen runs later Cust was out. He had played a fine hand for the side, making 36, including three fours. Garland followed, and made 14 by hard hitting before being caught off Jones, but the only other batsman to score was Rentoul, who made 9. The innings closed for 98.

The wicket had been difficult, and Jones (5 wickets) and Harvie (3 wickets) bowled excellently. Weir only allowed one bye.

Ewing and Sewell were the opening batsmen for Trinity, and Freeman bowled from the University end. Ewing hit him beautifully for four twice in the first over, but in Garland's second over from the other end Sewell was caught by Cust. Robinson joined Ewing, but the latter was stumped off Freeman for 15, when the score stood at 20. Robinson and Bawden carried the score to 32, when the latter was out l.b.w. to Freeman.

Harvie batted well in making 10; Coldham was caught before he had scored, but Robinson followed, and made 23 in that forceful style which always pays on a bad wicket. The remaining five batsmen all showed more enterprise, and added 32 runs to the total.

The innings closed for 91, leaving Trinity 7 runs behind.

At half-past five Fleming and Purser opened the second innings for Ormond. The wicket had become a little easier, and Jones bowled from the University end. The batsmen tried to play out time, but at 6 o'clock Jones had taken three wickets at a cost of only four runs.

Purser and Rentoul, the not out men, resumed next morning, but owing to the splendid bowling of Jones, the whole side was dismissed for 78. Garland played a fine, aggressive hand for Ormond. Hitting out forcefully, he made 35 before being caught by Radford off Brumley. Rentoul hit hard for 22, but none of the other batsmen reached double figures.

Jones bowled with extraordinary accuracy; his control of length was almost perfect, and he took nine wickets for 32 runs. His performance stands as one of the most remarkable bowling feats in the history of Intercollegiate cricket.

Bawden and Ewing opened the second innings for Trinity, to the bowling of Freeman and Garland. The wicket was still sticky, but the sun came out for the first time during the match. Both batsmen stayed in, and gradually the score began to grow. At lunch the board read no wickets for 49. Trinity had begun with a deficit of 85, and now needed 37 runs to win. After lunch

the partnership remained unbroken; many short singles were run, and the score crept to 78 before Ewing was caught at point off Garland, 1—40—78. He had played an invaluable innings for the side, and executed some beautiful shots.

With only four runs wanted to win, Bawden was caught in the slips off Freeman, after a chanceless, if somewhat lucky, innings as Ewing's partner. 2—29—82.

Freeman then clean bowled Robinson, but Sewell and Harvie stayed at the wicket, and at 3 o'clock the game was over. Trinity won by seven wickets and four runs.

It was a great match, but, unfortunately, bad weather prevailed throughout, which resulted in it being perhaps the shortest Intercollegiate game on record.

The Trinity fielding was of a high standard. It was splendid to have the team working hard and working together. The steady routine of weeks of fielding practice had proved worth while. It is difficult to over-estimate the importance of fielding. Scores:—

Ormond College.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
J. R. T. McMillan, c Ewing, b Jones	11	F. A. Fleming, c Ewing, b Jones	0
N. A. A. Cust, c Coldham, b Harvie	36	J. A. Purser, c Bawden, b Jones	3
T. D. Freeman, c Vincent, b Jones	21	F. T. Borland, c Weir, b Jones	2
J. M. Garland, c Brumley, b Jones	14	W. F. Paton, c Harvie, b Jones	0
A. B. Wilson, b Harvie	6	A. Rentoul, b Jones	22
F. A. Fleming, c Ewing, b Jones	0	J. M. Garland, c Radford, b Brumley	35
F. T. Borland, c Bawden, b Harvie	0	T. D. Freeman, c Bawden, b Jones	0
A. Rentoul, c Harvie, b Jones	9	N. A. A. Cust, lbw, b Jones	4
J. A. Purser, run out	0	J. R. T. McMillan, stp Weir, b Jones	8
J. R. McMillan, lbw, b Brumley	0	A. B. Wilson, not out	0
W. F. Paton, not out	0	J. R. McMillan, b Jones	0
Sundries	1	Sundries	4
Total	98	Total	78

Trinity College

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
G. O. Ewing, stp Purser, b Freeman	15	T. M. Bawden, c Fleming, b Freeman	29
J. E. Sewell, c Cust, b Garland	1	G. O. Ewing, c Fleming, b Garland	40
N. H. Robinson, b Freeman	23	N. H. Robinson, b Freeman	4
T. M. Bawden, lbw, b Freeman	2	J. E. Sewell, not out	3
H. T. Harvie, lbw, b Garland	10	H. T. Harvie, not out	4
G. C. Coldham, c Freeman, b Garland	0	Sundries	9
F. R. Vincent, c Cust, b Freeman	3	Total, 3 wickets for	89
S. I. Weir, c Fleming, b Garland	8		
B. C. D. Jones, c Purser, b Garland	7		
P. Radford, b Freeman	9		
L. P. Brumley, not out	5		
Sundries	8		
Total	91		

THE FINAL.

The final match, against Newman was played on April 7 and 8. The Trinity team was chosen as follows:—Bawden (capt.), Ewing (vice-capt.), Brumley, Harvie, Jones, B., O'Brien, Radford, Robinson, Sewell, Sutherland and Weir.

Trinity won the toss and decided to bat on a wicket which was soft with rain. Partly through nervousness, and partly because the batsmen were not forceful enough, the innings realised only 57. O'Brien batted well for 16, but no one else reached double figures. Cussen bowled very well and obtained 8 wickets for 30, though the wicket was certainly helping him.

O'Leary and King (from Melbourne) opened for Newman. Jones bowled from the University end. Off his second ball Radford caught O'Leary close in at third man—a good catch.

Doyle joined King, and Harvie bowled from the pavilion end. Wickets fell steadily, and the field was working well. When Hurley, the Newman captain, was caught at point off Jones, the score read 7—10—42, and it looked as if Newman might fail to reach the Trinity total of 57. But two of the last batsmen, Treadwell and Parker, stuck to their guns, and stopped the procession, making 22 and 25 respectively. Sutherland splendidly caught Treadwell after a collision with Ewing. The total crept up to 105, and Newman had extricated themselves from a bad position, and established a handy lead of 47 runs.

Bawden and Ewing opened the second innings for Trinity, but the former touched Cussen's second ball and was well caught at first slip by O'Leary. O'Brien, who had batted well in the first innings, joined Ewing, and both stayed there. They were together when play ceased at five o'clock on account of the light, and the score read 1—0—28.

Play began next morning shortly after eleven o'clock, but Ewing was bowled by Cussen in attempting an on-drive. He had batted well, 2—19—30. Robinson joined O'Brien, but the latter was shortly afterwards bowled by King. He had done great work for the side, 3—13—38. Harvie and Robinson settled down together, and the score steadily increased. Robinson was batting with great confidence, but was at first inclined to be reckless, and Harvie, by quieter batting, steadied his partner down. Both men brought off many good strokes, and Robinson drove and pulled with power.

At a quarter past twelve, Harvie was stumped off King. He had performed splendidly, and showed he had ability as a batsman as well as in the capacity of fieldsman and bowler, 4—37—115.

Weir then joined Robinson, and another good partnership followed. Robinson was scoring fast and Weir hit out freely. It was a delightful bit of batting, and lasted till Weir was bowled by Prendergast after a spirited innings which included many good strokes, 5—25—159. At the luncheon adjournment Robinson and Sewell were still at the wickets.

After lunch Cussen opened from the University end. In the next over disaster came, when Robinson, attempting to pull a short ball from Green, was caught at square leg by Horan, 6—67—172. Robinson played the innings

of a batsman. He showed confidence, good footwork, drove and pulled with power, and mainly as the results of his innings the game had swung round slightly in favour of Trinity. Sewell (12) and Sutherland (10) helped to bring the total to 198.

Shortly after 3 o'clock, O'Leary and King opened the second innings for Newman. The wicket was easy and both batsmen began to score freely. Jones and Brumley were the bowlers. King gave a chance in slips off Brumley when 9, but the ball fell to the ground. King was hitting hard, and the first 50 were scored in even time. He gave a chance of stumping when 60. At 96 Harvie relieved Brumley, and clean bowled O'Leary, 1—38—109. In his next over Harvie cleaned bowled Hurley, 2—0—109. Doyle then joined King, and put up a solid defence, allowing his partner to do the scoring.

At a quarter to six the game was over, Newman winning by 8 wickets and 4 runs. King scored a fine 101 in his first Inter-College match.

Congratulations go to Newman on winning the Championship. The performance of the Trinity team was a very good one for a comparatively inexperienced side. The batting average Cup, presented by the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys, is awarded this year to N. H. Robinson. Scores:—

Trinity College.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
T. M. Bawden, c O'Leary, b Cussen	3	T. W. Bawden, c O'Leary, b Cussen	0
G. O. Ewing, b Green	1	G. O. Ewing, b Cussen	19
B. C. D. Jones, b Cussen	5	E. D. O'Brien, b King	13
N. H. Robinson, c King, b Cussen	10	N. H. Robinson, c Horan, b Green	67
E. D. O'Brien, c Hurley, b Cussen	16	H. T. Harvie stp Treadwell, b King	37
H. T. Harvie, c O'Leary, b Cussen	1	S. I. Weir, b Prendergast	25
P. Radford, b Cussen	1	J. E. Sewell, b Cussen	12
S. I. Weir, c Doyle, b Cussen	0	B. C. D. Jones, lbw, b Cussen	2
J. E. Sewell, b Cussen	6	D. G. Sutherland, c King, b Green	10
D. G. Sutherland, b Cussen	4	P. Radford, not out	0
L. P. Brumley, not out	9	L. P. Brumley, c and b Green	1
Sundries	0	Sundries	12
Total	57	Total	198

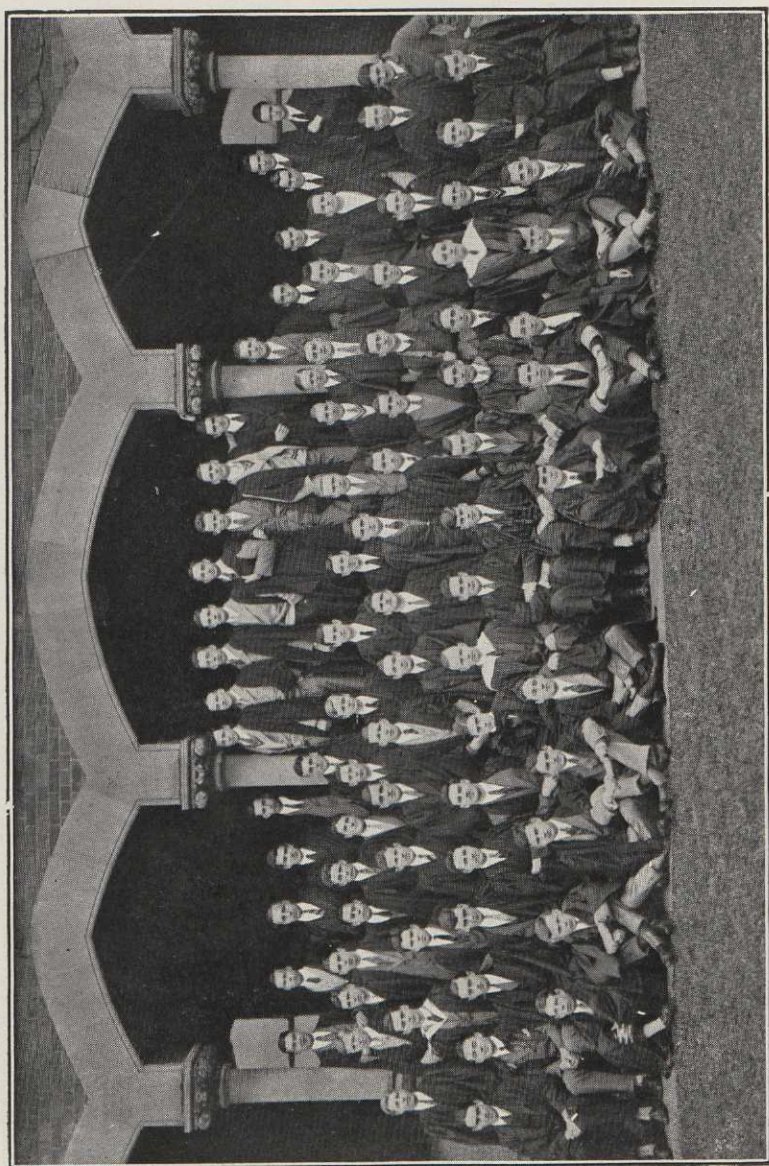
Bowling:—Cussen, 8 for 30; Green 2 for 27.

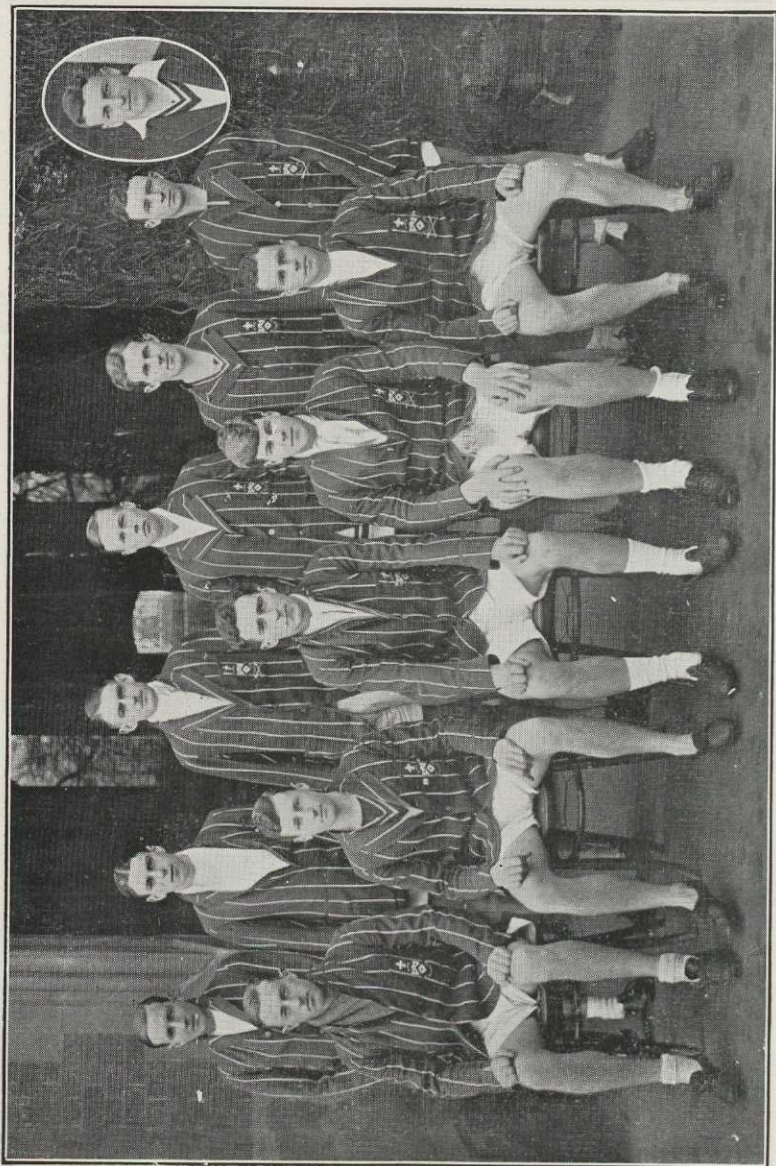
Bowling:—Cussen, 4 for 65; Green, 3 for 44; Prendergast, 1 for 18; King, 2 for 31; Hurley, none for 13; Doyle, none for 15.

Newman College.

1st Innings.			
F. M. O'Leary, c Radford, b Jones	0	Parker, b Harvie	25
S. King, c Sewell, b Jones	13	J. Horan, c Bawden, b Harvie	16
J. Doyle, v and b Jones	12	Prendergast, not out	1
F. Costigan, c Sutherland, b Brumley	2	Sundries	2
E. R. Hurley, c Radford, b Jones	10		
K. R. Cussen, stp Weir, b Brumley	1	* Total	105
J. Green, stp Weir, b Brumley	1		
L. Treadwell, c Sutherland, b Jones	22		

Bowling:—Jones, 5 for 37; Harvie, 2 for 26; Brumley, 3 for 40.

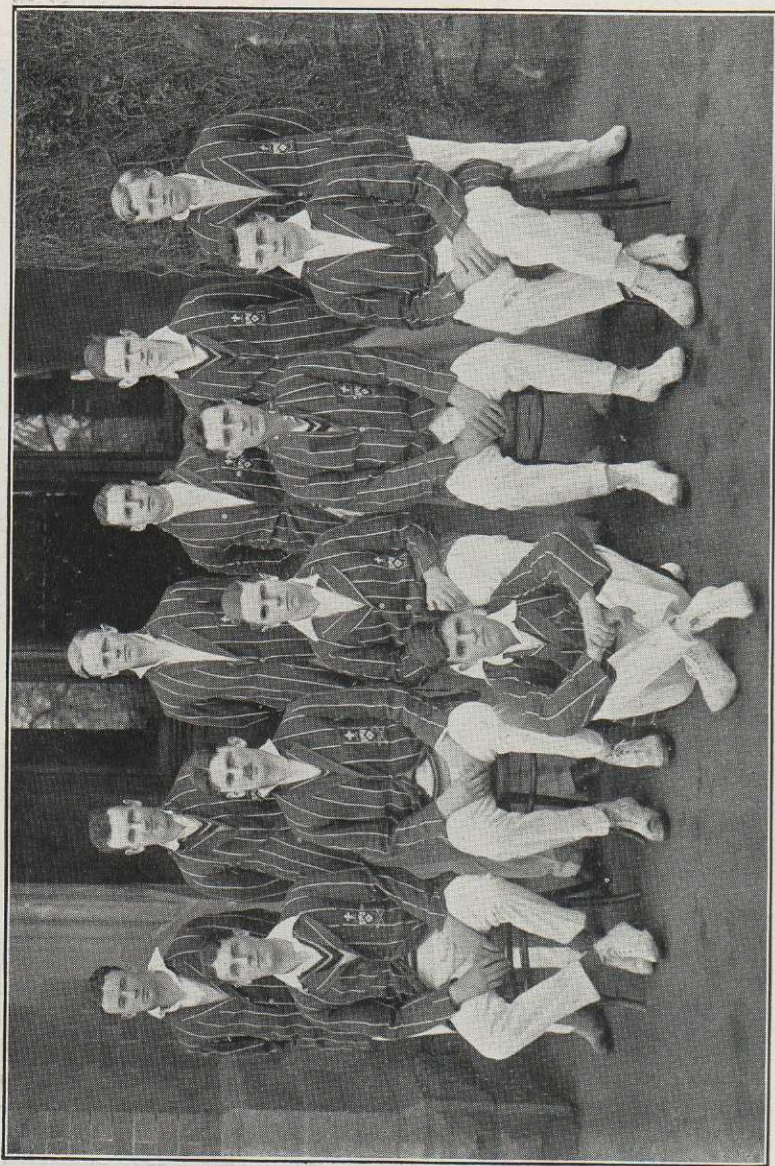




Back Row—M. M. Smith, C. Keon Cohen, G. Pern, P. Haegge, N. Muntz, H. T. Harvie.
Sitting—C. W. K. Hardy, M. O. Kent-Hughes, P. Radford (captain), E. A. C. Farran, J. E. Sewell.
Inset—F. N. B. Newman.



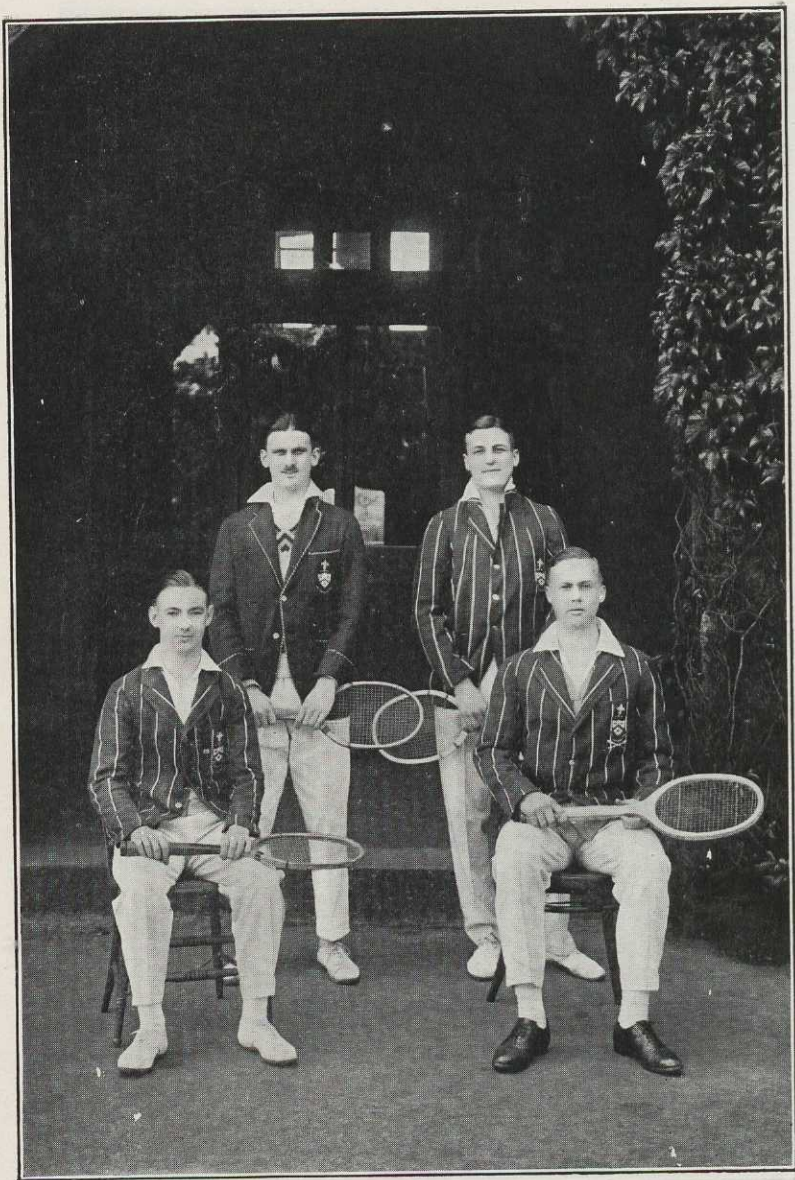
*Back Row—C. W. K. Hardy, R. M. V. Blakemore, R. H. Keon-Cohen (coach), F. K. Hirschfeld, H. R. Norton.
 Sitting—L. C. L. Murray, R. T. Keon-Cohen (stroke), R. G. De Crespigny, H. M. L. Murray.
 In Front—J. S. N. Harris (cox).*



Back Row—H. T. Harvie, F. R. Vincent, S. I. Weir, J. E. Sewell, L. P. Brumley, E. E. D. O'Brien.
Sitting—B. C. D. Jones, G. O. Ewing, T. H. Bawden (captain), P. Radford, N. H. Robinson.
In Front—D. G. Sutherland.



Back Row—J. E. Sewell, T. Coulter, H. T. Harvie, A. Garran, E. W. Turner, A. I. Chapman, E. D. O'Brien.
Sitting—C. W. K. Hardy, F. R. Vincent, P. Radford, E. A. C. Farran (captain), G. O. Ewing, N. H. Robinson,
 T. M. Bawden.
Front Row—J. S. N. Harris, M. Smith, M. O. Kent-Hughes.
Inset—F. N. B. Newman.



*Standing—G. O. Ewing, F. N. B. Newman.
Sitting—J. B. Turner (captain), P. Haege.*



*Standing—K. Stobie, W. Kent-Hughes.
Sitting—B. Nankivell (captain), E. Mackay.*



AT THE OLD BOYS' MATCH—E. R. WHITE, L. F. MILLER

2nd Innings.	Sundries	1
F. M. O'Leary, b Harvie	Total (for 2 wickets)	154
S. King, not out		
E. R. Hurley, b Harvie	Bowling:—Jones, none for 57; Brumley,	
J. Doyle, not out	none for 68; Harvie, 2 for 28.	
38		
101		
0		
14		

The way to win is to build up a team gradually. This year was the start, and every man must keep keen and play hard between now and next March, and in the end Trinity will win the ashes.

THE OLD BOYS' MATCH.

The Old Boys' match took place on Wednesday, March 17, and play began in the morning, shortly after eleven o'clock.

Trinity won the toss, and sent the Old Boys in; Mr. L. F. Miller and Dr. J. R. Hasker were the opening batsmen. However, a wicket fell early, the former being given run out before he had scored. 1—0—5. Mr. E. F. Herring followed, and opened with three fourers. Partnered by Hasker, he settled down to bat steadily, and the score had increased by 34 runs when Hasker was out l.b.w. to Jones, 2—21—39. Dr. B. A. Hunt was caught in the slips by Juttner off Ewing, after he had made two. Dr. Maudsley then joined Herring. An exhibition of bright batting followed, including several beautiful straight drives by the former, and many enterprising placing shots by his partner. Maudsley went out first, being bowled by Coldham. His score included five fours. 4—31—126.

Dr. E. R. White came next, but was unfortunate in losing his partner, Herring, who was caught by Coldham off Robinson just before lunch. His score of 67 was the second highest in the match, and he hit ten fours, 5—67—134. No other wicket fell before the luncheon adjournment, and at one o'clock the Old Boys came over to lunch in Colleage as our guests.

During lunch the Trinity captain was privileged to welcome the Old Boys on behalf of the College. He assured them of the pleasure which everyone felt at their visit each year, for the actual match came second. The present team cheered the Old Boys, and drank their health.

Mr. L. F. Miller, captain of the Old Boys' team, responded. He expressed the wish that the match should never be left out of the yearly programme, and concluded his enjoyable remarks on the good old days by wishing the present team the best of luck in the coming Intercollegiate match.

Among those Old Boys present were:—Dr. E. R. White, Dr. Mark Gardner, Mr. M. Hurry (President of the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys), Mr. J. B. Armstrong, and Mr. R. H. Keon-Cohen.

After lunch the not out batsmen, Dr. White and Dr. Ainslie, resumed, and between them added 28 runs to the score before being bowled by Jones and Robinson respectively. Dr. Langlands, who made 10 not out, was the only one of the remaining six batsmen to reach double figures, and, in spite of the efforts of Dr. Spowers, Dr. Field, Mr. Purves, Mr. Mayman and Dr. Carrington, the innings closed for 176.

Robinson batted best for Trinity, making 73, including nine fours. The innings closed for 215, and the match was thus drawn, play finishing at five minutes to six, after a most enjoyable day.

We wish the Old Boys health and every success in whatever their work may be, and we look forward to meeting them again next March.

FOOTBALL.

Though only two of last year's team had left, there were many candidates for their positions, and in the end it was found necessary to displace two of last year's men to make room for others. It was a very difficult business for the committee to pick a likely team early in the season. Practice matches started at the end of first term with some of the Public Schools, but really concerted practice matches were hard to arrange, owing to some of the College team playing with the Varsity teams, and medcs. having lectures on Wednesday afternoons.

In the second term Farran, the captain, was incapacitated through an injury to his knee. In view of this, and the fact that lectures left him too late in the afternoon to supervise the practice, he resigned from his position as team representative, and Radford was elected. It was very hard for all concerned that this change should have been necessitated so soon before the match, but the team all worked together and stuck to their guns. A 2nd XVIII was also practising under the captaincy of L. Murray. The training list might well take a few points from the enthusiastic and spirited fashion in which the 2nd XVIII went about their practice and training.

Shortly before the match Weir, who was playing splendid football at centre halfback, broke his collar bone in a match against Xavier, and was unable to play in the Intercollegiate games. His loss was felt greatly. Last year, too, injuries sustained in a practice match prevented his playing for the College. The College team was finally selected as follows:—Farran (capt.), Radford (vice-capt.), Bawden, Chapman, Coulter, Ewing, Garran, Hardy, Harvie, Harris, Kent Hughes, Newman, O'Brien, Robinson, Sewell, Smith, M., Turner, E.W., Vincent.

The first fixture of the series was Trinity against Queen's College, and a very poor and scrambling game resulted. Neither side showed much teamwork, but several players performed well individually. The scores at the first change were 5—5 to 1—1, Queen's leading; and at half-time Queen's led 9—10 to 4—2.

After half-time Trinity seemed to wake up, but spoilt a lot of their chances by too much short passing, which often failed altogether. At the final change the scores were 11—15 to 5—4. The last quarter was all in favour of Trinity, who added 3 goals 4 behinds to Queen's 1 behind. But still we didn't score even when we had opportunities, and the match ended with the scores—Queen's, 11—16 (82 points), Trinity, 8—8 (56 points). It was the third quarter in which we lost the match. We had the wind with us, but only scored one goal. Throughout the game

Newman had been conspicuous in ruck and among the forwards, whilst Robinson did splendid work in defence. In the last quarter Garran shone out, registering three goals.

Goalkickers.—Garran (3), Ewing (2), Radford (2), Sewell (1).

Best players for Trinity.—Newman, Harvie, O'Brien, Robinson, Farran.

For the winners the best men were Munro (capt.), Moran, Williams, Abernethy and Rowlands.

We heartily congratulate Queen's on the win, and Newman on winning the championship.

Second XVIII.

The running of the 2nd XVIII is a great scheme, as it builds up a nucleus for next year's team, and gives the committee an idea of some of the other players in College.

The match versus Queen's was very close, and Queen's won by two points. Scores—Queen's, 3 goals 10 behinds (28); Trinity, 3 goals 8 behinds (26).

Mr. Jack Petchell, a Varsity footballer of note, umpired in a capable manner.

University Football.

This year the College has been well represented in Varsity football. Ewing and Newman both played in the Intervarsity team which was in Adelaide and in the combined Universities team which beat the S.A.A.L. Ewing, Newman and Radford have been regular players with the "Blues." Farran and Harvie have both played with the "Blacks." Radford has filled Ewing's old position as secretary of the M.U.F.C. Once again Ewing is top of the goal-kicking list, with 87 goals, though he was absent for four matches.

At the Annual General Meeting of the M.U.F.C., Ewing was again elected to the committee, and Radford was elected as one of the vice-presidents.

The Rugby Club is well patronised in Trinity. Blakemore (capt.), Jones (vice-capt.), Mack (sec.), Sewell, O'Brien, Pern, Robinson, all played in the Intervarsity team in Sydney. Wood and De Crespigny were emergencies.

TENNIS.

With all of last year's winning Inter-Collegiate team back with us again, our chances of carrying off the Mackay Cup looked exceedingly bright. However, the tennis season, coming as it does immediately after football, finds men who play both games considerably out of practice, and the selection committee—Messrs. Turner, Newman and Haege—was considerably exercised in its mind before an efficient last man could be decided upon. Finally, Sewell, who did not quite reproduce his last year's form, was replaced by Ewing, whose accuracy always made him a difficult man to defeat. The team thus re-constituted consisted of P. Haege, J. B. Turner, F. N. B. Newman and G. O. Ewing. Turner was re-elected captain.

The first match was on Tuesday, September 21, against Newman, who were popularly recognised as our strongest opponents. They were a vastly-improved team from last year, and the enthusiasm which they showed in their preparations is a thing to be highly commended. Having been together as a team throughout the year, they had left no stone unturned in their efforts to regain the Cup.

The day turned out still and hot—ideal tennis weather. Our first two men—Haeg and Turner, were opposed to Mears and Field respectively in the opening matches. Haeg led early, 3—1, but was not hitting the ball with his usual precision. Mears made good use of some rather easy chances given at the net, and carried off the set, 7—5. Haeg then levelled quickly with clever tossing and better controlled drives, but lapsed again in the third set, being finally faced with the scores, 5—1, 40—30, against him. Changing his tactics, he played the rock, allowing Mears to make the pace. Gradually he overhauled the lead, and finally won the set and match—a fine triumph of patience.

On the other court Turner and Field were playing a rather restrained game, neither man opening out. Turner had set point only to lose the set, 7—5. Tennis improved greatly in the remaining two sets, the feature of the game being the good forehand driving on both sides. Turner's backhand became inaccurate in the third set—a factor which lost him the match. It was his first loss in Inter-Collegiate singles.

Much depended on the next two singles and both our men responded well. Newman and Hurley provided spectacular tennis, but Newman's better length, together with well-intercepted volleys gave him the match in the third set. Ewing, playing with great pertinacity, worried O'Leary and brought off some remarkable recoveries. Accuracy won him the match in the third set.

The aspect of the match had now changed, and, inspired with confidence, our team quickly made the position safe by winning both rubbers of the doubles in straight sets. Haeg and Turner, opposed to Field and O'Leary, played well together, and kept their opponents well back from the net. On the other court, Newman was the best of the four, and, backed up well by Ewing, made a rather unexpected straight set win.

Restraint was now gone, and all pairs began hitting harder. The tennis somewhat deteriorated. Haeg and Turner had an easy victory over Mears and Hurley, but our second pair lost in straight sets, largely owing to Field's improved play.

Scores:

Haeg defeated Mears, 5—7, 6—4, 8—6.

Turner lost to Field, 5—7, 6—3, 3—6.

Newman defeated Hurley, 6—3, 3—6, 6—1.

Ewing defeated O'Leary, 6—3, 2—6, 6—3.

Haeg and Turner defeated Mears and Hurley, 6—3, 6—3, and defeated Field and O'Leary, 6—3, 6—1.

Newman and Ewing defeated Mears and Hurley, 6—4, 6—1, and lost to Field and O'Leary, 5—7, 4—6.

Total—Trinity—6 rubbers, 13 sets, 104 games; Newman—2 rubbers, 7 sets, 83 games.

Thus the match was won by 6 rubbers to 2—the scores not being quite a true indication of the actual closeness of the game. The standard of play in the morning was as high as has been seen in Inter-Collegiate tennis for some time, but in the afternoon went off slightly, largely owing to faulty combination of the Newman pairs.

The following day Queen's defeated Ormond by the narrow margin of one set, and hence Trinity was left to fight it out with Queen's. The day was dull, windy and cold, and these unpleasant conditions certainly must have influenced the standard of the morning's play, which was much below that of the previous week.

Turner began against Skues, and won in straight sets after a steady base line duel. On the other court Ewing met Gallacher, a similar type of player to himself, and who did not seem to be affected by the wind. Playing very accurate tennis, Gallacher forced Ewing into making numerous errors, and won the rubber comfortably.

With the wind a little worse than before, Haege disposed of Ferguson in straight sets after Ferguson had led 5—4 in the second set. Haege was not hitting as freely as usual.

The Newman-Fitcher match provided some hard hitting—the latter man exploiting with a fast flat forehand drive, which was especially good with the wind. Newman was the more accurate, and, after picking up from 2—4 in the second set, won the match.

The wind dropped in the afternoon, and, with this, the tennis improved. Haege and Turner quickly disposed of Skewes and Gallacher, 6—0, 6—0, but Newman and Ewing had a close game with Ferguson and Fitcher. It was not until they adopted the "American system" whilst serving to Fitcher that they became at all certain of winning their services. This change of tactics rather upset Fitcher's drive, and Trinity won in three sets.

With nothing depending on the remaining two rubbers, Haege and Turner began rather badly and were down 2—5. They then steadied up their play and won the match, 7—5, 6—4. On the adjacent court, Newman and Ewing won comfortably.

Scores:

Haege defeated Ferguson, 6—2, 8—6.

Turner defeated Skewes, 7—5, 6—2.

Newman defeated Fitcher, 6—4, 9—7.

Ewing lost to Gallacher, 4—6, 4—6.

Haege and Turner defeated Ferguson and Fitcher, 7—5, 6—2, and defeated Skewes and Gallacher, 6—0, 6—0.

Newman and Ewing defeated Ferguson and Fitcher, 6—8, 6—4, 6—2, and defeated Skewes and Gallacher, 5—4, 6—2.

Totals—Trinity—7 rubbers, 14 sets, 105 games; Queen's—1 rubber, 3 sets, 65 games.

Thus Trinity won the Mackay Cup for the second time in succession. We were very glad to see that Mrs. Mackay, the donor of the Cup, was a spectator during the final afternoon's play, and at the conclusion she presented the Cup to the captain, J. B. Turner.

On the whole, the standard of play was better than that of last year. What was even more pleasing was the exceptional keenness of each College in each match. We were indeed very fortunate in having one of our Old Boys of International fame—Mr. P. O'Hara Wood—to aid us in our practises before the matches. It was a great help to feel that we had a man of his calibre behind us, and we hope that the games he saw stirred up old memories of past Inter-Collegiate contests, when he, too, fought for Trinity. One might add that one team in which he played whilst at College contained no less than three men who were afterwards to become Internationals.

During the year two teams were entered in the L.T.A.V. "C" pennant competitions with but moderate success, Garran's team being fairly successful. Strange though it might seem, the Committee find difficulty in finding eight regular players for pennant, and think it would promote more enthusiasm if one regular and stronger team were entered.

During the year, P. Haege and J. B. Turner played for the University in the Inter-Varsity Championships, and also in "A" pennant, and the former had the honour of being elected captain of the University teams. Haege has also distinguished himself by representing the State and by winning sundry club tournaments.

Singles Handicap.

The tournament this year proved a greater success, and more interest was shown than usual for the concluding rounds.

The upper half of the draw was won by H. Sutton ($-5/6$), who played consistently throughout, the best game in this half being his match against Grant (-15), whose play seems to be improving.

The lower half of the draw provided some good matches. Sutherland ($+1/6$) was a trifle unlucky to lose, $6-4$, $6-5$, to Haege, as he led $5-3$ in the second set and had eight set-points. In the next round, Haege (-60) defeated Walker (scr.) after a match lasting over $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. The final was disappointing, Sutton failing to show his previous good form.

It is a pity that the majority of Trinity's best players do not take an active part in this tournament, as this would not only infuse more interest in this College event, but also tend to improve the standard of tennis in College, as the less good players of the College rarely get the chance of playing with members of the team.

JANET CLARKE HALL TENNIS CLUB.

Hon. President	Miss M. Herring
Hon. Secretary and Treasurer	Miss B. Nankivell
Committee	Misses Hughes, Stobie, Grant, Mackay

This year has proved a most successful one for the club in every respect. The committee arranged several functions during the year for the purpose of kindling an interest in tennis among those members of the club who rarely

play. This move proved a good one, for as a result many new enthusiasts seem to have sprung up in our midst.

A most successful afternoon was held on Saturday, July 17, when a Doubles Tournament was played, in which partners were drawn for, and provisions made to prevent any of the better players from being picked together. The club provided afternoon tea, and also prizes for the winners and runners-up, who were Misses Mackay and Robinson and Misses Darbyshire and Nankivell. In the finals, the former pair won by seven games to five, after a close match. Owing to a couple of showers towards the end of the afternoon, this final match was played during the following week; however, in spite of the weather, everyone seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves.

As this tournament was such a success, it was decided to hold a second one, for which partners should be drawn as before, but the play, instead of being confined to one afternoon, should be allowed to continue throughout third term. This tournament has not yet reached its final stage, but keen interest is being shown in it.

The Intercollegiate matches provided more than usual interest this year, as all the teams were fairly even. The first round resulted in a win for Trinity over Ormond, and for Queen's over Newman; thus Trinity and Queen's qualified for the final round. This final match proved most exciting, and after the first day's play the scores stood at two rubbers all, with Trinity leading by one set. After some great games on the final day, Trinity increased its lead, and won by five rubbers to three. The detailed scores were:—

Trinity v. Ormond.

Doubles—

Misses Nankivell and Stobie (T.) d. Misses Hardy and Kemp (O.),
5—6, 6—1, 10—8.

Misses Nankivell and Stobie (T.) d. Misses Norris and Ballard (O.),
6—0, 6—0.

Misses Mackay and Hughes (T.) d. Misses Norris and Ballard (O.),
6—3, 6—2.

Misses Mackay and Hughes (T.) d. Misses Hardy and Kemp (O.),
6—2, 6—3.

Singles—

Miss Nankivell (T.) d. Miss Hardy (O.), 6—3, 5—6, 8—6.

Miss Mackay (T.) d. Miss Kemp (O.), 6—0, 5—6, 6—1.

Miss Stobie (T.) d. Miss Norris (O.), 6—3, 6—2.

Miss Hughes (T.) d. Miss Ballard (O.), 5—6, 6—2, 10—8.

Trinity—8 rubbers, 16 sets, 126 games.

Ormond—4 sets, 68 games.

*Trinity v. Queen's (Final).**Doubles—*

Misses Nankivell and Stobie (T.) d. Misses Tregear and M. Clarke (Q.).
6—2, 6—3.

Misses Nankivell and Stobie (T.) d. Misses D. Clarke and B. Uren (Q.).
6—3, 6—3.

Misses Mackay and Hughes (T.) d. Misses D. Clarke and B. Uren (Q.).
1—6, 6—4, 6—4.

Misses Tregear and M. Clarke (Q.) d. Misses Mackay and Stobie (T.).
6—2, 6—5.

Singles—

Miss Nankivell (T.) d. Miss Tregear (Q.), 6—4, 6—3.

Miss Mackay (T.) d. Miss M. Clarke (Q.), 6—3, 6—2.

Miss D. Clarke (Q.) d. Miss Stobie (T.), 6—5, 6—2.

Miss B. Uren (Q.) d. Miss Hughes (T.), 3—6, 6—3, 6—2.

Trinity—5 rubbers, 11 sets, 86 games.

Queen's—3 rubbers, 7 sets, 76 games.

This year the Annual Tennis Dinner, which was to have been held after the final day's play, was cancelled owing to the death of the sub-Warden.

We feel very grateful to those Trinity men who so kindly gave us some practice before our Intercollegiate matches. Although badly defeated in each case, we obtained some very good practice.

We should also like to take this opportunity of thanking Ormond and Queen's for their hospitality during the Intercollegiate matches.

MIXED DOUBLES.

The Mixed Doubles Tournament this year took place on Saturday, October 2. The forecast for the week-end—"Unsettled, with showers"—caused some anxiety, but, fortunately, the rain did not materialise. However, the weather was not of the best, as it was somewhat sultry, with a strong north wind. The entries were not quite so numerous as last year, but eventually 59 pairs participated, the first round commencing at nine o'clock, or shortly after. By lunch time the number of survivors was reduced to 16 pairs, thus providing four series of matches for the afternoon. An excellent lunch was provided in Hall for those who did not organise lunch-fights in their studies. Mrs. Behan entertained the players to afternoon tea in Hall, when the new furnishing and decorations were seen to full advantage for the first time. During the afternoon an orchestra of more than ordinary "pep" made the Common Room attractive to dancers. This did not seem to be such a draw as usual, perhaps owing to the weather, and to the excellence of several matches played during the afternoon. The final match was played on the Warden's Court, and commenced at ten minutes past five. Mr. Jack Turner acted as umpire. An unusually large number of onlookers was present, and the match created great interest. G. O.

Ewing and Miss T. Syme (owe 15.4) defeated J. E. Sewell and Miss D. Wylly (owe 15.5) by nine games to five.

Mrs. Behan then presented the prizes to the winners and runners-up. The Senior Student (Mr. F. J. A. Juttner) thanked Mrs. Behan for her kindness and hospitality, and congratulated the secretaries on their successful organisation. He then called for cheers for the Warden and Mrs. Behan, and for the secretaries, Messrs. S. I. Weir and E. A. F. McDonald.

The crowd then dispersed.

THE ELLIOTT CUP LEGEND.

"'Twas in the days when kings did lightly a crusading fare,
And left their kingdoms to the devil's care."

At such a time there lived a wise man and one well versed in all the arts of rowing. For it was at that time a sport well favoured, and one right keenly to be practised. Now he, fearing that mayhap it should fall into disrepute, did think out a plan whereby it might be cherished. Now the rowers were wont to assemble each even by the river that they might solemnly pull their tubs about the river, and bow their heads under the friendly abuse of their task masters. He, thinking to encourage such practices, and wishing his name to be forever green, gave a trophy, and this was to last forever, and to be called the Cup of Elliott, for such was the name of he who gave it.

And so, afterwards, each year rowers from near and far were wont to assemble in friendly rivalry as to who might win the honour of guarding this coveted flagon.

Now Sir Lionel was a good and upright knight, and one well loved among his fellow men, being a mighty monk of the tonsure! and right gallantly did he challenge all who would step forward to the contest according to the ancient rites of rowers. And behold a large multitude came forth. And Sir Lionel did select his crew right truly. And there were besides many knights with crews as trusty.

The day was fixed for the contest, and long before the fatal hour came many persons in varied costumes. Then, according to the ancient custom, the champions were addressed by a frenzied disciple, who, by means of a large funnel, for that was the symbol sacred to rowers, did exhort each to haste to the contest, for the time was creeping on. And so Sir Lionel came to first display his skill.

But there were many murmurings, because the crews were not in trusty hands. Now there was much rivalry between the coxswains, and this did lead to trouble, for the hairy son of Rad did so grievously offend his rival the Rat (for so he was known to his fellows) that the Rat was mightily minded to run him down, and forthwith he set about to do so. And there was much confusion because of it, greatly to the joy of Sir Lionel and his trusty crew.

But good Sir Thomas a'Beckett, in sooth a worthy knight and one much given to weighty converse, was affected by a sorry drowsiness, and, alack! while he slept the king was sore pressed even unto defeat, for so truly did the

aforesaid Paul, the son of Rad, support his master, Reg, that they alone survived.

And so hour after hour the contest raged, until at last the white-clad Turners were pitted 'gainst the Nortons. Now the white-clad Turners were men of might, and right royally were they caparisoned. But little did they know the ways of the Nortons, for they were crafty men well used to water. The contest waxed strong until brave Turner sat unarmed, and, unable to stand such a disgrace, took to the murky Yarra. But the Nortons still fought on, until Frankie, the son of Jutt, alone remained, and he with but half a blade. 'Twas all in vain, for, without their chief, the Turners came on and won. Odd socks!! 'twas right royally fought.

And now there remained but four from all the crews. But, though the de Crespignys fought as of old, and the Blakemores never admitted of defeat, and, though Turner, with his white-clad crew strove with all their might and main, yet Sir Lionel remained supreme.

And to-day it may be read how Sir Lionel and his trusty crew, Sir Booe, of Somerset; Sir Hugh de Sutton, Sir Weir, of Terang, and the bearded son of Rad, won back against all comers, by their valour, the coveted Silver Cup of Elliott.

J.S.N.H.

THE HOSTEL HOCKEY MATCH.

The response to a challenge, however brazen, has always been one of Trinity's most cherished boasts, and this year it was magnificent, when on July 31 they met the Hostel hockey team, resolved that the way of the ungodly should be turned upside down (Psalm CXLVI).

Scalp wounds, male or female, were plentifully anointed with orange-juice, while consciousness was restored by a species of onion or leek. Hospital cases were removed in the College wheelbarrow.

Seldom does one see a game so teeming with interest, or so evenly contested that neither side scores till after half-time. The enthusiasm with which Trinity fell on the ball was met by steady and determined opposition from the Hostiles, whose tactics were silent but grim. In the course of the game, the ball travelled almost all over the ground, and was seldom still for an instant. The first half consisted mainly of a back-line duel, ending in a passing rush by Trinity, and but for the fact that the ball went out of bounds it might have had a telling effect on the enemy, who received a free kick and relieved the pressure.

Another likely attack was started by Bawden, with a fine late cut, but Somerset, in a fit of distraction, hooked his second attempt into the rough just as the gong boomed.

Neither side had scored!

Immediately after play was resumed, however, a snappy off-side by Father Croke put Mephistopheles in possession, and he, turning smartly on the ball, smote hard and true for Trinity.

The recording angel solemnly wrote "ONE," and rapturous cheers greeted Trinity's success.

Stung to retaliation, the Hostel surged forward, but a policeman arrested the ball as it began to steal through. Execrations rent the air, and the intrepid

boundary umpire thrust it once more into the scrum. Thereupon the Hostel halves showed most astonishing combination, and hacked their way to a favourable position, when suddenly, with berserk shouts, the Trainers made their historic charge, and, after their inimitable fashion, swept all before them. Under cover of this barrage, the ball slid gracefully into the crate, and feminine squeals were hard put to it to express their joy at the equalising of the scores.

The umpire showed himself open to persuasion, and eventually distributed two free kicks, amid angry hoots from the crowd, but the final scores remained Hostel 1 goal, Trinity 1 goal.

Trinity felt proud of their fine team, captained by Lee Murray (15 stone), in the guise of Pirate King (or was it Napoleon?), complete with lorgnettes and Russian boots.

R. M. V. Blakemore (13 stone) romped about as a cave-man, garnished with skins and mallee-roots, while G. C. Burston (6ft. 10in.), like his smiling sisters of the sunny South Sea Isles, thought it was Sunday, and added a bead.

G. Ewing (11 secs.) looked most striking in figured marocain, draped over pale biscuit cashmere-de-soie, artichoke-green chemise, and picture-hat (most of which were discarded during his splendid exhibition of dash and verve). H. Somerset, the masked golfer, was enclosed in the boldest of gingham checks.

T. M. Bawden (12 stone), clad in white for purity, maintained a solid defence, and we are told that his bonny cheeks made Glaxo, Lactogen and Talbot milk all turn green. We saw a lot of D. G. Mack (10 stone).

L. G. Ball (Theolog.) was a most devilish Mephistopheles—indeed almost a Beelzebub—whose winning shot can only be described as “purrfect”;

And, last but not least, we must pay our homage to M. Norton (60 m.p.h.). He flew round and did great execution on a bicycle, and was particularly impressive in his ruse of clutching and incubating the ball.

Shortly after the resumption of play, a sensation was provided by the arrival of General Pern-Blamey and his double, riding Siamese fashion on a dun-coloured charger. Reaching the centre of the arena, however, the animal pig-rooted in such an abandoned manner that they made several rapid descents, and the moral effect was very great indeed.

Crowds and crowds of ecstatic spectators were stationed round the outskirts of the field, adding yet another note of interest to the proceedings. Amongst those who escaped injury were noticed Dr. Behan (Warden), Rev. Esmond Sutton (Chaplain), Dr. A. T. Chapman (Gentleman), Mr. W. King (Camera Merchant), His Grace the Archbishop of Camperdown, and numerous tutors, barrackers and buffoons.

The blood of the Bute Stewarts was stirred to its depths, and appeared as a most ravishing Sheik, and that of the Eugene O'Briens as a lob-eared, crock-kneed, fat-eye.

Fair supporters from the Janet Clarke Hall, mingling with a rout of strange and doubtful females, assailed the public eye, but some equally doubtful priests upheld the moral tone.

We are obliged to our honorable opponents, the Hostiles, for their habit of keeping to the rules, and we hope this fixture will not be allowed to lapse. It was a most enjoyable morning.



ORIGINAL



BLESSINGS.

The fat man in the corner of the tram stopped speaking while he brushed the cigar-ash from his waistcoat; then, after a short pause, he turned slightly towards his companion and continued loudly. "The whole trouble, you know, Dick, comes of this mollycoddling the lower classes. Ladies' Benevolent Societies and Socialists, not profiteering and poverty, are at the bottom of all this industrial unrest, believe me! It's they that give them all their poisonous notions; they pet them, they flatter them, they sympathise with them. They spend days persuading them that they're unhappy, that they're ill-treated, that it's time they stopped allowing themselves to be trampled underfoot. They deliberately incite them to loaf and to strike, but then as soon as the prices go up, they make a hell of a song. And then, of course, they blame us, the manufacturers, the men that risk everything. Bah! it's not sympathy that the lower classes need; it's backbone and ambition.

"Think of it, Dick. Over four pounds a week basic wage for an eight hours a day loaf. And then they have the cheek to say it's our fault that they're poor. But what I tell them is that there wouldn't be any slums unless there was someone content to live in them. Any man can get out of them if he tries. They're all too lazy even to learn a decent trade. That's what I did when I wasn't worth a bean. Now I'm worth thousands. But if they're satisfied with their beastly

squalor, why in earth should we disturb them, eh?"

His companion, a little man in clerical attire, vigorously nodded approval. "I'm inclined to think you're right, Hugh," he said, "it's their utter laziness that keeps them down. The worst of it is that they are such a godless crowd. They seem to be absolutely lacking in all religious feeling. They have no God to show them the way, and so they stay still. They've got no sense of values. To them a pot of beer is the best thing in life. They don't know what true love is; they don't care a rap whether their children are fed or clothed. All they think about is themselves. But all that would be remedied if they could only turn Christian. And what's more, there'd be less of this grouching and growling.

"But the great mistake these impossible Socialist persons make, is that they think the poor classes are unhappy. They're not! They shouldn't be judged from our standards. We shudder at the thought of living in their filthy hovels, but they don't care. They'd far rather live in dirt; they'd simply hate to have to be cleanly. They enjoy life as much as we do: they revel in their football matches, their street-fights and their beer-parties. They haven't half the cares we have. They're always either too selfish or too stupid to understand or appreciate the suffering of loss. Give the average labourer a bottle of ale and some sort of a woman, and he'll be happy. Happy, mind you, but not grateful. He'll

never appreciate God's generosity and mercy."

The manufacturer looked a little bored now. He seemed relieved that the tram had reached the terminus. Brushing aside the little woman who had been sitting next to them, the two men pushed their way along the gangway of the tram and then walked rapidly away. The little woman, who was pale, shabbily dressed, and weighed down under the huge basket that she was carrying, watched them till they were out of sight. Then she slowly made her way down a small side street into the depths of the slums.

Soon she halted, putting down her basket. She had been trying to sell soap and bootlaces all day; she was very tired. She leant heavily against the fence; her eyes were half-closed and she appeared to be lost in thought.

What strange things those men in the tram had been saying! They said that the poor are selfish; and that they don't care about their children. But hadn't she and Jerry done all they could? Hadn't Jerry gone to all the trouble of learning a trade just like the fat man in the tram? And when they invented a machine to do his job, hadn't he gone to work for a pound a week in a dye factory, standing up to his waist in dirty green water for hours each day? And hadn't that killed him in a few months? Hadn't she sold soap these thirty years for the children's sake? The clergyman said that the poor were too stupid to appreciate loss or to have any cares. But didn't she know what it was to lose a baby and a husband, to have a drunken son and a gaolbird brother, to have a little girl with infantile paralysis? That reminded her! This was Friday. Uncle would be drunk to-night; she

must hurry home. He might have that awful woman there again. Or he might beat little Annie like he did last week.

The organ in the little dilapidated church over the road commenced its music. It was evensong! Yes, she must hurry; they'd be turning uncle out of the hotel any minute. Over the way they were starting a hymn now. There were only a few singing:

"Count your many blessings, count them, one by one,
And it will surprise you what the Lord has done."

A drunken woman with a crying baby staggered by, swearing obscenely. That reminded her again. She must hurry. Annie was alone at home and Uncle might——.

—H. G. S.

THE SON.

The "spruiker" of the Lyric Picture Theatre wiped his lips. "No, I don't mind if I do," he replied in answer to my question. I gave the order and turned to my companion. At the time it was my work on the paper to have interviews with men in various positions, and get interesting tales of their jobs.

His tongue loosened with more beer, the "spruiker" told me the story of Widow Harcourt and her son.

"Old Widow Harcourt, she must be well in the seventies by now. Her husband died a long time since, and she was left with the task of bringing up four kids—three boys and a girl, they

were. The eldest boy was fifteen, and he helped his mother a bit, and so they managed. She went out washing in the day when she could get some, and helped in a lolly shop in the night.

"Night and day she slaved and never spared herself a bit. And so the kids grew up. As wild as the devil, they were, from lack of anyone to look after them. The neighbours, they used to help a bit, but they had quite enough troubles of their own. Jack, the eldest, was the best of them. That was probably because his father, who wasn't a bad sort at all, was able to have some influence on him before he died. But he got killed in the war along with the next eldest boy, Joe, who came after the girl Fannie.

"That fair broke old Widow Harcourt up. She hasn't ever been the same since. The youngest boy and the girl left her to it. Fannie went up country and got into some factory where she got mixed up with the machinery, and has been on her back ever since. What with doctors' bills and things, as the worst of her troubles seemed over, 'Widow' was up to her ears in it again.

"The youngest son was Dick. A regular rotter he was. Always joining up in pushes. Good-looking he was, though. All the girls used to fall for him. They called him 'Handsome Dick' round here.

"Anyhow, he eventually got to America. They say he went because he was frightened of the police. He did well there, strange to say. Got to Los Angeles, and there, before long, his handsome dial got him a job in the pictures. As Richard Harcourt he's drawing a pretty big salary now; enough to spare some to keep his mother and sister in reasonable comfort.

"But does he! Not he! Never a word have they heard from him since he left here. Written to him several times since they found out where he's got to. They only know how well he's doing, because the neighbours recognised him in the pictures, and Widow, who hasn't got much money for pictures, came and proved it without a doubt.

"Was she angry at his neglect? Well, I hold she had a perfect right to be. But you know what women are. If he was mine, I couldn't say hard enough things about him. I'd never go and see him act or anything. But she! Why, bless her soul, every time he comes on at the Lyric, there she is awaiting on the doorstep to see him. And she can ill afford it, too, believe me.

"They say as all the time he's on she just sits forward in her chair and gloats over him. Talks to him in an undertone with such as, 'Go on, Dicky,' 'Well done, Dicky,' when he's fighting the villain, and so on. Pathetic, I calls it.

"Poor old thing. They say she hasn't got much time left now. Only the other day they made her drop her night work, and she can't cope with the washing as well as she used to. The girl has learned to use her needle a bit, but she makes precious little out of that. Never did have any brains, Fanny didn't. When the old woman dies she'll be in a sorry pass. However, they do say that Jim White is hanging round there a lot lately, and is prepared to take her on, injury or no. But the doctor thinks he can at least make her well enough to hobble about. She's never seen that brother of hers on the pictures yet.

"But God knows it takes money to do these things.

"Oh, well! I suppose I must get along sir. Got some cleaning up to do before the show. By the way, they're screening Richard Harcourt to-night if it interests you at all, sir, and thank you very much for the beer."

—C. H. K—C.

HAWTHORN.

"Theirs was the bitterness we know
Because the clouds of hawthorn keep
So short a state;

—John Drinkwater.

"Do you know what I found in my room this morning—at the bottom of the cupboard behind the door?

I thought I'd lost it altogether—it's a letter to my grandfather, dated July 19, 1879. It's from a man who was coming to look after the shearing, but something or another prevented him, and this is the letter he wrote to my grandfather, telling him that he couldn't come."

There it was on the table, crumpled and yellow and old. The address was faint but still distinct: 'Mountain Home Hotel.'

Two hundred miles north-west of Sydney, that's about where the station lay. As a sheep run, it was doing well in those days, and took some of the best prices every year at the sales. It seems to have been a good property—between twenty and thirty thousand acres on the Macquarie River, and be-

sides sheep my grandfather kept a good many cattle and a few horses.

Going was harder in those days of course than it is now, but it was a good life, and just the sort of work the old man loved. There were three boys and a girl in the family, all brought up on the place. The only one who never seemed to belong there was my father's eldest brother, and he, after causing a good deal of worry one way and another, went to Africa and joined the Foreign Legion. The others grew up happily on the station, riding out in the afternoons on their ponies or helping at various small jobs when the time came round. There were a good many sand bars in the river bed too, and on the hottest days the three youngest often played there for hours in the cool at the foot of the steep-walls.

But the old place is sold now, Money didn't last out in the end, and they had to let it go, walk-in, walk-out. But the children had all grown up, so the old home had done its work.

Father took me there once just to see the place—as he knew the people who had it. They put a horse in the single buggy for us, and after lunch we went for a bit of a drive. I was quite young then, but I can remember the river. It twisted itself in bend after bend along the flats by the homestead; and I've still got bottles full of the stones we collected by the edge of the water; all shapes and colours they are—an endless variety it seemed to me then.

The old cockatoo that father used to tell us about was still there, the old beggar, perched on his chair to greet the visitors. 'Cocky Mack, Cocky

Mack,' he'd chuckle to himself, and then suddenly spread out his wings to shriek, 'Hawk! Hawk!' if some bird of prey came near the fowl yard. And he was a terror to spoil boots, too. Poor old Cocky Mack.

And I remember the house, for it was built of bluestone in the old style; and in front, the orange trees, throwing their shadows on the wide verandah, reached in long rows down to the bottom of the garden.

We left early next morning, and it was raining. I knew Dad would never see the home again, so I wasn't such a fool as to speak to him.

That was years ago.

He never says much to me, but I know how I'd have loved that old bluestone house; and the orange trees; the acres of lucerne, low by the river; and the cooing of the pigeons in the sand-hill pines.

And then—and then shearing time, with the men to look after, and every-one busy except Cocky Mack, who sits alone on the verandah in the burning sun muttering to himself "

There it was on the table, an old yellowed sheet of paper, the simple story of something that didn't happen, long ago. The boy took it gently in his hand and looked at me.

"And sometimes in the summer evenings after tea, I look across the room at father, fallen asleep in his chair. And I half close my eyes, so just for a moment we are back at the old home.

I see something white sticking out of my grandfather's pocket—the letter from the shearer's boss, telling him that he couldn't come."

—T. M. B.

A PHILOSOPHICAL ESSAY ON FAITH AND DOUBT.

We all of us live by faith. From our earliest years we have erected the structure of life on the foundation of faith; faith in our parents, faith in our friends. Then we learn to trust in our God, our country, and our school. On entering College we pass, however, from the sheltered vale of boyhood into the broad, wind-swept plain of manhood. An entirely new world stretches before us and our outlook on life is changed. Old standards and old ideals are dropped or modified and new ones take their places. We find that in none of us is this change precisely the same, either in form or degree; some retaining their schoolboy ideals and moral code, others abandoning them easily to don the manly toga. All, however, retain their trust in their country and their School, for nothing can shake these well-founded confidences; but our greatest and most profound belief, our faith in God, is sorely tried.

A few, trusting in their intellect alone, openly confess their inability to accept conventional dogma and superstition, and strike out boldly along paths of inquiry. Philosophy, science or literature are equally attractive yet equally futile. The spirit of youth, however, is, and always has been, one of exploration and endeavour. It is the capacity of looking forward with hope instead of backwards with regret. We come into a world quite unknown to us—all its problems are new, and we must attack and endeavour to solve them each in his own way. What does it matter that they are as old as the world itself—to youth they are but a vista of fresh experience and new

thought. The foremost problem then in our minds is, and rightly so, our religion. Surely one possessing honest doubts is to be more respected than he who accepts his religion blindly, and troubles no more about it.

Let us analyse our belief from a critical standpoint. We are the inhabitants of one of the smallest bodies in our solar system, in which there are many other bodies, some many times larger than the earth. It would be grossly illogical to suggest that we are the only living beings in this vast expression of some mighty will, and we are thus driven to the gloomy conclusion that we are surrounded by a multitude of astral bodies, each bearing its teeming living burden. This is in only one part of the universe. Who can tell how many heavenly systems extend far beyond the limits of what we call "our" universe? The contemplation of the heavens on a starry night is a source of wonderment—the brain soon becomes bewildered and dimly we discern, as we peer into the black vault of space, that there stands there an eternal mark of interrogation. We ask ourselves the question "Why?" and from the darkness there comes no response. Pascal felt this when the problem of life and death had driven him almost insane:—"Le silence éternel de ces espaces infinis m' effraie."

But this is not all. Let us now concentrate our gaze on the earth itself—always remembering that it is infinitely small in comparison with the universe around it. Here we find millions and millions of living people, a universe it would seem within a universe. Yet we believe that each of these is the fortunate possessor of some intangible, indefinable substance—a soul, which is to be immortal, and

which, according to the merits or demerits of its former possessor, will be translated after Death to some happier sphere, or removed to some infernal region of torment. If we consider this belief carefully it must seem very ambitious.

Let me, for the sake of illustration, make a comparison dealing with our belief as it would appear to some unbiassed watcher observing us from without. Suppose we were walking along a sandy beach, stretching far and wide in every direction, would it not seem incredible to us that each and every grain of sand should believe itself to have a separate entity, distinct and apart from that of those around it. But suppose on picking up one of these tiny atoms we discover that it had been peopled for countless ages by many millions of inhabitants? Would it seem possible to us, that not only did every grain of sand flatter itself on having a separate entity, but that the multitudinous inhabitants of each grain firmly believed that they possessed an immortal soul? Surely we should be inclined either to admire the optimism, or to censure the vanity of these puny creatures! Yet this is precisely the same position in which we stand. The shore to us is the universe, the speck of sand is the earth.

Ambitious as it may appear, our belief does not stop here. We believe that presiding over our destinies is some deity, which loves and protects each one of us, to whom every hair of our head is numbered. In His hand we are like pieces on the chess board of Life—chequered as it is with its hopes and disappointments. Each of us, we believe, has his appointed place in the game—some are Knights, some are Kings, the majority are pawns. The

pawns are one by one swept from the board, and they pass almost unnoticed. There are no complaints and no grumblings, for we murmur, "Thy will be done," and turn again to watch the fate of the more important pieces.

And now, doubt assails me. What if there is no future life? What if we must one by one pass from the joys and sunshine of living into utter annihilation? Can it be that man's instincts of self-preservation, rebelling against the thought, conceived for himself this ingenious fiction by which he might be comforted in the awful hour of death? Can it be that Jesus Christ, the greatest philosopher who has ever lived, saw that the only means whereby man could be uplifted was by the offering of some inducement for the living of a straight, clean life? Can it be that he invented for us the most beautiful fairy story of all time, a fairy story to help us as we close our tired eyes in that last sleep of all?

When we were children we believed in the existence of fairies and Santa Claus, and a host of other invisible friends by whom we believed (or rather, we hoped) we were protected from the machinations of the Ogre and the Demon. The denial of such beings was rank atheism to us. But, alas, with increase of knowledge comes disillusionment! Are we to find that our religion is just another fairy tale, and is there to be another bitter disillusionment?

Indeed, there are many points in our belief in a world to come which trouble me. There is one thing which I absolutely cannot accept, that is, a future existence in which we shall have no goal at which to aim. Such a world where there is no moral purpose, no "raison d'être," seems to me to be quite

opposed to the divine plan of the Creator. Assuming then, that in our next life our steps shall be directed towards some moral end (presumably the progressive perfection of our characters), it is evident that this is either attainable or unattainable. If it is attainable, and by some happy chance we attain it, what then? Our whole excuse for existence is gone, and it would appear that we should, therefore, cease to exist. If it is unattainable, we should solve the problem of perpetual employment, but surely it is to be a wearisome business, this everlasting striving towards some unattainable end. It would be a mirage and a cruel hoax.

Let us study the evidence on which we base our belief. Almost the sole source of our knowledge is the Bible, and, therefore, as the exposition of an exceedingly novel religion (for so it was considered then), we should expect it to be lucid and easily understandable. But this is not so. The Bible is extraordinarily difficult to comprehend, and many passages have been given up almost as hopeless. Goëthe, for example, depicts Faustus to us as a man honestly endeavouring to believe. He opens his Bible at random and reads: "In the Beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." Is it any wonder that he succumbs so shortly afterwards to the wiles of Mephistopheles?

The pitiless logic of Science too has shaken many of the church's theories. A few centuries ago everything contained in the Bible was believed implicitly—it was "Gospel Truth." Now we find a huge mass of criticism directed against this wonderful book. The church in many cases has stood "four square"; in some cases it has

reconciled itself with Science; often the two stand diametrically opposed, with Reason favouring Science. Who can tell whether future scientific discoveries will not completely refute the church's doctrine? It is all pure conjecture, of course, but can we tell how far the church will be forced to retreat?

But, it is here that one's doubt begins to waver. That there is some Supreme Being I have not the slightest doubt whatever—the well-ordered progress of nature seems conclusive proof of that. It is often said that if there was a God he would make His presence and His power known to us by means of periodic miracles. Nothing, I think, could be more fallacious. If these miracles were revealed to us they would only tend to show that there was no one ruling the universe, and that it was all a matter of chance and haphazard.

Another point strongly in favour of faith is the remarkable fact, that while doubt only comes to us after long hours of meditation, faith comes like a lightning flash. In many lives, there has been some incident which has altered a whole mental outlook and changed a man from a firm disbeliever to an equally firm Christian:

"Just when we are safest, there's
a sunset touch,
A fancy from a Flower-bell, a
chorus ending from Euripides,
And that's enough for fifty hopes
and fears."

Or again, the liquid rhetoric of a great church organ, or the simple calm of the voice of an old priest in pronouncing his benediction have shattered the doubts of many a hardened cynic.

Thus, in spite of all the evidence which may be brought forward in de-

fence of doubt, I find that we are like the foolish man, "which builded his house upon the sand . . . and it fell."

No one professing to be an atheist has ever won completely the confidence or the love of his fellow-men, and has often been looked on with misgiving. Another result of doubt is that it tends to produce a feeling of despair—the hopeless longing of one shipwrecked on some barren island in the ocean of eternity. Faith, on the other hand, binds men by consequent community of thought and the common ideals which the Christian Church has given them.

One of the biggest parts in the determination of a future world peace is that which must be played by the church. We must follow our God. Not blindly and selfishly because we desire to inherit eternal life—not because we are afraid of hell fire and everlasting torment, or because we are afraid to think for ourselves—but, because the present happiness and future concord of the world depends directly upon it. At least, without it, and ignoring the universal love which it inspires and teaches, we shall sooner or later be plunged into a ghastly shambles, the like of which has never been seen before and which will never be seen again, for the tattered glory of our once lovely earth will be left a fitting inheritance for a race of moral degenerates.

* * *

And now there comes to my troubled mind the thought of the beauty that there is in the church in its doctrine of love and self-sacrifice. I feel that there must be something behind it all, something mystical which I cannot yet understand. But I believe that if ever the tangled skein of the universe

should be unravelled before me some God will reveal Himself. He will be a Spirit and a Conception—the spirit of eternal beauty and the conception of the perfect happiness of Life and Love. We shall be united to Him, and our petty cares and ambitions forgotten.

Forgotten by men we shall remain with Him until the end of Time—one with the Immutable Spirit of the Universe.

—T. H.

TRANSLATION FROM THE ANACREONTEA.

A kiss! It is a kiss I crave!
Love bade me kiss, I am his slave;
But I, O foolish heart forsook.
For with his quiver of gold he took,
And bow, and challenged me to fight.
I buckled on my breast-plate tight,
Like stout Achilles, spear and shield
I grasped a main, and took the field.
He shot; I fled.—But when at last
His arrows failed he stood aghast;
Yet hurled himself upon my dart,
And penetrated to my heart,
And sapped my strength. In vain my
shield
Of ox-hide in my hand I wield.
Useless a six-foot javelin
When foes beset the heart within!

—A. G.

COLLEGE STUDY-CIRCLES.

An Opinion.

If we take our standard from the College circles of the past, it may be said at the outset that most study-circles run neither far nor smoothly, not so much because there are any tremendous obstacles, but because they need a little more keenness and a little lubrication to overcome their own stiff-jointedness. Generally speaking, their main fault is lack of enthusiasm in the course adopted.

This is not to say that every member of the circles is opposed to the principles necessary for the conducting of a study-circle, but rather that they do not feel satisfied with the progress of events in their pre-determined course. The explanation of this attitude must be partly personal, and partly with reference to subject matter.

The most noticeable symptoms are the temperament and prejudices of individual members; and these are not mollified by the process of being allotted to circles and being ordered to buy and study a book, price two shillings. This year the book was entitled "Jesus in the Records," by a man called Sharman, who was quite new to most of us. It comprises selected passages from the Gospels of Matthew, Mark and Luke, calculated to provide an undiluted account of the Life and teaching of Jesus Christ, to which he attaches whatever questions he considers important.

And although his book does contain a lot of most valuable material for study, and probably in more concentrated form than may be met with anywhere else, yet one can but expect a certain amount of native distrust of any new collection of passages from Scripture, on the ground that they try to force

readers to the same conclusion as those of the author of the book, by his choosing of just such quotations as appear suitable. Furthermore, unless the circle has been formed with the express purpose of studying that particular book, people who do any independent thinking may have the disappointment of wading through a great deal of more or less irrelevant material before they reach any problems which particularly interest them. And even if it be found later that the earlier stages have had some bearing on such problems, it does not help to raise the standard of those first few meetings which are so important in developing the potentialities of a circle.

Hence, there are several courses open to the leader of a circle:—

- (a) To follow the book closely and minutely from the beginning, hoping that the interest of the circle will be sufficiently stimulated to continue;
- (b) To abandon such passages as do not meet with general enthusiasm, and try to find others conducive to raging controversy;
- (c) To abandon all books completely, and trust to chance or the ingenuity of the circle to bring to light and follow up problems worthy of discussion; or
- (d) By means of a comprehensive knowledge of the book as a whole, to work along the lines of the book, and to guide the introductory discussions towards relevancy to the more absorbing problems.

Course (a) requires the tactics of a Mussolini, or else a very meek and studious circle.

Course (b) may furnish excellent displays of mental fireworks, but is apt to be quite barren of any ultimate achievement.

Course (c) is very popular when the chief trouble of the circle is perplexity, coupled with a lively expression of opinion, and a very able leader, but it tends to become hopelessly entangled in a host of other problems which cross the path of the discussion, and whose significance is apt to be misjudged.

Course (d), on the other hand, provides a weapon for dealing with individual prejudices, and suppressing pointless arguments, by adhering to some course dealing with the problems most productive of discussion—Universal Ethics, and the Nature of Divinity. This differs from Course (a) in being free from mental servitude to the author of the book; but the leader must be always capable of inspiring his circle towards mental clarity and singleness of purpose. He must himself have some grip on the subject, and wring from his meetings something which does not come from the book or from inherent prejudices, but from sheer, individual effort. He must send them away thinking, with the problem continually recurring in their minds, to bear fruit at the next meeting.

But a man who can thus instil purpose into a circle achieves something tremendously difficult. He has to overcome the initial resistance against independent thinking, and fight the tendency to apply the thumbscrew on those who appear to be heretics. At the same time, he must guard against wholesale iconoclasm, which might derange the moral balance of anyone whose beliefs were in a state of flux. His aim should not be the shattering of all beliefs, but rather the building up

of valid ones by the helpful contributions of every member of the circle.

He must be a skilled moral anatomist, capable of dissecting out value from unlikely places, and of exposing plausible fallacies.

Thus, on the leader devolves the whole responsibility for success along these lines, and the measure of his failure is largely the measure of his own imperfections.

Granted that the motive for entering on these discussions is sincerity, and not buffoonery, it is obvious that some individual thinking is necessary for everyone, in order to fathom what the other man is trying to talk about, and to replace that attitude of self-satisfied intolerance which always denotes ignorance.

As regards this thinking, it is not clear whether the possession of a book is of any assistance, except for reference, or unless the questions of the author are regarded as of supreme importance. Certainly it simplifies the continuity of the author's particular thesis, but as wisdom is to be found in most parts of the Bible, the book is, of course, incomplete as regards fundamental problems.

If each man's enthusiasm warrants it, he should get one, but it seems absurd to suggest that no individual thinking can be done unless everyone is compelled to buy one.

There is nothing succeeds like success; a good start will stimulate interest in the next meeting, and help it to reach even a higher standard, but the leader must keep things "up to scratch," and check any tendency towards stubbornness, or interest is lost at once, and it will not be long before the circle fails miserably.

It is alleged that the difficulty in

holding a college study-circle is mainly due to the pressure of time and work in a busy existence; so that meetings are few, and, apart from them, it seems there is scarcely time to think!

But this covert fear that they may degenerate into "wowse-parties" is becoming more and more groundless; on the contrary, they provide for that fascinating game of "getting down to tintacks"; and if people join through interest, and not coercion, they may be blessed with a passing feeling that it is, after all, something worth while. In a lively and purposive discussion, personality may show up where least expected, some of our vague conceptions may be vested with an entirely new significance, and we may learn, though we see as through a glass darkly, what a very fine thing a college study-circle can be.

W. W. LEMPRIERE.

PROGRESS IN COLLEGE.

I propose in this article to discuss the future of two old College customs, compulsory chapel and the initiation of freshers.

Both customs are defended as likely to produce good results. I wish to consider how far these results seem to follow, and what modifications of these customs, if any, might be desirable. Both are of great age and many generations have accepted them without question. The irreverent and the inquisitive began their attack, and now there is an overwhelming distaste for com-

pulsory chapel in College, and a strong and apparently growing aversion from initiation.

Compulsory Christianity.

I cannot see that compulsory chapel has anything to recommend it.

The advocates of compulsory chapel are orthodox Christians, who use their power to compel others to do what they would not do except under compulsion. In College the penalty for disobedience is costly enough to compel compliance from the poor, but allows the rich to break the rule occasionally but not consistently. It is urged that this interference with liberty is pardonable because of the good results following upon enforced attendance at divine service four times a week. We are further told that the primary object of divine service is worship. I cannot believe that any good is achieved by compulsory worship. The traditional Christian view is that compulsory worship, if long enough enforced, will change into voluntary worship. Wherever possible, the compulsion is exacted for periods up to sixteen and eighteen years. I do not believe that an examination of its results encourages this belief. If it were true, there would be many more public school boys entering the ministry. Compulsory worship generally develops resentment towards the person or institution worshipped as the English are now finding to their cost in Africa and India. It may gain its end when dealing with primitive and submissive people, but the results upon the comparatively advanced are the reverse of those desired. Moreover, the atmosphere of compulsorily attended service, now listless, now mocking, must be objectionable to the devout people present.

This seems to answer the Christians on their own ground. This is really not a necessary courtesy, as the agnostics have a perfect right to a decision arrived at on their grounds. For to them the results the Christians desire to achieve may not seem good, and the system appear merely as an organised nuisance.

Moreover, the younger Christians themselves are not so illiberal as to assume the right to a decision arrived at on Christian grounds. i.e., on the assumption that the desired results are good, and, therefore, the tyranny is justified.

They realise that it is not right to say, "Although you do not wish to be a Christian, and although, perhaps, you think that it is desirable that all religious belief should die out, none the less I am going to force you through observances to turn you into a Christian whether you like it or not."

The Attitude of the Council.

An interesting commentary on the growth of the respect for liberty of thought during the last generation was offered by the outcome of the recent agitation in College against compulsory chapel.

The Social Club, under the leadership of the younger Christians, unanimously objected to compulsory church attendances. They urged the repeal of all the coercive legislation, because it was opposed to the principles of Christianity. This protest was considered by the Council; and the manner in which they reacted to it was very interesting. They still insisted that we attend four chapels a week, but they doubled the number of services it was possible to attend by creating five more

in the evenings. This eased the coercion, but left it untouched in principle. Now it was only the principle we had condemned. We had said in effect, "We do not like this interference with liberty. We do not believe in coercion in religious beliefs. We ask for freedom of thought. And we ask you to make it unnecessary for us to have dogma presented to us four times a week."

And the Council replied in effect: "All this talk about liberty does not impress us. The only liberty you care for is the liberty to lie in bed in the mornings. So we will give you this liberty, if you like, as long as you attend chapel in the evenings."

Either the Council does not believe we were telling the truth when we told them why we objected to compulsory chapel, that it was all high-falutin pretty-pretty, and what we cared about was not freedom at all, but simply appetite. Or else they realised our objection and were not influenced. Either explanation shows that the old do not regard freedom of thought as highly as the young.

The action of the Council makes it imperative that the Social Club should shortly enter another protest against the continuance of compulsion. We cannot remain satisfied with the present state of affairs. If we do, it is at the risk of appearing as hypocrites, and we are laid open to a serious criticism of our motives. The Council have acted as if our motive in the agitation was laziness. If we accept a dispensation effected in accordance with that belief, we do nothing to deny the insinuation. We have taken the sop.

A popular argument for retaining the present system is that

the endowments of the College were given by Anglicans for an Anglican College. This is really a strong reason for still having a chapel, but no reason at all for having a compulsory chapel. It may have some validity of a mean character when used against agnostics who are profiting by the money, but it has none whatsoever against the Christian opponents of compulsion. It does not serve to confute the Christians because they wish Trinity to remain Anglican, but they believe this can be achieved without forcing the majority of the College to service four times a week. They want a chapel, not a compulsory chapel. And this should satisfy even the letter of the law regarding endowments. I am forced to think, then, that there are insufficient reasons for continuing a system, which in the long run, the respect for freedom of thought in the community will render obsolete.

The Fallacies of Initiation.

When we begin to discuss initiation, we enter upon more controversial ground. To attack initiation openly needs more daring than to attack compulsory chapel. It is a more popular practice. Yet I think its decay is very certain. It will last longer than compulsory chapel but not very much longer.

For it appears to depend on the support of two diminishing types of people and on an argument the falsity of which is becoming apparent. The first class enjoy initiation in a simple way as a good romp. But the essence of a good romp is that everyone enjoys it. At present initiation is enjoyable to one section, and not to another. When those who enjoy initiation can be made to see this, I think their enthusiasm

will gradually abate. The second class are composed of school bullies, and those whose vanity is gratified by humiliating the freshers. This class is vanishing because College disapproval is being brought to bear upon them.

The argument in favour of initiation is sincerely believed in by some, clearly used as a cloak for the gratification of bad impulses by others. It is contended that initiation is good for the College, because it has a beneficial influence on freshers. The aim of those in favour of initiation is, I imagine, to make freshers feel that they are a part of Trinity, and to teach them what part they are. They are presumably the part that respects the senior men as the incarnate traditions of the College. When it is urged that initiation secures these ends, I find the argument incomprehensible. The first of these ends would be achieved only if the whole College romped together, as the Boy Scouts do, or if the freshers met the seniors on equal terms, as they might in a healthy row, or as they do in the fresher's play. Nothing of the kind happens. The senior men terrify the freshers by brandishing their numbers and their dignity at the first sign of opposition, subjecting them to treatment they are unwilling to undergo themselves, bullying, bossing and dragooning until the victims return to the wing feeling subdued and segregated.

As for the argument that it creates respect for the senior men, I think it is true of some freshers, and untrue of others. In both cases the result appears to me to be undesirable. It is untrue of the independent, intelligent freshers. I cannot see how it was ever considered probable that senior men acquired respect from intelligent

freshers by a display of bad manners and buffoonery. The freshers arrive at Trinity with a natural respect and awe for their elders in College. When they see them behave as they themselves behaved in the dormitory only a few months before, this respect is rapidly lost. The less intelligent, submissive freshers are no doubt impressed by initiation, and do acquire respect, of a sort, for their elders. But what people of this kind need to learn is not respect for others, but respect for themselves. For they already possess too much of the former, and too little of the latter. Their characters are prone to insincerity, since their inordinate respect for the opinion of others leads them to do undesirable things in an attempt to curry favour. Anything that persuades them further in this weakness should be discouraged.

On the other hand, initiation does not teach respect for other people to those sadly in need of learning it. It works ill in both ways, making the self-assertive even more assertive, and the submissive even more submissive. This is not unusual, but is the very common and very evil result of violence.

I think the cruder elements of the initiation ceremony will soon disappear, and I believe we can begin to replace them by better methods now. Initiation seems altogether too crude a business to effect the proper relation between the freshers and seniors, which needs very delicate adjustment.

Initiation rests on the assumption that the freshers must be pushed into their right place, and that it pushes them there. I think that if the freshers were left alone they would be more nearly in their right place in a month, than they are when initiation has

finished with them. I am confident that they will find their right place very surely if they are treated with kindness and politeness.

—R. B. F.

DARK DEEDS OF YORE.

There is not one of us, however virtuous he may be in other ways, who has not been guilty at some time of some awful deed, something which is only mentioned now in hushed whispers. Several of us, for instance, in the dim, distant days have seen fit to borrow (?) our next door neighbour's tin of biscuits; I have heard it said that some audacious gentlemen have even had the criminal temerity to attempt to decorate their upper lip (to hide a multitude of sins, perhaps); and there is a rumour abroad that one of the elite amongst us once cut one of our younger Professor's lectures (he should have known better, he really should). Each and everyone of these heinous crimes is apt to be renewed sometimes—even in these days of grace—by those of us whose moral fibre has not been quite fully developed.

There is one dark deed, however, which we have all committed, but of which, may the gods be praised, none of us can ever be guilty hereafter: I mean,

we have all been Freshers once, little though we like to think of it and cruel though this statement may seem. But this is now a bygone, and the poets tell us to let bygones be bygones; so a bygone will this remain, and never again shall we sink so low. Now at last we have reached a position of security and grace, whence we look down on our weaker brethren feebly struggling upward. Like the mighty gods of old we cast a scornful glance now and again upon their trivial endeavours; yet with the natural propensity of the denizens of the celestial regions we really entertain a secret interest in all they do. Indeed, one of the chief things the great man (in his own opinion) who has passed his first year (or, maybe, has "flopped") looks forward to is the incoming of the new blood into College. Possibly this is due to the fact that many of us love to evince a complete superiority over other mortals. However that may be, many are the questions that surge through our minds before the beginning of first term. What are the Freshers going to be like? They can't hope to reach the high standard set by our year, of course—, but will they be flagrantly unsatisfactory, or only partially so? How close will they reach to that lofty pinnacle of excellence which we set for all future ages to aim at? And so it goes on from year to year, and the College continues on its merry way; so, perhaps, those who have come after us are better than we were inclined to think at first.

—M. W. A.

ODE.

"Intimations of Insignificance, from Recollections of Early Residence."
(With apologies to Wordsworth).

There was a time, when those whom now I fear,
And seeing, haste to seek another room,
Did not appear
To have the might they now assume;
They now have changed from what they were before,
And since my entrance day—
That happy day—
The things which I have said to them, I say no more.

Yes, they have reached perfection in forgetting
How once, so long ago—they were at school;
How once we all were sweating
Beneath the same school rule:
In absolute forgetfulness,
In sheer, entire forgetfulness,
'Mid chilling clouds of cold reserve they come
And make us feel at home.

Ye, lordly "Fifth-years," I have heard the call
Ye to your "Freshers" make; I see
The rest beside you laughing merrily.
Yes, I was at that festival:
That jolliest, subtlest jest of all;
The fulness of your strength I felt—I felt it all.
O, evil night! See how you scatter
Our goods and clothes, as we still yawning,
In the early morning,
Had to Social Club matter!
Yes, we were cold—
But I know these things must not be told.
I wondered why all this should be,
And I must confess that is seemed to me
An echo of barbarity.
But there's an oak that stands alone;
A "Bulpaddock" which I have looked upon;
Both of them tell that such things must be done:
The ground beneath my feet
Does nothing but repeat:
"These things were done long, long ere you were born"—
When custom rules, then wisdom stands forlorn.

—E. K. S.

TRADITION.

"What is Truth?" said jesting Pilate; and would not wait for an answer.

In the same way the question, "What is Tradition?" has often been asked, and in the same way dismissed without any serious consideration. On that memorable occasion when we, as freshmen, were received as members of the Social Club, we swore to be true to the traditions of Trinity.

"What is Tradition?" It has been defined as the handing down of opinions and practices unwritten to posterity. It must be clearly differentiated from custom, which is what we are wont to do. Customs are varied from year to year according to the wise, or unwise, thinking of those responsible for establishing them. What is a custom to-day may be gone to-morrow.

Then again we have rules which say "Thou Shalt," and "Thou Shalt Not," drawn up by ourselves for our mutual benefit, and for the welfare of the Social Club as a whole.

Rules largely determine customs. For instance, we wear gowns and black ties in Hall; we use the billiard table and play the piano in restricted periods; we do not climb out of windows. All these are College customs which are in vogue mainly because we, or our disciplinary body, feel the necessity for them. We observe them either because we appreciate their value, or because authority has seen fit to make their observation obligatory.

We accept them sometimes fully realising their value, sometimes questioningly.

Then there are customs which arise from time to time, live a short while,

and die a natural death because they are undesirable. Others there are which live from year to year and are ever subject to continual adverse criticism. Such a one is the initiation process at the beginning of each year. Maybe a time will come when initiation of freshmen will be abolished. Maybe not. Again, we now have coffee served in the Common Room. This is a custom. Who can say how long it will last?

A custom, once of value, when it has outlived its usefulness, is abolished and ceases to affect us.

But when a custom or opinion has become so valued and established beyond all doubt, it becomes a tradition.

By the very nature of the word one can only conceive that a tradition must be good. Otherwise it could never go on to posterity without sooner or later striking a stumbling block, and its perpetuity would be brought to an end. But tradition remains year in, year out, and is always with us, moulded and changed only by a gradual process over a long period of time.

A good tradition should last for ever, but not so a custom, which, being the lesser thing, may be changed as circumstance or the consensus of opinion dictates. Among the more obvious traditions we have the tradition of respect for seniority. We respect the senior members not because of what they are as individuals, but simply because they have lived in the place longer and are senior members. And around this tradition the majority of our customs are built. Respect for seniority is not only a tradition of our own Club, but is a time-honoured tradition of all Clubs, Schools, Colleges, in fact of every society.

Then there are higher and greater traditions.

Trinity can only boast of 50 years' existence. Still, in that 50 years hundreds of men have come and gone, and have left their indelible mark on the family spirit that makes Trinity what it is.

Our motto tells us what was in the minds of our forefathers when they established what we think of as the dearest of all Colleges.

"Pro Ecclesia, pro patria."

We were to be a force in the life and work of the Church; loyal to king and country, ever seeking to extend and better the welfare of humanity and uplift the standards of living in the community. Those first-enrolled men, the first half-dozen, no doubt had the nucleus of tradition in their minds when they realised they were the beginnings of Trinity. They had their ideals before them and endeavoured to sow that seed which would ultimately grow into what we call tradition. Since those early times many men of varying outlooks on life have passed through the walls of Trinity; so we have had our ups and downs. But we can always feel tradition hovering around us.

It is this feeling that should keep our vision high, and stir us, by our life in College, not only to keep those traditions alive and healthy, but to sow the seed of what will someday become traditions for those who fill our places.

So we come into College not because we consider it the best and most Convenient Residence for us while we are doing our academic work, but because we feel the necessity for something greater than individualistic professional training—a broadening of our outlook on life, with the establishment of high ideals and a spirit of altruism; and we soon realise it is Trinity that can do this best for us.

Let us be wary of encouraging any movement that tends to do away with the few traditions that have taken 50 years to build; and, rather, let each and everyone of us feel it his duty to be true to the traditions we have, and, further, to lay the foundations of others for the years to come.

—L. E. O.

THE WARDENAD.

(With apologies to A. Pope, Esq.)

Prologue.

Long years ago the Council, filled with
zeal,
Set up these buildings for the common
weal.
They raised these hallow'd walls, the
desert smiled,
And Paradise was opened in the wild.
One Alexander first did rule this Col-
lege
To guide its fortunes and direct its
knowledge;
Now, 'neath its second ruler's sceptred
grace,
The Seat of learning flourishes apace.
By nature honest, by experience wise,
Healthy by temper and by exercise;
Cunning himself and his own reach to
know,
How far his Genius, Taste, and Learn-
ing go.

Canto I.

And now, O Muse benign, thine aid I
need
To sing the War of Walking Stick and
Weed.

In early days of pleasure, slackness,
 ease,
 Sprang the rank Weed, and thrived with
 large increase.
 With penetrating glance, unerring eye,
 He singles out those weeds where'er
 they lie.
 With beating hearts the dire event they
 wait,
 Anxious and trembling at th' approach-
 ing fate.
 The Walking Stick is plunged in hard
 and true,
 Lifting the Weed, exposing it to view.
 Now comes the Gardener with his Spade
 along
 To consummate the sanguinary Wrong.
 The pierced battalions disunited fall
 Heaps upon heaps. One fate o'er-
 whelms them all.
 Next day but two still grace the grassy
 plain;
 The Monarch and his Serf rush on
 amain.
 Swift 'neath the one the Walking Stick
 now shoots;
 Deft fingers soon extract it by the
 roots.
 The Sister Weed now sits forlorn,
 alone,
 And in her fellow's fate foresees her
 own.
 Sad chance of War! She destitute
 of aid
 Falls undistinguished 'neath the Gar-
 dener's Spade.

Canto II.

More Arts than one doth our great
 Monarch know—
 He wields the Scythe. He learnt it
 long ago.
 On sunny days he ventures forth in
 white
 And with his knowledge puts the Gar-
 dener right.

He deftly takes the Handle, and ex-
 tends
 The little Engine on his finger ends.
 "True Ease in Scything comes from
 Art, not Chance,
 As they move easiest who have learnt
 to Dance;
 'Tis not enough to hack where herbs
 are dense;
 Care must be taken to avoid the
 Fence."
 Then with admiring and respectful
 mien
 The Serf commences work upon the
 green.
 In such pursuits as these doth Time go
 by
 In watching o'er the College Property.

Canto III.

With frame of Adamant, and soul of
 Fire,
 No dangers fright him, and no labours
 tire.
 One day when one of Trinity's reddest
 men
 Was toiling hard with unlaborious pen,
 He saw a Hostile coming through the
 grass,
 A comely, and not Uninviting lass;
 He saw a Hostile coming through the
 green,
 Far the most Beautiful he had ever
 seen.
 With heaving breast, and anguish in his
 eyes,
 The lovesick Harry to the casement
 flies.
 A sudden noise above his head he
 hears!
 The biscuit majesty of Spats appears;
 Then comes a green-clad Leg to sight
 revealed;
 The rest is still above the spout con-
 cealed.

In trepidation, Harry gives a shout,
 And straight the College all come
 hurrying out.
 Lo! by this time the fair Hostile had
 gone,
 And Every Eye was fixed on him alone.
 When sudden, high upon the roof they
 see
 Their monarch perched in quiet
 serenity.
 With Slates in hand he revels in the
 Outing,
 Bent on the Purging of the College
 Spouting—
 Full o'er their heads the slimy mud to
 throw
 The while he warning gives, "Look out
 below!"
 But see! the Gaping Crowd is scat-
 tered wide!
 Their Curiosity is satisfied.
 Yet let us Charity with Grit combine;
 To err is Human, to forgive Divine.
 The Master from the tiles climbs down
 in peace,
 And the long labours in the Spouting
 cease.

Canto IV.

For years the Problem of th' expense
 of Ice
 Has called for shrewd financial artifice;
 But cunning brain and enterprising
 mind
 Ne'er strove in vain a remedy to find.
 For, hitting on a really topping
 wheeze
 His moistened Digit fronts the puffing
 breeze.
 And lo! no gusts this pleasant region
 knows;

The steady South is all the wind that
 blows.

Prevailing-wind is now at last dis-
 covered:—

"My Cooling House will Southwards
 rest uncovered."

So in a Grotto sheltered close from air,
 And screened with Bags from days de-
 tested glare,

Within the cloistered dark where no
 one goes

The College eggs and butter find re-
 pose.

While, safely poured into a spotless
 urn,

The College Milk can get no chance to
 turn.

Canto V.

And now the Cowshed rises from the
 plain,

The latest Product of a mighty brain.
 Yet he who thinks a faultless Shed to
 see,

Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er
 shall be.

In every Shed regard the builder's
 End,

Since none can compass more than they
 intend;

And as with Cowsheds, so with rulers
 too,

Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is
 due.

Epilogue.

Thus onward marches unrelenting Time
 Until at last we cannot find a rime.
 Come then, great Monarch, let the Cur-
 tain fall
 And Universal Darkness bury all.

—T. M. B. and A. E. W.

"CYNOPHONTIS," OR "OH, OH,
DIOGENES!"

The perusal of a well-known classical dictionary affords us some interesting information regarding the cynics, who have always quickened the nostrils of the elect to the suggestion of doggishness.

To quote from this authority we find: "The cynici were a sect of philosophers founded by Antisthenes, the Athenian. They received this name, a canine mordacitate, from their canine propensity to criticise the lives and actions of men, or because, like dogs, they were not ashamed to gratify their criminal desires publicly. They were famous for their contempt of riches, for their negligence of their dress, and for the length of their beards. They generally slept on the ground. Diogenes was one of their sect."

How delightful! How very strange! Among our College men we feel sure that the type is not yet dead. We have undoubtedly met specimens of this cynical character. Yea, we have penetrated to their humble wooden kennels, whence they emerge to snap at us. They affect the eccentricity of dress, though with clothes of the richest texture, and the unkempt scarf at their necks is their greatest joy. Their dark eyes are full of lambent flame, and yet disconcertingly carnivorous; and from their jowls there hangs a perpetual three-days' growth of hair; yet unfortunately their callow years preclude the flowing beard.

When most dangerous these morose creatures are wont to fume and gnaw at repulsive bone-like structures, growling in their noses at anyone who

comes too near. Their bite is alleged to be most venomous, and their grip on a subject has been known to last for weeks.

Our authority also relates some anecdotes of Antisthenes, their founder, who flourished circa 396 B.C. He carried his contempt of dress too far, which tempted Socrates to remark, "Antisthenes, I see thy vanity through the holes of thy coat"—and when he had heard the wisdom of Socrates he shut up his school. His doctrines of austerity were followed as long as he was himself an example of the cynical character, but after his death they were all forgotten.

Hence, we presume, the degradation of the cynics. "The gratification of their criminal desires" sounds most abhorrent. No doubt it gratifies them to glut their passion for sleeping on the ground by destroying the beds of others, whether of their own sect or not. They also exhibit a strong partiality for the blood of Christians.

And Diogenes, of course we remember, had some nocturnal connection with a tub—though we are convinced this was only a bit of fun in his case. His reputed sayings "were remarkable for their simplicity and moral tendency;" but we read with horror from our authority, "the life of Diogenes, however, shrinks from the eye of a strict examination"—(and we find it most unwise to continue).

(The term Cynophontis was the name of a festival of Argos, observed in the dog-days. It received its name, "killing dogs," because at this festival people used to kill all the dogs they met.)

—Nil Desperado.

IMPRESSIONS OF A GALLEY-SLAVE.

Nine solemn men sit in the upstairs room at the boatshed, gazing mournfully at each other, and steadily sinking further into the depths of gloom. Occasionally one of them ventures a remark, but it is received in silence. Conversation is impossible, and attempts thereat fruitless; for we are all suffering from that very malignant species of hump which attacks all crews during the hour immediately preceding a race.

At last, in response to the fussy attentions of the dispatch steward, we clatter down the stairs, and carry our boat out, wondering to ourselves why on earth we ever learned to row. Our opponents paddle off, and we follow them up. Old oarsmen have a saying: "Last up, first back!" Well, who knows? It takes more than that to cheer us up now. Our depression is in no way decreased by the weather, for we realise, with sinking hearts, that we are about to take part in a remarkably tantalising form of amusement—starting from stake-boats in a gusty wind.

We arrive at the start, turn the good ship around, and back her into the stake-boat. Our opponents follow suit; but their cox cannot get their boat straight, and they have to paddle out and back in again. Both boats swing this way and that in the wind; our cox manages to keep us pretty straight, handling his crew in a quiet and efficient way which speaks volumes for his ability. At last both boats are straight at the same moment, but before the starter can get us away a gust sweeps shrieking across the river—and both bows are pointing straight for the bank. We have to begin the dreary business again. Each crew paddles out, and backs in once more. The starter wastes no time.

"Get ready." A long pause—"Moriturus te saluto," one thinks to oneself. "Are you ready?" Another pause—seemingly hours in length—and then—the gun.

Profiting by our experience of the previous day, we pay particular attention to the start. Eight green blades hit the water as one, rip through it, flash in the air again, and disappear once more. The ship surges and kicks as they hit her along. Our opponents are a fraction slower; after the race we are told by spectators that for the first three strokes the two boats moved together, but on the fourth stroke the green-oared boat went ahead like a shot out of a gun. At the moment we have no time to notice whether we are ahead or not, no time to think of anything, except our work.

Our boat slips along like the proverbial hunted hare. Two years ago we were caught napping at the start; this time we have turned the tables with a vengeance. At the Punt Road bridge we are a length ahead. Then a gust hits us, and we falter; we are all getting tired. Our brains work but slowly; we notice vaguely that we are still striking about 40, and we wonder dazedly how much longer we can keep it up. Again the wind hits us, and the rate drops to about 38, and then gradually to 36. The other crew is pounding along behind us at 35, and now they have the inside running at the first bend. Slowly they gain on us. We give "a dozen," but still they creep up, and we shoot the Monier bridge a bare half-length ahead.

In the next three hundred yards they continue to gain, slowly but surely. Our rate has dropped to 35, and theirs to 33. They are holding us at the slower rate—an ominous sign. At the big bend they make a magnificent effort,

and despite the handicap of the outer course, they overhaul us. The two boats swing into the straight, practically level. A moment later a sudden volley of cheers from the bank tells us that they are ahead. Faintly we hear their cox say: "Now, crew, take her to the drain." The thought runs through one's mind, beating time with the strokes: "Drain—drain—what drain?" At last, after what seems an hour (actually it is some ten seconds later), we realise that he must mean the drain opposite the top of the stone wall. Even more dimly, we realise that they are going to try and shake us off in the next quarter of a mile, and that, if only we can hang on to them, we may win yet, for at the top of the wall we play our trump card—the long sprint, which all the armchair-critics say cannot be done.

But they slip away from us. Half-way between the corner and Brander's stroke calls for "a dozen," and slowly we struggle up to them. But we cannot hold them, and again comes the crashing cheer which tells that they are forging further and further ahead. The life begins to go out of our rowing; once or twice the boat rolls badly. At Brander's our rivals are well ahead, and we seem too tired to make an effort. High above the hubbub rise the confident cheers of their supporters. It looks as if the race is over.

And then, through the din, comes the voice of our cox, warning us: "Watch the time, Seven; back up, Six and Five." He is shouting at the top of his voice, but to our numbed senses the sound comes as a faint whisper. Again we hear it: "Belt her down the wall, crew; belt her down the wall."

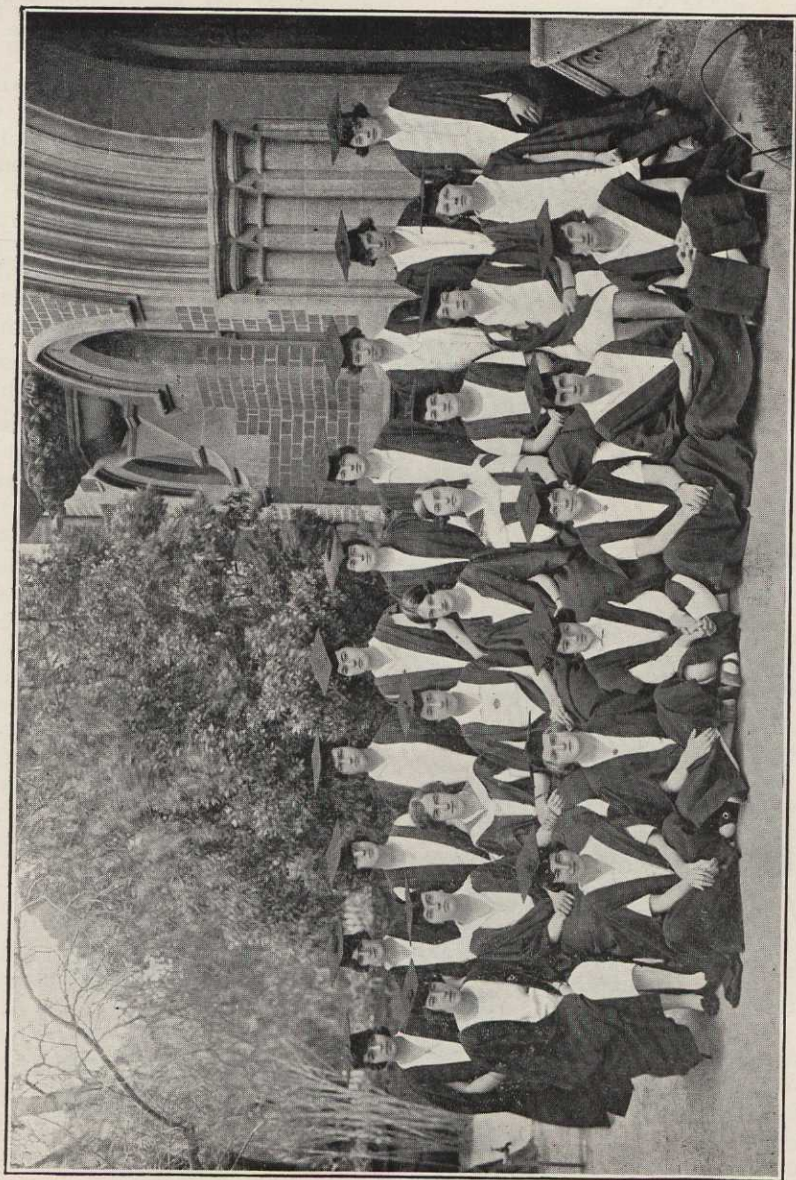
And suddenly there comes a dramatic change in the rhythm of our rowing. Most oarsmen know the glorious lift in

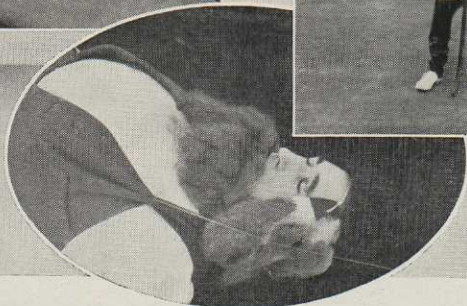
a boat when the stroke calls for a last sprint, and all the crew just hit it together, like a machine. Usually it is found when a crew is ahead, and "sitting-on" their opponents. One might say in general that a crew which has had at one stage a lead of a length and has then been overhauled and passed is a beaten crew. Few of us have had the good fortune to row in an apparently beaten crew, and to suddenly feel the boat surge and leap beneath us with every stroke, as if she were alive.

So it was now, and as the crowd realise that the race is not yet over, there comes a quick, staccato change in the cheering, and high above it all rises the voice of our coach, booming through his megaphone.

All sound seems to fade to a confused roar. We can still hear that one voice booming: "Drive—drive!" Then it too fades out, and all that is left is that one hammering thought: "I must get in with stroke—get in with stroke—in with stroke." It is four hundred long yards from the top of the wall to the finish, and towards the end of it none of us have more than a vague idea where we are. All we can hear is the thud of oars in the poppets; all we can see is the back of the man in front of us. Dimly we realise that we are passing the end of the wall; that fifteen more strokes will get us to the finish. The fifteenth stroke comes—and still no gun; gasping, aching, almost blind, we row another stroke—and another—and another. Dazedly we realise that we cannot go much further; the weight begins to come off, the boat rolls badly; there is less weight still in the next stroke—but still we go on, somehow.

And at last comes the longed-for sound of the gun. We flop forward and sit, hunched over our oars, gulping in





COLLEGE SNAPS

great breaths of fresh air, and oblivious of everything except the blessed fact that we have finished. None of us knows whether we have won or not, and we are beyond caring. When we recover a little, we try to find out the result of the race, but we cannot make anybody on the bank hear. However, from the fact that a well-known and diminutive member of the College is dancing wildly with his big (and usually stolid) namesake, we gather that we have managed to stagger across the line first.

"Sodden and chafed and aching,
Gone in the loins and the knees,"

we paddle slowly into the staging, and walk stiffly up the bank, thankful that all boat races are not like this; and yet pleased that it was so close, for "it was a good go."

The race, with its varying fortunes, was one which we shall remember for many a long day. From a personal point of view, it was not a pleasant experience; in fact, it was enough to make one swear off rowing for ever. But there is a fascination about it; and though every oarsman, after a hard race, says that he will give up the game and never touch an oar again, he always comes back, and keeps on coming back, until at last the game gives him up. And, even then, he will be found on the river-bank, with a wistful expression on his face, always ready to tell anyone who is willing to listen to the stories of the "good old days." Such is the probable fate of

"THE MUG."

HOW TO ADDRESS A POLITICAL MEETING.

I make bold to write on this subject (with which, in the capacity of a spectator, I am not wholly unacquainted), because I have discovered that a few very simple rules, if properly observed, will carry a rising politician far on the road to success. The first matter that requires attention is the form of address, because a mistake in this matter is liable to spoil the effect of the remainder of the speech. You should address your audience either as "ladies and gentlemen," or as "friends and comrades," according to their rank in society. If you employ the wrong phrase your "comrade" will become immediately unresponsive, while your "ladies and gentlemen" will roar with laughter. It is proper to speak quietly for a short while, as if leading up to something of real importance; but if you have nothing of real importance to say, you should be suddenly seized with uncontrollable indignation, the shock of which will prevent the audience from observing any breach in the sequence of your argument. You may declaim either against "money-bags" and "bloated tyrants," or against "incendiaries" and "wreckers of the Constitution," but again the right phrase should be used for the right audience. As the speech proceeds, and the audience reaches a stage of torpor, the choice of the right phrase becomes less important.

The hall will probably contain about half a dozen people, who will interrupt you continuously from beginning to end, but as they usually carry on their warfare from the back of the hall you can still, by dint of hard shouting, remain audible in the front. If you are lucky a personal attack will be made on

you, which will arouse the sympathy of your audience. The audience will then hoot the interjectors, and it will become unnecessary for you to speak any further until the hooting subsides. It is important not to lose your temper, except in pretence, for the chairman will then assist you in keeping order, and this will result in pandemonium. The chairman is usually a mayor, excessively puffed up by his recent elevation to his municipal dignity, unable to pronounce his aspirates, and gifted with a singular capacity for offending everyone who comes into contact with him. Once the mayor has intervened, your cause is ruined.

It is advisable to keep a glass of water on the table beside you (or a glass of wine, if the social status of your audience demands it), so that you will at least be able to quench your thirst if your ingenuity is momentarily exhausted. When other material is lacking, a brief autobiography will sometimes help. The autobiography should not be so imaginative as to arouse sense of comedy in your interjectors, but at the same time should be sufficiently self-righteous to prove that your constituency is very lucky indeed to have the opportunity of electing you. Your speech will go much further if accompanied by adequate gesticulation, not only with the hands (for this form of gesticulation is too common to be effective), but also with the feet, which should either be stamped on the floor, or transferred spasmodically from one part of the platform to another. In the case of motion across the platform a collision with the chairman should be carefully avoided.

At the end of your speech, you should express your willingness to answer questions, partly because this is the usual practice, and partly because it

helps to restore confidence. If your erstwhile interjectors, who are already tired of asking questions, make an attempt to storm the platform, you should sit where you are and allow the chairman to deal with them; for otherwise, if you fail, your prestige will be lost. This, above all, is the moment for conciliation. If some burly-headed assailant takes off his coat, you should offer to carry it for him. This will probably soothe him, and prevent him from undressing any further. If his question develops into a speech (as questions usually do), you should remain passive while your audience brings its power of obstruction into full play. If several questions are hurled simultaneously it is usually possible to select one that admits of comparatively simple treatment, but, if you receive only one question at a time, a direct answer on a difficult subject will perhaps be inevitable. In this case your method of treatment should be as protracted as possible, so that the question will have been forgotten by the time that the answer is reached. By observing these rules it is possible to obtain success without any marked superiority of talent or conviction.

—R. S. G.

WRITTEN IN A PURE MATHS. EXAM.

At present I am spending what I think must really be
My life's most awful, frightful afternoon—it seems to me;
I came in here to solve all makes of problems—hard and easy:
(I might as well be trying to climb a pole three inches greasy).

I gazed upon the paper (fully twenty inches long),
 And soon I saw that my attempts would certainly be wrong;
 And so it is, I've tried and tried, and met with no success,
 My only hope it seems must be to see what I can guess;

For all the thinking I can do will be no earthly good;
 I do not know a single thing; my brain might well be wood.
 Three hours ago, how full I was of bright anticipation!
 Oh, why do people make mistakes and choose their wrong vocation?

These ugly mathematics, with their symbols, signs and figures!
 They bore me stiff; I loathe them all;
 I hate the little jiggers!
 These integrals, derivatives, logs, tangents, cots, and gammas—
 If they had life, what joy 'twould be to pound them flat with hammers.

And yet all round me I can see—with hatred in my heart—
 Full fifty rows of scholars who've been writing from the start.
 They'll all get through—they know they will. I don't know how they do it!
 Why! if I tried for twenty years—
 They think there's nothing to it!

I'll have another shot next year, though probably I'll flop,
 While hundreds more will pass, and grumble if they don't come top;
 But here's to hoping! I'll imbibe between this time and then,
 Sufficient knowledge, so as not to have to sit again.

—J. G.

A LEGEND OF THE BULPADOCK.

Now it befell that on a certain day in the month of October, as I looked from my window in the turret I beheld a certain damsel walking on the plain below. She was of tall stature with raven hair clustered round her head, and to her girdle was fastened a small key. As she walked along bemused, she was suddenly roused from her meditation by a fearsome noise behind her, louder than that of fifty bass voices resounding in chapel on the Lord's Day. She turned and espied an incensed monster pursuing her with hostile horns and eyes of fire. "Ho!" cried the maiden, "What occasion hath this beast to bellow thus? Perchance he hath eaten of some evil weed, as that which men call onion, which goads him with pain, and causeth him to rush upon me." Thus thinking, she sought about for some means of escape, but alas! there was no covert to which she might fly; and the way was rough and strewn with boulders, and full of pitfalls for the unwary. And now I saw that she began to be dismayed and full of fear, and she gathered her gown about her to run. But as she ran she tripped on one of the stones wherewith the path was strewn and measured her length in the mire. And then I was sore afraid, for I thought that the animal would surely overtake her and trample her to death. But then I saw the figure of a knight issuing from a many towered castle. He was of lion port, and bore a shield whose device was white lilies on a green ground, with a bar gules. Straightway he saw the damsel's plight and galloped forth uttering his warcry, GGgg-rrr-rrr!! And as he drew near to the damsel, he stretched out his arm and caught her deftly up

on to his saddle bow. Then putting spurs to his steed, he bore her back within the castle walls. The brute, baffled of its prey, departed, coughing up brimstone, to its newly-made brick den,

"There to dwell
In adamant chains and penal
fire."

And to this day, the cloistered monk of the chapel nearby may hear the voice of the beast decrying that pernicious weed which had brought madness to his heart.

—ANON.

GOLF IN THE BULPADOCK.

The sun was shining, the grass was looking green, the oak was perfectly lovely, and even the cows were looking more or less spring-like, when James came to me with his suggestion. He wanted me to play golf with him in the Bulpaddock. He was my friend—I could not refuse.

We started—that is, he did (my ball remained exactly where I had so carefully placed it). His hit the Chapel and came back to almost the same spot as where he had driven from.

"Where are we supposed to be playing to?" I asked innocently.

"Chapel and back!" he answered briefly.

"Then you win!" I said.

"Apparently," said James modestly.

It seemed hard that he should win when he had got no further than had I—but I thought it best to humour him.

"Where to now?" I asked.

He pondered a moment—then his eyes sparkled.

"See that cow over there on the left side of the Chapel?" he asked.

"The spotted one?"

"No, the black one."

"Yes," I said.

"You go first!" said James.

"But—," I hesitated, "you mean aim at the cow?"

"Yes—the cow!"

"Ah! the cow," I thought.

I fiddled round—waggled the club—hit up the turf and replaced the divots—and in general wasted as much time as I could. I wanted James to go first. I had a plan.

He went—landing about twenty yards this side of the harmless quadruped. All was well. I felt rather cunning as I addressed my ball—I would show James what strategy was. Straight and true my ball flew to the right of the Chapel—James laughed, and so did I, with genuine pleasure; I would show this James. We walked down—he to his ball, I to mine. I found it lying close to the Chapel, out of sight of the cows. So far so good. I hid behind the Chapel and waited for my target to heave into view, frightened by that stupid ass James. Everything was ready. A minute sped by—then two—three—five—! I was getting a trifle uneasy. Still I was not going to be over hasty; James might have lost his ball. Ten minutes! I could not stand it any longer. I came out and looked around. At first I could not see anything—neither James

nor cow—and then I did see. James was up by the Hostel turnstile beating about in the grass—the black cow was just veering round Clarke's wing, and it made off out of sight as I watched it.

I sighed. It was too much.

When we were once more together James had a new idea.

"Over the Chapel!" he explained to me, "and the man that gets over receives a new ball from the one that doesn't."

"But supposing neither of us get over?" I objected.

"I shall," said James confidently.

I went first, and after much preparation in the nature of waggling, pivoting and watching the ball with my right eye, whilst my left roamed around in search of casual dogs, cows or Fords, I succeeded in topping my ball for a distance of some twenty yards.

"Bad luck!" said James teeing up: "Watch now!"

I did. His ball sped away—a beautiful shot but just too short—it hit the red crest right on the very top of the Chapel. But James was elated. Personally I did not understand him—a miss was as good as a mile in my opinion, and I said so.

"But, don't you see, you poor fool," he explained, "red things are not allowed on a golf course because of the bulls!—therefore that thing should not be there! By all the rules of golf I am over!"

"But this isn't a golf course," I demurred.

"Perhaps not," consented James, "but it's a Bulpadock!"

I saw his point and changed my ground.

"But, look here," I said, "the Chapel itself is red!"

But you can't stymie James like that.

"Well, that doesn't count either," said he.

"Then, if I'd hit the Chapel, it would have counted as over?"

He nodded—"But, you see, you didn't!"

"Only one more hole," I said briskly.

"Right-ho!" he agreed. "The oak here—from the Chapel."

"What about the windows?" I objected.

"Oh, don't worry about that. You won't hit them."

James knew such a lot.

I was a little piqued by then and threw my ball carelessly on the ground. Then I retreated five yards, took a brisk run, and hit with all my force. Away sped my beautiful Dunlop, and—
Crash!—

"A window!" I gasped.

James laughed. It was out of place.

"Don't laugh too soon," I warned him, and turned my back while he hit off——

Crash! I swung round—another window—and then I looked at James. He was staring open-mouthed—not at the window, but at the place where the ball had been.

"You hit a window, old man!" I said gently.

"Yes," said James absently, "I wonder how I sliced that?" and he repeated the shot at a tuft of grass, shaking his head all the while.

We walked up and examined the damage. Two neat holes there were—one for James, and one for me.

I was busy picking up some of the larger pieces of broken glass when James came over to my window and examined the hole.

"Ha!" he cried exultantly, "I win!" He took me by the arm and led me to his window. It was shut, and his ball had gone straight through into the room only through one pane. Then he led me back to mine and showed me that the pane behind the one I had smashed was also broken, for the top of the window was down.

"You see," he said, "I have holed out in one—you have not!"

I did not argue the point, but I suggested that James should draw up concise rules concerning this golf in the Bulpadock.

—P. H. W.

WASTING TIME.

I have many times felt grateful to the person who left those few gum saplings by the tennis courts on the other side of the drive. Their irregular line faces the College, and from my study window they seem to stand neither too close nor too far apart. Their slender trunks are white and brown, and their green-tufted tops break the skyline above the houses behind.

In the afternoon the sunshine lights up the highest branches all along the row, and the pale gold creeps up and up till at last it is gone, and the sun is behind the terrace.

They are so quiet, and so young together, full of the creeks and gullies

in the hills, where the rabbits hide in the blackberries, and the wild lilac grows. And some days, when they stir their heads in the light breeze of summer, I see the musk and the dogwood, the wattle and the white clematis flowers; I catch the faint ring of the stillness in some mountain valley, and smell the waterworn stones in the chill air from the creek.

Once upon a time the kangaroos played or stood still on that triangle of grass, but now their tracks are under the asphalt, and the grey hair rubbed off on the bark has long ago blown away.

But the trees are there, and on the windy days I love them best. For then together they lean away from the blast, and their white trunks seem whiter than ever, and the waving branches battle so cheerily in the rushing air.

So frail and yet so strong, their wild impassibility finds no echo in the ivy or the oak.

—"W."

NEW BOOKS.

The Wages of Virtue; by L. J. B-k-w-ll.
 Redheads; by H. B. S-m-rs-t.
 Glorious Apollo; by Frankie.
 The Dancing Floor; by C. W. K. H-dy.
 The Vanishing Race; by H. M. L. M-rr-y.
 Beau Sabreur; by J. B. S-m-rs-t.
 Cloud the Smiter; by H. G. S-tt-n.
 The Unknown Quantity; by C. H. Gr-nt.
 The Divine Lady; by M.C.
 Down Among the Children; by E. McIv-r.

The Years Between; by C. Cr-ke.
 Royal Families in Australia; by D.
 C-mrae W. St-wt.
 The Face at the Window; by B. C. D.
 J-n-s.
 The Wisdom of Solomon; by L. G. B-ll.
 The Man About Town; by G. P-n.
 Seventeen; by C. K-n- C-n.
 The Exquisite Perdita; by P.A.S.

SONGS.

I Never Knew How Wonderful; com-
 posed by J. B. T-n-r.
 Dreamy Melody; composed by T. L.
 a'B-ck-tt.

BLUE DUCK.

L.E.O. and W.F.K.—“Extracts from
 the College Recorder for the Cen-
 tury.” Could have been well done.
 Remainder acceptable.
 L.J.B.—“Play the Game.” We liked
 parts, but we regret that it contains
 too many inaccuracies to be pub-
 lished.

R.S.G.—“By the Sea.” Not quite suit-
 able. We know the time of year.

Anon.—“The Five Castles.” You show
 considerable facility in finding
 rhymes, but the idea just fails and
 the poem is inclined to be too diffuse.

“Rann.”—“Black Sunday.” Work-
 manship not quite good enough.
 Story interesting.

“X.”—“Death.” There is something
 good about this poem, and, if the
 writer is open to suggestions, we
 would say try a regular arrange-
 ment of lines, and avoid well-known
 generalisations in your next attempt.

Anon.—“My First Flight.” Not quite
 up to standard.

J.L.—Drawings interesting.

S.C.B.—Drawing, “The Intra-Collegiate
 Final.” Most skilful, and we are
 sorry to disappoint you. But show
 it to your friends.

X.Y.Z.—Other drawings, “Alice, where
 are thou,” and “The Yellow Habit”
 were received too late.

TIN ALLEY.

(With apologies to Gilbert and Sullivan).

One day in December a student did walk
 In Tin Alley, Tin Alley, Tin Alley.
 And I said to him, “Student, oh, why do you talk
 Of Tin Alley, Tin Alley, Tin Alley?
 Is it weakness of intellect, student?” I cried,
 “Or a tough proposition you couldn’t decide?”
 With a shake of his poor, empty head he replied,
 “Tin Alley, Tin Alley, Tin Alley!”

THE FLEUR-DE-LYS.

He slapped at his chest, quite demented, I trow:
 Singing, "Alley, Tin Alley, Tin Alley!"
 And a cold perspiration bespangled his brow,
 Tin Alley, Tin Alley, Tin Alley.
 And he sighed as he thought of that ominous Hall,
 And the questions distracting that students appall,
 When they find that they cannot attempt them at all—
 Tin Alley, Tin Alley, Tin Alley.

Now, I feel just as sure as I'm sure that there is
 A Tin Alley, Tin Alley, Tin Alley,
 That something had cracked in that noddle of his,
 Tin Alley, Tin Alley, Tin Alley.
 When the numbers appear, it is probable I
 Shall be madder than he is, and you will know why;
 I too shall have joined in that student's mad cry:
 "Tin Alley, Tin Alley, Tin Alley!"

J. L. and N. C. '

 HONOUR BOARD.

An honour board to bear the names of past Senior-Students and Presidents of the Social Club has ben procured, and will be erected in the Common Room at an early date.

Unfortunately, correct information is difficult to obtain in regard to the early days of the College, and this difficulty is increased by the fact that in those times the office of Senior-Student existed *as well as* that of President or Chairman of the Social Club.

As it is the office of President which has survived, information is urgently required with regard to the holder of that office (and not that of Senior-Student) from the earliest times up to 1885.

A previous appeal through these columns bore no fruit, but it is hoped that in order to expedite this matter, any gentleman who can will send helpful information to the Hon. Sec., Reg. M. V. Blakemore, Trinity College, Parkville.

 FLEUR-DE-LYS UNION IN ENGLAND.

There is a proposal on foot to form a branch of the Fleur-de-Lys Union in England. Objects:—To have an Annual Reunion on some suitable date, and to provide means for Old Trinity men going to England to get into communication with those already there.

Would all those interested communicate with Mr. Lee Murray, c/o National Bank of Australia, No. 7 Lothbury Street, London, E.C.2.