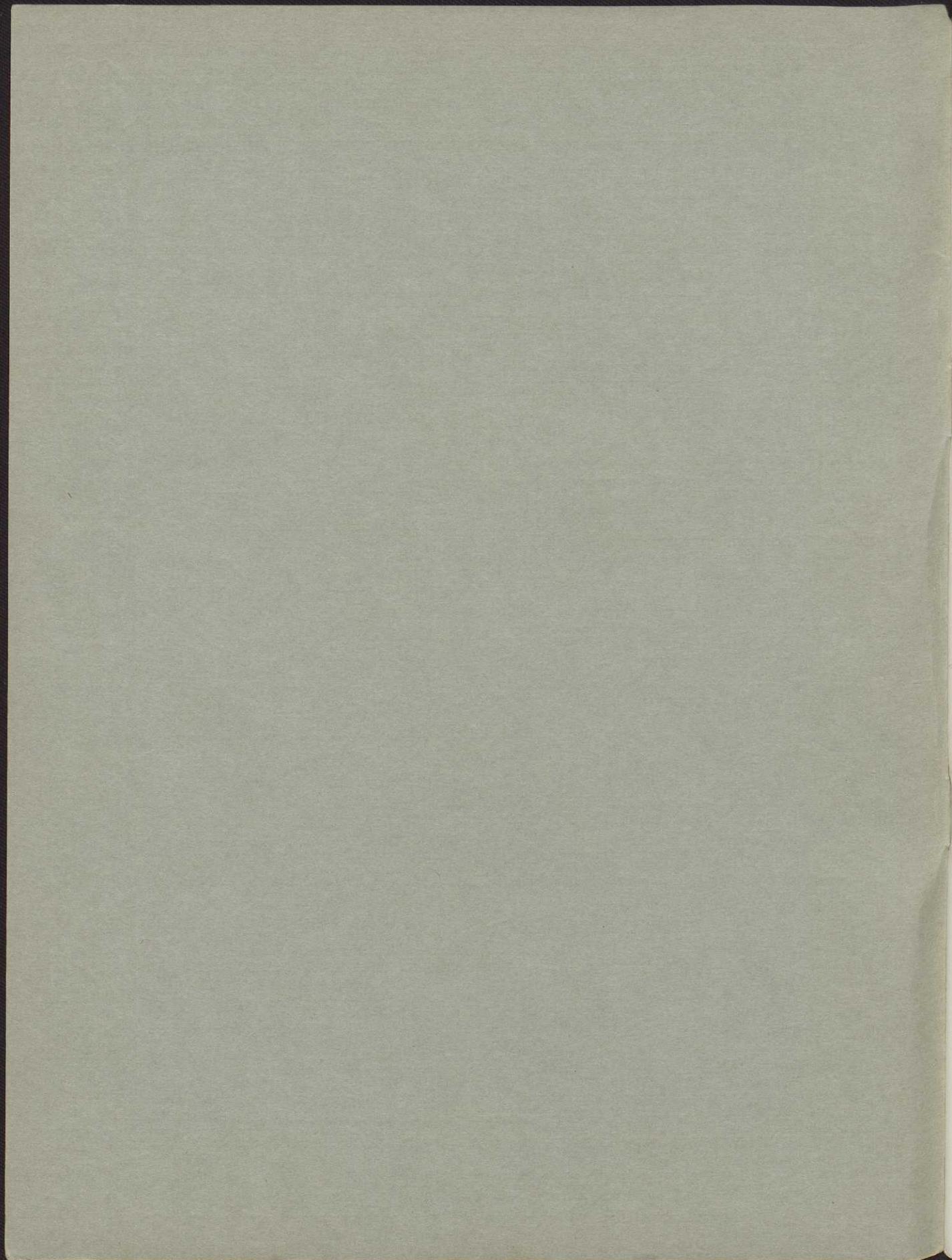


THE
FLEVR
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THE FLEUR-DE-LYS

'Horrible to think of all that soggy, half-baked trash massed together in one place. Pudding, suet pudding. That devastating omniscience! That noxious horn spectacled refinement! And the money that such refinement means! For, after all, what is there behind it, except money. Money for the right kind of education, money for influential friends, money for leisure and peace of mind, money for trips to Italy.'

GEORGE ORWELL.

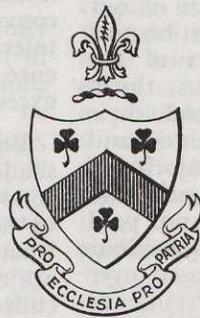
'Keep the Aspidistra Flying.'



THE NEW COWAN WING.

THE FLEUR-DE-LYS

The Magazine of
Trinity College and Janet Clarke Hall
in the University of Melbourne



November 1963

EDITORIAL

The business of measuring ourselves against those who have preceded us in Trinity is probably the most widespread of our activities as a College — and one of the most difficult to avoid. The criteria for successful plays, Juttoddies, debates and subversions tend to belong to the years before our arrival. This is due, one supposes, to our respect for the past. Clearly we are inheritors of a tradition; but it is beyond most of us to state, except in the most general terms, what this tradition contains. Moreover our vagueness extends to the tradition makers themselves. Only the most glamorous, the most spartan, or the most outrageous incidents pass into College lore, and as a result their authors appear to us as a race of hearty clannish giants of inexhaustible originality: men for whom the tunes are now so unfavourable that not even the shadows of their fame are cast across our college list.

It is therefore ironical that past editorials and secretary's reports, written by these giants, should so often contain precisely the same protestations of unworthiness that the college has been making this year. They, too, felt the inhibiting eye of precedent. For if a theme can be drawn from the editorials as a whole it is concern over apathy in the college — a discovery which must modify our view despite ourselves. Perhaps after all the giants were not much larger than ourselves: certainly the shower roses in the college's older bathrooms are no higher than those in the newest wing, and the dread feet and hands of our present senior student still show when he puts on his suit. Perhaps the scholars of the golden age, like ours, had to exhaust themselves in heart breaking sprints and their athletes were as frequently disappointed and bitter. But it is certain that the majority of them walked delicately, lived modestly and obscurely like the Greek chorus and paid careful attention to the omens: the behaviour of the oak, the opening glance refused over the coffee cups after Hall and the President's smoke-clearing gaze at College dinners have always unsettled undergraduate stomachs in the past.

It is not that we focus on the giants through the wrong end of the port bottle: our fault lies in using the port bottle at all. For one

college generation should be able to recognise another not only because they are living in the same rooms, having the same things done to them by examiners and the overseer, but because they are the same size. Whether we use the confidential tone or, more romantically, the conscious grimness of a public declaration, we are ignoring important qualifications when we assure one another that we are allowing the college to decline. It has been said again and again, and if we are right then so were all our predecessors — and yet the college still exists and still satisfies our need for company to the exclusion, should we so choose, of the university at large.

Since, then, apathy is always with us it is difficult to justify yet another editorial on a subject so limp and spent. But in choosing to write on the health of the college we are, if nothing else, reflecting accurately the prevailing disquiet. The apathy itself might be no worse, but the concern over it is graver. It has been a disturbed year: the Wooden Wing, that liberator of the lonely and squeamish, foil of the incendiary and testing-ground for the ambitious and the subversive has gone. As a compensation we have the new wing, made up predominantly of bedroom-studies, a thing which the council was unable to avoid owing to the terms of its finance. The committee of the clubs has been disappointed in the attendance at its meetings and the leading figures in the particular clubs have been similarly discouraged. We are more numerous, more dispersed, more private, less convivial, and more aware that our mutual tolerance might in fact be mutual indifference. The magazine expresses, probably to excess, this sort of self-consciousness.

But it is all justified if we are able to persuade our readers that the relevant question is not whether the hand of apathy is throttling us now with greater effect than before, but what changes in the ordering of the college are made necessary by the changes in our circumstances. Whether we approve of its form or not most gentlemen believe the college is still an organic unit, but the attempt to express this unity has led this year to frustration and uncertainty.

Several members of the college gave considerable time to the consideration of this

year's changes, and when they discussed together, their ideas seemed to divide themselves into three main groups. We then invited Messrs. B. D. Bodna, R. W. Connell, C. C. Macknight and J. B. Minchin to represent these groups.

In the articles which follow, the first states the adequacy of the system now existing providing it is made efficient; the second and third suggest possible directions in which the system could expand to cope with the college's growth, and the fourth treats of the less formal responsibilities of members of the college. We would like to point out to readers that the articles are mutually dependent, and no single effort pretends to dissolve anxiety by itself. It is for each reader to consider them all and adjust the balance as he sees fit.

I

Although to-day it may be an unpopular doctrine, particularly among students, I would like to suggest that a University college should be seen as a training institution. If this is not to be misunderstood, the method of training needs to be explained.

The distinguishing mark of a school education is the appeal to direct authority both in the teaching of formal knowledge and in the imparting of a sense of social behaviour. At the University, this authority in formal education is rightly questioned. In a University college then, one should be encouraged to question the social values and behaviour of the community to which one belongs and to evolve a way of living usefully within it. It is to be hoped that this goes a little deeper than growing long hair.

However, if this freedom is to be fully enjoyed, (and this surely is the function of such a college), there are certain limitations that arise. Firstly, responsibility must be maintained. Not all members of a college, whatever their age, (and some will be only seventeen), are ready to question everything. It would be doing them a disservice to regard them all as fully responsible. Since it is impossible to vary the conditions applying to students to any significant degree, this means that those who like to think of themselves as fully adult, will have to submit to the indignity of a very few restrictions.

Secondly, and more fundamentally, chaos must be avoided. Since we are not all the same, it is necessary to compromise on a few

common points if there is to be any contact or communication at all. This general agreement is what makes a 'body corporate' that can act as a unit. This unit will have certain rules and traditions which every member must observe, even if he disagrees with some of them or is inconvenienced by some of them. The freedom to question in some matters is only possible within the life of a body that agrees on other matters.

If, then, a college is to provide the training that such freedom can give, a recognition by students of the consequent limitations also is demanded. As in one's academic work, this training cannot be just handed out by somebody else. It is essentially a self-training. This is the difference between training an adult and a child, between a University or college and a school.

Let us see what this means in practice in Trinity. Take, for example, the custom of having assigned seats in hall for dinner. As is widely recognised, this has two functions. It helps the shyer members of the college to meet other people and it mixes people of diverse interests and studies. What distinguishes the College from a boarding-house is not that we have people with diverse backgrounds, but that there is some training or encouragement given to utilize this fact. Similarly we maintain reasonable standards of dress because we realise that there are more important things to question. We enforce a certain degree of formality because it is thus that we can most effectively question important matters. This needs to be pointed out, particularly to the non-adult. On a still less formalised plane, it is commonly accepted that the formation of cliques in the College is a bad thing. This does not mean that one must give up having close friends, but that one should make an effort to have as wide a circle of acquaintances as possible. The College does in fact provide a ready-made circle of acquaintances, and all should take advantage of this unity. Similar arguments can be made out for all the traditions or rules (which are only formalised traditions).

What has gone wrong, (and something has), is not that the rules and traditions are at fault. Rather the chief authority which enforces them is no longer in evidence. This is the social pressure exercised by the combined example of the senior gentlemen and tutors of the College. It is this indirect authority which teaches the non-responsible members

of the College to be responsible. Under the present system and unlike Ormond, the direct authority which is needed to enforce those things that arise out of the limitations given above and that have for general convenience, been formalized into rules, comes from the Warden. Few people would wish to alter this system which works reasonably effectively and fairly.

But this is not what really controls the actions of the College. Not only is it possible to get away with breaking almost any rule, but many things cannot and should not be formalized into rules. It is in obeying these 'traditions' that the element of self-training comes in. Guidance can only be given in this matter by seniors, and this usually includes tutors. Take for example attendance at T.C.A.C. meetings. It would be a good thing if everyone attended, but can one expect all freshmen to be there unless they see all final year med. students going? I would suggest that if some senior gentlemen consider that they have learnt all they can, they might consider a little teaching. This, of course, presumes that senior gentlemen are responsible and self-disciplined.

It is only if we distinguish freedom from licence that we can give most to the College and thus get most in return. Whether one speaks of rules or traditions or restrictions, in a training institution they are not without their value. Thus in the present situation, I think a rather conservative attitude is in order.

II

The cultivation of reserve is deep seated in the English system of public-school education. Here at Trinity it finds its nemesis in the gentleman who refuses to communicate with others except in an advanced state of inebriation. Yet we can also see its fulfilment in others with their proper sense of the rights of the individual and of the independence by which his integrity is preserved. The important point to make is that whatever happens to people after they come into college, most of them arrive with an inbuilt resistance to what the more high-flown Continentals would call (with accents Teutonic) 'deep existential encounter.' Realising this, and also that the College inevitably affects those who belong to it, let us look at the state of the 'cultural' life of Trinity, present and future.

For most of the time, we are able to avoid asking ourselves embarrassing questions about our own integrity or strength of character. Our comfortable way of life crowds such questions out. Yet at coffee-parties we can silently and cunningly assimilate criteria on which to base the judgment whenever the fatal moment should arrive. Humility and self-knowledge, whilst not being dinner-time topics of conversation, are probably aspirations (however faint) of most of us. 'But the College cannot afford to acquiesce in the continual procrastination of the day of reckoning on the part of her members; therefore *she* must provide a corporate life of such a standard as to make self-escapism much more difficult.'

To justify these pompous and negative words there is fortunately a positive counterpart — the kindling of creative ability in its proper milieu, not under a bushel but on a lampstand where it can cast light on society. In 1963 the cultural life of the College was enriched in many directions — discussions, soirées, eminent speakers, the play, music of various kinds, quite apart from the normal contact between friends and/or students of the same subjects. Prophets of gloom should therefore lay down their mantles*. But more can be done, not to mention confirming the present position, year by year. Luckily, our size is still not so great as to preclude a corporate cultural life.

What might be useful lines of development? One idea is to appoint a person to the T.C.A.C. Committee who would look after the less routine aspects of College life. He could arrange for the visit of speakers from the professional, political, economic, ecclesiastical and other worlds. He could invite other colleges to share some of our activities and make sure that we knew of what was going on elsewhere. He could see that those people anxious to exercise their talents in music, art, poetry, debating or other such pursuits would have some opportunity to do so. He could investigate and make known vocational openings which the Appointments Board is unable to explore because of its size.

There are bound to be many other ideas worth pursuing. Suffice it to say, in conclusion, that no one can be forced to participate in the common life of the College above a basic live-and-let-live level. In view of the reserve mentioned at the beginning of this

*With apologies to Raymond Bredin.

article, we can hardly expect the gentlemen of Trinity to be pouring out their hearts to one another. Yet the improvement of our cultural life enriches our individual academic studies, helps us to find a worthwhile *raison d'être* and above all enables us to live in community with a far deeper common factor than physical proximity or University course.

III

A tutor, some believe, in accepting his position in College obligates himself to fulfil only certain functions. These they bleakly believe are, firstly to provide academic tuition in the appointed subject, secondly to uphold the rules of the College, and thirdly to watch over certain stipulated individuals or portions of the College. Alas, some believe this is all — and others believing don't even do this all. Alas, I say, for the sake of the College and everyone in it. The tutor who accepts his position in College with the intention of just obeying the bleak letter of his contract is a cancer in the College. He turns his back on the fact that he has joined a community of *people*, joined it in a responsible position, and that this responsibility is often toward blokes who are still in the process of maturing, and need something more than cramming, reprimand, and surveillance, or where weak effort is made, irresponsible *bonhomie* and camaraderie. The first leads to apathetic authority and rebellion, the second leads to unmitigated permissiveness, and anarchy, and neither of these atmospheres is a fruitful one for sane, sober, and mature development. Let the *older blokes* in College, and this means particularly the tutors, recognise that they are older, and possibly a little more mature and demonstrate the wisdom of their maturity by guiding and encouraging. Let them overcome their fear of themselves, and step over their indifference, and let them be men. Nothing but mutual respect and trust can come of it, nothing but a sense of common fulfilment — and this is one of the things the College wants if it is not to fall apart. And if people feel that they cannot make the effort, that they do not have time to, or that they do not have character enough, let them be honest and leave. A tutorship is not a pension, a sinecure, a position of convenience, entailing only a minimum of 'jobs', it is an effort and a burden. Everyone has a life outside College. Anyone who denied it would be a fool. But everyone has a life within College. Let them look to it.

Why this exhortation? At a time when the College appears to be fragmenting and losing any sense of character the need for leadership becomes intense. Well, I have asked freshmen, how have you found the place? Hollow, they say — and the fragmentation, the do-nothingness, becomes a tradition, and Trinity becomes just another hostel. And this when the College can serve a purpose that no other educational institution can — it can foster the realisation in almost independent people of their responsible but sympathetic role in society. This in the face of the University that demands nothing, and encourages nothing, but prodigious technical efficiency. The tutors should be the key men in providing, inspiring, and maintaining a character of the College. They should be leaders both by example, and by effort. Not much effort, but just enough to entertain thoughtfully, to participate in a meaningful way in the various aspects of the College's life, and to have the understanding when the occasion demands it. Perhaps these qualifications demand men a little older and a little more mature than many of those that now pass to High Table. But there's the difficulty. Until married quarters are provided (and this when the Universities Commission emburse only for single rooms), or fellowships are founded (and this when the condition of College funds are uncertain), we will find it difficult to fill the necessary quotas of tutors with suitable men, no matter how hard the search. Thus, although we cannot change the basis of the institution for the moment, we can endeavour to change its spirit.

IV

Trinity College is not primarily a training institution, and its main contribution to the education of residents (of which academic work is an important part) will be largely indirect. The College can influence very powerfully the ways in which individuals achieve — or do not achieve maturity: and this means that conditions in College either help or hinder residents in reaching a positive state of mental health. This article attempts to analyse some of the main features of informal contacts in College from this angle. Some of the suggestions will appear general and theoretical; but they are drawn from the attempts of several residents to fit into this College, and are perhaps worth not only consideration but also application.

The formal institutions of the College — rules, customs, constitution — are intended to organise the mechanical functioning of the college along the traditional lines. They do not correspond to the personal needs of residents, and at times may have a crippling effect on the satisfaction of such needs. Informal contacts can sometimes do the same sort of damage. College seniors, whether they realise it or not, have a strong influence on juniors, both as models and judges of behaviour. This influence can be creatively used or wantonly abused. To take a common sort of example, the brusqueness of seniors at breakfast (whether senior men are naturally bad tempered or simply observing a tradition) may help to make the freshman feel inadequate and unhappy. When this sort of thing is done again and again, the freshman begins to feel that the last place on earth he wants to live in and contribute to is Trinity.

Many juniors need more guidance and emotional support than they get from normal day by day encounters. Seniors, recognising the genuineness of this need, can give a lot of help if they are willing to break down the barrier of indifferent superficiality which stands between members of this College. They can get below the surface if they are willing to talk over social, sexual, or religious problems with juniors in private.

Juniors may gain much relief simply by talking problems out, whether or not helpful advice can be given. This is a contribution to mental health that the college can readily make, where the home, the church, and the university might not. Seniors will find the insight and experience they gain useful in handling their own lives.

One of the main problems facing the College is how residents can achieve responsibility and maturity by the time they leave. External rules and regulations are really of little use here, for responsibility cannot be imposed — it must be learned through personal experience. For example, restrictions on hours for women visitors do not *teach* responsible ways of fitting man-woman relationships, with work, into a plan of life: on the contrary, they serve to limit the opportunities for *learning* this, and attaining the degree of self direction which is an essential component of maturity.

Many residents try, or are forced to keep their relations with women in a separate compartment of their lives from their time in

College. This can impoverish both compartments. A love relationship cannot be rich or full unless it embraces all parts of both lives: and friendships and activities in College make up a large part of most residents' lives. Similarly, social contacts within College may be come less superficial if women are actually brought into them, rather than just casually talked about.

The formation of cliques within Trinity is often criticised for reducing the allegiance of their members to the college as a whole. But the College is only worth allegiance to the extent to which it does or will contribute to the full development of its residents: and providing opportunities for forming friendship groups is one of the contributions it can make to a far greater extent than the university can. Small groups provide standards of conduct, attitudes and interests to which their members may conform and within which they may find security. A depth of personal contact (conspicuously absent from dinner-table and sherry parties), which can be the most rewarding of all experiences in College, may be provided by such small groups.

Trinity College does not, and perhaps cannot succeed well in promoting cross fertilisations of ideas by enabling students in different faculties to mix. This failure need not be thought particularly important. What the College can, should and must do — perhaps its most important function — is to encourage residents to learn to respect other people. This does not mean to show indifference, nor just to observe others' rights. Rather it means to appreciate and value other people for their ideas, for their way of life, for their potential contribution in society; and, most importantly, to value other people as and for themselves.

MISS MARGARET DEWEY

Miss Margaret Dewey became Principal of Janet Clarke Hall in 1959.

Before coming to Australia she had travelled widely in Britain and the United States. At the beginning of her career she received her B.A. in History and her M.A. in Music from Radcliffe College. She was later Assistant Professor of Music at Western College, Ohio. She studied at Gilmore House, the Anglican training centre in South London, and then took an external Cambridge Certificate in Theology. During the next

few years she worked both in America and England, and before being appointed Principal of Janet Clarke Hall, she was Warden of St. Anne's Diocesan House in Gloucestershire.

During the five years that Miss Dewey was Principal of Janet Clarke Hall she made a great contribution to the progress and development of the College. The most important event of this period was the separation of Janet Clarke Hall from Trinity College and the formation of the Janet Clarke Hall Council as an autonomous body. Miss Dewey devoted a great deal of time to the work involved in the establishment of Janet Clarke Hall as an independent college. Another major event was the building of the Scantlebury Wing. It was through Miss Dewey's able administration and sheer hard work, involving countless consultations with architects and builders, that this extension of the College was carried out with such success.

Miss Dewey was greatly concerned with the academic standards of the College, and emphasised their importance when talking to students in Hall. She showed a particular interest in the College Library, and took an active part in planning its improvement and enlargement. She considered that it should be both an adequate reference library and a source of interesting books on general subjects, which would encourage students to read more widely.

Miss Dewey took a personal interest in each student and her academic progress. It was amazing how quickly she knew the names and

interests of all the freshers. She showed a deep concern for students and their backgrounds and problems.

Miss Dewey also had definite ideas concerning the education of women in general, and was often asked to speak at such functions as school speech days. She considered that students should be given freedom to make their own decisions as far as possible, and while she was Principal, the Rules of the College were liberalised, especially the leave regulations and those concerning the hours at which men visitors were allowed into the Hall.

It was in the spiritual life of the College that Miss Dewey exerted her greatest influence. The talks which she gave from time to time in Hall, and the various informal discussions which she led in her study, showed clearly how she applied Christian principles to students' problems. Miss Dewey always felt that there should be a room set aside in the College, where students could be alone for quiet meditation and the Quiet Room in the new Scantlebury Wing has been named the Margaret Dewey Room.

In addition to her duties as Principal of Janet Clarke Hall, Miss Dewey lectured at Ridley College and took an active part in Diocesan affairs. Through her participation in this theological work she became aware that her vocation lay in full-time spiritual activity. In order to do this she left Janet Clarke Hall at the end of first term, 1963, and returned to England.

TRINITY COLLEGE

ASSOCIATED CLUBS

Chairman: Dr. J. R. Poynter.

Senior Student: Mr. B. D. Bodna.

Secretary: Mr. C. C. Macknight.

Treasurer: Mr. P. F. Johnson.

Indoor Representative: Mr. P. F. Druce.

Outdoor Representative: Mr. R. T. Tucker

(Third Term 1962)

Mr. A. G. Richards.

SECRETARY'S NOTES

As the Overseer, Mr. Sidney Wynne, has so graciously and so often reminded us, we have been the worst committee the Clubs have ever suffered. One might suppose, I hope without boasting, that he had lately descended from above in a pluvial phenomenon. In fact in perusing the minute books, we seem to have dealt with very much the same matters as any other committee, at least in settled times. Thus we have discussed inconclusively the telephones, the clothes line and, of course, the food.

However, we have also attempted, occasionally with success, to hasten fair Dame Progress on her leisurely way. The J.C.R. is now a much more attractive box, though much remains to be done. A more restful colour scheme, curtains, new doors on to the cloister, new lights and a few suitably controversial prints have made a difference, even when obscured by the lavish decorations of a C.R.D. We have also secured a slight relaxation of the 'women hours', whether for good or ill.

Perhaps the most ambitious scheme for the year was the proposal to construct a parking area behind Clarke's. After a special meeting, enough hot air to fill a Ph.D. thesis and the working out of a highly feasible plan, the project, unfortunately, sank on the Corsair Rock of the Victorian legal system. It was a good idea. A similar fate, but for more statutory reasons, befell the tentative proposal to re-establish a College Buttery.

Lest there should have been any mistake the first time, the Committee has twice guided discussion on the desirability and form of Swot. Vac. As the result of a Questionnaire distributed by the Warden after Swot. Vac,

1962, a more restrained, though no less valuable, programme was worked out for this year. This has since been confirmed, at least in outline, for 1964.

A work requiring great patience and tact has been the restoration and bringing up to date of the photographs in the Billiard Room. Those that come after us will doubtless, as they gaze in wonder at the great gentlemen of these years, fail to give due thanks to the late Indoor Rep. for his efforts.

Perhaps if a theme for the year has emerged, it has been a policy of co-operation, rather than confrontation, with the College authorities. While it is important that prefects and stooges be avoided and that the interests of the members of the Clubs be vigorously maintained, we might suggest to future committees that co-operation gets more done.

CAMPBELL MACKNIGHT.

ADDENDUM: Lest the Overseer take too great umbrage at the first paragraph above, it should be pointed out that the stream of gentlemen getting married, or thinking rather too seriously of doing so, is no reflection on any of his services. As always, we have to thank him, Don, Mick and all the domestic staff for keeping us alive in such style. Full advantage has been taken of the new facilities in the kitchen.

However, it is disheartening to think that so many have succumbed to the charms of home cooking. Even before the year had properly begun, Rob. Tucker was married, and his lead was soon followed by Alan McKenzie. At the time of writing, Simon Benham, Ray Wilson and Peter Carnley are engaged. To all we offer our congratulations.

THE SENIOR COMMON ROOM

1963 has been a year of incident and activity in the Senior Common Room. Disturbing and regrettable influences have been at work, notably the desire to travel, and the urge to add a specious permanence to a relationship with some member of the opposite sex. We were joined at the beginning of the academic year by two eminent lawyers, Armstrong and Emmerson; and our judicial bench was completed with the return of Merralls,



The audience must suppose that they were all either hang'd
or transported.



A fair wench in her shift.



And though the bank had stopt payment, he was so cheerful!



Do you see him at the tree?

that well-known bowling identity, who appears to have completed the re-organisation of High Table and its conversation, entirely to his satisfaction. John Peters has introduced a note of earthy technology and has succeeded in fostering a dangerous penchant for mountaineering. He even succeeded in luring into his mountain retreat Dr. Curwen-Walker, who ought to know better. Our latest arrival is Alan Isaacson, from Yale, who brings with him a breath of that well-known American cynicism.

We have been seriously affected by marriage. Certainly our greatest loss was Peter Balmford, who left in April to marry Rosemary Norris, a fact greatly regretted by the latter's Conveyancing students. Peter's association with Trinity began in 1946, and continued unbroken up to this year. On two occasions he was Acting Dean. He is known to hundreds of Trinity men as One-Up Champion, versatile actor, astronomer, geologist, lawyer and friend. But the contribution for which most will have cause to remember him is the Law Library. Trinity lawyers are immeasurably in his debt for the incredible amount of time and initiative which he applied to the task of building up the collection, and for the fine achievement which was his reward and our great good fortune.

Daley married and departed, and Quirk and Rigby announced their engagements and their respective intentions to marry at Christmas. This disease appears to be spreading; Beaver is showing disquieting signs of stability, and has failed four times this year to give up smoking. Emmerson is often seen with a light blue tent in his possession; and Armstrong has exchanged his sportscar for a more dignified model, which possibly has a little more room in the back seat. Dr. MacCallum has for some time been equipping himself, assiduously and at great expense, to pursue the gentle act of seduction, while Charles seems to spend most of his time picnicking in the woods.

Ian Robertson has purchased a piano, hoping to quieten the angry denizens of Clarke's with the dulcet tones which will doubtless emerge from his chamber. Our Chaplain, too, has had an exhausting year. Apart from the occasional brush with intransigent minions of the Fire Department, he has often been seen (with several other delinquent tutors) in search of visual stimulus on

Saturday afternoons. On one such foray he visited the twin cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, and was there seen in a heated inbranglement with an aged female Jehovah's Witness, seated in front of him, whose hat **totally** obscured his vision of sin. His assistant, 'black-eyed Jim' left in August in search of knowledge, pursued, as they say, by a bear.

The previous writer of this Note, Neil Forsyth, remarked in last year's issue of *The Fleur-de-Lys* that Balmford's departure might cause us considerable concern. It will be seen from the foregoing that his warning was not unjustified. Neil's credit and, indeed, the weight of his opinions, have, however, been much affected by the evil influence of the United States, an influence so insidious and so pervasive, that on his return our sometime Premier Wit was prepared to enter upon and remain within the unhallowed walls of a neighbouring but (in charity) nameless institution.

CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE

'But get me to the Registry Office on time!'

Every year hordes of couples who, as the Chaplain put it, had never so much as blown their nose in the Name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit mince up the aisles of churches and use the Name of God to add colour to their marriage vows. This situation formed the basis and perhaps the original inspiration for a course of lectures which produced results which were rather unexpected by most people in the College.

On eight Tuesday evenings in Second Term the Chapel, converted to a lecture hall, bulged at its Horsfall-brick seams with noble men and nubile women and resounded to the jazz hymn curtain-raisers which preceded each address on the subject of Christian Marriage. The enthusiasm of the response was the first unexpected result, and the second was the fact that it was still possible to say things about marriage which were not either trite, naive or wrong.

The Chaplain wished to make it quite clear at the outset that Christian marriage and secular marriage were two quite distinct states, equally worthy and 'respectable', and that the latter was the correct choice for those who were either not committed Christians, or

who had doubts about the fate of their marriage. To enter into Christian marriage without having fulfilled all the requirements was to perform a gross and public act of hypocrisy. As Mr. S. P. Charles, Barrister-at-Law, pointed out in his two addresses, secular marriage has built into it the possibility of divorce. Christian marriage does not. He explained very lucidly the grounds and mechanism of divorce and annulment under the new Act and left his audience with the strong impression that as far as legal rights go, marriage is strictly for women.

On the question of definitions the Assistant Chaplain showed that the marriage service in the prayer book contained all the necessary elements of a definition of Christian marriage, the aims of which he summed up as 'kids, continence and comfort.' In a later address, the Chaplain developed the theme of marriage seen in the relationship between Christ and the Church. The man promises to worship the woman with his body and to endow her with all his worldly goods, as Christ worships His Bride, the Church, and gives Himself for Her with no reservations. In response to this initiative the woman has merely to promise to obey, as the Church promises to obey Her Lord. The widespread practice of omitting this vow strips the contract of Christian marriage of the essence of its meaning.

Volunteers were called from the floor of the house to define secular marriage, and Mr. R. W. Connell, Psychologist, offered. He said the secular marriage could be seen as a developmental task associated with early adulthood; one which must be fulfilled in order to win the approval of society. The standards of marriage are quite arbitrary, and will change as the community changes. This is evidenced by the considerable differences between the marriage practices of different countries and races. To back him up, the Chaplain inveigled the Registrar of Marriages for the State of Victoria, Mr. Longford, into coming up to speak. Labouring under the handicap of being a Christian himself, he proclaimed in a sonorous voice that people 'from all walks of life' came to his office to be married according to the civil rites. There was often a waiting list three weeks long. However, he admitted that the civil ceremony could not touch a Church marriage in the matters of aural and visual beauty, though he would, if asked, add small flourishes to the

ceremony to brighten things up a bit. There was, to be sure, a regulation preventing the throwing of confetti in a registry office.

The Head of the Diocesan Chaplaincy Department, the Reverend W. Graham, spoke on the vexed issue of the Church and re-marriage. Legally, the situation was very clear — it could not be done. Unfortunately this led, in individual cases, to some tragic consequences, and all the Church can do is stick to its principles, but re-affirm at the same time that She wants in Her fold all people no matter how unhappy their marital experiences may have been. To round off the series, the Anglican Chaplain to Students, the Reverend E. K. Robins, gave some useful tips on Christian courtship.

In summary, the over-riding point that came out of this series is that secular marriage must be instated as the norm, and the respectable norm, in our predominately secular society. There is no virtue at all in the Church compromising her position by allowing herself to be used as convenience to those who want nothing more from her than the use of a gothic doorway to be photographed against.

SUNDAY SALON

Melbourne on Sunday night is dull. Having reached this conviction by July, we decided to hold a salon each week as part of Trinity and J.C.H.'s contribution to the cultural renaissance of our fair city. Seven soirées took place at various venues — tip-top Leeper, the Music Room, Mr. Ian Robertson's study and a 'private' room in Clarke's. We heard from the Devil's advocate on being 'Honest to Man'; from Messrs. Carnley and Connell on the 'Time of My Life'; from Messrs. Bach, Monteverdi, Telemann and Beethoven in a programme of their own music (by courtesy of Lee Gordon Enterprises); from Miss Glen Tomasetti, who sang and talked about folk music; from Dr. Michael Birt of the Biochemistry School, who aided discussion on scientific and other world views; from Mr. Rowan Ireland, a Political Science Tutor in Newman, who spoke about 'Christians in Politics'; and finally from Mr. R. Connell, who read some of his own poetry, and Mr. P. Gerrand, who described his technique of musical composition. Supper and pleasant music were provided throughout, the former by courtesy of Mr. S. Wynne.

Since those who came seemed to find the salons enjoyable and pregnant with Higher Humanity, the venture will probably be repeated in second term, 1964, with more emphasis on local talent (musical, literary, etc.).

To conclude, a vote of thanks to the Chaplain, Fr. Marshall, for his guidance into fruition of the idea of Sunday Salons.

THE HUMANITIES AND THE PROFESSIONS

'Even the youngest among us', Benjamin Jowett reminded the gentlemen of Balliol, 'is not infallible.' Even if this be admitted, seclusion from the normal processes of the community and the theoretical nature of the considerations which govern much of our thought and action renders college students peculiarly liable to dogmatism, error or misjudgment. Universities are notoriously ivory towers. Our university is in process of becoming an ivory sky-scraper, air-conditioned and sound-proofed against the intrusion of any external influence, and segmented against easy communication from one part of the building to another. In such an environment bizarre notions prevail about the nature and operation of the world outside.

In 1963 the Senior Student, with his customary dynamism, brought the world into the cloister by inviting four professional men of great experience and distinction to discuss their calling as part of the life-process of the community. We could hardly have been more fortunate in the quality of our speakers: Sir Clive Fitts, who discussed the art of medicine; Sir Reginald Sholl, representing the Law; Sir Samuel Wadham, Emeritus Professor of Agriculture; and Mr. Guy Gresford, Secretary of the C.S.I.R.O.

The discussions were kept at an informal level, and to this end a great deal of time was allotted to questions — indeed Sir Reginald Sholl simply put himself in the box for cross-examination without any kind of preliminary. Even the size of the audience, which was comfortably large but not so big as to destroy the intimacy necessary for free discussion, was a positive factor.

In retrospect the outstanding quality common to all four speakers was an exemplary degree of elegance and lucidity of expression. The ease with which relatively complicated and esoteric subject-matter was converted, for

the time being at least, into common ground for all of us, demonstrated afresh the importance of combining mastery of ideas with mastery of language. Equally notable was a broad humanity, a tolerance and a general unwillingness to pontificate. In this respect, the discussions lacked that stern and aseptic adherence to revealed truth that passes for argument in some circles; and some widely accepted preconceptions were rocked on their foundations. It is improbable that any current final year medical student will inform his examiners that he has never thought of himself as a scientist. But he now has wanted even for so widely improbable an idea.

This was an important experiment which succeeded handsomely and which is obviously capable of almost unlimited extension and variation. It deserves to become a regular feature of the College year.

CRICKET

Captain: R. E. Northey.

Vice-Captain: C. Selby-Smith.

Third Member: R. D. Weymouth.

When College re-assembled, Captain Bob Northey faced the difficult task of building a team to continue Trinity's good showing in the Inter-Collegiate cricket. The attack was depleted by the absence of Bob Tucker and Daryl Wraith, who had been Trinity's mainstays in the previous year. In Daryl the team also lost a handy opening bat. However, Clark and Hay showed promising form as fast bowlers, while Murphy's spinners caused all batsmen trouble at the nets. With Weymouth in brilliantly erratic form, and a new keeper — Lewisohn, Trinity entered the first game against Queen's, the ultimate winners, with higher hopes than had been anticipated a few weeks earlier.

It would not be unfair to say that in Trinity's only match, against Queen's, Axel Clark was the star. Opening the batting, he contributed a vitally needed resistance to the very ordinary Queen's attack, and a valuable, top-scoring 59 runs to the College's total score.

Trinity had first use of a pitch which gave little assistance to bowlers, but nevertheless promised to get livelier after the rain which never came. Lewisohn, who opened with Clark, was dismissed when the score was 12, to be promptly followed, next ball, by Selby-Smith, and, shortly afterwards, by Captain Bob Northey. This early collapse left Trinity

3 for 26, and put extreme pressure on the middle-of-the-list batsmen. Showing good sense in punishing only the loose ball, Clark pushed the score along steadily, whilst Hay and then Richards were content to stay with him.

Clark was joined by Clark when the score was 86 and, after a quiet start, both began to open their shoulders and treat the plebian host of Queen's College to a tasteful exhibition of controlled slogging. Axel's fitness, with all due respect, had by this stage almost evaporated, and since this, combined with somewhat unorthodox running style, compelled him to forsake the short runs, he took to the long handle, just missing several beautiful sixes and bottles of beer. Axel was bowled as the score was approaching 100, and 'Sandy' Clark dismissed l.b.w. for a strong 35 soon after. When Murphy was out for 30, the Trinity tail offered little further resistance and the innings closed at a not unrespectable 175 runs.

When Queen's batted in the afternoon our bowlers got off to an electric start; 'Sandy' Clark trapped Martin l.b.w. in the first over, and Hay took a fine catch in the gully off Weymouth's bowling to make Queen's 2 for 4. Both bowlers now took their sweaters off and settled down to some good bowling. Nevertheless, by stumps, Queen's had recovered somewhat to be 5 for 95.

Next day, Clark again got the break through. Showing remarkable dexterity of elbow he tossed down a rather quickish ball to Laing, who was duly caught behind. But although the issue was long in doubt, Queen's were at one stage 8 for 131, and effectively subjected to great pressure by our bowlers, Trinity's fielding, especially behind the wickets, lost them the initiative and Queen's went on to victory, declaring before lunch at 8 for 194.

TRINITY V. QUEEN'S.

TRINITY — First Innings.	
Clark, A., b Walstab	59
Lewisohn, c Burnett, b Reynolds	11
Selby-Smith, c Burnett, b Reynolds	0
Northey, b Reynolds	6
Hay, l.b.w., b Reynolds	10
Richards, c Martin, b Walstab	15
Clark, C., l.b.w., b Squire	35
Murphy, l.b.w., b Edwards	30
Ardlie, c Faull, b Reynolds	1
Weymouth, l.b.w., b Squire	2
Harper, not out	2
Sundries	4
TOTAL	175

Bowling — Reynolds, 5 for 43; Squire, 2 for 27; Edwards, 1 for 49; Walstab, 2 for 35; Lampe, none for 18.

QUEEN'S — First Innings.

Martin, l.b.w., b Clark	0
Faull, c Hay, b Weymouth	0
Lampe, l.b.w., b Clark	34
Edwards, c Northey, b Weymouth	30
Burnett, b Weymouth	6
Laing, c Lewisohn, b Clark	44
Walstab, not out	31
Clark, P., l.b.w., b Clark	0
Lay, c Hay, b Murphy	9
Reynolds, not out	30
Squire	
Sundries	12
TOTAL	8 wickets (declared) for 194

Bowling — Clark, C., 4 for 44; Weymouth, 3 for 80; Hay, none for 24; Harper, none for 10; Murphy, 1 for 17; Clark, A., none for 6.

Queen's won by 2 wickets on the first innings.

ROWING

Captain: I. F. Bult.

Vice-Captain: C. S. Keon-Cohen.

Third Man: R. P. Gorton.

The inter-collegiate rowing this year maintained the high standard set in 1962, and Trinity was again fortunate to acquire the services of Mr. John Michie and Mr. Stephen Charles to coach the Firsts and Seconds respectively.

The Seconds found training enjoyable in many ways, particularly the long Saturday row to Essendon and the Angler's Arms. The Firsts' training was sufficiently strenuous to make Cass's fortification essential, at least once with disastrous results for certain crew members.

The Seconds crew opened a substantial lead at the start of their heat against Ormond, and after anxious moments while rounding the big bend rowed away to a third of a length win. In the final they met a superior crew in Queen's, and after an even start gradually lost ground to be defeated by three lengths.

The Firsts heartened supporters by racing away from the relative 'dark horse' Ormond crew in the heat, and with a safe lead established raced through to the finish to win by one and a third lengths in 6 minutes 2.2 secs.

Fortified by the Newman tradition of not winning the boat race, the crew gave their supporters brief moments of joy by starting well and establishing a lead of more than half

a length by the first bridge. This was increased until there was clean water between the crews on the big bend, when the strong Newman crew began to reduce the lead, finally sprinting past to win by three-quarters of a length, in 6 mins. 13.8 secs.

Congratulations to Newman on having won, but never lost the Mervyn Bourne Higgins Shield. Congratulations also to I. F. Bult, I. K. Galbraith, R. P. Gorton, C. S. Keon-Cohen and W. R. Stokes on their inter- varsity selection.

ATHLETICS

Trinity went down to Ormond in the Athletics again this year despite the absence from the Ormond team of a noted ex-Trinity man who secured their victory last year.

The 1963 college team included a few first class athletes, especially Stan Spittle, who had been re-welcomed to college only a few weeks before, and Andy Kirkham, who has literally made great strides in the athletics world over the past two years. Geoff Styles performed well too, despite the fact that he was almost confined to bed the day before the competition. These three were Trinity's outstanding representatives, and we seemed noticeably lacking outside their events, particularly in the field games. All athletics events require consistent training, and it is a pity that many college gentlemen who are former champions are prepared to make only a one day stand or shy clear.

Next year many of those who have taken a leading part in college athletics over the last few years will have left and there does not seem any likelihood of their easy replacement. Perhaps the inauguration of an early, determined and vigorous training campaign, as was attempted this year, will help to make a team where places will be earned by merit rather than reputation.

SWIMMING

'The reader can imagine how the contest ebbed and flowed.'

(Author's note: For 'flowed' read 'ebbed'.)

The swimming this year was conducted in true College fashion, indulgence in hard training being considered ungentlemanly. As a

result we just managed to nudge St. Hilda's out of fourth place, but only after a gruelling struggle.

Perhaps our most noteworthy feat was that of 'Toby' Hooper, who, with great skill, managed to break four times without being disqualified. ('Mick' Lane, ex-Trinity swimming captain, is to be thanked for his services as referee.)

Our most successful event was undoubtedly the gentlemen's relay, in which we claimed victory — ignoring similar claims from three other colleges.

GENTLEMEN VERSUS PLAYERS

Romance and chivalry were revived in the scientific age in the 'Trinity Test,' a game of cricket between the Gentlemen of the College (the students) captained by Mr. B. D. O'L. Bodna; and the Players (the tutors), led by the Warden.

The match took place on Friday, March 22nd, and was played on the Trinity Bulpadok. Most cricketers were attired in garish Edwardian ensembles, though one wore shorts and stockings, and another, a man of the cloth, who turned into a demon bowler, was dressed in a white cassock.

The Players batted first, and Beever and Brady, the openers, faced the onslaught of a half-gypsy, village smith with flaring nostrils, who set a field of ten men behind the wicket. The Players knocked up 163 in 88 minutes, despite the specially prepared Monie-Ritchie pitch, which boasted two ridges and a dust bowl.

The Gentlemen had second use of the wicket, and were 9 for 163 when Calder and Bodna's appeal against the light was upheld, the match ending in a surprise draw.

Despite the recent radical decision at Lords, it was decided to adhere to the traditional distinction between Players and Gentlemen, since there were no Cricketers present.

JOHN RITCHIE.

THE AUCTION

Freshmen were introduced to domestic furnishing problems on the night of Thursday, 14th March. To the trained observer, it was obvious that most of them had come from homes which had been carefully furnished by

parents or relations, or from luxurious boarding-schools equipped with modern educational aids. It was, therefore, only to the fortunate few whose backgrounds may have been described as unfurnished and unaided, that the bare boards and minimum equipment of the typical study and bedroom came as no particularly unpleasant shock. These people showed little interest in the bidding, for they found themselves immediately at home in their new surroundings. They therefore joined the select body of more senior College gentlemen whose astute foresight had already ensured that their own rooms were not only complete with the best that the College could provide but also securely locked, and amused themselves by pouring slightly less water than usual on everybody and everything in sight from the Behan balcony.

This year was unique. The passing of the Wooden Wing (recorded elsewhere in this journal) symbolised the spirit of innovation which has pervaded the College this "spring-clean" year of 1963. In response to urges of which they themselves can scarcely have been aware, the dim powers that control this College had quietly and efficiently eliminated the more decrepit pieces from the stock of furniture kept for the auction, in particular a couch which had obviously belonged to Mr. Neil Forsyth. Many old friends had gone, never to be auctioned again.

The organisers, Messrs Benham and O'Brien, performed creditably; Minson got stuck with most of the articles whose prices he tried to inflate; Oldham failed to sell his toneless and dirty guitar, ready-made for folk singing; Wright purchased more pictures of judges than he knew what to do with; 'Rorhoney' didn't buy anything at all; and the Committee reaped the benefit of an undisclosed sum of money (being the proceeds, less 20% registration fee, 20% enrolment fee, 10% commission, and a nominal handling charge) which paid for their end-of-year dinner at the Oxford Hotel on Freedom-From-Hunger night.

COLLEGE PLAY

Since its first production in 1728 the 'Beggar's Opera' has suffered many revivals, and one is inclined to wonder why. Its first success lay in its adroit mixture of political and musical satire, but the point of this is almost certainly lost on a modern audience.

In 1929 Berthold Brecht seized hold of Gay's work and produced 'Die Dreigroschenoper' with music by Kurt Weill, carefully underlining the Marxist determinism that Gay carelessly had not even suspected. Many other revivals have plugged their own particular keynote — be it charm or period interest. A recent film version exploited unashamedly the personality of a leading actor-producer-director. The main reason for the Trinity College Dramatic Club's production would appear to have been its suitability as a 'good College play,' that is presumably one that gives considerable scope for the large crowd scenes, even if it is devoid of many other redeeming features.

The production by Ronald Quinn took good advantage of this fact, so much indeed that the second act was virtually the beginning of the play. Lighting, colour and movement created some first-class theatrical effects which combined with some jolly tuneful choruses at last stirred the audience in their seats. The ladies of the town led by the indomitable Miss Wynne, cavorted with a rollicking abandon that made one feel assured that the streets of this fair city would never be short of recruits.

But excellent crowd scenes do not make an entire play, and the lusty exuberant atmosphere that they created was too frequently let down in other parts of the production. This is partly the fault of the play, which, after all, is very much like an extended concert. Charming and lilting though the music be it was annoyingly brief, and this brevity of individual numbers contributed to the uneasy, fragmentary effect in the entire production. It is all very well to have tunes the audience can whistle, but they need a little time to assimilate them. Often the concluding passages seemed to tread close upon the introductory bars. Further, some passages of the play are particularly arid where the satirical point has been lost; indeed, one was given at times to wondering if it had ever been there in the first place. The play is devoid of dramatic climax or content, and interest must therefore be sustained by a stylized production and acting technique.

It is in this last point that the production fell down, though neither through the fault of the producer nor of the actors as a whole, for this stylization would be difficult to obtain in the professional theatre in Australia, let alone amongst amateurs, no matter how

gifted. There was a hesitancy (probably the fault of both producer and player) that made the audience uncertain whether a satirical portrayal was being attempted, though unsuccessfully, or whether the presentation was just unfortunately weak. Satire in the theatre must strike home with deadly accuracy to be convincing, and here there were too many performances off-centre in their marksman-ship.

An example of this type of playing was Mr. J. Usher, who never revealed to the audience for the entire night if he was satirising the dashing highwayman or intending him to be taken seriously, and probably one felt because he was himself uncertain of his intentions. Only one performance stood out as being completely integrated in its aim and effect, and this was Mr. P. Field's portrayal of Mr. Lockit, a performance full of assurance and finesse and so completely acceptable to the audience. Several others came close to this standard, especially Miss A. Lowry as Polly Peachum, Miss J. Browning as Lucy, Mr. C. Bright as Matt, Mr. J. Calder as Mr. Peachum, and Miss J. Neville as his wife. Mr. R. Wilson, as the author of the play, disclosed a hitherto unsuspected flair for vagueness. But the acting honours still go to the chorus, which is probably proof positive that it was a good choice for a college play.

But is this indeed true? A stageful of people all enjoying themselves no end, it does not necessarily follow that the audience does likewise. Doubtless the 'Beggar's Opera' is rollicking good fun for everyone on stage, but from the audience's point of view there are acres of excruciating dullness. It is an extremely difficult matter to choose the right college play, and standards of quality in dramatic art have to be adjusted if not sacrificed outright to the demands of such things, as box-office appeal and, above all, to the greatest measure of collegiate participation. Nevertheless a certain standard has to be achieved if only because the College charges admission to its play and fondly hopes to make a profit. If the College is going to insist on every production containing a minor Cecil B. de Mille cast-list then the choice of a suitable play is going to be severely hampered, for the field of selection is not wide. There are always the classics, of course, and one hopes that the current anti-Shakespeare & Co. trend will not prevail for

ever, but the selection pool will be a diminishing one in scope and variety if everyone has to 'have a go.'

After all there are more than 11 men in College anxious to 'have a go' at cricket, but the team is carefully selected to compose the best 11 (at least that's the theory at the beginning of the season). It appears feasible that the same principle should operate when it comes to the College's dramatic front. In any kind of production considerable effort on the part of many College members will be called for as it is at present, but as it does not require the whole 180 of us to swarm over the field to provide the best collegiate cricket so it does not require the stage to be littered with most of the College to provide the best collegiate play.

It seems a pity that the considerable talent used for the production of the 'Beggar's Opera' (and I am thinking specifically of all the back-stage, preliminary organisers and front of house work as well as the acting) did not have an opportunity to display itself in a more worthwhile play, for when one removes the music the residue is pretty dusty and should perhaps quietly be left to moulder on the theatrical shelves of history. Of course one can argue that the College play is not primarily concerned with theatre but exists precisely so that the largest number of people can appear on stage and enjoy themselves irrespective of the audience; but if this is the official view, Trinity College is sadly out of step with other undergraduate societies and colleges, both at home and overseas, which have been responsible for producing some of the world's best plays. If the College play is to be mainly a collegiate romp then it is doubtful if we can continue to expect the audience to pay for the doubtful privilege of watching it.

ALBERT MACPHERSON.

THE PASSING OF THE WOODEN WING

Of course everyone knew that the Wooden Wing had to go, but when the moment finally came in the summer vacation, the going seemed immoderately swift. One might say that the general attitude to the demolition of the wing had been Fabian. Perhaps because it had survived the threats of both students and council for 40 years, there was a widespread belief that the Wing would succumb only to the inevitability of gradualness and

simply fragment at a rate slightly faster than Mr. Wynne's speedy grafting of new material into its structure. Then again there were those who took a Marxist line, asserting with satisfaction and pride in their juniors that it would take only two or three more Valedictory Dinners to batter the thing to pieces.

So both parties were equally shocked to see the job done by proper workmen, notwithstanding the little cries of joy they uttered last year upon hearing definitely that it would go.

Like archaeologists, the workmen approached the Wing from outside working inwards. With the removal of the weatherboards the Wing, for a short time, displayed its potential as a half timbered Tudor villa, but attracted neither Mr. Osbert Lancaster's stockbrokers nor the National Trust before the work was completed and the whole edifice was stacked up like a deck of cards by the J.C.H. Tennis Court. It was probably because the job was so quickly done that they missed their chance, and the responsibility for this must be borne by the overseer who tore away wall-boards, windows and pieces of his hands with industry, jemmy, crowbar and relish. People think that Mr. Wynne loved the Wing and hated freshers, but an informant from High Table assures me that a long time ago it was the other way around — Mr. Wynne loved freshers and hated the Wing: a hate which he would have expressed by burning it down had not a freshman of astonishing naiveté caught him at it. It changed both their lives.

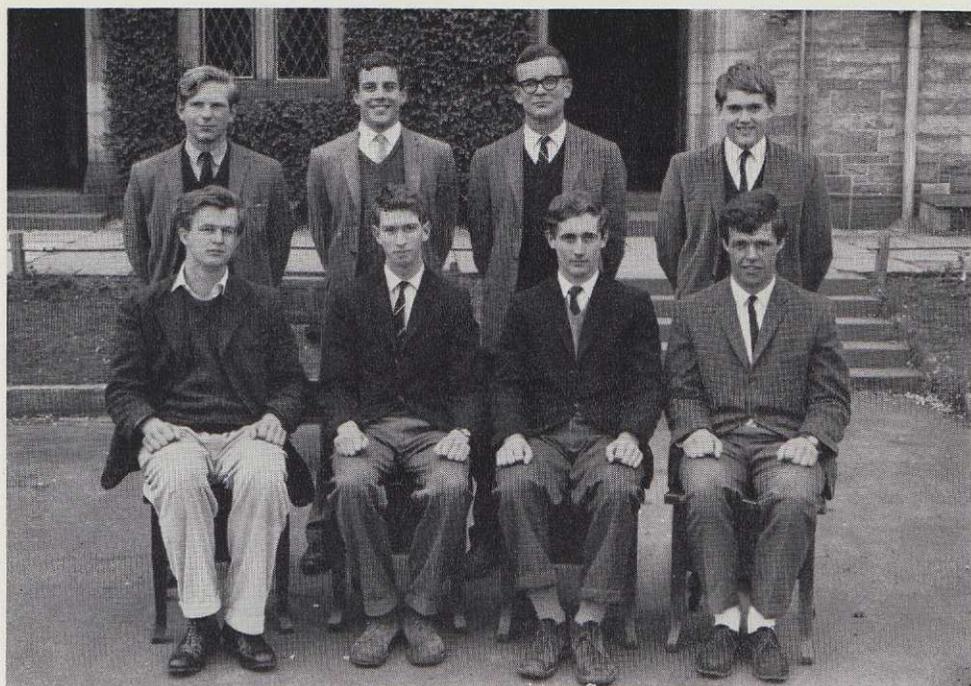
Eventually there remained only a large and ambiguous mass of light brown hair piled about three feet high on the site. Some said it was insulation, others suggested an accumulation of abandoned love-locks, but the knowledgeable recognised it as cow hair that had accumulated between the weatherboards, left there by the succession of wayward but lonely cows that have rubbed their flanks against its understanding walls. This pile was kept company for a time by the wing's incomparable urinal which stood about in a detached sort of way, displaying to unimpressed dealers its uniquely inefficient drain. It was fitting that this particular fixture should have lingered after everything else had gone, as it will undoubtedly stay longest in the memories of those who, until now, have not been able to define just what it was that gave the hot days in first and third terms their distinction.

While it stood the Wing delighted in fusing the irreconcilable. Its interior decor, for example, was nothing if not eclectic, bearing witness to Mr. S. A. Wynne's devotion to variety in woods and manners — principally to Australian cedar in its most massive and flamboyant forms. It is true that the high-boys and chests of drawers had lost most of their knobs, their refulgence and their drawer-bottoms, but the candle-roping and arcanthos scrolls still twined tenaciously around their feet and corners, sometimes reaching as high as the mirrors to prove that our great-grandfathers had their moments of hilarity. But in the confined spaces of the wing such pieces were more inconvenient than delightful. Wingers who had explored the possibilities of the supper-party most fully, were apt to leave little pennants of skin on the corbels as they struggled out of their clothes and into 45 r.p.m. beds.

The Wynne admiration of fumed oak found expression in a number of small tables which consisted of two shelves kept apart by a few lonely two-inch laths tacked vertically around three sides. It must be said that as *le dernier cri* in functionalism they were not a success, and were suspected by many to be burnt-out commodes.

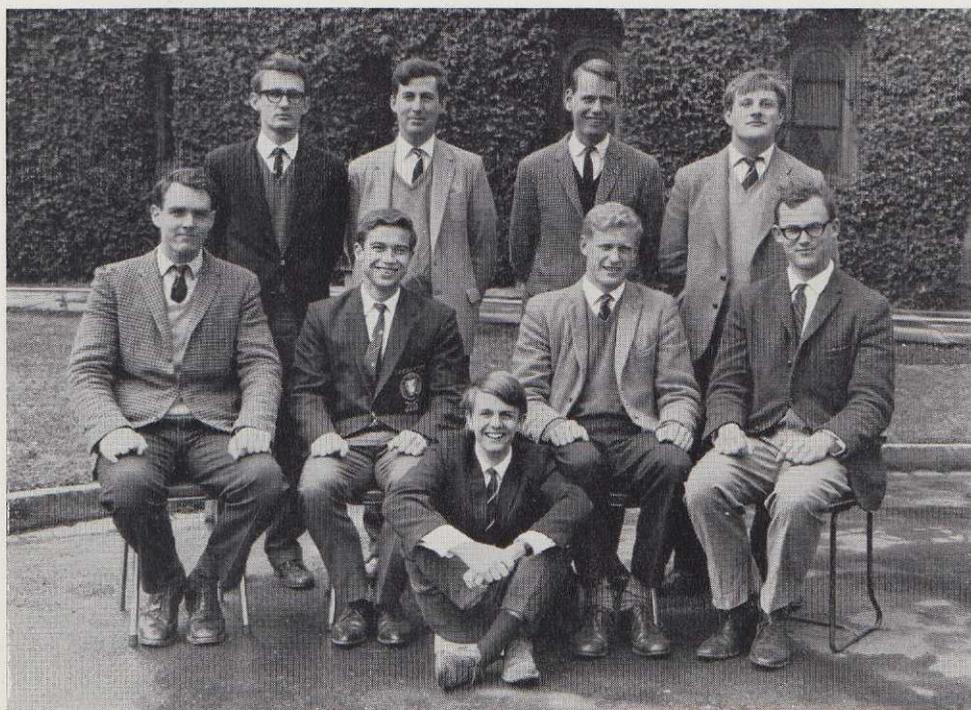
The beds were not, perhaps, the most comfortable in College, but they were admirably mobile. One belonging to Mr. J. Feltham, then the Wing's Tutor, found its way to the top of the shower stall after the Valedictory Dinner in 1957. The bed's coverings, being even more mobile, dispersed themselves in defensive positions on the woodheap and the roof. The bed remained docile until Mr. Feltham had it nearly to the floor, when it gave a sudden lunge and pinned him to the wall: at which point his well wishers and tactical advisers thought it best to look to their own beds and departed. Feltham's cries attracted the ever-bland R. L. C. Sutcliffe as he passed the bathroom on his way back from doing the sort of things he has always done at Valedictory Dinners. Though he claims his advice showed disarming concern, yet it cost him a heavy fine. His own estimate is £55, but M. R. Jones recollects that it had risen by the end of the evening to £125.

Despite this and similar incidents, sleep was as popular in the Wing as it is throughout College, with the usual incidence of day-light rehearsals. Living in the Wing taught freshers — most notably Mr. J. W. Freeman — the wisdom of the College rule which states that



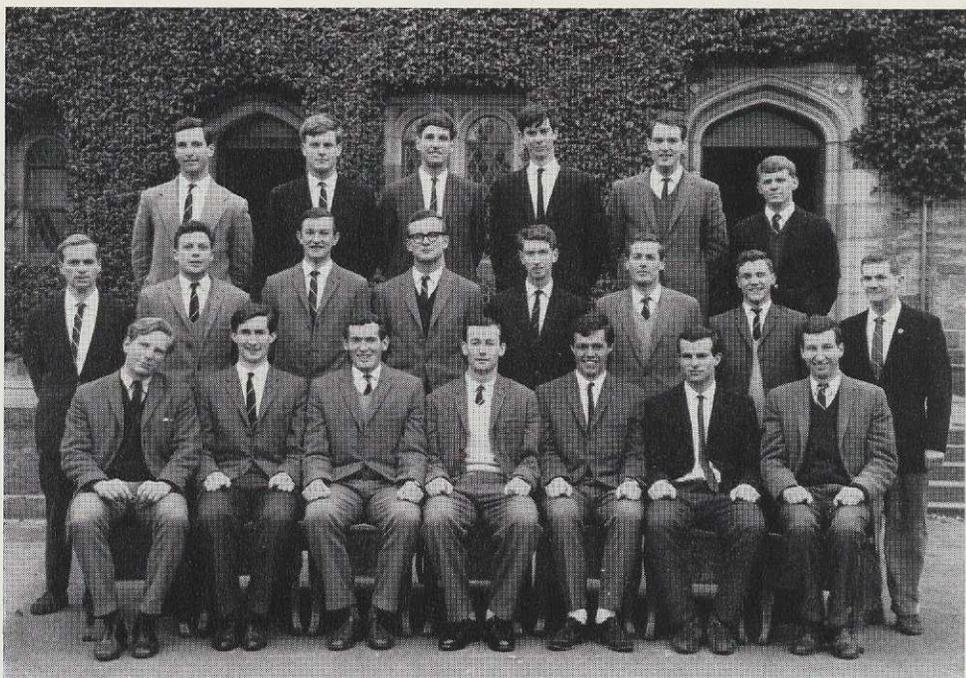
FIRST XI.

Back Row: J. R. P. Lewisohn, D. L. Harper, C. G. Clark, P. L. Murphy.
Front Row: A. Clark, R. D. Weymouth, C. Selby-Smith, A. G. Richards.
Absent: J. M. Ardlie, A. O. Hay, R. E. Northey (Captain).



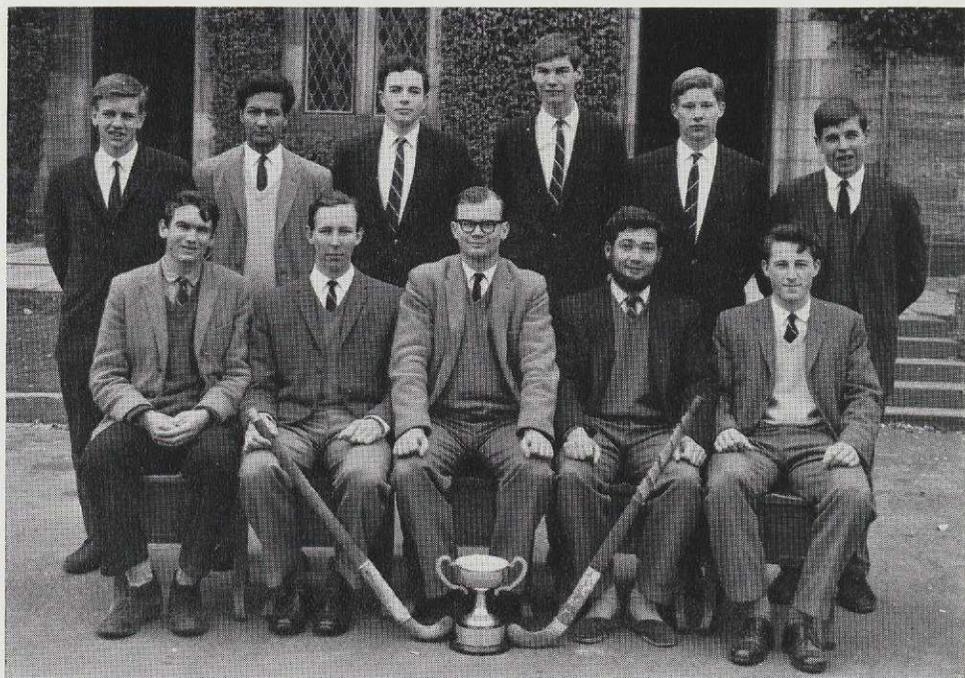
FIRST VIII.

Back Row: R. P. Gorton, R. M. L. Murray, W. A. H. Molesworth, N. A. Robinson.
Centre Row: I. K. M. Galbraith, C. S. Keon-Cohen, I. F. Bult (Captain), W. R. Stokes.
Front Row: G. J. Pullen.



FIRST XVIII.

Back Row: I. R. Lowry, J. S. Larritt, A. T. Mitchell, J. H. H. Brookes, I. K. M. Galbraith, R. W. Prestney.
Centre Row: G. C. Rennie, E. P. Kennon, C. J. S. Renwick, C. G. Clark, R. D. Weymouth, J. O. King, G. J. Watts, T. Sephton.
Front Row: J. R. P. Lewisohn, J. M. Ardlie, P. F. Druce, M. L. Ingpen (Captain), A. G. Richards, J. M. P. Robinson, P. E. Hooper.



HOCKEY TEAM.

Back Row: R. J. McGregor, H. S. Praser, P. H. Gerrand, H. K. Colebatch, T. H. Bainbridge, W. G. Martin.
Front Row: V. S. Ramsden, D. L. Johnson, J. M. Hedstrom (Captain), G. H. Ripper, P. L. Field.

gentlemen may lie on their beds during the day but which abjures them to take off nothing but their shoes.

One should say something for the doors in the Wing with their bubbled panels and suicidal coats hanging inside. Mr. Michael Joshua, to name one example, found them a great compensation for an absent mind. He was especially good at leaving his keys on the wrong side of his locked door and always considered this oversight as an emergency to be solved by analogy with fire alarms. The sound of breaking glass was always a sure sign that Mr. Joshua was in. Others troubled by tension in October could learn from Mr. J. M. Jelbart, who comforted his mind by banging his door. Eventually the business of putting the pieces together convincingly became an affront to his sense of structure and Glum had to start on larger targets like the walls.

Those walls were perhaps the Wooden Wing's most singular architectural feature. Although one could not see through them, they resisted very little else. Mr. F. D. Cumbrae-Stewart is credited with the discovery in the late twenties that a bullet fired at one end of the building would travel through ten walls and out the other end with only a slight reduction in velocity. For some years the Cumbrae-Stewart Memorial Bullet Hole celebrated this original experiment, but the passage of time and of other missiles made it too difficult to find by the time the walls were pulled down. Things less tangible penetrated almost as well as bullets. The walls' failure to absorb sound often diverted the wingers: it meant one could not entertain in private, but then the good things were shared. Like the Hasker Apology. This conversational play has not yet been noticed by Emily Post or Stephen Potter, but it is nevertheless a possible way to cover an indiscreet word dropped at one's first attempt to entertain the Ladies of J.C.H. after Matins. Mr. J. Hasker's brilliance was noted by those holding studies on either side of his. It works on the principle that two negatives make a positive.

This same John Hasker woke up one morning to find himself in possession of a beer tap which he jammed into his wall and made the subject of endless fantasies. Prudently, he removed it when he was ill, for in those days Mr. Wynne used to feed the sick himself. But unfortunately for Hasker it was the sort of sickness that travels along the passage (or through the wall) and the next day he resumed

his game, unaware that Mr. Wynne was bringing his solicitous tray to Peter Manger, on the other side of the wall, which proved that Hasker and Wynne, despite similar tastes, had very different imaginations.

A similar curiosity about the walls was shown by Fred Davey, whose deck faced that of Glum Jelbart, in the next room. On one occasion he asked Glum whether he had any ink and if so, whether he could borrow it. Glum, with that economy which has distinguished all Jelbarts, answered both questions with two words. Perhaps it was because Fred was so muscular that he chose not to walk round to get it. He preferred a great punch which brought his fist within an inch or two of the bottle. Glum didn't think it worth a comment.

Consequent upon the weakness of the walls was the devotion to the visual arts. Maps and calendars, old exam. time-tables and travel posters and even the odd picture were mounted in bizarre combination and at unlikely yet effective heights throughout the Wing: all bringing high prices on the first term account.

There was a certain individuality about Wooden Wing amusements. Milk bottle skittles was the most common, but others showed some imagination. In the days of Dr. Behan an enormous catapult was set up in one of the rooms on the western side. It was hoped that this catapult would soften up J.C.H. for the Great Assault. It fired double bangers with fuses specially lengthened to ensure that they would not explode until they landed amongst the unfortunates in the old balcony. Why the Wingers thought that Miss Joske would not complain is hard to say; but she did. Unhappily the noise of the barrage concealed Dr. Behan's approach, so when his knock sounded on the door, there was no time to conceal the engine with the thoroughness which its ingenuity deserved. A drawer was opened, the window slammed down and a characteristically cold Behan interrogation was begun. Any decision to deny authorship that the members of the battery might have made was undone in the pause after the first of the Warden's questions, for in that lull the last of the bangers, which had been hastily dropped over the window sill, exploded the possibility of defence.

It was therefore not until Dr. Behan retired that a similar attack was mounted. This time with rockets. This second attempt failed through lack of unity. One of the rocket party with an unusually short concentration

span retired secretly and fired a rocket up the passage to simulate a counter attack. Instead of crashing against the far door, the rocket was somehow deflected and shot into his own study, where the explosion that followed reduced what notes he had to blackened fragments.

Wooden Wing parties have always been comradely, and perhaps most convivial of all when under the greatest restraint. In the first term of 1946 when the wingers were ex-service and dry the Rev. Keith Madin gave an evening party. The room was packed, the euphoria grew stronger, the singing grew louder, and everyone got drunk on tea. They roared and sang and sipped their tea far into the night until Mr. A. G. L. Shaw, who was then the Dean, descended to confiscate the alcohol and punish the offenders. It took a number of carefully worded depositions, one by B. R. Marshall, who was tinkling tea cups with the best of them, to convince the Dean that no offence had been committed. Not that the Dean showed a lack of faith in the Wing by accusing it of drunkenness. At that time Mrs. Beyer, who was a sweet and trustworthy woman, used to clean the Wing. Her greatest talent was an ability to dispose of anything in the way of empty bottles which remained after her gentlemen had been celebrating. One night George Hadfield treated the Wing to a gallon keg of beer which stood bulkily in his room the following morning. From his bed he heard Mrs. Beyer enter and, fearing that she would make the keg vanish in the usual way, he opened a poached egg eye and assured her that he would get rid of it himself. 'That's all right, sir,' she replied. 'I'll just give it a bit of a dust.'

But for the Wooden Wing these indignities are gone forever. Having suffered for forty years the repetitive humour and brute violence of Trinity's freshmen, she rests at last in Greensborough, among the gums from which she sprang. And even if the National Trust did ignore her, the Church of Rome is sure to recognise the sincerity of her desire for sanctuary. The promised days of State Aid to Church Schools will ensure her preservation as a place of pilgrimage to our successors and a happy refuge for those whose memories are keen enough to remember which particular scars they inflicted upon her long-suffering timbers.

ASYLUM

I.

'So I tell you, Charles, since you are the one
Who alone continues, through love, to come
Each Wednesday to this hell beyond grace
Of thinking men. You see, that was no place
Of buckets, spades and kids in tribes burning
Happily, of dogs and mothers paddling;
For mine was a beach with shadows shouting
Failure, its sky thundrous with the squark-
ing
Of gulls and their drumming wings. Such
weather's
Meant for mooching! What with moulted
feathers,
Bones, moss-lined seaweed, and a land tor-
mented
By wind and time, whatever prevented
Me ending it there God only knows. And
Have vanished like my footprints from the
sand.

II.

'In a moment, bewildered and clumsy,
Without plan, unrehearsed, Time brought
her me,
Where the dead blinded branches feel down
for
The upreaching grass. Arranged high, she
bore
Her chestnut sisel hair with unstartled
Bearing. She glanced up. Far off the bell
toll'd
Three; and, as she turned her head, the wind
played
With the innocent knowledge she carried
In her smile. All this I noticed coldly,
Charles, coldly. Her sad Graecian eyes
held me
Drowning, her claret-lipped mouth laugh-
ingly
Taunted me. Beneath her dress, gray and
high-
Necked, she waited without guilt. We each
Gave our nakedness on the blistered beach.

III.

'Time took her. In seventeen months she may
Return to avoid me. You know the way
These things happen — I'd be slurched,
fingering
Dirty love in pool-spilt beer. I'd bring
Her nothing. Faded love dries. Hear the
calling

Of the Kite? Listen! His wings unmoving,
He rides the humming wind. He is my
friend,
Though he comes to taunt me. Baying, I
send
Him love by pressing myself to the bars
Of this window and weeping for the stars
I can never reach. Enough! There's the
bell,
which means it's time for you to leave.
Farewell.'

JOHN RITCHIE.

INDIA AND THE EUROPEAN

After the good-byes have been made and the conventional things said, the visitor to another country has to come to terms with himself. What did three months in India mean to me? At the moment I feel the tug of a subtle and mysterious charm that belongs to India because she stands for values so different from those that I had taken for granted, here in Australia. India in this sense was and is a challenge.

What I wish to discuss now is an emotional reaction of a different sort. This was something that I acknowledged reluctantly because it seemed a betrayal of all that I had enjoyed in India. The ugly truth was that I did not like Indians. This was irrational because I knew that Indians could not be lumped together; there are so many different races, so many millions of individuals. But the fact was there — however much I might like the few I got to know well, I did not like Indians *en masse*. I tell my story because I believe it has a lot in common with that of other Europeans, and because I believe it is important that we should understand the springs of those attitudes that may determine our future actions.

The European — the Australian is a European before he is anything else — soon recognises that he has no privileged position in today's India. He is expected to be one among millions. This is surely a legitimate demand, but it seems to be contradicted by experience; for those factors which conditioned the attitudes of the British in India for three centuries are still operative to-day. Industrialisation has not yet given India a face lift, much less changed the patterns of living that have always dominated the lives of the great majority of Indians. The much vaunted 'Winds of change' demand of the European

an enlightened attitude but the social conditions are still a fertile ground for prejudice.

When I started to analyse my prejudices the most immediately apparent was a reaction against much of the squalor of Indian life. This attitude was exaggerated in one lady who said that she had to have a bath after being driven around Bombay, she felt unclean — it was only after disinfecting herself that she could return to kith and kin. At the root of this wholesale rejection (which we all experience in a lesser degree) I suspect there is embarrassment. The suffering is there; you are ashamed that you won't do anything to relieve it, so you turn your back on it.

A second reaction has more excuse. Many Indians feel that their traditional values are inadequate for the modern world. They have therefore turned to an aping of the West. To see yourself served up in a half-baked manner is not a flattering experience. Nor is the copying confined to the latest pop tunes and fancy hair-do's. Bribery, corruption, and plain stealing are rife in India. It is easy to count yourself virtuous and the Indian morally degenerate. But this is too simple. A little imagination — how would I act if I was unemployed and my family was starving — and the feeling of superiority is dispelled.

Another attitude that I found lurking in the subconscious was cynicism. In India you have all these fine ideals like people's socialism and non-violence — so the inchoate argument goes, but what is the reality? There is a general distaste for work, and work done is work done badly. The feeling breaks to the surface when a match splintered on being struck against the box, or a shoelace breaks on being used for the first time. Then there is cursing about the general hopelessness of things Indian; and an initial prejudice against all things Indian is well on the way to developing, something that can sour almost any experience. Perhaps cynicism is an emotional outlet for thwarted idealism. There is an immense inertia about India. Missionary zeal, humanitarianism, hope of monetary gain — it is likely to be the graveyard of them all.

There seems to be layers of resentment. At the heart, I suspect, is resentment against the Indian assertion of equality. At home it is easy enough to accept a paper principle, but it is more difficult to live it out in a land of so many inequalities. These are facts which it is easy to point to as belying equality; lack of initiative on the part of the Indian, inability to see things through, and plain lack

of know-how. Add to these a much higher standard of living and you have the feeling 'I know I'm better.' But the citadel is under attack; indeed it has been taken, for the British are gone. There is the feeling of being cheated, of hurt, and the need to withdraw into a Colonel Pewter fantasy world.

Some will disagree with this analysis as being too fanciful, but there must be few Europeans who have not felt within themselves the urge to push the Indian around. However natural this feeling is, the pukka sahib has no place in India to-day. What is more, the European cannot adopt that posture with the same confidence as his grandfather did. We have begun to doubt not only our destiny to rule but our worthiness for the task. We are ready to give reasons for what we regard as failures in the Indian. We are not satisfied with the old answer (which was implied, if not spoken) of natural inferiority. Yet this new understanding does not remove the antipathy. The tension between the equality which we know must be, and the inequality which we want, will be the unhappy lot of the European for many years yet. Australia has not made the inevitable adjustment any easier by so isolating herself that she has hardly begun to face the problems of living in a post-European world.

HUGH JACKSON.

PREJUDICE

Freedom and democracy their meaning clear
to see.

But different would their meaning be,
If White were I and Black were thee.
For I am dirt, the gutter is my home,
Or even at the best the streets you let me
roam.

I can feel the Hate Stare hurt
As I crawl amongst the dirt,
And I can hear your arrogant cry,
'You are not as good as I'
And what absolute authority makes this
right?

None, except your skin not mine is white.

STEPHEN AMES.

FOREIGNERS

One of the principal purposes of travelling abroad is to see Foreigners in their Natural Setting. Although these days we have a certain number of foreigners in Australia, one cannot be certain that they are representative: they have entered our environment, not we

theirs. The distinction is between animals in captivity, and animals in their native surroundings, such as a large park set aside for the especial purpose of allowing them to live and breed (and how disgustingly they breed!) in their normal habitat.

The first foreigners I met were Americans, whose characteristics and environment are so well known to us as a result of the cinematograph and, I believe, even more repulsive and advanced methods of visual and audio communication. Americans held few surprises for me, but it was gratifying to confirm that they appear not to realise what a backward and uncultured people they are; that a Ph.D. in their best universities is equal to our Matriculation; and that their wealth results solely from their good fortune in having been able to steal all the rich natural resources which rightfully belong to the Indians.

The Mexicans are a group of people who exist in order to supply vice of all descriptions to the Americans who come to Mexico for their vacations. Everyone knows how immoral Mexicans are. Unfortunately the Mexicans thought that I was an American, and charged prices that I could not afford. This shows that Mexicans are not the generous, care-free people they are sometimes imagined to be.

Next came the British Isles. The extreme tolerance of its inhabitants is proved by the fact that Natural Selection apparently stopped there many years ago, and to-day all kinds of distinct species live together with at least a modicum of amity. There are the Scots, the Welsh, the Irish, the Northern Irish and the English. These are sub-divided into Upper and Lower Classes, with a great quantity of different Middle Classes in between which seemed alike to me but regarded each other as being sharply differentiated. And all these in turn consist of various sub-groups such as Somerset-men, Devon-men and so on. Many of these people did not speak English at all, but their different languages included a number of cognates which, with the assistance of signs, enabled necessary communication to take place between us. The inhabitants of many of the cities have developed quite unique physical attributes. For instance, they do not breathe air but, instead, a compound of hydro-carbons and soot. This appears to protect them from the cold so that they have no need of heating appliances. The British Isles are very healthy, as the whole country is refrigerated all the time at sub-zero

temperatures, at which micro-organisms cannot germinate.

Although the English were very foreign compared with the Americans, it was on the Continent that I found the strangest specimens. Many of them are very stupid, and appeared at first not to understand what I said. The only way to deal with such people is gradually to raise one's voice until one is positively SHOUTING, and if this is kept up for long enough something usually happens.

Despite the reputation of the French for cooking good food, they do not really know anything about it at all. I used always tell the waiter that I didn't want any of his Froggy food, but instead a good steak and eggs with plenty of tomato sauce. All my American companions agreed with me about Froggy food, and they had hamburgers.

Europeans have some very old-fashioned ways. I could not approve of some of these, such as locking the bathrooms in the hotels so that no one can use them. But there is no doubt that their views on women are very sound. I often saw women working in the fields whilst their husbands, swigging flasks of wine, looked on from the shade of a nearby tree. I can now appreciate the advantages that centuries of civilisation confer on a nation — something I rather scoffed at before.

After Europe came the Middle and Far East. These countries are very foreign indeed. Many of their inhabitants are actually coloured, and some of them wear pyjamas all day, even in the Cities. The great poverty of these countries demonstrates forcibly how lazy these people are (as does the fact that they wear those pyjamas.) They are probably also immoral. Instead of working, many of them spend their time begging and touting, and their importunity constitutes a great embarrassment to the traveller such as myself, who is not used to coming into contact with that sort of person. I found the Egyptians especially unpleasant. Some of them were actually dishonest. Despite signs of British influence, there was no indication that the majority of the population had ever learnt to play cricket, and I think that this is probably the reason for the backward state of the Middle East.

I am very pleased to have had the opportunity to travel abroad, because it does broaden the mind, and enables one to rid oneself of all kinds of stupid prejudices. Further, it leads to International Goodwill

and Understanding, and I am glad to play my part in working for this important goal. However, I should like to point out that it is not in their Own Best Interests for foreigners to be treated as if they were like us, because they are much happier if kept in their wild state and allowed to lead the lives to which they are accustomed.

N. H. M. FORSYTH.

FOOTBALL

In the 1963 season, though spasmodic promise was shown, the drought failed to break. Against Queen's and Newman we met sides that were as talented (and experienced) as any in the last years, and although we appeared to have quite a deal of the play, both their half-back lines were almost impenetrable and we were struggling to score.

Ormond were a different story. With Lewisohn and King giving good drive from the centre and big Gal keeping four or five Ormond backs occupied, our opportunities were capitalised on, especially by Hooper, who finished with five goals. However, Ormond steadied and won in a comparatively close finish.

There are several things that show promise. Almost half of the team were freshmen; in our practice matches we performed well, as usual we had our influx of footballers in third term, and we hear several outstanding players from Queens' and Newman are going to the League.

SECOND XVIII

Honolulu,
10th November,
1963.

Dear R.W.T.C.,

Having a wonderful time up here. The food's terrific. Some of us are still suffering from seasonal soreness, but we're looking forward to the games ahead. Our forwards are in fine form (except Ogilvie — wrong epithet). Should be able to get through any defence. Nothing's likely to get past our backs, either. Haven't seen Axel since we arrived — some cryptic talk about his abode having been a little higher than even that of the Great Cattle God. He'll miss us — as usual. Some of us are fascinated by the grass skirts, reminds us of some of the grounds we had to play on. Frank Jackson won't take that as an excuse — says he's a little above that sort of thing. Going down to the springs to-morrow. Johnny Fullerton says he's going

to get in hot water again, but Selby-Smith, as usual, refuses to take a bath — obdurate fellow that. Well, sir, we'll have to sign off now — there's some derelict here who says his old man was Sidney Wynne.

Lots of love,

Bodna, Ames, Bult, Cockayne, Cornell, Dawson, Foster, Fullerton, Gardener, Gorton, Gyles, Harper, Harris, Hindhaugh, F. Jackson, H. Jackson, R. Larkins, Larritt, Ogilvie, Robert, Selby-Smith, Shellam, Stuckey.

P.S. — Some of us may not be back.

HOCKEY

In the past it has seemed traditional that Trinity should win the Hockey, but in the last two years Ormond seem to have made concerted efforts to upset this long-standing institution. Having spent some time recruiting "A" grade players it had seemed inevitable that they should win, but the College has managed to play brilliant hockey on the appointed hour, against seemingly overwhelming odds, to retain the Hedstrom Cup in its rightful place.

To do this the College has had to practice, on the field as well as off. A very enjoyable match was played down at Corio, where the school team took to the field sober and defeated us. It was most unfortunate that a return match could not have been arranged. A match which had been arranged with the Ladies of Women's College ended in a diplomatic draw after a number of Trinity Gentlemen had gone to their aid. We entered in the Portsea carnival: a few members of the team spent a very enjoyable Sunday there. Our annual pilgrimage to Myrniong and beyond had to be cancelled because, for some strange reason, a number of Gentlemen felt the call of the books and defied tradition, to stay in College to work. It is respectfully submitted that if this trend should continue the College will never be successful in any of the minor pastimes such as football or rowing, and may even lose the Hockey to our less inebriated friends to the north.

In the inter-college matches we managed to defeat Queen's, but with a very poor display of skill, and our chances of doing well in the finals looked very dim. At this stage we were fortunate enough to receive the services of a young A grade player, just returned from Intervarsity in Brisbane, who took up

residence in College for the third term, a few days before the finals and who added the necessary skill and vigour to the forward line. In a very exciting match on the Beaurepaire Field, before quite a large crowd of supporters, we managed to defeat Ormond, 3-2. Thus, we were able to replace the Hedstrom Cup in the trophy cases, which it shares with a non-existent Golf cup, the only example of this College's prowess at sport.

RUGBY

The afternoon of August 28 dawned bright, and fifteen Trinity stalwarts (ready, willing and able) took to the field at Fawkner Park to keep the Cumbrae-Stewart Cup in its rightful place.

For the second year all four Colleges participated, though competition for the Cup was limited to the game against Ormond, they having objected at the eleventh hour, as being unconstitutional, the entry of Queen's and Newman into the ranks of the exalted. Next year the situation will be remedied by the presentation of a second cup for competition among all the Colleges. At least we were rewarded with a resounding 3-0 victory over Ormond to retain the object of dispute.

This year ten members of the team — by some stretching of the imagination — could be classed as Rugby players, and aided and abetted by recruits from that other game put on a very creditable performance.

The forwards, though occasionally lacking cohesion, played a sparkling game and gave the backs a good look at the ball. Noel Robinson showed adaption at heavy leaning and was ably supported by the husky second row combination of Larritt and Lowry. It was a great pity that Dave (Double Chance) Wells was unable to lend his speed and experience to the back row forwards this year.

Hugh Prentice played admirably at half back, but was sometimes puzzled at the places the ball appeared out of the scrums, and Ed Kennon was noticeably keen to get the backline moving. Many determined thrusts were made at the Ormond line, but their defence held firm and Trinity's points were posted from a penalty goal by Treweeke.

Flushed with victory, Trinity then faced Queen's, once again possessing a fast, dangerous backline. However, this was kept well in check in the first half, with the backs, led

by Steve Matheson, calmly turning attack after attack. Newcomers John Fullerton and Sandy Clark made penetrating runs but were stopped short of the Queens' line.

In the second half the Queens' backline finally moved into action and twice managed to breach the Trinity defence. Trinity again scored through a penalty by Treweeke, and a last minute revival looked probable, but the whistle blew — to the relief of many — leaving Queens' the winners 8-3, for a well deserved victory. Chris Foster's able coaching last year had obviously withstood the test of time. Credit also must go to Pete Maxwell (ex-Trinity) who looked sufficiently stern to command some respect as the man in control.

Best: Ed Kennon.

Fairest: Dave Elder (Hooker).

Darkest: Alex Stuart.

Largest: Noel Robinson.

Most Improved: Sandy Clark.

INTER - COLLEGIATE GOLF

The fifteenth hole at Royal Melbourne Golf Club is par four measuring 308 yards. Big John (I like to hit that ball really hard) Brookes stepped on to the tee, and with that familiar whiplash wrist action, blasted the ball to within thirty yards of the pin. Deftly placing his short pitch in a greenside bunker, he four-putted for seven. Queen's Bain, flabbergasted by this display of inconsistency, missed a six-inch putt, to lose the hole. Quipped John, 'What a way to win a hole!'

But Brookes' win on the fiteenth virtually sealed a Trinity victory in the 1963 Inter-Collegiate golf series. For it was only two holes later that he rammed home a forty footer to give Trinity the final, four matches to two, with one halved. Thus the inter-collegiate golf cup returned to the Trinity trophy cabinet, where it rests, its splendour unimpaired by other inter-collegiate trophies.

Trinity's victory this year was due to practice. For the influx of proficient freshman golfers necessitated some means of elimination, which eventually took the shape of two or three practice rounds. Apart from enabling selection of the team by a formal criterion, these rounds sharpened up the more senior members of the team, who previously had regarded their positions as something akin to sinecures, and also gave the team a chance to learn something about the intricacies of the course.

The benefit of this practice was evident on the day. Ian Lowry's power game proved too much for his Ormond opponent in the morning round, and in the afternoon he took Queen's Edwards, undefeated in four years' competition, to the seventeenth green. Peter Druce, playing from the coveted number seven position, came from dormie two to square his match. Carried shaking to the bar, he kept asking why no one had told him that the outcome of the final didn't depend on his match. Playing out of Bendigo Golf Club, Bendigo, Victoria, Ian Monotti found grass greens rather a novelty, but showed flashes of brilliance on the fairways. A welcome return to form by Chester Keon-Cohen resulted in his winning both his matches, whereas Dick Larkins, his practice restricted by the imminence of examinations, made up for this with venerable sagacity and experience. Hank Wright, the captain, made up the seventh member of the team.

The special and much coveted 'top caddie' award was won by Mr. C. P. S. Renwick in a close finish from Mr. B. I. Ogilvie.

GOLF DAY

Anyone walking through Trinity in the first week of Swot Vac exposed himself to more than usual risk of injury. While the golfers in the College were sharpening up their 'short game' with delicate approaches to taps and staked birch trees, others, less pretentious, swung seven irons into the tennis courts or even over Jeopardy. By Thursday an uninformed observer might have thought the gardeners had been trying to tame the bulpadok with the pasture harrows.

Golf Day was Friday, 23rd August, and, ably advertised by Mr. Wright, drew over 60 competitors to various parts of the Royal Melbourne course at 9 o'clock in the morning. There was no sign of the thunder clouds which so upset Mr. Jones and his party last year and indeed, far from being like Scotland in March, the weather treated us kindly throughout. Mr. Wright fought his way to a close win in the Championship, and most of the gallery, at least, agreed that this was due to a general consistency and not just consistent gamesmanship which he usually finds sufficient. In the clubhouse at the end, where well wishers had gathered to congratulate him, Mr. Druce borrowed a note from Mr. Wright's coat pocket and the drinks that

followed ensured there'd be no change. The incidents of the day were, as expected, provided by those contesting the Handicap event. Mr. Hooper played his fairway wood from bunkers and long grass alike. He hit some amazing shots which with a generous handicap produced a score that looked like Jack Nicklaus over 9 holes — and he won the Handicap. Mr. Stokes was another whose feats found incredulous listeners later on, and I have it that he played a ball out of a niche in a precipitous sand trap holding the club left handed and upside down.

All those who came enjoyed a true Royal Melbourne lunch with black and tans to boot. Some went home in the afternoon, some tackled the course again on the practice putting green, and then, of course, some lunched on till 7 p.m. It was a very successful Golf Day, and the organisers deserve praise for the work they did in making it so.

TENNIS

Captain: A. McCracken.

Vice-Captain: W. G. a'B. Minson.

Third Member: H. R. Jackson.

Bad habits are hard to break, and it seems that we have one on our hands. Once again we were beaten decisively in the opening round — this time by Ormond. While the freshers showed a will to win comparable with some of their most powerful strokes, it has become all too obvious that three or four weeks of half-hearted practice is not a means to the end we soon hope to attain. Instead there is clearly a need for tennis of a more competitive nature in which incentive must be the dominant factor. However, the team is the youngest for many years, and fond hopes for the future may soon be fulfilled.

ELLIOT FOURS

An Epick.

CANTO THE FIRST

In *Cotton's 'Holden' Carriage* I did ride:
We sang, and greeted ev'ry Cop we spy'd.
At length unto the Verdant Bank we came
Of Tawny Flood — the *Yarra* is its name.
In Nick of Time I join'd my trusty Crew,
Bizarrely clad in Garb of various Hue.
Straightway adown the River we did glide:

Our Cox *Steve Larkins* view'd our Style with
Pride.

Back under *Princes Bridge* and to the Start,
Where *William Stokes* prepar'd to Act his
Part.

And there was Cousin *Andrew* with his
Mates, —

Our hapless Foes, all ign'rant of their
Fates . . . !

CANTO THE SECOND

Now *Stokes* discharg'd his Duty and the Gun:
Our gallant, muscl'd Lads all Heav'd like
One.

But since our Rivals had the Better Craft,
We bore to Starboard, Ramming them Aaft.
The Grappling-irons were lock'd: the Ships
lay still.

They with Abuse our shell-pink Ears did fill.
Yet mightily we row'd, around to Swing
Both Boats, to gain the Lead, and to it Cling.
This ancient but effective Ruse work'd well,
And presently we rais'd the Vict'ry-yell.

Three of our Men did board the captur'd
Bark,

Which drown'd its *Plimsoll-Line*, like *Noah's*
Ark.

Our Skiff exultingly we brought to Shore,—
This Heat we won; but only won One more.

CANTO THE THIRD

The noble *Stokes*, when came the Final
Race,

Upon a Protest did his Judgment Base.
For since the *Tub* (as Noted) scarce can Win,
The *Shell* awarding, he a Coin did spin.

Forthwith the Rightful Owners claim'd that
Hull,

'Or else.' they Swore, 'the Race is Void and
Null!!'

Receiving it, they paddl'd down the Stream:
The Publick watch'd with Wonderment
extreme.

But then, alas! the Ruffian of that Crew
Some Damage caus'd: a Flood came pouring
through!

All row'd like *Trojans*, and the Wreck ne'er
sank,

But, like *Beltana*, safely reach'd the Bank.

CANTO THE FOURTH

Attendant Shipwrights swift repair'd the
Rent:

The tough *Elastoplast* they freely Spent.

We launch'd again with Cheers the brave
Canoe;
The Miscreant went Aboard with all his
Crew.
The Better Vessel, as we all Foresaw,
Soon made of them the Winning ELLIOT
FOUR.

(Cox, Joe Larritt, Noel Robinson, John
Down,
John Calder, David Schoeffel, won the
Crown.)

FINIS.

PAUL PRENTICE.

JUTTODDIE

What made Juttoddie 1963 memorable was the activity of the books and tote in the month preceding it. I had been awoken in the early hours of the morning to be asked to place a bet. I feared mealtime because bookmaker Rennie operated in the dining hall. Gardeners, cleaners and waitresses were persuaded to place bets on people whom they didn't even know. Thirty square feet of betting advertisements were on and around the College notice-boards for weeks before the great day. Every piece of paper that was accessible to the books and tote was stamped with their advertisement. Surely they must be the discoverers of toilet paper as an advertising medium.

Don't Gamble by George
Invest on the tote.

Pre-race betting was so active that it was found necessary to bring out a news sheet to report the latest betting information and to provide the college with juicy pieces of society news such as have rarely been seen in print before. Shrewdness, mathematical skill and persistence guaranteed the financial success of the books and tote. A large beery party was held on Juttoddie night to prove this success.

The day itself was cold and cloudy. The ladies, as expected, were dressed for the occasion in the latest spring fashions. The gentlemen broke away from the tradition of formal dress and, though they still managed to maintain an air of dignity, they lacked the elegance of former meetings.

The arrival of the distinguished guests and other entertainment was announced by Mr. David Emmerson. First was the tote, whose conveyance was rather old. Then came the books in a light earth-moving vehicle which

was later hired by people who, for only sixpence each, were treated to an interesting rough ride between each heat.

The warden, who always seems to appear in one form or another on these occasions, this year appeared in the form of Mr. Beresford Ogilvie, and spoke of the obligation of gentlemen to the college and of the consequences of not realising these obligations. Nothing was left to the gentlemen's imagination and all subtlety was spared at the expense of a little time and repetition. During the speech a benign bull ambled up to the microphone, committed a slight indiscretion, then ambled off again.

Current personalities were, of course, present. Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton put on a scene. Dr. Stephen Ward with his two friends, Miss Rice-Davies and Miss Keeler and some of their friends arrived. Dr. Ward made a short speech which aroused a great deal of sympathy and, it is suspected, made many people think "There but for the grace of God" Mr. Lawrence Buckland, a well known college entertainer, accompanied himself on a ukulele. It is thought that he was singing Australian love songs: however his performance was cut short when a censor removed his microphone.

A rather disastrous football season was indicated by a group of injured Trinity players led by an injured umpire. A bull-fighter who had been severely injured in a taurine encounter was also present in the group. This year's marching girl team was a little more convincing than it has been in previous years because it lacked T. Jones, whose red haired chest used to overtax one's imagination.

The recent series of chapel talks on marriage bore fruit in a "Secular Wedding" which united in "unholy matrimony" Miss Custom Credit (Ray Wilson, Esq.) and Mr. Reid Murray (David Curtis, Esq.) 'Cranmer's sonorous prose' had been carefully adjusted by the dapper little officiant, our old friend the Registrar of Marriages (Peter Elliott, Esq.) who intoned the words in the approved nasal fashion. It was remarkable that such an arch-reactionary Tory Catholic should compose and recite such a radical political satire as the ceremony turned out to be.

The bride arrived wearing an off-the-shoulder white empire-line gown ('à la bed sheet') with a delicate net veil and clinging-ivy posy to match. She shoved and jostled Mr. Reid Murray, an unwilling little spouse,

who had to be comforted by the best man H. Holt (John Morgan, Esq.) — a fidgety gentleman. The maid of honour, Madam Min Chin, succeeded in thoroughly disconcerting guests and "well wishers" (including little Henry B.) with her brief, inelegant frock, unfurled broly and gauche manners.

The ceremony 'signifying unto us the mysterious union that is betwixt the L.C.P. and the D.L.P.' was very touching, especially when Miss Custom Credit made her vows 'according to Ming's holy ordinance', 'as long as the time payment game endures' and as she should answer 'at the dreadful day of a Royal Commission.' After Mr. Murray plighted his troth with an ill fated Royal they were pronounced to be 'in strife together, in the name of Ming, the Federal Government, Harold Holt and little Henry B.'

The rite closed with a brief homily urging the young couple to read the *Reader's Digest* together, to stay true to the Young Liberals, to regularly attend their Stock Exchange and to avoid the R.S.L., Rotary International, the Anti-Fluoridisation League and Bartholomew Santamaria. The wedding party then gracefully retired, crammed into Mr. David Fenton's Mini-Minor with the little officiant running behind in an agitated state, since he had not received his fee.

A pageant of University locomotion showed that the organisers had indeed been active. Cars, roller-skates, scooters and tricycles proved that University students had made a lot of progress.

The procession ended with the unexpected arrival of Miss Tania Australis, whose condition showed that she had been busy since her last visit to the College in 1962.

The theologs, equipped with their new pope and a liturgical advertisement for cigarettes, blessed the bricks and the tote, cursed the books and sacrificed a papal bull. The horses were called for the first heat and the races were started. The Bulpadok now has no fences in it, so large, heavy hurdles which seemed to be just as satisfactory were used. As usual there were a few unproved accusations of race-rigging by people who had lost money, but a number of disinterested stewards ensured that the races were run fairly. Congratulations to Jon Thwaites, who emerged dry and moderately clean as the winner of the day. Thanks to the organisers for their work, to Mr. Les Parker for presenting the prize, and to the books and tote for the party afterwards.

MUSIC

Music seems to be becoming a more and more important part of College life. Now, the well-equipped study not only has a record player and a discriminating collection of records, but also a guitar; to the traditional community singing of formal dinners and sports nights has been added informal folk-singing (pseudo- and genuine) in the studies, and the music-room was packed when Miss Glen Tomasetti came to demonstrate and discuss folk-song. Moreover, the musical awareness of the College is shown by the ease with which College members of the Choral Society are able to peddle tickets to the society's productions, one of which, Monteverdi's *Orfeo*, was performed in the chapel.

A somewhat more organised and regular part of the College's musical life is the Chapel Choir, which now sings at College Communion instead of Mattins, which is sung by a rostered sub-choir. Works sung have ranged from Palestrina to Joubert, and it is disturbing to note that the College one-upmanship contest has spread to composing: this year we have the world premières of *Missae Breves* by Kay Lucas, Nicholas Alexander, Peter Gerand and Jim Minchin. The choir was asked to sing at St. James', East St. Kilda, and St. Mary's, North Melbourne; and also at Mr. Daryl Daley's wedding. Moreover, it has made its contribution to the decline of Christianity by various television and radio performances. But its activities have extended beyond the musical sphere: the choir trip to Camperdown in the August vacation was marked not only by two sung Eucharists and a concert of which Mr. Hoffnung himself would have been proud, but also by a consolidation of the cliques, rivalry and *liasons dangereuses* that characterise any group of well-adjusted virile Australian youths. This spirit has been developed at the many choir suppers, morning teas, buffet lunches and Chinese meals, not to mention that neo-Roman orgy, the *Bunundrum Musicale*, condoned, nay, conducted, by a man of the cloth.

Splendid organisation by Graham Aplin, Bob Connell, Tom Minchin and Andrew Yuncken made this year's concert a great success. Postponed until the beginning of third term, it offered an astonishing variety of musical entertainment. We were fortunate to have as guest artist Sergio de Pieri, who played High Renaissance Italian organ music with great sensitivity. One of the most pleasing



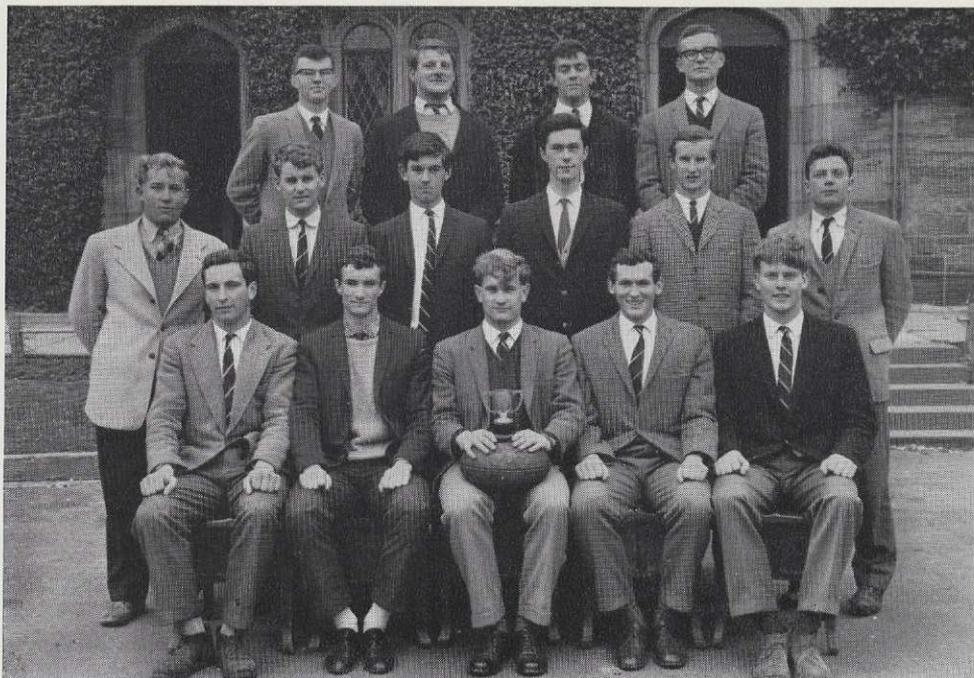
TENNIS TEAM.

Back Row: T. S. Harris, P. F. Llewellyn, A. T. Mitchell, B. I. Ogilvie.
Front Row: H. R. Jackson, A. G. McCracken (captain), C. D. McKellar, D. J. Clappison.
Absent: P. L. Murphy.



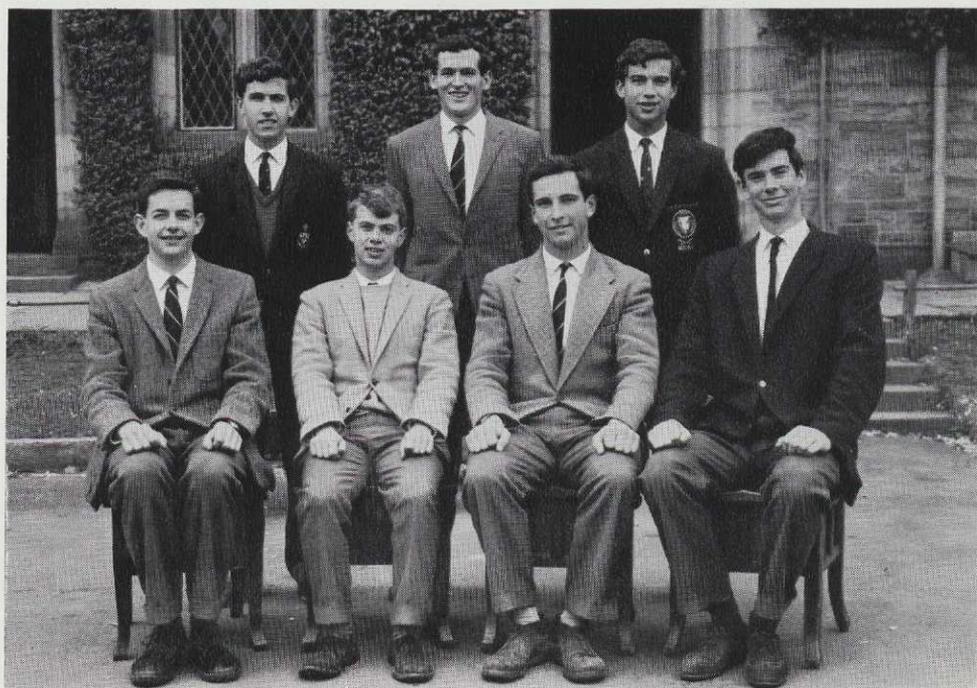
ATHLETICS TEAM.

Back Row: J. S. Robert, J. R. Fullerton, J. L. Morgan, T. S. Harris.
Centre Row: D. J. H. Cockayne, J. H. H. Brookes, G. R. Shellam, C. G. Clark.
Front Row: S. B. Spttle, H. R. C. Edgell, A. J. Kirkham (Captain), J. D. Ritchie,
 J. A. Gyles.



RUGBY TEAM.

Back Row: H. K. Prentice, N. A. Robinson, A. F. H. Stuart, C. G. Clark.
Centre Row: R. L. Webb, R. D. Pratt, D. D. Elder, J. C. W. Oliver, J. R. Fullerton, E. P. Kennon.
Front Row: I. R. Lowry, W. S. Matheson, R. H. Treweeke (Captain), P. F. Druce, J. S. Larritt.



GOLF.

Back Row: I. R. Monotti, P. F. Druce, C. S. Keon - Cohen.
Front Row: R. G. Larkins, H. McM. Wright, I. R. Lowry, J. H. H. Brookes.



SWIMMING TEAM.

Back Row: C. D. McKellar, J. M. Bennett, I. K. M. Galbraith, A. F. H. Stuart.
Front Row: P. E. Hooper, A. B. Munro, R. A. Foster, M. J. Thwaites.
Absent: K. J. Birrell, M. A. Fahey, W. E. S. Hasker (Captain).



We have not had a murder amongst them all.



TRINITY COLLEGE

Back Row: J. S. Robert, J. G. Stuckey, W. D. T. Cowan, C. G. Clark, D. D. Elder, C. B. Gantt, J. S. Larritt, G. A. Heath, B. M. Armitage, C. J. S. Renwick, C. C. Creswell, I. R. Lowry, S. G. Larkins, M. Downing, R. L. Webb, I. K. M. Galbraith.

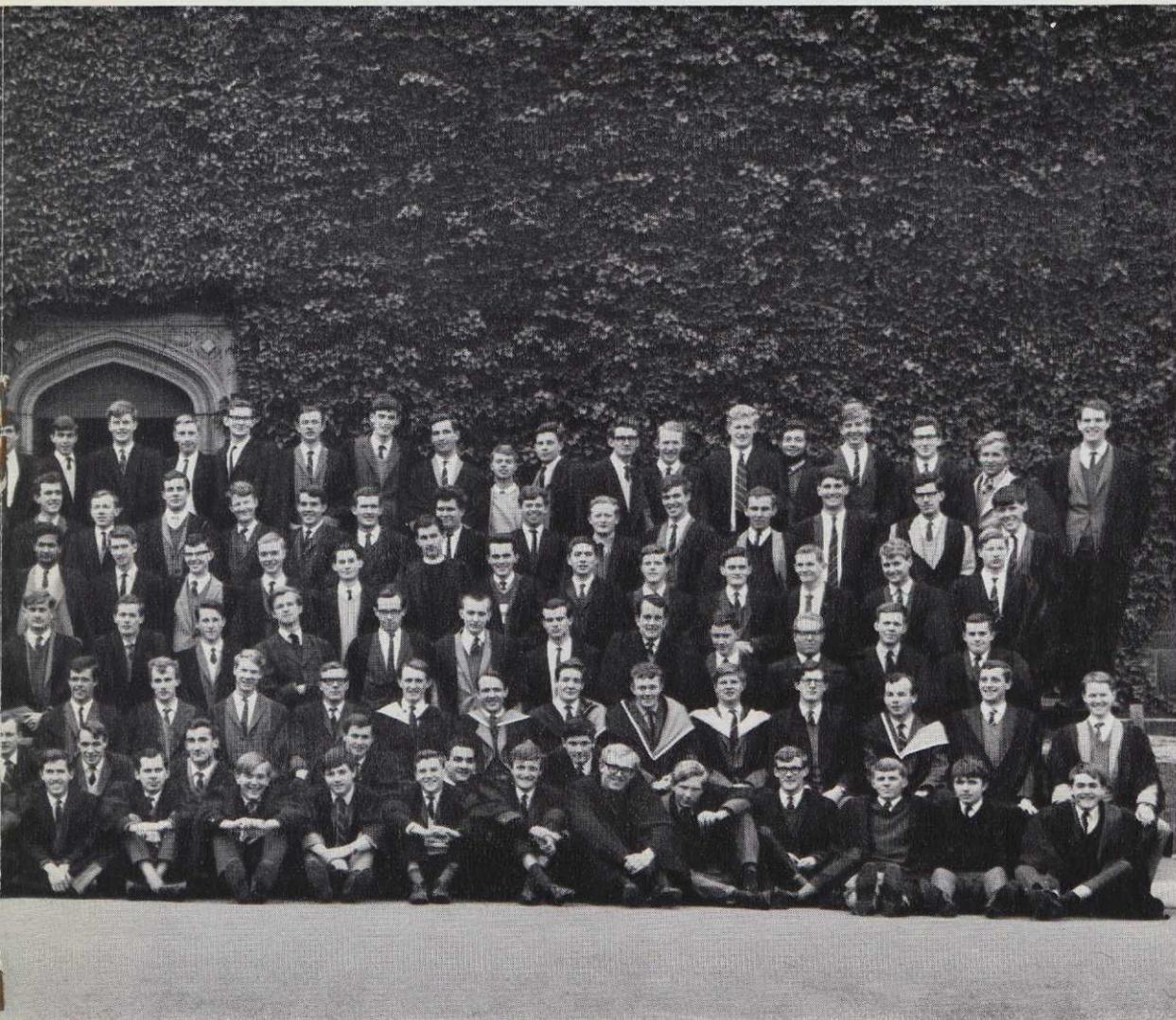
Second Row: J. B. Mitchell, H. K. Colebatch, J. R. Fullerton, C. R. Dunstone, J. D. B. Wells, Shellam, R. C. Oppenheim, D. S. Woodruff, D. L. Harper, A. J. R. Prentice, J. D. Dowling, A. T. Mitchell, H. W. Riggall, J. M. Bennett.

Third Row: A. L. Yuncken, A. G. McCracken, E. D. A. O'Brien, G. R. Stiles, A. J. Buzzard, P. M. R. G. Larkins, D. J. H. Cockayne, V. S. Ramsden, H. S. Praser, R. D. Weymouth, H. K. Minchin, P. J. Elliott, T. Sephton, R. D. Pratt, T. H. Bainbridge.

Fourth Row: P. E. Hooper, H. R. C. Edgell, P. H. Gerrand, J. H. Shepherd, R. E. Mather, G. C. Matheson, C. Selby-Smith, R. H. Treweeke, J. O. King, P. L. Field, A. Clark, D. A. Robson, J. L. Pettit.

Fifth Row: W. G. Wakefield, C. S. Keon-Cohen, W. A. H. Molesworth, A. J. Kirkham, J. T. Dowling, T. C. Gale, P. F. Druce, C. C. Macknight, A. G. Richards, P. F. Johnson, J. G. Hindhaugh, E. S. Benham, R. A. H. Wilson, R. A. Foster, P. D. Prentice.

Front Row: C. J. Hamer, O. M. Evans, K. J. Birrell, M. A. Fahey, M. J. Thwaites, N. A. Robinson, A. N. Stokes, R. K. Jackson, G. J. Pullen, R. J. Peers, W. G. Martin, G. Clout, I. R. Morrison, G. J. Watts, P. Nisselle, P. F. Llewellyn, J. Bodman, P. R. C. Seymour, J. R. P. Lewis, N. J. Alexander, B. D. Bodna, J. D. Dawson, D. W. Dewhurst, C. J. A. Game, A. J. G. Giblin, Breton, A. M. McKinnon, A. B. McPherson, P. T. Mason, W. G. a'B. Minson, R. M. L. M. E. J. White.



COLLEGE, 1963.

ner, R. B. Parker, L. J. Buckland, D. J. Schoeffel, K. J. F. Allen, W. F. Wilson, J. G. Sellar,
y, H. McM. Wright, E. D. Kennon, R. P. Gorton, R. W. Fletcher, I. F. Bult, G. H. Ripper,

A. B. Munro, J. B. Minchin, F. C. Jackson, J. C. W. Oliver, B. I. Ogilvie, C. E. Davies, G. R.
n, I. L. Barker, S. J. B. Williams, R. C. Haddon, M. W. Pearce, J. E. Gardener, W. S. Kimpton,

M. Monie, W. J. Robertson, G. H. T. Wheeler, W. T. McKay, J. F. McL. Oldham, H. R. Jackson,
Prentice, D. J. Fenton, D. W. Curtis, P. F. Carnley, S. A. H. Ames, P. B. Greenberg, T. B.

Rennie, G. R. H. McNicoll, J. M. Ardlie, J. M. Hedstrom, G. J. Aplin, S. B. Spittle, W. S.
bbie, R. W. Connell, J. M. P. Robinson, R. J. G. Smith, A. H. Le Page, K. S. Jacka, I. G. Manning,

wling, M. L. Ingpen, D. L. Johnson, J. Calder, R. L. C. Sutcliffe, M. R. Jones, C. M. Gutjahr,
gh, D. J. Clappison, R. G. H. Cotton, D. H. Edgar, B. J. Milne, J. D. Ritchie, J. L. Morgan,

on, D. F. Hedger, J. C. Wilson, P. J. Hunting, A. F. H. Stuart, J. H. H. Brookes, K. R. Griffiths,
notti, A. D. Miller, J. A. Gyles, D. G. Gome, C. D. McKellar, F. N. Cornell, P. R. C. Cohen,
hn, T. S. Harris, R. W. Prestney, J. R. W. Robinson, P. L. Murphy,

bson, W. E. S. Hasker, A. O. Hay, J. C. Hooper, I. R. Jelbart, A. R. Kerr, H. K. Lauw, P. R. Le
Murray, N. B. Munro, R. E. Northey, A. W. Smith, P. G. Stephens, W. R. Stokes, A. B. Swanson,



JANET CLARKE HALL, 1963.

Back Row: Dianne Robbitt, Patricia Fullerton, Sally Madsen, Diana Pearson, Valerie Dickson, Ann Callow, Beverley Peers, Caroline Connell, Jennifer McCleod, Nancy Lewis, Elizabeth Arnold, Lexia Bryant.

Second Row: Gerd Aagren, Virginia Duigan, Sue Williams, Caroline Coffey, Carol Dixon, Judith Brown, Elizabeth Boddy, Margaret Muntz, Beverly Dunbar, Julia Read, Jennifer Gibbs, Jean Trainor, Heather Muir.

Third Row: Anne Salter, Amanda Drummond, Geraldine Morris, Heather Munro, Mary Cheesman, Beverly Keys-Smith, Elizabeth Bishop, Helen Holmes, Janet Mally, Sally Bishon, Jolyn Fenton, Margaret Cumpston, Margaret Pelling, Katherine Bakewell, Bryony Oldham.

Fourth Row: Anne Sedgley, Collette Coch, Rosemary Stone, Julie-Ann Browning, Anne Littleton, Meredith Hunkin, Alex Currie, Angela Ewing, Margaret Bowe, Lucille Voullaire, Jenny Daniels, Suzanne Richards, Jennifer Pullen, Irene Graham, Jean Kerr.

Front Row: Christene Beck, Pamela Oddy, Caroline Cust, Elaine Counsell, Catherine Fitts, Judith Young, Joan Rowlands, Janette Endon, Fiona Grice, Leonie Pescott, Ann Wookey, Helena Hughes, Joanna Rintoul, Pat Gunn.

Absent: Judith Whitworth, Helen Ford, Katherine Patrick, Anne Anderson, Sally Anderson, Anna Chan, Jane Coy, Nicola Fitzgerald, Judith Hampshire, Josephine Hawkes, Gillian Monie, Elizabeth Parker, Robin Watson.

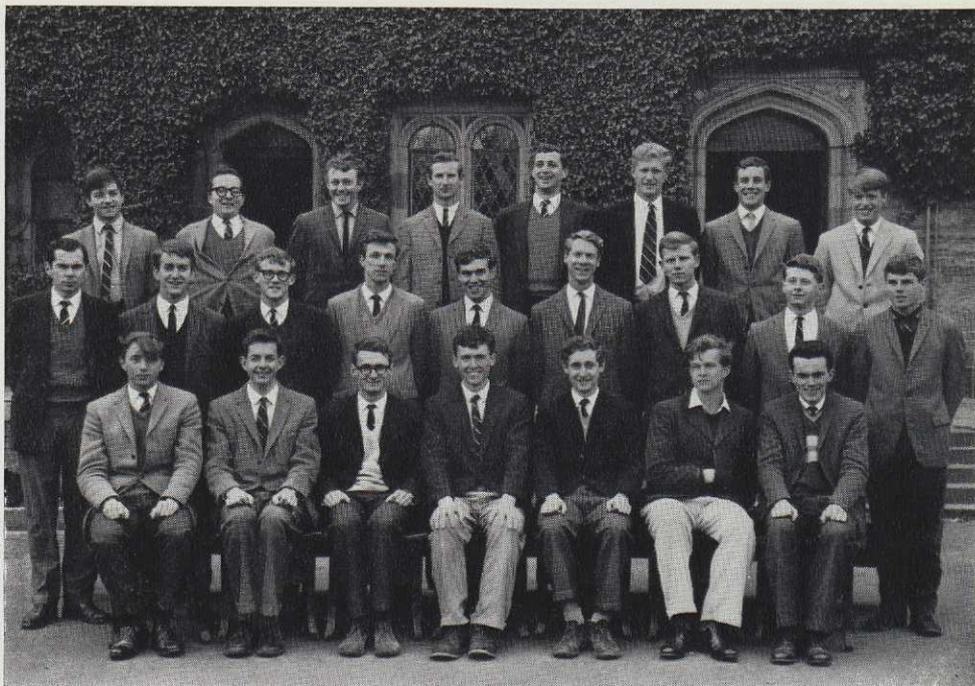


SECOND VIII.

Back Row: J. G. Sellar (Cox), S. G. Larkins, J. F. McL. Oldham, J. E. Gardener.
Front Row: R. W. Fletcher, A. B. Munro, A. D. Miller, G. H. Ripper, P. F. Druce.



Thus I stand like a Turk with my doxies around.



SECOND XVIII.

Back Row: F. N. Cornell, B. I. Ogilvie, J. D. Ritchie, J. R. Fullerton, R. A. Foster, I. F. Bult, D. L. Harper, M. J. Thwaites.
Centre Row: J. A. Gyles, J. S. Robert, T. S. Harris, D. J. H. Cockayne, J. E. Gardener, J. G. Hindhaugh, G. R. Shellam, W. D. T. Cowan, J. G. Stuckey.
Front Row: F. C. Jackson, R. G. Larkins, R. P. Gorton, H. R. Jackson, C. Selby-Smith, A. Clark, S. A. H. Ames



He acts in a double capacity:
 both against rogues and for 'em.



features was the number of people taking part; the organisers did not have to rely on a few professionals from J.C.H. and other stalwarts.

For the benefit of those who find *Hymns Ancient and Mid-Victorian* rather tedious, a small jazz band, the Trinity Most Men, accompanied the singing of jazz 'Min hymns' before College Prayers on Tuesdays. This was very successful; the Chapel was usually full, and the A.B.C. recorded it.

Finally, many thanks to Nick Alexander, and particularly Jim Minchin for the time and effort they have put into the 'organisation, repair and maintenance' of the choir, which, with its collective head swollen by success, regularly gets out of hand. Jim, however, obstinately remains sane. In the words of the great Oriental philosopher Ah So, 'May his days be as long as his patience.'

DIALECTIC SOCIETY

President: The Warden (ex officio).

Vice-President: Dr. J. R. Poynter.

Secretary: Mr. J. B. Minchin.

Committee: Messrs. B. D. Bodna, A. Clark, H. McM. Wright.

Seven ordinary general meetings of the Society were held during the year, with an average attendance of thirty. A total of thirty-two members spoke in debates on various topics from 'marriage should carry the obligation of permanence' through 'University colleges should be disestablished from the Churches' to 'the Western world is becoming increasingly obsessed with sex.' The tutors affirmed that 'the monarchy should be allowed to decline into non-existence,' and against J.C.H. Trinity denied that 'the intellect is always fooled by the heart.' In addition to the ordinary meetings, a team from the College played a return visit to J.C.H. and Messrs. Minchin, Ritchie and Clark unsuccessfully contested the final of the Inter-Collegiate Debating with Ormond, having defeated Newman in the first round. Voting for individual speakers was as follows:

Mr. J. Minchin	7.40
Mr. P. Elliott	7.03
Mr. A. Clark	6.31
Mr. J. Ritchie	6.03
Mr. D. Fenton	5.86
Mr. G. Rennie	5.54
Mr. P. Prentice	4.49

In accordance with the Constitution, the President's Medal for Oratory was awarded to Mr. J. B. Minchin, and the Leeper Prize for Oratory to Mr. P. J. Elliott.

Although many enjoyable debates took place, the quality of team preparation was not high; also in some cases, delivery techniques were too obtrusive. Perhaps both these features result from the healthy fact that no one takes debating seriously: on the other hand, a minimum amount of care can enable considerable benefit to be derived from the Society's activities, especially in the capacity to speak clearly, forcefully and humorously (when appropriate) on the subject in hand, and in the capacity to gather material into a coherent whole from various sources — historical, literary, statistical and imaginative.

The other and major function of the Society for the year was the Wigram Allen Essay-Prize Reading. Seven essays were presented, as follows:—

Mr. P. Prentice	—	'An Ever-Rolling Stream'
Mr. A. Clark	—	'Axël Wild and Virginal'
Mr. J. Minchin	—	'Pelican in the Wilderness'
Mr. J. Ritchie	—	'My Life and Loves'
Mr. P. Elliott	—	'On Imagination'
Mr. J. Morgan	—	'Man — This Way and That Way'
Mr. C. Macknight	—	'A Weariness of the Flesh'

The adjudicators, Professor Macartney, Professor McCaughey and Fr. Scott, chose Mr. Macknight as the winner of the prize.

A WEARINESS OF THE FLESH

Wigram Allen Prize Essay

'Of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh.' If then the Preacher was wise and took good heed, we might well require a justification for our much study and many books. In any case, the amount of muddled thinking that is indulged in on this subject, would seem to make a further attempt at clarification worthwhile.

I would like to suggest that there are three separate justifications for our much study at the University level.

The first justification (and this was the original aim of a University) is to provide a professional or technical training in a defined discipline. Thus among the earliest Universities Salerno taught Medicine, Bologna the Law and Paris Arts and Theology. It is important to take note of this last case, for often studies in the Arts faculty directed to teaching or research are as narrowly professional and technical as in any other faculty. There is little need to further emphasise this justification in a modern context.

The second and much vaunted justification for our much study is the pursuit of what is usually called pure knowledge. It does not matter what one knows, as long as one knows. The apologists for this are accustomed to misunderstand the Greek educational system when looking for historical precedent. However, it would seem, particularly if we include under this label all that scientific research that is to-day so freely disregarded by governments, that this justification is of great and growing importance. It is certainly widely recognised.

There is, however, yet a third, and to my mind a much neglected, or at least much maligned, justification. This is the training that a certain amount of study gives one in the processes and habits of mind required for a rational and responsible mode of living. It is distinguished from the first justification in that the subject of study is of no direct relevance to the business of living and may not even be of great intrinsic importance. It is distinguished from the second justification in that there is no interest in knowing what is not known. Rather it is a going over of the deeds, and particularly of the thoughts of men, whether of this age or another, in an attempt, not only to train the mind in the processes of rational enquiry and exposition, but also to enlarge vicariously our knowledge and experience of others of our species. It is then in a sense a general education, but if it is in any sense to be an education, it must be approached with a high seriousness and not merely as a means of learning how to deliver a clever speech enlivened by appropriate witticisms, or much worse, by inappropriate classical allusions.

Those who are worried about the reality of this third justification might not realise that it has in fact the oldest and most continuing tradition of the three. The great

rhetorical teachers of the Graeco-Roman civilisation, particularly Quintilian, are above all concerned not only that their pupils should be trained in the elegant use of language, or even that they should know very much, but rather that they should appreciate the duties of a man trying to live a good life. The connection thus established between learning and responsibility was handed on even in the periods of least learning. Thus, Charlemagne employed the scholar Alcuin to train the administrators of his empire. Alcuin admits in a letter to his master that he is 'eager to inebriate others with the old wine of ancient learning . . . to the adornment of your imperial kingdom.' The most eloquent exponent of this tradition, however, was the Spanish humanist Vives, who saw the end of all secular learning as the greater well-being of Man and the proper task of the scholar as the utilisation of his training to the advantage of all. For Vives, unlike his friend Erasmus, this meant an involvement in the contemporary world, but the justification given by both for their learning, was the same.

If we return to a consideration of the present situation, suitably reassured of our lack of originality, we see a confused crowd of people who, if the progress beyond the question 'How?' to the question 'Why?' (which is rarely) are all trying to justify the study of their own speciality. It is difficult to blame them for this, since they have in many cases been led astray by guides who should have known better.

In particular, I would like to deny the widespread idea that the three justifications given above apply to different faculties. This idea has been publicised most by the famous, or now infamous, Snow-Leavis controversy. While both parties would accept, and then dismiss as a necessary evil the acquisition of technical skills, Snow seems concerned only with the 'culture' (like him, I do not use the word precisely) of rational enquiry, while Leavis, like those of his disciples with whom we are too well acquainted, regards literary criticism as the chief end of man. Thus while for Leavis it is not important to know the size of Milton's bed socks, it is important for Snow's biologist to study the feeding habits of Siberian shell-fish.

But this is just a distinction of method that does not touch one's motives. It is not how or what one studies that we are concerned with, but rather why one studies at all. In

practice, any subject can be taught in such a way that a little of each of the three justifications given above will apply to it. Of course some subjects seem to suggest one more easily than the others, but if the others are completely neglected, the education given by the study of that subject will be the poorer. Thus it is possible to teach engineers only to get their sums right, but unless they are interested in knowing why bridges stand up and indeed why we want to build bridges anyway, they can hardly be called educated. It is possible for a physicist to be solely interested in probing the atom, but unless he can design a cyclotron and formulate an intelligent opinion on the relation of his knowledge to the world around him, he will soon be in difficulty. It is possible also for a sociologist to be unable to change a car tyre and to fail to see any interest in astronomy, but he will never have more than a donnish appreciation of the society he studies.

These are extreme possibilities, but perhaps they serve to show that most people really are interested in 'much study' for all the three reasons given above. Professor Derham, in one of this year's Fink lectures, defined a University as a place where any, though perhaps not every subject can be freely studied. Whether this is desirable or not might be argued. It most certainly does not, however, describe what happens, at any rate in this University. Most people, whether teachers, researchers or students, do require the limitations of some form of utility, however vague, and some form of relevance to the life they find around them.

I am not interested in making a judgment on the relative value of any of these three justifications. But whether we turn most readily to the first, that of pure pragmatism, or to the second, that of sheer curiosity, or to the third, that of training for life, any subject is capable of supporting something of each justification. If we do not formulate some form of justification, and the fuller the better, then 'much study' will indeed become 'a weariness of the flesh.'

CAMPBELL MACKNIGHT.

MY LIFE AND LOVES

(I think it fitting that I preface this essay with one remark. It has taken me 22½ years to compile the content, 30 minutes to write;

it will take me approximately ten minutes to read, and you one minute to judge. Well might Furphy remark: 'Such is Life.')

In actual life egotism is not without its attractions. Indeed, we are, each of us, the unique object of his own attention. Oscar Wilde once said, amongst other things, that when people talk to us about others they are usually dull. When they talk to us about themselves that are nearly always interesting. And though my 22 years of life may not be as colourful as Oscar Wilde's, as yet, and though my loves may not be as varied, I trust these autobiographical vignettes will not be without interest.

I was sprung from working-class parents — that class of society in which the author sees 'the stuff of the earth,' and which the journalist labels as 'the vast anonymous masses with their thoroughly dulled responses.' This difference in view reflects a simple difference between literature and journalism — journalism is unreadable, and literature is not read. At any rate, the pastoral descriptions which depict working class parents as 'rough and unpolished perhaps, but diamonds nevertheless, as rugged but of sterling worth, as possessing a racy and salty speech touched with wit and common sense' — such patronisings do not convey the complex and claustrophobic impressions I gained of them in my childhood. Suffice it to say, that like most sensitive people, I loved my mother and detested my father. To lose the love of one parent may be regarded as a misfortune; to lose both looks like carelessness.

My childhood loves lay in *Winnie the Pooh*, *Alice in Wonderland*, in plasticine and peanut butter, and in playing games. Sport exercised its attractions: I would garb myself in a black guernsey with a red sash which bore the number ten, or spend hours at the wicket we drew on the curbside lamp post, or play marbles with 'taws' which I ranked in prestige according to age and killing power. My closest attraction was a brood of caterpillars I kept inside my desk in a cardboard shoebox perforated with holes for them to breathe through. Then there were the nights when those of us who could not afford fireworks baked potatoes in the ashes of bonfires; and the Saturday evening excursions for threepence worth of chips, well soused with salt and vinegar and eaten out of a piece of newspaper which was licked at the end.

With the advent of Primary School, I arrived at the age for paper rounds and for vending pies at the M.C.G. football matches. And with this heightened commercial activity came the first flowering of a romanticism which even to-day I have been unable to slough off — despite the University's fervent attempts at replacing it with the scepticism with which it equips each of its products. It might be added, unfortunately, that inevitably the romantic's artillery is always bracketing over the target of reality, falling short into cynicism or over-reaching it into sentimentality. At eight and nine I was a Commander employing lead soldiers in strategical manoeuvres; then it was I dressed as a pirate or in the armour of Lancelot; and I discovered in the Exhibition Gardens my own Fairyland of golden trumpeting daffodils, of red pomegranate blossoms, dark blue hyacinths and irises that smelled of myrrh. Then, too, I always thrilled to W. E. Johns and that final existential moment when Group Captain Bigglesworth experienced, for the umpteenth time, the inevitable confrontation with Count Eric von Stalhein.

My boyhood friends were few — one was Jimmy Little to whom everyone *had* to be kind because he had only a year to live; the other was Bobby Sewell, the idiot - child who ran messages. Of religion I experienced both extremes. On Sunday mornings my family and I communicated at the Roman Catholic Church and in the afternoon my sister and I secretly attended the Methodist Sunday School, where we loved colouring in the pictures with the crayons they provided.

I loved, or should I say revered my Uncle John, who was 6' 6" tall. He occasionally motored us to Geelong in his 1938 Oldsmobile, and we would stop at Werribee while he poured water in the radiator, and eat a picnic lunch over which he solemnly pronounced 'Bless our repast this afternoon' — as though he didn't like the food. On the last such trip Uncle complained of pains in his chest when cranking the car, and within six months I was made to file past the big man's coffin and kiss his cold chalky face of stone.

His brother, Uncle Ted, took me for a year to work on his farm at Nagambie. Here, there was a teeming life I had never before encountered. I helped new born wet chickens to break their shells and assisted at the birth

of Shipwreck's kelpies. But Uncle Ted was becoming grumpy. Whether I reminded him of his two sons whose names are inscribed on Nagambie's Monument to the Fallen I do not know. But I can conceive of nothing above purgatory more uncomfortable than an irritable man. And so I was despatched again to Melbourne and to High School.

Here, I wept over Dickens and devoured Walter Scott. I wrote five historical novels before I was thirteen — all about battles, sieges and kings; and I posted innumerable poems which Corinella and the pages of the 'Junior Age' succeeded in ignoring. I began to listen to Tschaikovsky and Chopin, to the mad, scarlet things by Dvorak and to cry with Wagner over Tannhäuser. I started to collect pictures of my favourite men — Rudyard Kipling and the immortal bard, and, every day, narcissistically, I would look in the mirror and pray that I might look like Rupert Brooke. I chose my intimate friends with more discretion than most boys: Kenneth for his mysterious C17th face, Nigel for his fearless scorn, Carlos for his languor and Kenny for his gaiety. I mention these boys because they belong to a type which has recurred throughout my life and which gets me into trouble. He is wiry, good at games, untidy and silent; a faunlike extrovert creature with a streak of madness and cruelty and quick to adapt himself to clever people.

And it was Nigel who first drew my attention to the female species. Previously all girls had been like Mona Lisas to me, but now I began to hate necking couples and lovers messing about. And the fearless Nigel, and I, his voyeuring lieutenant, began to go on spotlight shooting excursions to the parks after dark. I rather imagine that at this time I liked to see a semblance of the social virtues — in others. Precisely when this hatred of girls became attraction I am not sure. But, truth to tell, I was soon purchasing masculine smelling Californian Poppy which was sold in green bottles with a cowboy deftly twirling a lariat on the label.

Man delighted me not, and only one woman — at a time.

Thus began the succession: Sarah and Monica, Deidre and Megan, Jocy and Jaynee and Joan — all those beautiful Modigliani women with claret lips and willing eyes. And it was at this time that the threats and the sermons on hellfire and masturbation began

to lose their meaning. Who, Mr. Pater whispered to me, who would exchange the curve of a single rose-leaf for that formless intangible Being which Plato rates so high? So I turned a blind eye on any thought of being 'at one with the One.' But the worst of it is that I do believe.

Perhaps this break may be only a stage. I hated living habitually, drawing on myth, aphorism and ritual. But the break had to be made so that I could reach a stage where I could make sense of the world by myself. So the period of the roué and of yea-saying may be a passing one. The final crime of women and drink is, as Jack London realised, that they force their victim to recognise the truth. They compel an acceptance of the pessimistic interpretation of life and of the nature of existence in much the same way as Masha was forced to in Chehov's play *The Three Sisters*. Masha, you will remember, is speaking to Vershinin:

'I think a human being has got to have some faith, or at least he's got to seek faith. Otherwise his life will be empty, empty . . . How can you live and not know why the cranes fly, why children are born, why stars shine in the sky? . . . You must know why you live, or else . . . nothing matters . . . everything's just wild grass.'

So then, you might ask, where to now? I think the best thing for me to do is to become a Bricklayer, and marry a plump Dowager — irresistible in her salmon lipstick. She will be prepared to meet me half-way, and, with understanding. I pray she will present me with a family of girls—guaranteed the most efficient promoter of senility.

Ah, happy, happy oblivion. So little sought after and so easily attained. Not for me the role of Hamlet. True contentment lies in eeking out one's life as some Voltimand or Cornelius, as a Rosencrantz or a Guildenstern — some courtiers three or four with which to fill a scene.

JOHN RITCHIE.

PELICAN IN THE WILDERNESS

An Essay on Detachment

Sometimes, very annoying things happen at parties. Imagine a small back room in Carlton, full of variously contorted human shapes. Voices and music blend in relaxed

cacophony. A few dim red or blue lights glow surreptitiously, and a candle pokes lopsidedly from a wax-spattered bottle. Spare nooks and crannies are occupied by glasses, plates of biscuits and cheese and half-empty claret flacons. And of course the inevitable cigarette haze suffuses the whole scene so that hour and day and year are fogged into oblivion. So far, so good. But there *you* are, caught in the corner with a female who takes not the slightest notice of anything you say. You can tell that from her eyes. Neither of you can escape, for movement is virtually impossible. Drastic thoughts occur: perhaps you could seize her and embrace her passionately — no, you are too inhibited for that; why not recite the alphabet several times through with speech-like cadence and phrase until she realises that you're no longer talking about the University or other such platitudinous subjects? To catch her out might be the beginning of some sort of understanding between you. But the risk of failure is too great, and so you lapse into moody silence, irritated by the fact that she doesn't find your company even mildly bearable. Undoubtedly she's thinking of her own group of friends from whom she's temporarily separated. You reflect that she's the kind of person whose attachments are based on an unpredictable admixture of habit and affection. But at this stage of your phychoanalysis you're ready for another claret

As I said, very annoying things sometimes happen at parties. There are people who simply won't make the effort to overcome shyness or fear or whatever it is that separates them from others. One person I knew used to spend a great deal of time at parties making a detailed inventory of the house — kitchen, pantry, bedrooms, bathroom, from top to bottom. I remember once finding him inspecting with loving cynicism a jar of fungoid Vegemite which he had discovered at the back of our kitchen safe. (He was doubtless looking forward to the savouries.) He seemed to have no desire to talk to anyone, or to mix around — he had vindicated his social responsibilities just by accepting the invitation to the party.

I have told you these stories because I think they illustrate two facets of a kind of detachment which can be pernicious and soul-destroying. I would not want to say in either case that the person concerned was being deliberately anti-social: but both of them

appeared to be on the verge of it, and consequently they both set the same process of thought going in my mind. The girl responded socially only to those whom she already knew by accident of long-standing acquaintance. With everyone else, except possibly those she could hero-worship, she was quite unconcerned. The man with the Vegemite jar maintained normal society as his habitat: but he would not accept the demands on his character which such a society makes.

Both these people, however, were amateurs compared with some of the life-long escapists who head for the hills to be hermits or members of a professionally-separatist community. Amongst such, there are not only misanthropists but also the fame-hungry who leave 95 neatly-bound leather-covered diaries which they had conveniently included with pen and ink, pair of pyjamas and bush-knife in their run-away kit. In the early days of her monasticism, the Christian Church was often given a bad name by those who did not regard their life in the desert (or wherever it was) as a response to the call of God, but rather as an opportunity to acquire prestige for being ascetic. Helen Waddell, in her masterly book *'The Desert Fathers'*, tells this story of the great monk Macarius who temporarily fell prey to an inverted desire for social acceptance and acclaim: 'did he hear that one Father ate only a pound of bread, himself was content to nibble a handful of crusts; did another eat no cooked food for the forty days of Lent, raw herbs became his diet for seven years. The fame of the high austerity of the Tabenna Monastery reached him in his fastness; he came fifteen days' journey across the desert, disguised as a working man, interviewed the abbot, the great and gentle Pachomius, and was admitted on probation with some ado, for he was an old man, said the abbot, and not inured to abstinence like his own monks who had been trained to it, and would only end by going away with a grievance and an ill word of the monastery. Lent was about to begin: and having observed with an attentive eye the various activities of the brethren, how one brother chose to fast till vespers, another for two days, another for five, how one stood up all night and sat weaving his mats all day, Macarius proceeded to combine these excellences in one person. Providing himself with plenty of palm-fibre steeped and ready for plaiting, he stood himself in a corner for the forty days till Easter, neither eating bread or drinking water, nor

kneeling nor lying, nor sleeping nor speaking, but silently praying and efficiently plaiting, and, to avoid ostentation, eating a few raw cabbage leaves on Sundays. The infuriated brethren came seething about their abbot — it would seem that Pachomius had been disappointingly unaware of the record performance being given in their midst — demanding where he had found this creature without human flesh who was bringing them all into contempt: either he left, or they did, in one body, that same day.' *

Macarius had certainly achieved distinction, but at the expense of his brethren's affection. He had made himself something less than human — a quantity of talent against which others measured themselves. The rejection he experienced is the legitimate fate of all self-seeking detachment and aloofness. Not that I am recommending that we lead a life of oppressive intimacy with those around us. It is just that the word 'detachment' as I want to use it for the rest of this essay needs to be purged of the less attractive connotations I have hitherto given it. It can be a very positive virtue if it is not characterised by lovelessness.

There is an amazing objectivity in good poetry. In no sense is it unconcerned for what it describes, yet the poet's mind has somehow enlarged itself to enable other imaginations to enter vicariously into its experience. I happened to be reading some of D. H. Lawrence's poetry on the tram the other day, and I looked up at one point to see my only fellow-travellers, two young ladies, staring at me with puzzled concern. I realised I had been carried away into a dream-world of passionate lyricism publicly expressed by frantic mouthings of various verses. Despite this, both in the poetry and the incident, I felt the glimmerings of a knowledge of real detachment. Somehow you are glad that although you are inextricably bound up with it, the rest of the world has an existence largely independent of you. You sense a mutual freedom, and here is the beginning of hope. Perhaps less and less will it be inevitable for you to pander to others as their mental slaves, perhaps less and less will it be necessary to remain aloof out of an equally enslaving concern to establish your own distinctiveness in the eyes of others or, worse, out of a lack of care for them. A momentary breakthrough has occurred — you

* op. cit. p. 21.

have learnt to respect the wonderfully intimate elusiveness of creatures and people. In Martin Buber's terms, the world has stopped being a neutral 'It' to be manipulated or grudgingly obeyed, and has become a 'Thou' on whom you are dependent, but not to the destruction of either party's integrity and transcendent uniqueness.

Long ago, a sick Jew was trying to tell God that he was oppressed and weighed down with illness. He must have had birds on the brain, for he likened himself successively to a pelican in the wilderness, then to an owl in ruined places and finally to a lonely bird on the housetop. While sympathising with his condition, I must register protest on behalf of the avian world at the sordid implications of his similes. For it seems to me that animals under conditions of isolation are in no way desolate, but detached in the better sense of the word. It is strangely moving when you are out hiking to come to some remote lake and see a lone bird fishing with great glee in the water, not the slightest bit interested in onlookers but determined to live out his appointed role in the scheme of things. Often I envy the pelican in the wilderness (not to mention his fellow feathered friends), *not* because he is alone but because he finds his place in the world with such ease. Nevertheless, I am not going to pray to the gods for reincarnation in his particular form. For by the patient practice of detachment, it is open to all humans to attain a degree of disinterested yet deep harmony with the world which no water fowl, as far as I know, has yet been permitted to share.

JAMES MINCHIN.

AXEL WILD AND VIRGINAL

There is a time in our lives when we, like China, make a Great Leap Forward. It's a strange interlude, a time when problems we couldn't have imagined earlier gradually intrude on our so-called innocence. Adolescence is a phenomenon variously described. A soggy, smiling optimist might have called an essay on this subject 'The growth of responsibility in adolescence.' An Angry Young Man with an eye for commercial success would have made a play of it, and perhaps called it 'Watching the Pimples Grow.' A writer in a weekly magazine or a Sunday newspaper could have used as his title 'I was a Teenage Underarm Hair.' But since I am

a sad, sentimental English student, I have chosen the title 'Axel Wild and Virginal,' to represent my sweet dreams, and, of course, to tell you that I have a poetic soul.

The disgusting things that happen to us in puberty are enjoying much publicity these days. Our bookshops are flooded with paperbacks on the subject. In them, experts itemise the acts lanky teenage girls and boys must perform when they come to love, and inform them of the infinite beauty and deadly seriousness of their coming tasks in amatory gymnastics. And these same lanky boys and girls loll their Sunday afternoons away, soaking in this sweaty literature, and develop for themselves a responsible attitude to sex. It is all a case of forbidden fruit being made accessible.

But many people like to describe this whole thing in a different way. It is not puberty, they can say, it is something far more beautiful than that. It is not sex, but the fount of life, or, as the Bishop of Woolwich would have it, the depth of being. And you see how much more beautiful things can seem that way. 'Strange and wonderful things are happening to us,' we can yell; 'look at our reshaped bodies, or our long trousers ' 'Life, my boy,' our seniors have said to us, 'is a beautiful and delicate thing. You're growing up to be quite a man now. All sorts of new and exciting adventures lie before you. You're experiencing a fresh awakening: the miracle of life is gradually becoming yours. Make sure you prove yourself worthy of the trust your Maker puts in you '

We see in our community various manifestations of this 'new and exciting adventure' theory. The first is in the British sort of public school. In these schools, it is regarded as excellent for a boy between the ages of twelve and seventeen to play sport. If, apart from working, eating and sleeping, the boy spends as much of his time as possible on a playing field, it is imagined he will not mind so much the physical disturbances within him: his potential appetite will be satisfactorily concealed, during a time when it may not easily tempered by the lessons of maturity. Despite the fact that psychologists dismiss the theory as poppycock, hordes of fervent schoolmasters still believe that if a growing boy can gallivant around a football or cricket field like a randy young colt, he will work off the 'dangerous' part of his impulses. It is known by these men that adolescence can be a difficult time, for they themselves made some

unfortunate mistakes then. But they believe that although they cannot undo the capability, they can restrict the desire, to the point where these growing boys can be wild and virginal in a satisfactory way.

A variant of this attitude may be found in Methodist youth clubs. These clubs admit the existence of the desire, and allow some mild expression to be given to it. At fourteen or fifteen, one is actively encouraged to dance there. When one grows old enough, one may go to the university, and join the S.C.M. At week-ends, and over holidays, one can go to the lustful wilds of Chum's Creek, and hold hands by the moonlight. There is an air of childish unreality about it all. 'Growing up' is simply not an adequate phrase for adolescence, because it only tells half the story.

The other half is a much more seamy, disturbing and negative affair. Teenagers, as the popularity of the hit parades tells us, are the most sentimental people on earth. Yet they are the most sceptical. They are never more at home than when they are attacking something. Holden Caulfield, the hero of the novel 'The Catcher in the Rye,' mocks almost everything he knows, except his dead brother, his younger sister, and a friend who committed suicide. For the rest of the story he sulks, and snipes at everything he meets. He is the epitome of adolescence the disease. Obviously we were not all like him as adolescents, or many of us would be mad or have committed suicide by now. But there was a bit of him in each of us. We all felt extremely inert at times as pubescent boys. We would snivel around, listening to hit parades, surreptitiously reading books on sex and marriage, or indulging ourselves in the impotent rage of self pity. If our parents were severe on us, they weren't trying to understand our problems; if they displayed affection for us — and particularly if they hugged and kissed us — we were embarrassed, thinking we were too old for that sort of thing, and called them softies. We would comb our hair a lot, or not at all; we would daub stuff on our pimples; we would need girls, but be awkward in front of them, and rude to their faces. For many of us there was a shattering of religious belief, without any replacement, except a jejune cynicism. The changes had come too fast, and for a time their effects beyond our control.

Adolescence was furthermore an age of great contradictions and contradictoriness. It was

strange that the time when the life force was becoming a conscious influence on our existence should have been our most inactive. There was so much that was weary, stale, flat and unprofitable. We can remember teachers trying to bombard us with the beauties of English poetry — which we had never felt — on stifling hot summer afternoons. And there were times when we would deliberately omit to pay tram fares, yet be angry with the conductor if he demanded them. Looking back on it as a whole, it seems as though we were a very unreasonable bunch.

To little children, the adult world seems in every way desirable. I have heard of one family where the desire of small children to grow up was exemplified in a most peculiar way. The mother and father were having a raging argument after dinner. Their young boy and girl were very disturbed by this. The boy, crying, ran over to his sister and grabbed her by the arm, 'Come on,' he sobbed to her, 'I hate it when Mummy and Daddy are shouting at one another. Let's go away together and play grown-ups.' But as we grow up and leave childhood, we learn a sickly realism. We cough over our first few cigarettes, and wince at the taste of alcohol. And no matter what period of history we live in, we learn that everything good is crashing in ruins about us, and that the future of the world is in doubt.

But time passes, and we learn to enjoy life rather more. We don't have to be surreptitious in our adult habits of smoking and drinking any more, and we have lost — or are in the process of losing — our pimples. We seem more settled than we were as teenagers: we are fully-fledged gentlemen; we are learning responsibilities; we are tomorrow's leaders. More seriously and importantly, some of us who lost our faith have it back. But for many this may never be, because they will always bear the spiritual scars that the traumatic experience of puberty left to them. We may wallow now in memories of school, but at the time it was pretty dispiriting. For several years grown-ups was not a childhood game, but a useless and disgusting responsibility. At our schools we were not what Doctor Arnold thought we should be, but just boys going through a painful and often sordid period of re-adjustment. This involved the disappointment of our unreal expectations, or rather the destruction of our dreams — which is the theme of the Australian poem from which I took my title:

Variation on an Old Theme (C. J. Brennan)

When I defied the star's derision
and threw the cloak of Hamlet down
forth stept, ah not the king of vision
with golden trumpets round him blown

nor mail'd in silver Lohengrin
nor the lance-bearer Parsifal
bringing deliverance from sin
nor Axël wild and virginal

nor the nude beast in rage divine
(I presume these last two are synonymous)
loos'd on the earth with morning light
naught but a worm to writhe and twine
and shudder 'neath the vasty night.

We are tempted to think that adolescence
is not usually a glorious upsurge of wildness
and virginity, but that it is more often a
process of disillusionment.

AXEL CLARK.

HAMLET TO POLONIUS

I.

'Well, Polonius! *You* introduced the fawn
to me in a moment of weakness

We allowed ourselves to smile at her startled
eyes

and her frail diaphanous figure, remember,
was awkward before our ladies of court.

And I, so often surrounded by the heavy,
brooding scent of roses,

found her reed like throat—

I confess — attractive.

Before the yellow jonquils had bowed their
heads,

our deeds, which I chose to veil in the dun
of evening,

became the subject for confiding tales
whispered by the rain to the leaves.'

II.

'It passed, you must be aware,
without hurting me.

I have grown used to these . . .
episodes.

Though, on this morning's walk, before I
came upon you
in the grey windy dawn

I found myself looking with callous wonder
or dull heart of stone

at the tress of golden hair

I had once, so madly, kissed.'

III.

'And dreaming, I turned from what is,
I looked through the glass
and entered the clouded world of what
cannot be.

Do you know, Polonius,
above the matted autumn's fallen leaves
the oak (by my window) entwines its
withered branches

like the fingers of her prayers?

Father, I have seen the fantastic shadows of
birds in flight

And, trembling, I beheld a lost pair of kites,
hurrying into the symphonic richness of a
still sky

towards heaven.'

JOHN RITCHIE.

THE DREAM'S BALLADSINGER

Working sketch of an artist.

When he had come up from the beach he
threw away his cigarette and ground it down
through the grey sand. There was no purpose
in smoking it now he had left the sand and
the sea. It was a part of the gay umbrellas,
the laughter and splashes, the tide of pic-
nickers drowning the sand. With these be-
hind it was purposeless. He watched the fine
ashes sift down, powdered them and then
suddenly felt lonely.

He always smoked on the beach and in the
city. The smoke seemed to screen him from
too much reality, cut down the harsh lines of
definition that made everything so stark. It
was definition, clearness of line that he hated.
Darkness he welcomed, and winter's ragged
greyness.

On the beach he could let the wavechant
fold him in. Lying still, in the wind, the rush
and hiss of the sea, he was like a seaweed roll-
ing on the sea's floor, washed with the suck
of the long drawing sea, feeling the pressure
of all the sea-depths and the water's roll
overhead.

It was the same when he was in the city.
He could let the dark swallow him up. He
liked the lights only in the rain. Then
nothing was real, there were only wavering
saw-toothed reflections on the bright deep
pavement, shop windows rich and distant in
a mist of damp faces. Then he felt secure, a
thin unseen wraith between ground and sky,
feeling, hearing and tasting rather than see-
ing the flavour of the foliate city in the rain.

But because every shadow holds a sharp, hard centre, reality would flood over him, twice as cruel, sapping his strength. A sudden glimpse of his own face turned back from a window, a pain, a woman selling dying flowers, a man with a frightened face, shamed him. Then he was in a spotlight, all faces peering at him in curiosity and amusement.

He turned and looked back at the beach. Frustration breathed on him. He had been lying where there was now sea, the gulls floating softer and sadder than waves overhead. The waves were structure for his thoughts. As it could sometimes do, the sun woke sudden joy in him.

He knew now that he had something he wanted to tell everybody. It would rise up in him like a fountain, washing over his brain, his articulation. It's like a poem, he thought, but I can't read it. He wanted to tell everyone because he knew that the poetry must be beautiful beyond belief. It was the reason for loving things, for feeling the wet richness of flowers in the sun, for laughing in the spray falling from great waves.

I will catch it one day, he thought. And people will notice me then.

Meanwhile he wrote. He felt sure of his genius. His life's anchor, finding no security in his limp, white body, caught fast and deep in his writing, and in his mind he felt sure that he would one day show the world his pure vision revealed. He wrote, trying to catch the faint tune the wind had sung to him. Every sentence, he hoped, would reveal it clearly to him. Sometimes in a second he would feel it clear, but it always died inchoate before he could express it.

One day, when he wrote the right words, there would be no more need to write.

The dull breath of the sea pulled at him insistently.

Like a seer, he raved wildly in the hollow caverns of his mind. Thin chants, sudden tremors darted on him, thoughts turned yellowly, odd words glimpsed. He wrote, but all that came out was a loathing. Beauty turned to detestation. Confusions made him turn in shame, monsters crushing him. His sexual confusion, the shame that the harshness of the city brought on him, tormented him.

There was something dark in him, an inaccessible core. He was not ready for fulfilment. The darkness in his mind limited him, and he could not reach it to lay it bare. Only the surface of this obstruction lay near,

almost within touch, his inexplicable shame, the city. He had felt it for twenty years of his conscious life. The streets were living to him, dipping, soaring in pains of emotion. He walked in the city and felt it move beneath his feet.

He wrote: I know it is foolish, stupid, irrational. Everyone says so. But all of me feels the shame. I can't help it. I've read Freud, searched myself, but there seems to be no reason for it. Does anyone else feel this way? If only I knew. I feel myself that it is all of my originality, this sense of the city, and all of my power. Perhaps I am the only one who can feel that the city itself has a real life, even if I understand it only enough to make me feel ashamed and dirty. Someone said to me:

Why do you keep writing this rubbish? Haven't you any other themes? (eyes flat glass looking inwards). Frankly all your stuff's the same. Who wants to keep reading the same thoughts?

They repeat and repeat themselves.

Why don't you try to get over this phase? Most creative writers go through one like it. But you seem determined to stay there.

He could remember every tone, every inflexion of the words. But how could he get off this theme, how, when he still couldn't express it properly? There must be a reason for feeling like that. Even in his dreams he searched, finding only the diseased songs of his dream's balladsinger in his ear.

Hey there in your sleep, sleep sleeping
down below

Over your dying man's funeral bed
(rimed it myself from my own fair head)
Out in the wild clear air

Met a rusty, fusty, musty tale or two.

Met a man dying on a bed of chrysanthemums

Red rhododendrums, cold conundrums

Sang to me this song:

(Tune: K-K-K-Katie):

F-F-F-Freddie, cunning old Freddie

The fortune teller with the logical postulate

F-F-F-Freddie, I'm baleful old Freddie

And your innocent dreams to me are sly informers

F-F-F-Freddie, watch out for old Freddie

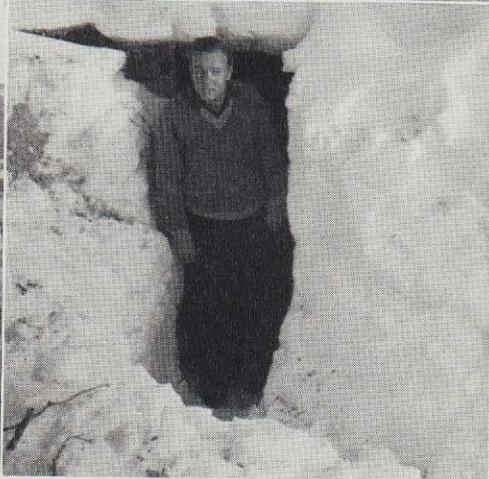
For the man you see in your dreams will
one day be you!



Twang dang dillo dee.



I can get more by her staying in England.



- (1) I have set his name down in the black list, that's all.
 (2) The hour of attack approaches. (3) Whatever has passed between us is now at an end.
 It grieves one's heart to take off a great man.
 (4) She has framed up more young men in the business than
 (5) Are we more dishonest than the rest of mankind? (6) Sentence of Transportation.

That funny little man, sergeant-major little
fellow
Straightened up and gave an army bellow,
Sang, with his Christmas beard on crooked:

(Tune: *Jingle Bells*):

Jung and Freud, Jung and Freud, find your
mind for You
Spew your soul out on the floor and we'll
soon mould a new
Jung and Freud, Jung and Freud say it's
not too late,
Find what fun it is to be a mental apostate!

He watched a girl and a boy triumphant
from the water, loving the girl's body with
deep hopeless desire. All of her was laugh-
ing her brown body straining and dancing.
He grew hard with envy.

It's no shame, just a true love of beauty,
pure and aesthetic. But his words brought a
return of his black confusion to his mind. His
whole body strained for physical contact,
harsh and cruel as they ran by and behind
him.

Why can't I be less complicated? Why
can't everything be clear and simple? He saw
his mind as a long passage, turning, twisting,
walls now touching now out of sight. It was
a maze, a labyrinth, sempiternal in confusion
beyond understanding. His whole body
tightened, stretched the ground into the soft
sand wet from the sea. He fumbled under his
towel for his cigarettes. The cool smoke
soothed him for a blessed moment. But it
could not clean off the dirt he felt to soil his
body. His tongue travelled in an unclean
mouth, his hands touched slime.

And so he rose and left the beach. He had
felt this before, his mind's own lava clotting
his skin, and knew movement and search as
his only relief.

When my baying mind can find no peace
Tongue splitting speechlessly
My whole being cries for cleanliness.
Then I can only walk in a chill mid-winter
dream,
Till, in some sudden swoop
— an old scene, remembered friend,
a ship held from the sky by smoke,
My body bathes in light, simplicity.
The sun is out, and I, like a masterpiece
Am fulfilled, clean and befriended.
And now, where has that instant gone?

He remembered his surprise and pleasure
at getting it so well on to paper. It was the

first time he had dared to make a poem wholly
subjective. He felt that if he created a fine
poem in that way it was too blind, like a
stupid man hacking in a rage at a block of
wood and creating a superb work of art. It
was too personal, he felt, too haphazard. He
could not see how incompatible this restraint
was with his desire to achieve his own per-
sonal vision. He only remembered vividly his
happiness at his mind's own enigma rather
than its objective target.

The patient waves smoothed out the out-
line of his body in the sand. Sand crept over
the grey blot of ash on the dune.

Now he turned up into the town, walking
with quick, distracted steps. The bloodshot
sun, wrinkled and dwarfish, threw out long,
thin, unhappy shadows. He felt that he was
being watched, caught sight of a face that
seemed smug with a knowledge of his own
secrets.

But nobody noticed him except an old lady,
who thought his face serene. And indeed,
beneath his smooth lead face he now felt
unexpectedly calm and empty.

J. D. DAWSON.

LAMENT

O.K., so modern poetry is inevitably the
way it is, being part of the society it is part
of. But that doesn't stop me complaining,
and loudly, that I can't understand it. Can't
understand it anyway without an inordinate
amount of hard work. Whatever the reason
for this state of affairs, I for one deplore it. I
want to be able to read and enjoy poetry, but
it's just too hard; 'And if you, an honours
English student, find this, What about the
man in the street?' I hope I hear you cry!
What about the man in the street, indeed, I
reply.

I think it is a pity that poetry has become
the exclusive property of a few. I suppose
this is all explainable in socio-eco-historio-
graphic terms; which may help one under-
stand the situation, but does not in any way
alter it or make it tolerable. And I think the
situation has been aggravated by the develop-
ment of literary criticism. Which came first
— the lit. critic or the un-understandable
poet? Probably when poets began to write
esoterically, the lit. critic jumped in to breach
the gap which stretched between the poet and
his public. It must be rather jolly to be able
to understand and explain something very
few others can. Unhappily, however, the

result seems to have been a back-fire; for shielding the poet from his uncomprehending public, has only served to widen the breach.

You could, of course, point out that were the poet to say things differently from the way he does, that he would necessarily be saying different things. Well, I say, So what? Firstly, because what he *is* saying usually doesn't justify the amount of time and energy he requires. 'Life is very long' yes, certainly, but in the normal course of living one just doesn't read poetry which makes such excessive demands. And, secondly, if a man is going to publish his poetry to a wider circle than his own intimate one, he owes it to his readers, as a courtesy if nothing else, to make what he publishes to them, comprehensible to them. When a man makes a speech, he takes care that his audience can follow him; why should it be different with poetry? Unfortunately there is no longer any essence of showmanship in the writing of poetry; it has become a wholly private, and therefore almost anti-social activity.

Yes, I know there must always be an advance guard if we are to move forward. But there should also be a lot of what is straightforward and undemanding; poetry which is not challenging perhaps, but at least possible for most people.

Which reminds me of something else: not only has this development made reading poetry less possible, it is also stifling the informal writing of poetry. For to-day, with poetry at such a peak of subtlety, and criticism, it is embarrassing to write simple, and even sentimental, verse. Which is a Bad Thing, because people want and need to express themselves, and should feel completely free to write as poorly or meaninglessly as they wish.

What I've been talking about has an objective importance which extends beyond a merely personal grievance; it matters because poetry is prevented from being a communal activity, and is causing an unfortunate cultural split in society.

EVA WYNN.

VISION AT DAWN

A mattock stuck into the hard earth.
Two men step clumsily across the dry grass
Weighted by the sagging lump of her body.
They go past the bent mallee
And go slowly behind the house.

The sun breaks out in a savage exultation
of crimson slashes across the sky,
Shrieking Day Day to the naked flesh
Splashes burning light on the shrinking eyes
Death in the black mockery of day!

ROBERT CONNELL.

★ SCOOP ★

MISANTHROPIC VOICE

Following the nocturnal appearance of a galaxy of small gold stars, inexplicably studding certain doors in the college, an under-cover enquiry was set on foot by the college F.B.I., and the following document has come to light. This document is published as a matter of public interest (and to protect the College against possible future outrages of a sinister nature): The editors' views are expressed in their leading articles.

Constitution of the Misanthropists' Society.

1. That the name of the Society shall be The Misanthropists' Society.
2. That membership of the Society shall be limited to six.
3. That the ethos of the Society shall be one of indiscriminate misanthropy.
4. That the Society shall seek to maintain, promote, and intensify the said ethos at all times and in all places, regardless of all those sanctions imposed from without and not recognised as such by the Society as defined by this Constitution.
5. That all members of the Society shall be sworn to secrecy regarding any motions, activities, etc., of any nature whatsoever, that are propounded, projected or perpetrated by the Society.
6. That the Society will recognise spiritual affiliations with non-initiates and will not propound, project or perpetrate any action whatsoever against the said non-initiates.
7. That the inaugural members of the Society will test prospective members as to their suitability for initiation in a manner thought fit by all members of the Society.
8. That members of the Society will undergo periodic refresher courses in the said manner on the methods, attitudes, and approaches of the Society.
9. That the inaugural members shall enjoy and maintain at all times the privilege of

vetoing or sanctioning any motions propounded, projected, or perpetrated by the members of the Society.

10. That meetings of the Society shall be convened at the discretion of the inaugural members of the Society.
11. That the ethos of the Society shall be represented by the emblem of a small gold star, symbolising alienation.

Propounded, projected, and perpetrated by the inaugural members of the Society this seventeenth day of September, in the year of our Lord 1963.

The signatures appended to this document were, tragically enough, illegible. — Ed.

THE BALL

There was a sound of Ogilvie by night,
For College minstrelsy had gathered there
Regaling all (the microphone despite)
Who'd made the College Ball by half past ten.
Five hundred throats gulped thirstily, and
when

Supper arrived with its malodorous smell
Stark eyes looked glazed, saying 'fill 'er up
again'

And all were happy at the College Ball
And, rapt, heard Field and Alexander's stories
tall.

Did ye not hear them? Yes! with arms
entwined

They sang about the diamond studded bra
With zest — and, though the words were
unrefined

Not e'en the Warden's feelings did they jar.
(He watched it all discretely from afar)
The organisers watched with cheerfulness —
(Lowrie, Larritt and Oldham) — from the bar
They organised with care despite all stress
But left (it must be said) a slight financial
mess!

Last noon beheld the students full of lunch
Last eve in College dinner proudly gay
The midnight brought the lot of them to
strife,

The moon their pallid faces did display
But more along these lines one should not
say.

'Twas malnutrition, spawned in hunger's
cause

The previous night made faces look like clay
And twisting hand which changed sudiferous
pores

And certain other rites, practised behind
closed doors.

VALETE 1962:

G. S. Abbott, R. Albrecht, B. B. Allen, N. F. Anderson, M. J. O'D. Armstrong, W. R. Blake, D. S. B. Brownbill, G. E. Burston, D. A. McL. Emmerson, F. W. C. Forge, J. W. Freeman, M. G. Gale, J. B. Grutzner, J. A. W. Guthrie, P. J. E. Houghton, C. H. Helms, A. F. G. Henderson, C. J. Howell, V. D. U. Hunt, N. A. Jackson, I. Krishnan, A. G. Lane, M. R. Lane, J. A. Langlands, J. G. Larkins, J. McCahon, W. D. A. Macintyre, W. J. D. McKellar, J. Nichterlein, J. E. Peters, R. G. Richards, J. R. Rolph, S. A. Rose, H. M. P. Rundle, S. B. Spittle, D. K. Thomas, P. R. W. Thwaites, D. R. Tucker, R. T. Tucker, R. J. Varley, D. H. Walker, G. D. Watson, B. R. Wawn, J. R. E. Wilson, D. G. Wraith.

VALETE 1963:

R. K. Black, C. E. Bright, F. C. Cattell, D. W. Dewhurst, P. R. Le Breton, A. McKenzie, R. E. Northey.

SALVETE 1963:

K. J. F. Allen, B. M. Armitage, K. J. Birrell, J. C. Bodman, C. E. Bright, J. H. H. Brookes, L. J. Buckland, C. G. Clark, G. J. Clout, H. K. Colebatch, F. N. Cornell, P. R. C. Cohen, W. D. T. Cowan, C. E. Davies, D. W. Dewhurst, M. Downing, D. D. Elder, O. M. Evans, M. A. Fahey, J. R. Fullerton, I. K. M. Galbraith, C. B. Gantner, P. H. Gerrand, A. J. G. Gibson, D. G. Gome, K. R. Griffiths, J. A. Gyles, C. J. Hamer, D. L. Harper, T. S. Harris, A. O. Hay, G. A. Heath, D. F. Hedger, P. J. Hunting, K. S. Jacka, R. K. Jackson, W. S. Kimpton, S. G. Larkins, K. H. Lauw, P. R. Le Breton, A. H. Le Page, J. R. P. Lewisohn, P. F. Llewellyn, R. J. McGregor, C. D. McKellar, I. G. Manning, W. G. Martin, A. D. Miller, A. T. Mitchell, J. B. Mitchell, I. R. Monotti, P. L. Murphy, P. Niselle, B. I. Ogilvie, J. C. W. Oliver, R. B. Parker, R. J. Peers, R. W. Prestney, G. J. Pullen, J. S. Robert, J. R. W. Robinson, N. A. Robinson, D. J. Schoeffel, P. R. C. Seymour, A. W. Smith, R. J. G. Smith, A. N. Stokes, A. F. H. Stuart, J. G. Stuckey, M. J. Thwaites, G. J. Watts, R. L. Webb, J. C. Wilson.

SALVETE 1962:

R. M. L. Murray.

SALVETE REDUCES 1963:

J. G. Hindhaugh, J. C. Hooper, R. E. Mather, G. C. Rennie, J. H. Shepherd, S. B. Spittle, P. G. Stephens.

ACADEMIC DISTINCTIONS

UNIVERSITY AND OTHER DISTINCTIONS, 1962:

- BODNA, B. D. — Research Grant in History.
 BROWNING, Julianne I. — Second Year Bachelor of Music, Ormond Exhibition.
 CANNINGTON, P. H. — Research Grant in Physics.
 CARNLEY, P. F. — Prize in Biblical Archaeology, Part I.
 CLARK, Angela S. — Jessie Leggatt Scholarship in Comparative Law.
 CONNELL, R. W. — Exhibition in Ancient History, Part I; Rosemary Merlo Prize in Ancient History Part I.
 COTTON, R. G. H. — Research Grant in Bacteriology.
 DALEY, D. J. — Services Canteens Trust Fund Post-Graduate Scholarship.
 DARVALL, A. W. LeP. — Half-Share of Jenks Exhibition in Private International Law.
 DRUMMOND, Amanda M. — Rosemary Merlo Prize in British History.
 EMMERSON, D. A. McL. — Hearn Exhibition in Jurisprudence; E. J. B. Nunn Scholarship in Law; Supreme Court Prize for Law.
 GREENBERG, P. B. — Exhibition in Physiology and Biochemistry.
 GRIFFITH, G. F. — John Madden Exhibition in Law relating to Executors and Trustees; Half-share of Robert Craig Exhibition in Company Law.
 GRUTZNER, J. B. — Dixon Scholarship in Chemistry, Part IIIA; Research Grant in Chemistry.
 HENRY, G. B. McK. — Research Grant in English.
 HIGGINBOTTOM, Margaret J. — First Year Bachelor of Music, Ormond Exhibition.
 HUNT, V. D. U. — Keith Levi Memorial Scholarship in Medicine; Fulton Scholarship in Obstetrics and Gynaecology; Sandoz Prize in Clinical Obstetrics; Glaxo-Allenbury's Prize in Clinical Surgery.
 JACKSON, N. A. — Research Grant in English.
 JOHNSON, P. F. — C.S.I.R.O. Senior Post-Graduate Studentship.
 LARKINS, J. G. — Half-Share of Robert Craig Exhibition in Company Law.
 LARKINS, R. G. — Half-Share of Exhibition in Anatomy (including History and Embryology).
 MCKENZIE, A. — Union Carbide Australia Limited Scholarship in Chemistry; Union Carbide Prize in Chemistry.
 MATHESON, W. S. — Oscar Weigel Exhibition in Engineering.
 MILNE, B. J. — Research Grant in Mathematics.
 PETERS, J. E. — Oscar Weigel Exhibition in Engineering; Research Grant in Engineering.
 PRENTICE, A. J. R. — Dwight's Prize in Physics, Part IA; Dixon Scholarship in Applied Mathematics, Part I.
 QUIRK, T. W. — University Travelling Scholarship.
 RAMSDEN, V. S. — Oscar Weigel Exhibition in Engineering.
 ROBERTSON, W. J. — Oscar Weigel Exhibition in Engineering.
 ST. JOHN, R. A. — Supreme Court Prize for Law; Harrison Moore Exhibition in Constitutional Law, Part II; Half-Share of Jenks Exhibition in Private International Law.

- STILES, G. R. — Oscar Weigel Exhibition in Engineering.
 TUCKER, R. T. — Research Grant in Philosophy.
 TURNER, P. S. — Research Grant in Physics.
 WARK, Margaret C. — Exhibition in Botany, Part III.

FIRST CLASS HONOURS 1962:

- BARRACLOUGH, Margaret — Pharmacology A.
 BLACK, R. K. — Pure Maths. I.
 CANNINGTON, P. H. — Physics III.
 CARNLEY, P. F. — Ancient History I; British History.
 CONNELL, R. W. — Ancient History I; Modern History A.
 CRESWELL, C. C. — British History (Law).
 DARVALL, A. W. LeP. — Public International Law.
 DAWSON, J. D. — English Language I; English Language II.
 DRUMMOND, Amanda — British History.
 ELLIOTT, P. J. — Modern History A.
 EMMERSON, D. A. McL. — Jurisprudence.
 FEIGLIN, D. H. I. — Chemistry (Pre-Med.); Physics (Pre-med.); Pure Maths. I.
 FIELD, P. L. — Physiology and Biochemistry.
 GREENBERG, P. B. — Physiology and Biochemistry.
 GRIFFITH, G. F. — Company Law; Industrial Law.
 GRUTZNER, J. B. — Chemistry IIIA.
 HELMS, C. H. — Theology, Part II.
 HIGGINBOTTOM, Margaret — Chief Practice II (Organ).
 HUNKIN, Meredith — German I.
 HUNT, V. D. U. — Obstetrics and Gynaecology.
 JACKSON, F. C. — Pure Maths. II.
 JOHNSON, P. F. — Finals in Maths.
 LANE, M. R. — Chemistry (Ag.).
 LARKINS, J. G. — Company Law.
 MCKENZIE, A. — Chemistry IIIA.
 MACKNIGHT, C. C. — Ancient History II; Latin III.
 McPHERSON, A. B. — General History Reading Course.
 MASON, P. T. — Engineering I; Engineering Maths. I.
 MATHESON, W. S. — Applied Thermodynamics I; Dynamics of Machines II; Electrical Engineering I.
 MATTHEWS, Jane — Physics IB; Pure Maths I; Economics A.
 OPPENHEIM, R. C. — Chemistry I; Physics IA.
 PEARCE, M. W. — Physics IB.
 PRENTICE, A. J. R. — Applied Maths. I; Physics IA.
 RAMSDEN, V. S. — Applied Thermodynamics I; Dynamics of Machines II; Strength of Materials IIA.
 RENNIE, G. C. — Applied Maths. III; Pure Maths. III.
 ROBBIE, Dianne — French I; German I.
 ST. JOHN, R. A. — Private International Law.
 SELBY-SMITH, C. — Economics II.
 SPEED, T. P. — Theory of Statistics I.
 STILES, G. R. — Electrical Engineering I.
 SWANSON, A. B. — Chemistry IIIA.
 TURNER, P. S. — Physics III.
 WEBB, R. L. — Physics (Pre-Med.).
 WILLIAMS, Susan — Theory of Statistics.
 WYNN, Eva — British History (Law).

SECOND CLASS HONOURS 1962:

- ALEXANDER, N. J. — Pure Maths. II.
 ALLEN, B. B. — English Literature II; Logic; Modern Philosophy A.
 ANDERSON, Sally — Design I.
 AXFORD, Lynette — Zoology II.
 BARRACLOUGH, D. R. E. — Biology (Pre-Med.).
 BARRACLOUGH, Margaret — Physiology IIB.
 BISHOP, Elizabeth — Chemistry I; Biology.
 BLACK, R. K. — Applied Maths. I; English Language and Literature I; Physics IA.
 BROOKSBANK, Anne — General History I; General History IIIC; English Literature III.
 BROWNING, Jillianne — Chief Practice III (Piano).
 BUICK, Barbara — Agriculture II; Botany (Ag.).
 BURSTON, G. E. — Geology (Ag.); Chemistry (Ag.).
 CARNLEY, P. F. — Biblical Archaeology I.
 CARPENTER, J. Applied Maths. I; Chemistry I; Engineering I; Physics I; Pure Maths. I.
 CHESSELL, M. G. — Legal History.
 CLAPPISON, D. J. Mining I.
 CLARK, A. — English Literature II; Ancient History II.
 CLARK, Katerina — Russian Language IV; Russian Literature IV.
 CLYNE, Pamela — English Language II.
 COCK, Colette — Geography II; Geography; Disc and Expl.
 COCKAYNE, D. J. H. — Physics II.
 COLE, Diana — Comparative Education.
 COLE, D. P. — British History; Introduction to Legal Method.
 COLEBATCH, J. A. — Microbiology.
 CONNELL, R. W. — Psychology I.
 CORNELL, F. M. — Biology; Physics IC.
 COTTON, R. G. H. — Bacteriology (Ag.).
 COUNSELL, Elaine — Modern History A.
 CURTIS, D. W. — Comparative Philosophy; Greek III; Latin III.
 DARVALL, A. W. LeP. — Company Law; Jurisprudence.
 DAWSON, J. D. — English Literature II.
 DISHON, Sally — Geography III; Political Geography; Australian History.
 DONALD, Margot — General History IV; Theory and Method of History.
 DOWN, J. G. — Chemistry IIA; Physics IIB.
 DRUCE, P. F. — Modern Government A.
 DRUMMOND, Amanda — Ancient History I.
 EMMERSON, D. A. McL. — Company Law; Constitutional Law II; Industrial Law.
 EWING, Angela — General History II.
 FENTON, Jolyn — General History I; General History II; General History Reading Course.
 FERRIS, Suzanne — English Language and Literature I.
 FITTS, Catherine — Russian II.
 FORD, Helen — French II; English Literature II.
 FOSTER, R. A. — Accountancy IIA.
 GORTON, R. P. — Equity; Mercantile Law.
 GREENBERG, P. B. — Anatomy (Div. IIA).
 GRICE, Fiona — English Literature II; Logic; Ethics.
 GRIFFITH, G. F. — Constitutional Law II; Executors and Trustees; Private International Law.
 GRUBB, Gillian — Public Administration.
 GUTJAHR, C. M. — Architecture and Surveying; Law of Planning.
 GUTTRIDGE, Jocelyn — Microbiology.
 HENDERSON, A. F. G. — International Relations; Economic History IIB.
 HENRY, G. B. McK. — Finals in English and Philosophy.
 HOLMES, Helen — French III; Russian Literature III.
 HOOPER, P. E. — Dynamics of Machines II; Engineering Maths. II.
 HORNE, Margot — French III; English Literature III.
 HUGHES, Helena — Public Administration; Modern Government B.
 HUNKIN, Meredith — Music A; Chief Practice II (Piano).
 HUNT, V. D. U. — Medicine; Surgery.
 JACKSON, H. R. — Equity.
 JACKSON, N. A. — Finals in English Literature and Latin.
 KENNON, E. P. — British History (Law).
 KERR, Jean — English Language and Literature I; French I.
 KING, J. O. — Anatomy (Div. IIA).
 LANE, M. R. — Biology (Ag.); Physics (Ag.).
 LARKINS, J. G. — Constitutional Law II; Private International Law.
 LARKINS, R. G. — Anatomy (Div. IIA); Physiology and Biochemistry.
 McCAHON, J. C. — Finals in History.
 MACK, D. J. — Physics I.
 McKAY, W. T. — British History.
 MACKNIGHT, C. C. — General History IIIC; General History I.
 McPHERSON, A. B. — General History I; General History II; General History IIIC.
 MALLEY, Janet — Russian Language III; Russian Literature III.
 MARCARD, Patricia — General History I; General History IIIB; Psychology IIIA.
 MASON, P. T. — Chemistry IA; Physics I.
 MATHESON, W. S. — Strength of Materials IIA.
 MEAGHER, D. R. — Industrial Law.
 MINCHIN, T. B. — British History; English Language and Literature I.
 MORGAN, J. L. — Finals in History.
 MORRIS, Geraldine — Psychology I.
 MUNRO, A. B. — Pure Maths. II.
 MUNTZ, Margaret — Zoology II.
 NEVILLE, Susan — English Language and Literature I; Ancient History I.
 NEWTON, Donna — Physics IC; Engineering Maths. I.
 NORTHEY, R. E. — Finals in History.
 OPPENHEIM, R. C. — Applied Maths. I; Pure Maths. I.
 PETERS, J. E. — Finals in Engineering.
 PETTIT, J. L. Optics; Physiological Optics.
 PRENTICE, A. J. R. — Chemistry IA; Pure Maths. I.
 PRENTICE, H. K. — Latin II.
 PRENTICE, P. D. — Greek I.
 RAMSDEN, V. S. — Physics IIC; Pure Maths. II.
 RENNIE, G. C. — Theory of Statistics II.
 RENNIE, J. C. — Tort.
 RENWICK, C. J. S. — International Relations.
 RIPPER, G. H. — Australian History.
 RITCHIE, J. D. — Finals in History.
 ROBERTS, D. O. — Theology Part II.
 ROBBINS, Valerie — Modern Government A; Russian I.
 ROBERTSON, W. J. — Engineering Design A.
 RODDA, Mavis — General History IIIB; General History III; English Literature III.
 ROWELL, Elizabeth — Social Work I.

ST. JOHN, R. A. — Constitutional Law II; Industrial Law; Jurisprudence.
 SAMSON, Patricia — Philosophy I.
 SAUNDERS, Cheryl — British History (Law); Modern Government A; Introduction to Legal Method.
 SEDGLEY, Anne — English Language and Literature I.
 SELBY-SMITH, C. — American History; Statistical Method.
 SELLAR, J. G. — Chemistry I (Eng.); Engineering Maths. I.
 SHAND, Denise — General History IIIB; General History II; General History Reading Course.
 SHELLAM, G. R. — Chemistry IA; Physics IC.
 SPEAR, Carolyn — English Literature III.
 STILES, G. R. — Engineering Maths. II; Dynamics of Machines II.
 TUCKER, R. T. — Finals in Philosophy.
 VANCE, J. C. — Chemistry (Pre-Med.).
 WAKEFIELD, W. G. — General History I; General History IIIC.
 WARK, Margaret — Botany III.
 WATSON, D. G. — Constitutional Law II.
 WEBB, R. L. — Chemistry (Pre-Med.).
 WELLS, J. D. B. — Modern Government B; Public Administration.
 WILLIAMS, Anne — General History II.
 WILLIAMS, S. J. B. — Physics (Pre-Med.).
 WOODRUFF, D. F. — Biology; Geology I.
 WOODS, R. B. D. — Australian History.
 WRAITH, D. G. — Constitutional Law II.
 WRIGHT, H. McM. — Property; Tort.
 WYNN, Eva — English Language and Literature I.
 YUNCKEN, A. L. — Physics I.

DEGREES CONFERRED 1962 - 1963:

BACHELOR OF AGRICULTURAL SCIENCE:

Buick, Barbara E.
 Cotton, R. G. H.
 Luke, Wendy I.
 Powling, Joan I.

BACHELOR OF ARCHITECTURE:

Ho, C. Y.
 Williams, A. P. W.

BACHELOR OF ARTS (Ordinary Degree):

Doyle, Margaret E.
 Fitts, Vanessa E. H.
 Guthrie, J. A. W.
 Littleton, T. J. H.
 Lovett, Philippa C.
 Monie, P. M.
 Shand, Denise C.
 Spear, Carolyn H.
 Stone, Susan.
 Wallis, Suzanne E.
 Wilkins, Susan.
 Wilson, R. A. H.
 Williams, Margaret A.
 Woods, R. D. B.

BACHELOR OF ARTS (Degree with Honours):

Bath, Joanna L.
 Bodna, B. D.
 Clark, Katerina.
 Cottman, Carol J.
 Donald, Margot M.
 Henry, G. B. McK.
 Jackson, N. A.
 Johnson, P. F.

McCahon, J.
 Merrett, Bronwen E.
 Morgan, J. L.
 Northey, R. E.
 Ritchie, J. D.
 Seyforth, Patricia G.
 Tucker, R. T.
 Waylen, P. C.

BACHELOR OF COMMERCE:

Carnegie, I. B.
 Henderson, A. F. G.
 Hill, Judy M.

BACHELOR OF EDUCATION:

Crone, Nina A.

BACHELOR OF ENGINEERING:

Cooper, O. R.
 Hardie, G. P.
 Hobson, E.
 Hunt, A. L.
 Kedge, J. C.
 Mitchell, P. C.
 Peters, J. E.
 Robinson, M. W.
 Rose, S. A.
 Varley, R. J.
 Vaughan, R. S.
 Walker, L. K.

BACHELOR OF LAWS (Ordinary Degree):

Armstrong, M. J. O'D.
 Baldwin, Marilyn L.
 Guthrie, J. A. W.
 Header, A. R.
 Rose, A. C.
 Tucker, D. R.
 Wilson, Jennifer P.
 Wraith, D. G.
 Zacharin, M. J. D.

BACHELOR OF LAWS (Degree with Honours):

Darvall, A. W. LeP.
 Emmerson, D. A. McL.
 Griffith, G. F.
 Larkins, J. G.
 Meagher, D. R.
 St. John, R. A.
 Spry, I. C. F.

BACHELOR OF MEDICINE and BACHELOR OF SURGERY:

Blake, W. R.
 Brownbill, D. S. B.
 Freeman, J. W.
 Hatwell, Janette M.
 Heape, W. F.
 Hunt, V. D. U.
 Footit, G. E.
 McKellar, W. J. D.
 Rundle, H. M. P.
 Schramm, Mary E.
 Renou, P. M.
 Rolph, J. R.
 Stanward, Mary M.
 Tymms, A. M.
 Walker, D. H.

BACHELOR OF MUSIC:

Seeligson, Rita.
 Taylor, Felicity H.

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE (Ordinary Degree):

Barraclough, Margaret R. E.
Bell, C.
Cannington, P. H.
Grutzner, J. B.
Hasker, Janet R.
Hurse, Allison B.
Kenny, Angela M.
La Nauze, Julia M.
Lang, Patricia G.
McKenzie, A.
Madsen, Gillian M. E.
Milne, B. J., B.A.
Swanson, A. B.
Turner, P. S.
Wawn, B. R.

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE (Degree with Honours):
Cherry, W. H.

DIPLOMA IN EDUCATION:
Cole, Diana M.

MASTER OF ARTS:
Berry, Catherine M.
Brockwell, P. J.
Clyne, M. G.
Crotty, J. C. M.
Daley, D. J.
Lindgren, Margaret A.
Shugg, A. N.
Wilson, I. F. H.

MASTER OF ENGINEERING SCIENCE:
Brown, W. A.

MASTER OF SCIENCE:
Packer, M. E.
Quirk, T. W.
Rigby, G. A.
Waylen, P. C.

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY:
Clarke, Adrienne E.

MAJOR SCHOLARS:

A. M. WHITE SCHOLARS:
P. B. Greenberg.
A. J. R. Prentice.
V. S. Ramsden.
C. Selby-Smith.

CHARLES HEBDEN SCHOLARS:
P. F. Johnson.
R. C. Oppenheim.

CHARLES HEBDEN BURSARY:
R. G. Larkins.

R. and L. ALCOCK SCHOLARS:
W. S. Matheson.
R. W. Connell.

PERRY SCHOLAR:
G. A. Heath.

F. L. ARMYTAGE SCHOLAR:
C. C. Macknight.

COUNCIL'S SCHOLARS:
C. J. Hamer.
A. McKenzie.
P. T. Mason.
G. C. Rennie.
A. B. Swanson.

THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS:

Marley Student: J. H. Shepherd.
Payne Student: S. A. H. Ames.
Stanbridge Student: J. B. Minchin.
Richard Grice Student: D. H. Edgar.
Combedown Student: P. F. Carnley (x).
Henty Student: R. A. H. Wilson.
Moorhouse Student: A. B. McPherson.
Bishops' Student: P. J. Hunting.

(x) To rank as a Major Scholar of the College.

MINOR SCHOLARS:

ELIZABETH HEBDEN SCHOLAR:
P. J. Elliott.

HENRY BERTHON SCHOLAR:
P. E. Hooper.

CLARKE SCHOLAR:
F. C. Jackson.

ALEXANDER C. THOMPSON SCHOLAR:
G. R. Stiles.

SIMON FRASER SCHOLAR:
W. J. Robertson.

BATH MEMORIAL SCHOLAR:
R. E. Northey.

J. H. SUTTON SCHOLAR:
D. W. Curtis.

COUNCIL'S SCHOLARS:

K. J. F. Allen.
R. K. Black.
H. K. Colebatch.
W. D. T. Cowan.
C. C. Creswell.
J. D. Dawson.
J. G. Down.
P. L. Field.
R. A. Foster.
R. P. Gorton.
C. M. Gutjahr.
J. C. Hooper.
K. S. Jacka.
J. O. King.
I. G. Manning.
T. B. Minchin.
J. L. Morgan.
M. W. Pearce.
J. L. Pettit.
J. D. Ritchie.
G. R. Shellam.
A. N. Stokes.
A. F. H. Stuart.
R. L. C. Sutcliffe.
M. J. Thwaites.

W. G. Wakefield.
R. L. Webb.
J. D. B. Wells.
D. S. Woodruff.
H. McM. Wright.

J.C.H. MAJOR SCHOLARS:

A. M. WHITE SCHOLARS:

Katherine Patrick.
Dianne Robbie.

J.C.H. MINOR SCHOLARS:

A. R. GRICE SCHOLAR:

Julianne Browning.

F. H. CHAMBERS SCHOLAR:

Sally Dishon.

F. C. STANBRIDGE SCHOLAR:

Jolyn Fenton.

TRINITY WOMEN'S JUBILEE SCHOLAR:

Fiona Grice.

SARA STOCK SCHOLARS:

Margo Horne.
Mavis Rodda.

ALBERT GUY MILLER MUSIC SCHOLAR:

Meredith Hunkin.

MRS. L. L. LEWIS SCHOLAR:

Cheryl Saunders.

COUNCIL'S SCHOLARS:

Elizabeth Arnold.
Elizabeth Bishop.
Amanda Drummond.
Jennifer Gibbs.
Helen Holmes.
Jean Kerr.
Janet Malley.
Elizabeth Parker.
Denise Shand.
Eva Wynn.

NON - RESIDENT EXHIBITIONERS:

Penelope Baker.
Anne Brooksbank.
Mary Grock.
Margaret Higginbottom.
Marie Kemp.
Judith Purser.
Patricia Samson.
Deidre Tayler.

VARIATIONS ON A THEME.



WAGNER.

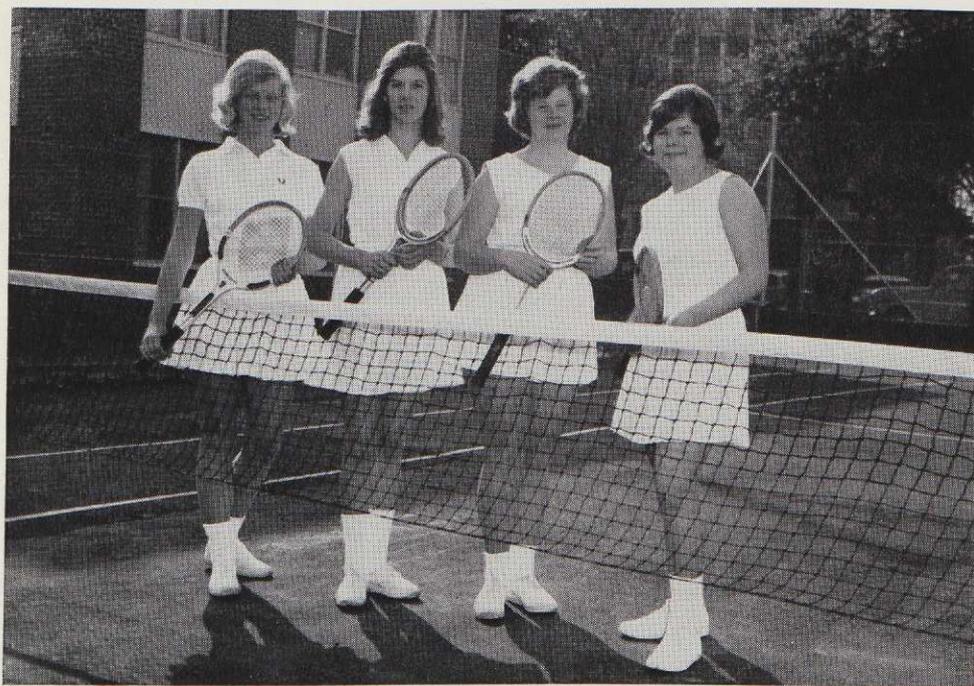


RIMSKY - KORSAKOFF.



J.C.H. BASKETBALL TEAM.

*Back Row: Margaret Bone, Margaret Lush, Alex Currie.
Front Row: Beverly Keys-Smith, Sue Williams, Rosemary Stone.*



J.C.H. TENNIS TEAM.

Margaret Lush, Leonie Pescott, Elizabeth Arnold, Alex Currie.



J.C.H. SWIMMING TEAM.

Back Row: Jenny Pullen, Penny Derham, Val Dixon, Judy Young, Elizabeth Arnold.
Front Row: Bev. Keys-Smith, Sue Williams, Irene Graham.



J.C.H. ATHLETICS TEAM.

Angela Ewing, Rosemary Stone, Penny Derham, Cath. Fitts.

JANET CLARKE HALL

JANET CLARKE HALL

Without becoming platitudinous or editorialising, or worse, merely giving a chronological list of notable dates and events, it is difficult to decide how best to give an impression of a College year. Possibly an admixture of both is not inappropriate.

Last year may best be characterised by the structural additions, both necessary and welcome, minor additions in the past year have been a tennis court and an enlarged and improved back garden.

Within the organisation of the College there has been a marked defining of the role played by both the Students' Club and the Committee, and possibly a greater onus being cast on the individual. In fact, the College, by the re-institution of keys for third year students and the further extension of hours when gentlemen may be entertained, is now entering upon its most liberal area ever in this respect.

The Junior Common Room is at last becoming more of a focal point of College interest, and towards the encouragement of this a glorious metamorphosis is planned, and for which steps have already been taken by students, past and present.

Miss Dewey* left us to return to England at the end of Term I, and Dr. Knight became once more Acting Principal, a position she has filled with tact and wisdom and no small knowledge of the place of an individual in a small community. Dr. Eira Eden, from St. Catherine's College, Perth, takes up her appointment as Principal next year.

High Table has been distinctly international this year, and we have had the pleasure of having as tutors and guests Professor Ella Rye from Connecticut University; Dr. Manuel from Malaya; Miss Irene Wai and Miss Jan Foot from the United Kingdom.

At the social level two most successful and well organised C.R.D's. were held. In the W.U.S. Miss University Quest Angela Ewing represented Trinity - J.C.H. and was credited for raising the greatest amount of money.

*See article pages 6-7 above.

The Dialectic Society was formally constituted in June, with Dr. Knight as President, Judy Whitworth as Secretary, and Katherine Patrick on the Committee. The ladies defeated the gentlemen of Trinity both on our ground and theirs, by establishing that 'Man's first duty is to himself,' and that 'The intellect is always ruled by the heart.' In a debate held amongst the ladies themselves it was established that 'There is something radically amiss with the concept of any women's University College.'

* * *

The Social Services activities of the college have included the usual collection of oddments for charities, and the continued sponsorship of an Austrian boy, Günter Rekißon. The annual party for children from the Victorian Aid Society Home was held early in second term. The culinary arts were fostered in the College on two occasions when meals were given up to raise money for the Freedom From Hunger Campaign, and Community Aid Abroad, and a C.A.A. scheme has been adopted to provide six adult beds for a new hospital at Khadakvasta Village in India.

* * *

The Music Club received a grant of £15 from Students' Club which was spent on records, including a number of early Italian works. There are a number of instrumentalists in residence this year, who joined with the Trinity musicians in the annual Trinity Concert. With the diversity of instruments now in College, it is hoped that chamber groups will be formed.

* * *

The College has been most successful this year in the inter-collegiate sporting events held with St. Mary's and Women's Colleges. J.C.H. teams were victorious in swimming, athletics, tennis, squash, table tennis, and basketball; the rowing 'crew' came second behind St. Mary's, and the College was defeated by Women's in the hockey. Hockey matches were also played with Queen's College, and a combined team with Trinity failed to match the united strengths of Women's and Ormond.

Four members of the College figured in Inter-Varsity Sport. Sue Richards ski-ed with the University team at Thredbo in New South Wales; Catherine Fitts went to Sydney with the hockey team, and Beverley Keyes-Smith with the squash team which gained third place; Cheryl Saunders was a member of the fencing team which was victorious at Sydney. Cheryl is to be congratulated on her selection for the Australian Inter-Varsity Fencing Team, which may go to New Zealand next year.

VALETE, 1962:

M. Barraclough, B. Buick, K. Clark, E. Cole, M. Donald, G. Grubb, J. Guttridge, J. Hasker, J. Hatwell, A. Hurse, A. Kenny, W. Luke, M. McDonnell, G. Madsen, A. Nixon, J. Powling, M. Richards, E. Reid, M. Stannard, F. Taylor, R. Wade, M. Wark, A. Williams.

SALVETE, 1963:

G. Aagren, A. Anderson, E. Arnold, K. Bakewell, A. Barber, E. Boddy, M. Bone, J. Brown, L. Bryant, A. Callow, A. Chan, C. Coffey, J. Coy, M. Cumpston, J. Daniels, V. Dickson, C. Dixon, V. Duigan, B. Dunbar, N. Fitzgerald, P. Fullerton, J. Gibbs, I. Graham, J. Guy, J. Hampshire, J. Hawkes, N. Lewis, J. McLeod, G. Monie, H. Muir, M. Muntz, B. Oldham, E. Parker, K. Patrick, D. Pearson, M. Pelling, J. Pullen, J. Read, S. Richards, R. Stone, J. Trainor, L. Voullaine, R. Watson.

J. Bryce came into College in Second Term.

TRINITY WOMEN'S SOCIETY

Committee:

President: Mrs. R. Hallenstein.

Vice-Presidents: Dr. Joan Gardner, Mrs. S. Alley.

Hon. Secretary: Miss Lydia Eady.

Hon. Treasurer: Mrs. A. Asche.

Representative to College Council: Mrs. Webb Ware.

Committee: Mrs. K. Emmerson, Miss B. Hurley, Mrs.

A. Smithers, Miss J. Suggett, Miss J. Taplin and

Mrs. J. Feltham.

Co-opted Member: Miss Barbara Buick.

Annual Dinner, 1962, was held on Saturday, October 13th, at Janet Clarke Hall. There were 58 members present, and a very good meal was provided by the College. Toasts were The Queen and The College, proposed by the President, Dr. Gardner, and replied to by the Principal and the Senior Student; and Absent Friends, proposed by Miss Jenny Taplin.

The Annual Meeting followed the Dinner, with the President in the chair. The customary business was dealt with, and the Treasurer's report included the encouraging news that the Scholarship Fund, which pays a scholarship of £30 per annum, has accumulated £100 in the bank. It was decided that this amount should be held in the bank until the beginning of 1963, when Miss Dewey should consult with the Committee, and the money should be disbursed if Miss Dewey knew of a student who was in urgent need of the money. Otherwise the money will remain in the bank.

Reports were given about the proposed College Coat of Arms by Miss Leeper, the National Council of Women by Dr. Knight, and the Native Fauna Conservation Society by Dr. Wanliss.

Functions for 1963 were discussed and Miss Joske's invitation to the Society to have a gathering at her home in Harkaway was enthusiastically accepted. It was decided to hold the Dinner and Annual Meeting in September in 1963 to see if this would suit country members down for the Show.

Opening of the Lillian Scantlebury Wing was held on March 13th, when the new wing was dedicated by Bishop Sambell and opened by Mrs. Scantlebury. The College Council very generously invited all members of the Trinity Women's Society to this function, and it was a well attended and very pleasant afternoon.

Visit to Harfra, Harkaway, took place on April 27th. Miss Joske's very attractive garden made a perfect setting for the picnic lunch, which was thoroughly enjoyed by the 35 members present, some of whom had brought their children. Miss Joske's gracious hospitality made members feel at home and very welcome, and in this she was helped by her niece, Miss Mary Joske, and by Florence, who is just as wonderful as ever.

As Miss Dewey was leaving for England the following week there was also a short informal farewell to her. The President expressed the very sincere regret of all Trinity Women that Miss Dewey had felt she must take up other work, and thanked her for all she had done for the College. Miss Dewey

was presented with a bag and a cheque, and Florence with an azalea, as she celebrated her 86th birthday on that day.

Births:

- Dr. and Mrs. Baird (*Lorna Murfitt*) — a son.
Mr. and Mrs. Bowen Pain (*Glenda Shiel*) — a daughter.
Mr. and Mrs. N. Buckmaster (*Anne Caro*) — a son.
Mr. and Mrs. A. Davidson (*Rosemary Thomas*) — a son.
Mr. and Mrs. K. Fizelle (*June Lilley*) — a daughter.
Mr. and Mrs. J. Feltham (*Elizabeth Richards*) — a son.
Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Godfrey (*Monica Harkling*) — a son.
Dr. and Mrs. Michael Grounds (*Elizabeth Sinclair*)—twins, a son and a daughter.
Mr. and Mrs. P. Johansen (*Patricia Austin*) — a son.
Mr. and Mrs. W. Lester (*Harriet Cook*) — a son.
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Murison (*Molly Travers*) — a son.
Mr. and Mrs. Donald Murray (*Tonia Clemons*) — a daughter.
Mr. and Mrs. C. McKechnie (*Judith Armstrong*) — a son.
Mr. and Mrs. B. Newsome (*Mary Reynolds*) — a daughter.
Mr. and Mrs. Simon Price (*June Webb*) — a daughter.
Mr. and Mrs. Michael Reyne (*Judith Leask*) — a daughter.
Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Roff (*Barbara Edgley*) — a son.
Dr. and Mrs. Robin Smallwood (*Rosalind Steeper*) — a daughter.
Dr. and Mrs. G. Vaughan (*Jennie Billing*) — a son.

Engagements:

- Miss Barbara Bult to Mr. Ralph Ward-Ambler.
Miss Frances McPherson to Mr. Neil Murray.
Miss Leonie Ryan to Mr. Dan Turack.
Dr. Anne Shanahan to Dr. Ian McKenzie.

Marriages:

- Miss Rosemary Barham to Lt. Robert Varley, R.A.N.
Miss Janet Cook to Mr. George Limb.

- Miss Diana Cole to Mr. Edward Cherry.
Miss Louise Desborough to Mr. Edward Beene.
Miss Margaret Dettmann to Mr. Frederick Derham.
Dr. Mary Dettmann to Dr. Geoffrey Playford.
Dr. Janette Hatwell to Dr. John Grove.
Miss Mary Johnson to Mr. Bruce Steele.
Dr. Mary Lou Kent Hughes to Dr. Ainslie Glenister Ross.
Miss Mhora de Kretser to Mr. George Millar.
Miss Mardi Lou Moseley to Mr. Miles Standish.
Miss Rosemary Norris to Mr. Peter Balmford.
Miss Hilary Oliphant to Dr. Arthur Day.
Miss Gloria Vagg to Mr. Robert Foad.
Miss Lynette Wherrit to Mr. David Robertson.
Dr. Fiona Weir to Mr. John Proper.

Deaths:

Mrs. Konrad Hiller. — The death occurred on February 18th, 1963, of Mrs. Konrad Hiller, who was an M.D. of the University of Melbourne. Mrs. Hiller, who was one of the representatives of the Trinity Women's Society on the Janet Clarke Hall Committee for many years, made a splendid contribution to affairs of the Hall, in which she always took a lively interest, until ill-health forced her to retire. She was a Past President of the Trinity Women's Society, and during her term of office helped materially to further the objects of the Society.

Mrs. Hiller had a great variety of interests. She was a member of the Central Auxiliary of the Royal Melbourne Hospital, and for many years was the President of the South Yarra Red Cross Branch of the Melbourne Hospital Auxiliary. During the war she became First Superintendent of the Toorak and South Yarra Red Cross Company, which served in all aspects of Red Cross work. It was due to her initiative that the Red Cross Shop was opened in Collins Street during the war, and which brought approximately £75,000 to Red Cross funds.

Mrs. Hiller will be greatly missed by her old friends in the Trinity Women's Society.

Miss Gertrude Robin. — The death of Miss Robin, one of the earlier members of Janet Clarke Hall, occurred on March 10th, 1963. She will be missed by her friends in the Trinity Women's Society, and also at the Lyceum Club, of which she was a member.

NEWS OF MEMBERS:

Yvonne Aitken is working at the Carnegie Institute of Washington plant biology section at Stanford University, California, after winning a scholarship awarded by the American Association of University Women. She plans to work there for nine months and then go on to a plant breeding station associated with the University of Wales.

Pat Bartz (McBride), with her husband and two daughters has recently visited her mother in Colac and friends in Melbourne after nearly three years in Rangoon, Burma. Pat's husband, who is in the American Diplomatic Service, has now been transferred to Washington.

Mollie Campbell-Smith (Marsden) is living in Launceston. As well as looking after her five children, Mollie teaches Science at two schools and also manages to find time to act as a Marriage Guidance Counsellor.

Diana Cherry (Cole) is living in the U.S.A. not far from New York. Her husband is with the Bell Telephone Company.

Jean Coates (Courtney Pratt) attended the March World Council of Churches Conference in Singapore.

Betty Cole is overseas, and has done a lot of travelling, including visits to Italy, Spain, Portugal and the United Kingdom.

Helen Cook (Ibbotson) with her husband and two children is living at Mt. Vernon, New York, U.S.A.

Hilary Day (Oliphant) is working at the Lister Institute in London.

Sali Denning (Rogers) is living at Stoke-on-Trent, England, where she is kept busy with three children and an adult German class.

Ruth Graham has moved from Hamilton and is teaching at Morwell, where she is in charge of 600 girls.

Jean Haegger has been appointed Head of the New Department of Librarianship of the Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology.

Nancy Hayward is working at the Medical School of the University of Edinburgh. She travelled to England on the 'Stratheden' in

March, where she met a fellow Trinity Woman, *Miss Edith Purnell*, and found her to be a most interesting companion.

Doreen Langley is now back at the Women's College, Sydney, after a very interesting three months' overseas trip, including New Delhi and the Taj Mahal, Cairo and Luxor, the islands of the Ægean, Paris, England and the U.S.A.

Edith MacCullum (Thompson) has been appointed Social Worker to the South Melbourne Council.

Mhora Miller (de Kretser) is settled in Bremen, West Germany, and expects to remain there for about two years.

Judy O'Flynn (Nixon) after 12½ years in Malaya, has now settled permanently in England with her husband and family.

Joanna Pyper is still doing most interesting medical work with the Northern Health Service in Canada. She is based on Edmonton, and has done a lot of travelling, visiting the settlements in that area and along the Mackenzie River.

Yvonne Rentoul has opened the first shop in London to sell exclusively Australian-made Australian souvenirs.

Helen Stephinson (Webb Ware) is settling in New South Wales near Canberra.

Marion Sussex (Roscoe Wilson) is overseas with her husband and children, and has written from Aix-en-Provence. 'We have an old farm house on a Domaine — tiled floors, hand carved furniture and a ploughed field full of wild red tulips at the front door.'

Mary Tait is working at the Tata Institute of Social Sciences in Bombay, where she is the only foreign woman student. She finds the academic course is similar to the one she did in Melbourne but the field work is entirely different, dealing with community problems rather than those of the individual. As part of a research project Mary spent four weeks travelling to villages around Bombay, investigating the work of women welfare officers; while in the villages Mary wore traditional Indian dress.

Kathleen Taylor (Blackwood) and her husband and family have concluded their medical missionary work in Sukkur and returned to

Australia. They had spent nine years in Sukkur, building up the old Zanana Mission Hospital and also started village medical evangelistic outreach with the Mobile Medical Unit. This work has now been satisfactorily handed over to competent national hands.

The three Travers Sisters have all been overseas, Margaret in Russia, where she attended an education conference; Mollie

and her family in England for some months before returning to Kenya; and Pat and her husband, son and daughter are still at the Australian Embassy in Rome.

The Secretary would be very grateful for information about the addresses of the following Life Members with whom we are out of touch: Mrs. Bruce Lasich, Miss Isobel Meredith and Miss K. Peterson.



"YOU AND YOUR S.C.M. WORLD CONFERENCE!"

THE UNION OF THE FLEUR-DE-LYS

President: The Right Reverend A. E. Winter
Bishop of St. Arnaud.

Committee: Mr. Justice Sir Reginald Sholl, Sir Clive Fitts, J. H. B. Armstrong, F. F. Knight, R. L. Stock, H. G. Sutton, W. F. King, C. Keon-Cohen, R. J. Hamer, M. M. Smith, R. K. Todd, P. Balmford, J. R. Poynter, W. B. Capp, J. K. Nixon, N. A. Lane, Dr. C. E. G. Beveridge, J. A. Strahan.

Hon. Secretary: J. A. Court.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting was held in the College Common Room on Friday, 31st May, 1963, at 6.15 p.m., when the above office bearers were duly declared elected. The Minutes of the previous Meeting and the Annual Report and Financial Statements were taken as read and were adopted unanimously and the Meeting was concluded in near record time.

The Annual Dinner followed, and once again this function was held in the College Hall. A record number attended the Dinner, there being some 180 members present, and it is most gratifying that so many former members of the College are taking this opportunity of renewing their acquaintance with their old 'hunting grounds.'

The Union is most grateful to the College for so kindly making available its facilities and for providing such a splendid Dinner. During the course of the evening, many members availed themselves of the opportunity of inspecting the various additions to the College which had been completed since the previous annual gathering. The evening concluded when a large number of members gathered once again in the Common Room to continue their discussions of the evening.

The President, the Right Reverend A. E. Winter, Bishop of St. Arnaud, proposed the toast to 'The College', and the Warden and Senior Student responded. The President discussed the recent progress which had been made by the College, particularly so far as accommodation was concerned, and he spoke of the advantages which students are allowed during their period of residence. In concluding his Toast he took the opportunity of making the formal presentation to the College of the portrait of the Warden, which had recently been completed for hanging in the

Hall. The Warden, in reply, thanked the President for his remarks, and stated that he wondered how much pleasure the students would derive from seeing him hung in the Hall. He gave Members an outline of the progress which had been made within the College during the past twelve months and of some of the plans which had been formulated for the future, and he thanked Members who assisted in making these recent extensions possible. In supporting the Warden, the Senior Student gave details of the College's sporting activities during the period, and he expressed the hope that future achievements might turn out to be more noteworthy.

The Toast to 'The Union of the Fleur-de-Lys' was proposed by Professor R. R. Andrew, who described many of the problems facing the authorities in establishing the new Monash University. He expressed the hope that great assistance be given during the development stages of this new University. Mr. J. S. Elder replied on behalf of the Members present, and he expressed the interest which had been shown by all in the remarks given by Professor Andrew.

GOLF DAY

The Inter-Collegiate Old Boys' Golf Day was revived this year after a lapse of some three years, and on this occasion the competition for the P. F. O'Collins Shield was held on the East Course at the Royal Melbourne Golf Club. On this particular occasion Newman College managed to retain their hold on the Shield. It is to be hoped that in future years more Members may have an opportunity of partaking in this function, which proved to be most enjoyable for all who were present.

NOTES

The Union congratulates SIR CLIVE FITTS on receiving the honour of knighthood in the last New Year's Honours List.

There has been a number of distinctions in the academic world achieved by former members of the College. Notable among them are the appointment of GEOFF LEEPER as first Professor of Agricultural Chemistry in the University of Melbourne; and of TED RINGWOOD to a Personal Chair in Geophysics at the Australian National University. JOHN HUESTON has been named a Hunterian Professor by the Royal College of Surgeons of England.

LANCE TOWNSEND has just returned from two months in Canada as the 1963 McLaughlin Foundation Edward Gallie visiting professor. NORMAN BEISCHER has returned to Australia with a wife and two children to become First Assistant in the Department of Obstetrics and Gynaecology at Melbourne University. In the field of applied science, IAN HOWEY is the new Principal of the School of Dairy Technology at Werribee.

PETER POCKLEY, who has been teaching at Wellington College for the past two years, recently revisited the haunts of his youth, bearded, with one arm in a sling and bearing a remarkable resemblance to a certain Cuban official. He has now returned to England, but it is understood that he plans to come back to Australia permanently in the fairly near future.

JAMIE MACKIE has been visiting London, Amsterdam and the U.S.A. on twelve months' study leave.

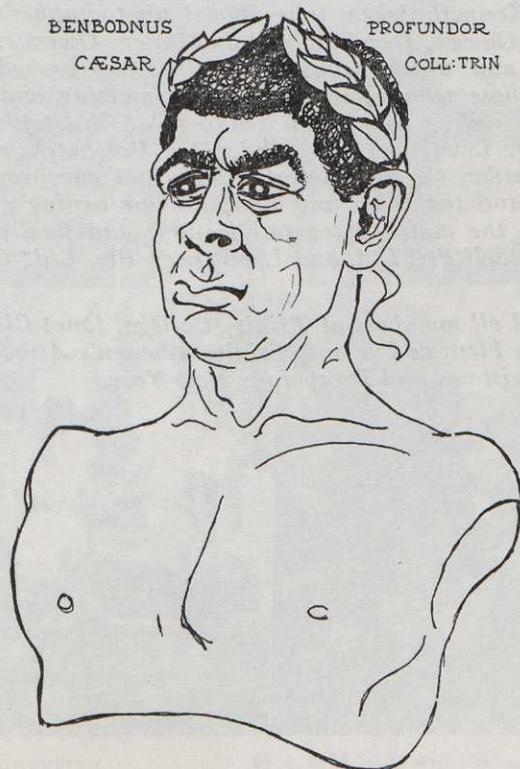
PHILLIP ROFF achieved one of his ambitions by rowing in a winning Oxford crew in the last inter-
 varsity Boat Race.

KIM JELBART has just returned from a rowing excursion to England organised by his distinguished father. Kim has been in the U.S.A. for intensive training in data processing. Another former member of the College in this field who has recently come back to Melbourne is TONY CASSON.

OBITUARY

We record with great regret the names of the following former members of the College who died during the past year:—

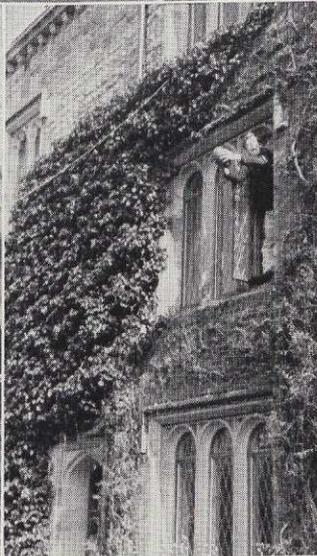
Dr. Ernest Edward Robert Sawrey	1887
Lionel Findon Miller	1893
The Reverend Edward John Bernard White	1894
Professor Harvey Sutton	1898
Dr. Edward Rae Cordner	1906
Dr. Hugh Bowen James	1907
Alexander Dudley Mackay	1910
The Reverend Percy Andrew Wise- would	1911
Dr. Keith Rennick Speeding	1918
Dr. Mervyn Henry Bowzer Robinson	1921
Robert Ralston Huxtable	1924
Dr. Thomas Buchanan Campbell Patrick	1933
Sheppard Millar Lowe	1951
Brian Charles Kirkham	1961



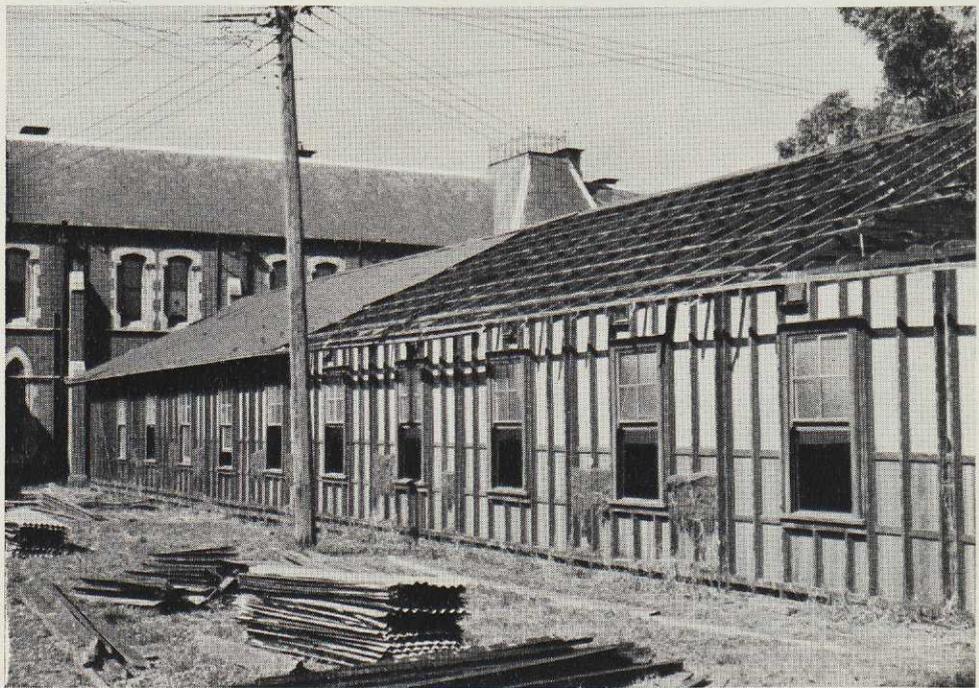
'The Fleur-de-Lys' was set and printed by Arbuckle, Waddell Pty. Ltd., for the Editors, Anne Sedgley, Judith Whitworth, William Wakefield and Raymond Wilson.

We wish to thank all those who have helped in any way in the preparation of this magazine: to mention everyone would take an inordinately long list, and we name only some of the more prominent contributors whose work the editors co-ordinated into a magazine; firstly, those who contributed articles (we have retained the traditional anonymity of authorship except where articles express personal, controversial or 'political' opinions) and those whose work we rejected or who found the task of completing an article too baffling; Mr. Michael Jones for information about the Wooden Wing; Peter Elliott, who drew the cartoon 'You and your S.C.M. World Conference', and Lawrence Buckland 'Variations on a Theme'; those who contributed photographs — Kenneth Jacka (our official photographer), Richard Cotton, William Cowan, Daryl Daly, John Down, Owen Evans, and John Ritchie — and others whose collections we looked through but didn't use; those who persevered in the enacting and tiresome labour of list compiling and proof reading — Christopher Game, Peter Greenburg, Lawrence Buckland, Hal Colebatch and Peter Gerrand; the Warden for his interest, advice and encouragement in various matters, and the Dean and Chaplain for casting a generous censor's eye over the material for publication; and finally the staff of Arbuckle, Waddell Pty. Ltd. and Lyell-Owen Pty. Ltd. (the block-makers).

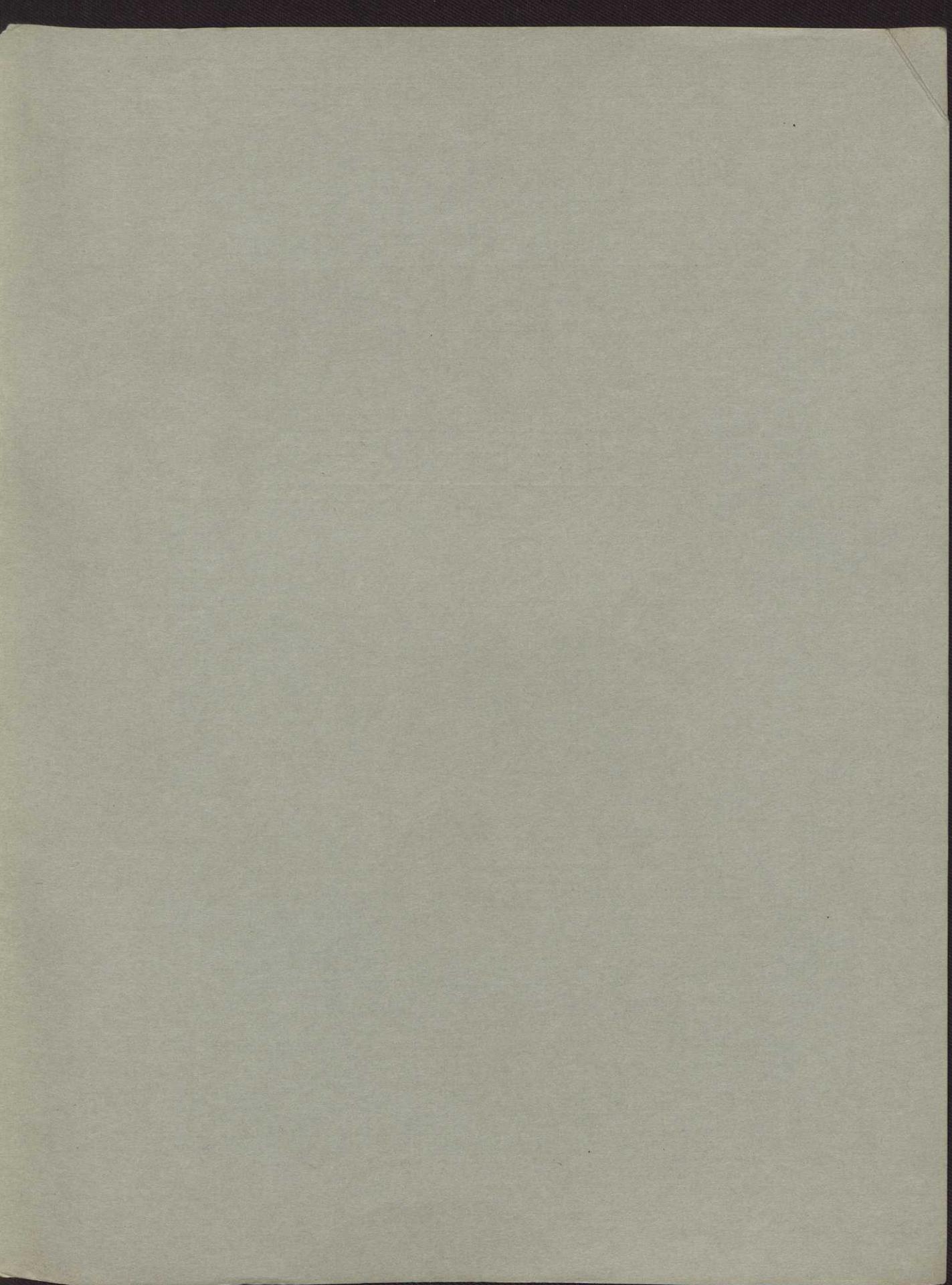
To these and all members of Trinity College, Janet Clarke Hall, the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys and Trinity Women's Association, we wish a Merry Christmas and Prosperous New Year.

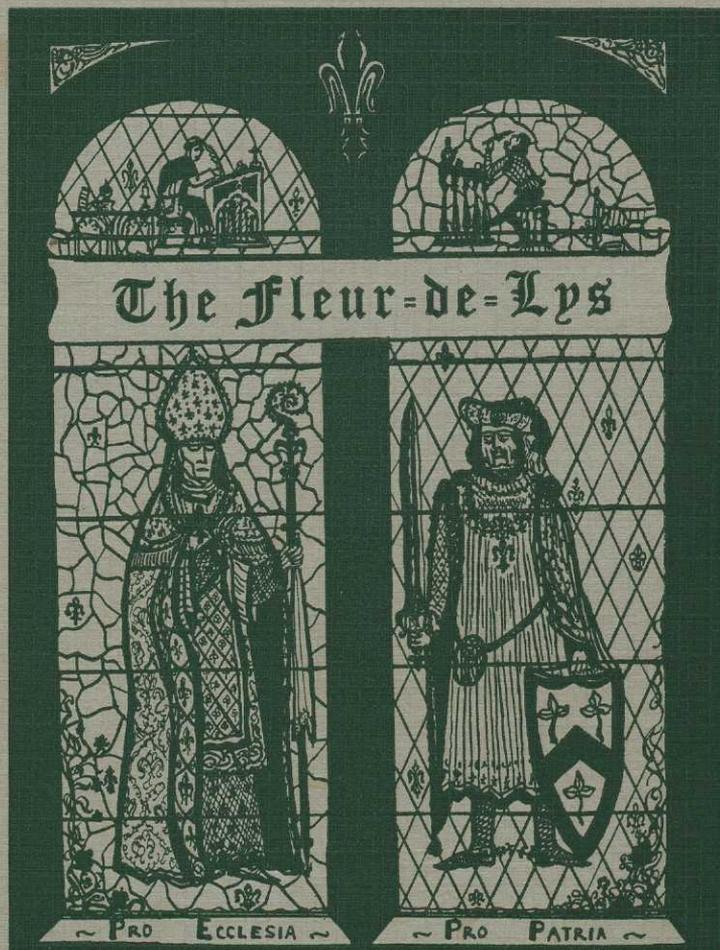


- (1) Pass along, Greenhorn. (2) A bold man will risk anything for money.
(3) As if men should serve a cowcumber. (4) See, the ball I hold!
(5) I am sorry the captain hath not more discretion.
(6) How the mother is to be pitied that hath handsome daughters.
(7) There was no hurry getting coaches.



A pretty encouragement this to a young beginner.





The Fleur-de-Lys

~ PRO ECCLESIA ~

~ PRO PATRIA ~