

turn of the century, several Top People were asked the penetrating question, "If you were marooned on a desert island, which one book would you take with you?" In No. 1 slot on the popularity charts was the Bible, followed closely by the works of Shakespeare. But George Bernard Shaw had no desire to have higher thoughts in splendid isolation and selected instead, "Teach Yourself Boat-building in Six Easy Lessons." He realised that reality was no more to be discovered on a desert island than it was in a hall of mirrors.

RODNEY WETHERELL.

### A SWEARING GOOD MAN

"I know Captain Ahab well; I've sailed with him as a mate years ago; I know what he is — a good man — not a pious good man . . . but a swearing good man."—Herman Melville: *Moby Dick*.

"How about a Swede from Sweden?" asked Mrs. Everage of her mother one day, "I believe they're a very clean type of person." It is the kind of recommendation that many people in the world try desperately to make themselves worthy of. They think it good to be a clean type of person because cleanliness and the spiritual qualities that touch it most nearly are socially pleasing, morally simple and personally unoffensive.

The necessity to be clean is indeed obvious. In primitive, unclean societies the death rate is frighteningly high, and so by keeping clean we conveniently postpone our fear of death. Again, a clean skin obliterated by cosmetics makes a lady look incalculably more lovely than dirty skin left bare. Above all, dirt offends, and to offend people, or to disturb them in any way, is wrong. It is wrong because people are best left in the safety of their own illusions, complacent in the belief that their society and their existence are clean, wholesome things. They see life as a gorgeous lake at sunset, and are unaware of the slime, the weeds and the refuse at the bottom of the lake.

That there is unutterably disgusting filth at the basis of society, and on the ground-bed of the human soul, is something the worshippers of cleanliness forget, or hide in euphemisms. They have no lavatories, only comfort stations and conveniences; they do not excrete, they asked to be excused, or they make a visit to the powder-room. This disposition to speak euphemistically of dirty things often becomes a general tendency to gloss over or ignore

unpleasant subjects. Sex, because it has many unpleasant ramifications, is among some people a subject for furtive conversation, and an activity for guilty indulgence. And these people are immortal, for they never die: they only pass away, or fall asleep.

Because it may take forms such as this, and cause lies and a loveless outlook on life, cleanliness can be just as vicious as the most depraved vulgarity. Furthermore, vulgarity has its own merits. There is for some a vast romantic attraction in vulgarity and proletarianism. It is good and exciting to deride, in dirty terms, those who execute authority in a haughty, pompous way. There is a genuine humour in our Australian legend that the English gentleman is a homosexual, even though it is not often true. The spectacle of Bold Jack Donahue, Ned Kelly, and in more recent years Kevin John Simmonds, leading the police a merry dance, excited considerable amusement and sympathy in the Australian people.

One of the most timeless manifestations of vulgarity is swearing. Whenever societies or religious groups lay it down that certain objects or activities are only to be spoken of in a certain way, there is bound to be a hostile response from some people. Swearing is the bucking of verbal taboos, just as Ned Kelly bucked the stiff-necked social order of his time. It is no doubt necessary to have beliefs and prohibitions, but none of them is absolutely right or justified. There is nothing in all human history that has been kept sacred, and nothing is sacred. We talk of the sanctity of property, or of the dignity of the individual, or of the holiness of the human soul, but history continually shows us that these ideals have proved impractical, because of the rapacity of soldiers, salesmen and politicians, or because of the need to sacrifice vast human achievements to revolutionise a rotten society.

Always there is something unpleasant for us to talk and swear about, if we choose. There are the temporal evils of poverty, civil chaos, war or natural affliction, and there are the immutable facts of suffering, desires and potentialities left cruelly unfulfilled, and the fear of death. Shakespeare in "Anthony and Cleopatra" observed that "our dungy earth alike feeds beast as man", and this observation yields us a great truth: it is the knowledge that our existence is always grounded in the fertility and nourishment provided by dirty things. Excrement may be our manure, suffering may

be our means to self-knowledge, and violence may be our chief form of self-expression. "In the midst of life", as the Prayer Book so rightly reminds us, "we are in death". The Lord moves in a mysterious way — if He moves at all—and the most destructive natural forces are the measure of His power and His beauty.

"He plants his footsteps on the sea  
And rides upon the storm."

At the basis of our existence is the force of creation, and nowhere is the sordid imperfection and uninhibitedly dirty nature of life more strikingly seen than in the human expression given to this force. In the male sex, the organ which expresses love and effects procreation performs a cruder function also, and this is as it should be.

"Love has pitched his mansion in  
The place of excrement;  
For nothing can be sole or whole  
That has not been rent."

And that is not all that is imperfect in the process of creation. The act of love may lead to foul diseases and the consequent degeneration of the body. The bearing of children may be a terrible burden on the mother: the time of her pregnancy is sometimes one long crescendo of illness, culminating in the agony of bearing a child, and the whole process may make her once beautiful body misshapen and spent. The child may be stillborn, or congenitally handicapped, or a financial burden, or morally objectionable. So the temptation is to deal with sex as a necessary evil, to grin and bear it; or to go one further, and have no part in it, worshipping the negative deity of chastity instead. For some, this means worship of Artemis, for some it means worship of Mary, and for some it means a horror of nakedness and a fear of bodily contact. And so these people blind themselves to the terms of their existence, they deny what is in them, and they blasphemously against the source of their being.

A healthier solution to the strange inadequacies of our existence lies in acknowledging them, and enjoying them for all that. There is no obvious harm done in joking about venereal disease, or in laughing about stomach disorders, or conversationally invoking the gods of excretion or sexual intercourse, unless this will hurt someone unnecessarily. Admittedly, no point is served in swearing before one's maiden aunt, because this does not assist communication. But to object to swearing in hotels, or among soldiers and sailors, or

even among women who are liberal in these matters, is equally without point. Swearing is a bond of understanding, and a destroyer of inhibitions. It is no doubt an indication of man's fallen state, but serves as a great comfort to those who feel they may use it freely. If swearing is sometimes the measure of a man's thoughtless inanity, it is also sometimes an index of his gloriously perverse originality: we are told that the old Australian bullock drivers could swear for up to five minutes without repeating themselves once.

If we must know discipline, and the need for restraint, we must also know lust, and the need for self-expression. W. B. Yeats, when he was near death, advised Irish poets to make their subjects

"The holiness of monks, and after  
Porter-drinkers randy laughter."

The advice is as much addressed to humanity in general as to Irish poets in particular. If, as well as disciplining ourselves so that we earn a lot of money and send our children to Public Schools, we also occasionally roar our bellies out with randy laughter and vulgar exclamation, we shall not do our souls irreparable harm. Swearing may be one of the great human freedoms if, instead of fouling the air, it cleans it of restraint and makes everyone loosen his belt. In constantly imperfect life, swearing is a gesture of defiance, the redeeming flash of humour and the eternal raspberry.

AXEL CLARK.

Modern poetry,  
particularly  
in its more extreme manifestations  
seems to have lost every  
distinguishing prosodological characteristic  
which previously  
differentiated it from other  
forms of literary composition,  
with one  
noteworthy exception:  
that of being divided  
into  
a number  
of  
separate  
lines.

R.W.C.

## ON THE NATURE OF APATHY

Back in the days when civilised men wore sheets for overcoats and had never heard of Irishmen, preferential voting or rubber corsets, a great prince went to visit a philosopher. He stood in front of the philosopher's home — which at the time happened to be a disused olive-branch — and asked him if there was anything that he lacked. "Yes," answered the philosopher, "that you should stand a little way out of my sun."

Diogenes' reply to Alexander the Great deserves to be a little better known in this country, for among the list of undesirable traits commonly attributed to Australians, apathy stands high. Australians are accused of philistinism, arrogance, insensitivity, insularity and football: but, above all, they are accused of cultural and political apathy.

These themes are familiar from the growing number of books, newspaper and magazine articles in the misty never-never land between sociology, art criticism, social philosophy and political commentary. Newspaper editorials provide some of the finest specimens of this species, and our own dear "Farrago" some of the very choicest of the elect. The community, we learn, is apathetic to the ideals and needs of the university; university students themselves are apathetic to Aborigines, White Australia, national politics, ballet and student government. Australians in general are supposed to be apathetic to fine art — just look at the Sydney Opera House which has to be financed by lotteries; apathetic to fundamental issues in politics — just look at the way elections are fought over bread-and-butter questions; apathetic to religion, to international affairs — and so on, without end.

In fact, Australians are supposed to be so bloody apathetic that it is a wonder anything ever happens in the country at all. Or so one might think from what our self-appointed guardians have to say. Confusion and loose thinking is implied by the very use of the word "apathy" which is emotionally loaded, as are words like Philistinism, insularity, and insensitivity. But it is not enough to point to the use of loaded words. What is their effect?

Words such as "apathy" can be used both in description and in condemnation. The way they have been used reveals a confusion between two kinds of social enquiry and social theory: confusing empirical statements with normative statements.

These can be described roughly as statements about "what is", and statements about "what ought". Correspondingly, there are theories about "what is" in social affairs — such as the theory of elites. And there are theories about "what ought" in social affairs: the theory of the greatest happiness for the greatest number, the theory of the socialist state, the theory of free enterprise.

Now when one of our commentators describes Australians as "apathetic", he could be meaning either or both of two things. At the empirical level he could mean that Australians display a certain range of behaviour that has a common quality, which is to be called "apathy" — not going to concerts, voting about bread-and-butter issues, staying away from church, and so forth. At the normative level, he could mean that Australians deviate from an ideal condition in which all would read poetry, talk about Marx, or go to church, or do whatever particular normative theory prescribed.

Usually, of course, our commentators imply both empirical and normative references. We can now see what the effect of this is. It means that the categories used in empirical description of society are determined by the assumptions of a particular normative theory about that society. Put another way, it means that we are cutting our cloth to prove our dislike of the coat.

Once we have separated the two usages of "apathy" we can understand much more clearly what each can mean. I will take the normative meaning first. "Apathy" used normatively can be translated as "failure to show interest in or to take part in some activity which is held to be good". It is obvious that different persons have different views on what is good. A Marxist would consider proletarian participation in the class struggle to be a good thing; he would therefore accuse of "apathy" any worker who was not interested in the class struggle. An artist might consider furthering his artistic ideals to be a good thing; he could therefore accuse of "apathy" anyone who was uninterested in art.

The same process can be seen in the many accusations of apathy which have been bandied around this university. Vocal opponents of the White Australia policy accuse students in general of apathy, because they do not consistently support the anti-White Australia campaign. Student politicians accuse other

students of apathy because they do not take much interest in the activities of the S.R.C. Students active in dramatic and literary societies accuse other students of apathy because they do not take part in cultural activities. Students who like to think of themselves as advanced intellectuals accuse of apathy those—I quote from the latest issue of *Farrago*—who “deny that questioning values, examining their causes, and trying to interpret social phenomena are worth while at all.”

In all these cases the meaning of “apathy” depends on the set of values held by the person using the terms. In consequence the accusation is meaningless to anyone who does not share that particular set of values. And here is its weakness, for it does not make much sense to accuse of moral turpitude a person who does not act in accordance with values he does not hold, any more than it makes sense to accuse a Manx cat of not wagging its tail.

These usages of the term “apathy” are not only inconsistent between themselves, but they have hindered the empirical understanding of the subject. Critics have been content with a pseudo-empirical, and actually normative, use of the term; and have not bothered to examine the actual nature and causes of the behaviour which is termed “apathetic”. To this I will now turn.

The first problem is to classify all the behaviour which is called “apathetic” and see what it has in common. People are called apathetic because they do not go to political meetings or discuss basic political issues or take the trouble to understand the workings of the Federal Government; because they do not go to concerts or read poetry or subscribe to the Opera House; because they do not worry about the Aborigines or Apartheid or moral philosophy. In all these cases, the common element is that people do not do something specified.

Now this is immediately suspicious, because human beings, whether awake or asleep, are always in some degree active: they are eating, or dreaming, or moving, or talking, or working, or drinking. So it is false to conceive of apathy as “lack of activity” in an absolute sense. If you examine it closely, the term always refers to a direction of activity rather than a lack of it. A person is said to be apathetic to something when no part of his ordinary everyday activity is directed towards it.

This suggests that there is no general condition of apathy at all: that there is no one state in which a person can be said to be apathetic. Rather, a person is apathetic with respect to some issue or problem when he is active in any other respects but that. So if we want to find the causes of “apathy” on any particular question, we must look for the reasons why people’s attention is focused on other activities.

Let us take a case in point. Why are Australians said to be apathetic about basic questions of political philosophy? According to my previous reasoning, this must be rephrased as: why is attention directed to questions other than those of political philosophy? And this suggests a variety of reasons.

Now adult Australians can scarcely avoid some attention to politics. They are compelled to vote; their newspapers usually carry political information on the front page; their radio stations regularly report political news. Nonetheless, the content of election campaigns by the major parties is rarely ideological. Why?

It is well known that the bulk of Australians leave school as soon as possible after the minimum legal leaving age — for economic, attitudinal and administrative reasons. This, combined with a low standard of teaching and over-crowded classrooms, has ensured that most voters have not acquired habits of wide reading and critical thought by the time they left school. The result is that we have, not illiteracy, but chronic functional under-literacy among the bulk of the population.

This is itself one reason for lack of attention to political theory, that most voters cannot manage the heavy work of reading and thinking about writers such as Marx, Dewey and Mannheim. But functional under-literacy has wider effects than that. It has caused the mass-circulation newspapers and the politicians who rely on their reporting to adopt a simplified and dramatised presentation of news. Reports of political events are put in easy language, re-arranged into the form of a “story”, and garnished with anecdotes and pictures. This is a development in newspapers peculiar to the twentieth century; and it has, I think, profound effects. Ideas, writings, and events which cannot be made into “stories” simply do not get reported to the general public. Politicians frame their campaigns and propaganda to play up the most readily understood points. So we have elections going to

the leaders who produce the best slogans, such as Fisher's promise in 1914 to support Britain "to the last man and the last shilling"; Chifley's pursuit of "the light on the hill"; and Menzies' attack on "the thirty-six faceless men".

Thus we have a complex of causes focusing the attention of voters on the dramatic and simple issues in politics, and, in consequence, drawing their attention away from questions



"Let's make . . .

of political philosophy. The net result, which appears to be "apathy", is in fact no more than a selective focus of attention within the area of politics.

This analysis is confirmed if we look at any other common accusation of social apathy. Take the common complaint of apathy towards culture. Here we find a network of causes: secondary school curricula, the availability of competing forms of entertainment, the pressure of small friendship groups to share the simplest and most common values among their members. All these have combined to direct attention away from complex and largely private interests such as fine arts and literature.

In fact, whenever we get down to look at it closely, apathy turns out to be a very elusive quality indeed. The only way to define it is to say what it is not; the only way to study it is to look at other things. The term "apathy" is virtually useless for the empirical study of social affairs. It is much simpler, and more conducive to clear thinking, to talk of direction of attention and to study the causes of that.

As a normative concept, "apathy" is a very useful term, it has been proved again and again, for throwing at any group of people you happen to dislike. The meaning of apathy shifts startlingly from writer to writer, as each defines it according to his own preconceptions and prejudices. There is so much confused and crooked thinking in the use of the term that it has become little more than a vehicle for venting a peculiar kind of intolerance — the refusal to believe that what ordinary people like doing with their time is good in and of itself. After all, we can base a system of values on this as well as anything else: if Diogenes should say "apathy is a good thing" — there is really no reply.

ROBERT CONNELL.

## TENDER RUSTIC YEARS

It seemed as if the whole nation had paused to catch its breath, heaving that typical Australian sigh which a hundred and one historians will describe as the "post-war era." In rural Victoria the sigh was an almost perceptible yawn — no more so than in that area which itself seems to be an everlasting yawn, the Western District — Country Party district, Union Jack—"God save King George"—"lest we forget . . . we beat the Japs" district; monotonous tinder-dry in the summer, windy, flooded and dismal in the winter. When we move due west of Geelong we find the river Leigh embracing and giving its name to a small township smothered in pine trees, box thorn and unweeded gardens.

Apart from a lofty bluestone pub, a few decaying mansions, some shops and several solid churches, the rest of the town was a string of wooden houses scattered along a wide pine-tree-lined street. The prevailing colour of domestic architecture was dull cream, green and cream, red and cream, brown and cream, with an occasional abode, invariably owned by an old lady, painted in a truly terrible shade called 'stone'. To this town one post-war day came three newcomers from the city, replacements for an indispensable feature of the social system, the vicar, the vicar's wife, and the vicar's little son.

Not a soul was to be seen, but they were seen, and by countless eyes watching and judging, betrayed only by the occasional ripple of a fly-blown lace curtain at a window. The tongues clicked: the baby was obviously "not strong", a damning phrase on the Leigh. And judging by her garb it was rumoured that half the vicar's stipend would go on his wife's back.

The people of the Leigh were strange folk. Many of them were as inbred as the mad-eyed Kelpie dogs which occasionally ran amok through the town or the sleepy obese cattle which wandered freely up and down the main street. The genetical complications of cousin marrying cousin led to various feuds and scandals, often sparked off by old ladies who carefully watched fingernails and cheekbones, hissing the cruel phrase "touch of the tar brush". Yet they were either openly good or openly bad; rarely hiding behind the sophisticated hypocrisy of the city dweller in his artificial agnostic world.

A semi-feudal system controlled by an old squatter's widow seemed to hold the district

together. This old matriarch had everybody bluffed except for one four-year-old who scandalised this imposing woman by not only opening a conversation without her permission but by commencing with the polite yet precocious remark, "Isn't it sad about poor Gandhi's assassination?". The same brat again scandalised his father's most devout parishioners by reverently crucifying a gollywog in the vicarage garden.

In this semi-feudalism, with its pig-headed conservatism and avarice for land, the acceptable norm was to be either an Anglican or a Presbyterian and of course a member of the local Lodge.

Methodists and Roman Catholics were a distinct minority, the latter being looked upon as very odd if not foreign. Anything different on the Leigh was either foreign or mad. The vicar's wife was mad. She presumed to boil the milk provided by the old crone who ran the dairy, subsequently raided by the health authorities. This old crone assured all and sundry that new-fangled ways, like pasteurising milk, were quite unnecessary when a quick flick of the thumb could dislodge any fat black blowflies floating on the surface. The vicar's wife was also mad for falling for the old yarn that the bush was infested with creatures half cat and half rabbit.

In this anachronistic community a child who is somehow apart from it all and hence rather lonely can easily retreat into a fantasy world in which horror, real or otherwise, plays a most enjoyable part. Horror could focus on the vicarage house itself, a rambling stone mansion built about a century ago for a doctor. Someone was murdered there and the property went to the church. The shadows cast on the lofty walls and the long passages by the flickering kerosene lamps gave the house an eerie quality. Footsteps could be heard moving down the passage when no one was there and one dark room had an unpleasant atmosphere.

But horror fantasy extended more to the rambling garden full of poisonous spiders, red-backs and trapdoors, toads, snakes, lizards and bull ants — all creatures existing only to bite little boys. Outside the gate savage dogs waited at every corner and sly-eyed cattle, especially one ferocious black brute who frequently led his harem into the vicarage garden. Nature provided the added attractions of toadstools disguised as mushrooms and cunningly

placed thistles and boxthorn. Down at the river were slick black eels and goannas and, of course, the mysterious bunyip which could be heard hungering for little boys, especially when the older children were about.

There were also terrible people. The old milk lady was a witch (and not only children believed this), and considering some members of the ladies' guild, she was not the only one. There were gypsies passing through the town in battered pre-War American sedans with boots full of kidnapped children. There were swagmen, self-confessed cannibals carrying sinister black sacks. Above all, there was that dark furtive creature who crept around the garden at dusk carrying a large cylinder over one shoulder. Nose pressed to the window, a child could only shudder and shake with pure ghoulish joy.

Going on parochial visiting was a further delight for here fantasy was grounded in



... an ecumenical gesture!"

reality. Three great squatters' homes added to a child's antiquarian impressions of the world. One was a perfect replica of a French chateau with chandeliers, marble paving, rococo alabaster mantlepieces and Louis Quinze furniture. Another near Meredith was an English manor, complete with a Palladian garden, sadly neglected oaken panelling, four-poster beds and armour. Yet another station homestead housed a large model of a Chinese pagoda complete with tiny bells to divert any child for hours. Alas, their virtual lords and ladies are now dead, their lands subdivided and homes demolished or "remodelled" by a generation which knows everything and values nothing.

Parochial visits were frequently paid to two spinster sisters who lived on a hill. One was small and sweet-faced, the other was fat and rather ugly. Both had warm hearts and an unrivalled capacity for producing rich clotted cream and monster sponges at afternoon tea—part of a local campaign or competition to fatten up the vicarage family. One afternoon after the family had arrived the great fat sister rushed up to the somewhat disconcerted vicarage child and shrieked "Now which sister am I?" The poor mite, lips a-tremble and mind a-blank, could only stutter the fatal reply: "Oh, you're the ugly one." Never again did she look upon that impudent brat. Never again did the afternoon teas quite equal their former creamy glory.

Another old maid lived alone on a large chicken farm and apparently had not heard that ankle-length black dresses with numerous petticoats and button-up boots were no longer worn in 1948. She provided the opportunity for the vicar's son to exercise the ancient right of the parochial tithe. "Do you keep chooks?" he asked, surely a rhetorical question considering that half a dozen had just wandered through the room. "Yes," she replied. "Do they lay eggs?" he asked. "Oh, yes," she happily replied. "People give us eggs," the bold child said in an inflexible tone. The old spinster, blushing and flustered, hurried to the egg supply as the vicar and his wife in a similar state gripped the sofa and prayed for the ground to open up and swallow them all.

Yet the budding little bailiff was a lonely child, with few playmates, except for visiting city cousins and the occasional bishop, and who could play games with a bishop? Every morning at nine he joined that army of unseen little playmates who solemnly obey the



J.C.H. SWIMMING TEAM

Margaret Slattery, Valerie Dickson, Elizabeth Arnold.  
*Absent:* Penelope Derham, Elisabeth Smibert.



J.C.H. BASKETBALL TEAM

*Back Row:* Peta Haydon, Margaret Lush, Rosemary Stone.  
*Front Row:* Margaret Slattery, Beverley Keys-Smith, Irene Graham.  
*Absent:* Jennifer Daniels.





J.C.H. TENNIS TEAM  
Margaret Lush, Elizabeth Arnold, Irene Graham.  
*Absent:* Anne Littleton.



J.C.H. ATHLETICS TEAM  
Margaret Slattery, Rosemary Stone, Angela Ewing, Robyn Mason.  
*Absent:* Penny Derham, Jennifer Daniels.

ritual injunctions of the Kindergarten of the Air. Every afternoon he stood at the big cast-iron gates waiting for the older children coming home from the two-room wooden school house. Occasionally these laughing, spindly-legged country children would stop to persuade him to eat peppercorns or painstakingly teach him new and wonderful words to be repeated to mother and father with the most remarkable effects.

But these same laughing children are now all married and have probably left the Leigh for Geelong or Melbourne, a metropolis which their parents never saw. Septic tanks, electricity, gadgetry and big cars have come to the town. The old people are dead and soldier settlers have moved in. Even a touch of fame has come to the district in the rising star of a local politician, now a household word, or curse, in Victoria. Yet it is not pleasant to return to the town of childhood for a faint bitterness, allegedly only found in old people, is experienced. It is better to cling to the memories which come out of the mist of infancy and to look back on tender rustic years with a romantic wistfulness.

PETER ELLIOTT.

#### APART

One step, one short impetuous step,  
And the cycle began again.  
Above, the silent whirl of spiral galaxy  
Shook off its starry rain  
    In frosty indifference.

A word, a since-regretted phrase,  
But unrecalled.  
Beyond, the haloed streetlamps fix the mist  
In padded isolation.  
    Enclosing light.

A day, another faded day,  
The moon to come.  
Above, the stars rush outward from the earth;  
Below, the lives run on.  
    Unreconciled.

One short impetuous step—  
And the galaxy kept flinging stars.

JO THWAITES.

#### "THUS MUSING, THE FIRE KINDLED"

"... 'The enchainment of past and future  
    Woven in the weakness of the changing body,  
    Protects mankind from heaven and damnation  
    Which flesh cannot endure.'

That, listeners, was another thought from the immortal pen of T. S. Eliot. Now don't forget, 'where there's a man there's a Marlboro.' Good Evening."

Off goes the wireless, just in time to curtail the opening bars of "God Save the Queen." And then sleep, glorious sleep, hastened on as it has been by platitudinous poetry, filtering through the pseudo-platitudes of a commercial. As if time and space were locked photographically, your body lies motionless in the bed, all five feet nine of it. Yet who would have conceived the complexity of the mental operations taking place even now while the facade is so peaceful, passive and unusually lovable? A late camembert and cucumber sandwich has stimulated a procession of memories melting imperceptibly into prophecy.

There you are back in your child's cot, crowned by a ridiculous tea-cosy and disentangling a new-knitted jumper with super-concentration; quickly it becomes an early bush morning and you're running amongst trees and ferns trying to discover the convergence-point of all those shafts of light piercing the crisp haze. A sudden convulsion of the body expresses your memory of the first great cake-tin robbery and its painful consequences; you revel in a snow-fight, the shouting and the endless energy. And so it goes on, through school classroom and oval, the solemnity of the assembly hall or its unexpected gaiety decorated for a Prefects' dance; the first romantic kiss which must have lasted fully a hundredth of a second; the warm and simmering jealousies of a summer beach holiday; the confusion and the loneliness of the first few weeks at the University in the face of blase seniors.

The images occur and recur and blend, each evoking a powerful emotional response deep-seated and almost mechanical. But the process does not end in retrospection: you are transported to new pastures where your ambitions and fears have to fight it out. The splendour of a great ballroom, all the right people there, and then the horrid realisation that your dress-shirt buttons have come unfastened, revealing a flabby pink expanse of skin. More pleasingly you plunge into con-

nubial bliss with its intimacies, your pride at becoming a father, your firm yet gentle treatment of the children benefiting from your own vast childhood experience, the prospect of home cooking, and so on. More seriously, you visualise a great holocaust and desolation, the slowly-shifting rubble and hideous remains of a city, with you in the middle of it, not knowing where to turn or what to do and overwhelmed by limitless emptiness — now the only comfort, for what it's worth, is that you yourself are still alive.

"The enchainment of past and future", so the poem on the radio had gone, "woven in the weakness of the changing body, protects mankind from heaven and damnation which flesh cannot endure". And the mind at 3.30 a.m. whispers assent, deeply longing at the same time to be released from the temporary protection and unfulfilment of the present into the eternal but not frigid fixity of heaven, which as yet it is too frail to bear.

Morning, however, restores the kingdom of the present. "What a peculiar night!" you exclaim; "I must remember not to eat before going to sleep." Anyway, you finished the camembert last night, so you'll be spared another bout of richer moments even if you do fall victim to the pangs of nocturnal hunger. After a shave and a good healthy breakfast, you embark on the routines of the new day. It's amazing what sunlight and numbers of other people and a desk piled with books will do towards asserting reality, good solid day-time reality, in which the past and the future and the beginnings and the end of things don't matter very much at all. Suppress the troubling thought, avoid crises, keep your transistor on and reach for your "Sporting Globe". And when something, a poem perhaps, or a film or a friend, brings you to muse and pause in reflection, even unconsciously, let your mind be kindled by the thought that you know life is short, you pay the world its dues and you ask in return only to be left alone to enjoy yourself.

Now I admit to caricature in treating the "you" of the waking hours as being less profound than the "you" who dreams after a sandwich and a radio message. I must redress the balance. After all, life is mostly day-time as far as consciousness goes. To think with the intensity of imagination which characterises our dreams would mean for most of us the first step to a lunatic asylum. There are the lucky few, such as the poets or the other

artists, who can live at mental white-heat and preserve their sanity, although they often pay the penalty of social ostracism or isolation. What I do want to affirm is that there should be a minimum honesty to recognise that so much of what is called "living" is simply a linking-together of moments of time to forge a chain which protects a man from himself. These moments, both of past experiences and future ambitions, are not contemplated with the depth that characterises the dream-world, but lie within the familiar framework established by simple empirical apprehensions, unexplored and assimilated without evaluation.

Yet here again, a further qualification must be made to the tone of my remarks. I've conceded that in fact the sort of life most of us lead is inevitable, I've asked for a realisation of the fact and for an openness to greater levels of thought: but at the same time, I haven't conceded any positive value to an ordinary sort of existence. There is real positive value, confined only by the fact that death will be the end of it. Consider the dream-world again: it is a strange mixture of fact and fantasy, of what might have been and what is, of what will be and what probably won't. Implicitly, I've taken the dream visions as parables of a true world explored deeply. But they need not be — equally they can represent the perversions and machinations of a mind not geared to heaven but to damnation, to use Eliot's terms. In this case, be thankful for the ordinary events of a daily, wakeful existence. They are at worst a protection against the self-destructiveness of such a mind, and at best they exert positive remedial influence to restore sanity and a joyful perspective.

In fact, it is a pity that the sententious radio announcer with whom I opened didn't read to the end of the poem, for the key to its understanding is revealed in the last line: "Only through time time is conquered". There is no question of transposing dream into reality and making it the norm — this is to build a false world of deceptive timelessness in which a man could become oblivious of everything except his own mental condition. Neither is it a matter of living moment by moment at the mercy of unexplored whim or unalleviated boredom — this is to be a prisoner of time. But take time and use it imaginatively, accepting its requirement of patience and its property of belonging to all fleshly things, not just one individual — and you have the beginnings of strength, progress and infinite adventure:

nothing other than the loving conquest of time. It is not a life of completely unknown quality. Not only the dream-world and the poetic vision testify to a profound and time-embracing mental power, but also the child at the heart of every man, which can respond rapturously to the excitement and personality of life. From an external point of view, it is partly a problem of education, of fostering the capacity for ever-fresh wonder, such as a child has, and enshrining it in an adult reflective, penetrating awareness of purpose. When a mind of this calibre muses and the fire kindles, it is not with the impetuous desire to remain unscathed by life but with the steady flame of a sensitivity persisting through mortal change to unassuming quiescence. Formal education, by itself, however, cannot achieve any general results, and not unexpectedly I am forced to deal again with the individual case.

What is there, then, to say to the "you" I left on the point of reading a "Sporting Globe"? Will education make you forever imaginative and sympathetic and fill you with higher thoughts as you sit there? Of course not (although it will shape your frame of reference). Maybe you'll go through life in the same old pattern of mildly tedious days broken by an occasional win at the races or riotous party. The nights may promise more adventure at least in the dream time. But each new event and series of moments will impinge to a greater or lesser degree — the environment of childhood, the lessons of school, the lectures of the University, the sight and sound of human and animal pain, the irritating habits of the next door neighbour, the exhilaration of a grand-final or a game of golf, the low-level fascination of TV, the vitality of a country spring morning, the books and magazines you read, the friends and wife and children who are round you; all these will have their effect.

And it is not only things outside that will make or break you: your mind with its unique specifications will shape the world around as well as be shaped by it. While and if there is yet time, allow the vividness of last night's dream to well up and suffuse your life with even a bit more colour and humanity. Granted that the days to come remain the same, you for one won't be dominated by them. In making this suggestion, there is one thing I can't predict — what the immediate or long-range product of such an experiment will be.

JAMES MINCHIN

## ANAMNESIS

One and the same as the cross. The cross?  
Paradox of finity.

Thirty-three years consummated in an instant  
dreams and figures of millenia all fulfilled  
and realised in a moment of time, a moment  
thrusting the future back to its climax,  
the past hurled forward into eternity's brim-  
ming calix, eternity  
an ocean flooding time's small sea.

The sea's reedy waters roll back as chariots  
thunder  
shouting and stumbling the multitude passes  
over,

freed by the slaughtered lamb, filled with the  
loaf of haste.

White the victim, red the blood

staining Egypt's lintels

freeing Egypt's slaves — free

to revel under Sinai

to carouse beneath a gibbet

to shatter the ark of covenant, ark of gold  
brought forth with the dancing and singing of  
children

and the tinkling of bells.

The bells sound.

The Hostia rises as a pure white sun.

The children sing scattering the fresh blooms  
as the Shepherd King goes by, pomp of incense,  
gilt and myrrh.

White blinding is his visage.

Gold sunburst for his crown.

New Israel hail your David smiting Leviathan,  
New Adam crushing the serpent, Pantocrator  
incarnate.

A girl starts in fear, a baby cries, a crowd  
presses on

to beg, to bow, to jeer, to gaze

on the Shepherd Lamb pierced bleeding in  
silence

on the Priest Victim uplifted on the skull hill.

The old man tears the white lamb from the  
thorns.

The boy gasps as his bonds fall broken over  
the stones.

The boy bows as the new man gently takes  
the round white loaf

and rising beholds his true and living God,  
veiled whiteness

soaring like a sun breaking forth at the tumb-  
ling of a great stone.

Live. Die. Rise in living water, Jordon lav-  
ing Israel,

sparkling off the brow of man, a drop caught  
in the cup

lost in the blood, water and blood streaming  
from the Heart

broken, opened, barb crowned yet burning ever  
burning fire of love given free in the new  
manna,  
searing Isaiah's lips, the bread of the strong  
caught on the lips of the weak.  
New Israel taste and see how gracious He is  
veiled under appearance, substance of God,  
veiled in the motzah, corporate loaf, passover  
infinite,  
eternally offered before time ever was,  
shown on the gibbet, thereafter here—

here in the Mass.  
PETER ELLIOTT.



### THE FUTURE OF COLLEGES

This year — 1964 — will be a memorable year for Australian Colleges. During the year two important conferences were held on students' residence. The first one was in Perth and it was the official meeting of all Heads of Colleges and Halls of Residence. It started off as a dull affair, with most people saying, "I will never come to one of these things again." But slowly, during the week, a most interesting transformation occurred. First, perhaps, we should go back a few years. At the Conference in Sydney, the colleges took themselves very much for granted; they knew that they were doing a good job, so there was nothing much to discuss. At the next conference, in Tasmania, voices from the Halls of Residence introduced some dissenting notes. This was the first time that they were present and were regarded somewhat as outsiders. The colleges defended their own point of view and it was very hard to reach any unanimity. It was almost as if the two groups had decided to differ and would be better off in separate organisations.

One may well ask, at this stage, what is the difference between Colleges and Halls of Residence? The latter are ultimately controlled by the University, whereas colleges are frequently church-sponsored institutions, although there are some undenominational foundations. Colleges in all cases have independent councils. In practice, of course, the atmosphere of an institution is dependent on many other factors. Some Halls of Residence are very much like Colleges; there is, however, a tendency for a difference in outlook. Many Australian colleges have emphasised the need to remain small—at the Tasmanian Conference, 150 was still regarded by many as the optimum size. Halls of Residence on the other hand, have much

more pressure put upon them to become large. Some have tutorials, others do not, and many are mixed Halls, i.e., for men and women students. Generally, they have grown very rapidly, and perhaps have not had the time or inclination to develop all the tradition that older colleges would think of as essential.

We learned many things at the Perth Conference, one of the most important being that, in spite of all these differences, Colleges and Halls of Residence have much in common: each is trying to absorb the good points of the other's system. We learned also that we have common problems — for instance, due to economic pressure, the Australian University Commission plans to reduce the size of students' rooms in future buildings.

Although we heard a great deal about the size of rooms, plumbing and other physical problems, we also heard what individual colleges were doing to encourage the life of the college. To choose a few examples, Melbourne colleges emphasised the role of the college library, plays, debating, seminars. Many colleges have an art room where students' paintings are exhibited — one College Head said that one can tell when a student is depressed by the predominance in the paintings of the darker colours, particularly black. Much time was spent on what could be done for the non-residential student. We listened to Professor Webb describing the interesting experiment at Oxford of the foundation of Linacre House, which provides everything for graduate students that a college does, except residence. Although we know that residence is the best solution, we have to remember that it costs about £2,000 to £2,500 per student to put up the necessary accommodation, and to do this in very large numbers is just not possible. We all came away from the Perth Conference feel-

ing very humble, and that each of our Colleges could do more to help students to live their lives more fully.

The second Conference was in Melbourne. It was organised by the Vice-Chancellors' Committee, and included a much wider representation. In addition to Heads of Colleges, representatives of student bodies, teaching staff and University administration were present. Although some present thought that colleges were the ideal answer for student residence—provided that we could afford them—others were not so sure. It was pointed out that surveys conducted at several Australian Universities showed that quite a number of students would prefer to live in flats. Mr. Priestley, Student Councillor of the University of Melbourne, made a particularly strong plea, asking that a major housing project for students be undertaken. Other speakers said several harsh things about colleges— they are places of the privileged, they encourage in-breeding; in fact, they are status symbols. Comments on the life of the colleges were no more flattering. Students are too sheltered in a college atmosphere and their maturing is delayed. Even if one does not agree with these comments, one should examine the reasons for their circulation. This is not only of academic interest; if the college image is found wanting, the time may come when, because of lack of funds, the question will be: "Should we build colleges or develop housing projects?"

What has all this to do with Trinity and J.C.H.? Both Trinity and J.C.H. have the advantage over the newer colleges of having established a first-class reputation and some fine traditions. However, the danger is that we might easily rest on our laurels and forget that a college is an organic community and not something static— not a job well done once, hence finished forever. Although colleges all over the world have general aims that are similar, they do develop different personalities. Where, then, does the difference lie? Do the social structure and the traditions of a college affect the type of person it produces? One marvels at the success of Eton at producing so many Prime Ministers. What are the factors in the school that encourage this? It has

been said that at Eton ambition is fostered by the highly competitive nature of the school. Students are always striving to move up the next rung of the ladder, encouraged by the strict division of duties and privileges throughout the school. I think everyone will agree that the training of future Prime Ministers is not one of the main functions of a women's college. A women's college can do much in addition to its academic contribution to encourage students to take on responsibility. This, to my mind, is one of the strongest arguments against mixed colleges and halls of residence. In a mixed institution, the women students quite naturally tend to take a secondary role; whereas in a women's college it provides an opportunity for them to use their initiative and to learn to organise matters other than social functions.

I would put high on my list of the modern functions of a college a training in awareness of this rapidly changing world. We can no longer avoid rubbing shoulders with people of many different backgrounds. I think this point should be borne in mind when selecting students for a college. One naturally looks for the more academically able student, but other factors need to be considered. If we are going to try to understand people of widely different cultures and races, what better way than living under the same roof? One likes to see a list of applicants that includes students from Asia and from other countries. Students who are older and have done something else prior to their University course can also make a very valuable contribution. The easy way out is to mix with people who have been to the same school as we have. It is hard work and it needs patience and sympathy to get to know a stranger, particularly if his background is different from ours.

The Chaplain has summed it up well: "We can choose to remain in a room with the windows and door shut and be comfortable and warm and risk suffocation, or we can open the windows and let in some cold air which will invigorate us." The survival of the colleges and our own survival is dependent on taking up the challenges of the world we live in.

EVA EDEN.

## CHRONYCLE OF THE YERE 1964

Whylom in contrees fer over the see  
Ther was a duk, ful wys in policye.  
His whyte top wroot pleyn his olde yeres,  
But yet he rewled parlements afferes.  
So many a strange eleccioun had he wonne  
That alle sayde he neer failen conne.  
In the tenthe yere of this gret dukes regne,  
A clamour from his subgits in ther peyne  
Was herde thurghout that dispeyred contree,  
And alle cryde with oon voys pitouslye:

"Our childes moten we now teche aloon,  
"They han na goodlich educaccioun.  
"Yef us now a thriddie universitee  
"That al who han the conning wys may be.  
"Have mercy on our wo and our distresse,  
"Monyes yef us and mak our burdoun lesse."

Thanne this duk gan knitte his browes tweye,  
Him thoughte, he saugh in this som yvele pleye.  
He wiste ther was a newe eleccioun  
Which cam neer in that tyme in his owen toun.  
Were bettre that they al sholde stille lye,  
His subgits that doon thus compleyne and crye.  
But he was knownen for his wys conning,  
He fered nought the commune out-cryinge.  
He yaf a message to the toun-cryere  
That he sholde muchel yelle everich-wher.  
This message, it did smyngliche saye,  
(To telle it yow as shortlye as I may)  
That hennes-forth he wolde yeve degrees  
Not al-only to universitees,  
But therwith to the smithes, and also  
To armurers and hem who shof the plough,  
To minstrals, ryders, and the sadelers,  
To everich kind of conning and skile divers.  
The duk hade now muchel preisinge and  
richesse,  
And everichoon for-yat ther gret distresse.  
His subgits were al ful of jolitee  
For al men went to universitee.  
But this was al ful many yeres bifore,  
That contree and his duk, they are namore,  
For folk did laughen at that faire contree,  
Wher ech and everich fool had his degree.  
And thise sam folk are wys y-nogh to see  
That nought swich thing may be in this contree.

MALCOLM DOWNING.

## CAREERS FOR GRADUATES

It was the last lesson of the last day; the fag end of the term was fast becoming ash. I had entered the room to find written on the board

"WE LOVE MR. —", but, despite this goodwill message, I informed the class that they were to be detained for misbehaving. The siren wailed its dismissing message, and with one accord the class rose to their feet and rushed the door. I placed my arm across the gap, but a half dozen or so ducked through. I grabbed one boy by the arm and he collapsed in tears muttering about his "bloody t.b. needle". The class sat down; those who had ducked out returned sheepishly hanging their heads. I stood in front of the class glaring, trying to find words to express my indignation. The boys placed their hands on their heads automatically and for the first time they lost their rebellious appearance. Papst, the boy whose arm I had grabbed, walked slowly out to the front. Convinced that he was intending to walk out, I fumbled for something to say.

"Where do you think you're going?"

"To get my pen, Sir" — and as he looked up slowly from the floor he winked at me from tear-stained eyes. I attempted to maintain a poker face, but my eyebrows flickered, the class grinned, and we all laughed. I motioned the class to forward out of the room. They filed past wishing me a happy holiday; once out of the door they ran free, and their boisterous shouts rang back along the asphalt.

Teaching at a technical school in one of the most industrialised areas of our city proved an awakening for me. To one who had passed five years in the make-believe land of the university and three years within the cloistered comforts of Trinity, it seemed as though I had moved into a different world. Schools like the one where I taught seem to operate on much the same principle as gaols. Certainly the decor was little better and some teachers often attempted the same discipline: the principle seems to be "put them all together where they can't hurt anyone else." The distinctions which exist between various schools within the State system are just as likely to reinforce or produce social divisions in the community as the more abused distinctions between Independent, Roman Catholic and State schools.

Children in these industrial areas have a different code of values. This is perhaps forced on them by their background; life for many of their families is a struggle to keep a family of five or six on a pay packet of less than £20 per week. I once read a poem to a class hoping that through it we would discuss the notion

of self-sacrifice. The poem told of a stockman riding with a friend: when a bushfire sprang up behind them the stockman gave his own speedier horse to his friend because the latter was riding to his wedding. I questioned the class: "How would you describe the stockman . . . courageous . . . brave?" A number of hands went up; I picked a boy. "He was stupid, Sir!" The sincerity with which the answer was given precluded any joke on the part of the boy. He explained that if you already had something, like your own life, then it was foolish to throw it away for another person. Further questioning revealed that most of the class agreed with him. Perhaps amongst a group where many possess only one pair of trousers and one shirt, such concepts as self-sacrifice are a luxury.

The traditional reserve with which sexual matters are treated finds little sympathy among these boys. It was held by one of the teachers that open trade in contraceptives was conducted among the boys, even when they were as young as fourteen. One boy was asked to leave during the year in connection with familiarity towards female members of staff. In less than six weeks he held four different jobs.

During class it would be common practice for a second or third former to ask to be excused and use the occasion for a quiet "smoke" in the lavatories. One day, quite early in the year, three boys asked to be excused some minutes apart. I looked up from correcting a book to cries of "Sir, Sir!". Looking out of the window I was surprised to see a Myer staff service coach pulled up at the roadside and the uniformed driver standing under the window emitting various choice pieces of invective. I rushed outside to discover the three boys squatting underneath the classroom, which, being a temporary and transportable unit, was perched on tall foundations. When the boys extracted themselves I interrogated them. Apparently they thought they had hit upon the perfect spot to have their puff — surely the teacher would never think of looking under the classroom. One of them had a catapult, and when he saw the bus the temptation had been too strong.

Some of the boys left during the year, to my dismay, for, although aged fourteen and fifteen, they could not read properly or even write complete sentences. I felt this was due to a lack of attention in large classes through-

out their school careers; proper remedial treatment might have done much for them. There was Fisher, big and brawny, duck-tailed hairdo, tight jeans and pointed shoes, a worry both to himself and the world. He could not stand the class being noisy, though he never did any work: one day I returned to the class to hear Fisher screaming, "youse buggers shut up!" Now he has a job sweeping the floors at a nearby rope factory. Booth was one lad whose departure upset me. In the talks which the boys gave on subjects ranging from the tape worm to home wine distilling, Booth had distinguished himself. Usually he spoke in monosyllables, but on his chosen topic of midget car racing Booth displayed unusual agility and earned a round of applause from his classmates. He is now a bowser attendant at a nearby petrol station.

Today, two boys, twins, were clearing out their lockers preparatory to taking leave of the school. They explained to me that their father was ill and they had both obtained jobs at the "Tender Meat Place" in order to help at home. They were too young, too ill-equipped, to be embarking on such an existence; their tenderness would last no longer than that of the meat.

Meanwhile, we serve sherry to friends after Evensong.

JOHN MORGAN.

#### POEM

Time passes; life is built on time;  
And flows away like water, or like wine;  
Remember, in this present hour  
The time the glass was first inverted,  
And the birth of man achieved  
A cry wrung out of silence.

Time passes; men dig up the rocks  
And bones of other ages;  
The custom of our cruelty is born in the same  
act  
As life is; and we tread in lonely circles,  
Imprisoned by the time life rests upon,  
And caught amongst the cruelty of custom.

ANDREA TAYLOR.



## INTEGRATION IN THE U.S.

### A Northern View

Over one hundred years have passed since President Abraham Lincoln signed his Emancipation Proclamation in 1863, which freed the slaves. Over a hundred years in which the United States has become the acknowledged leader of the free world—in economic strength, military power, standard of living, space exploration, and other fields.

On July 2, 1964, President Lyndon B. Johnson signed the Civil Rights Bill, the means by which the American Negro was to achieve the freedom granted him by Lincoln in 1863. This bill, the most far-reaching and important of its kind yet passed, grants the Negro rights in public accommodation, voting, use of public facilities, and job opportunities which were unheard of only thirty years ago. The bill was one of the late President Kennedy's projects, but the 1964 bill differs in many respects from the Kennedy bill.

The bill was held up in the Senate when southern senators started a filibuster—a long, obstructive debate. To invoke cloture (the gag on filibustering), Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield needed sixty-seven of the hundred votes in the Senate. No southern Democrat would vote for cloture, so Mansfield had to

depend on the Republican minority—and Minority Leader Everett Dirksen. This gave Dirksen the opportunity to put some of his own ideas into the bill. In fact, he rewrote many important sections, and the public accommodation section became his own contribution to the Civil Rights Bill.

Since July 2, both Negroes and whites across the U.S. have, for the most part, accepted the new law, and are living with it peaceably. A few restaurants in the South have closed because the owners felt that they could not serve Negroes and maintain their business, but the great majority have integrated with no problem. All has not been rosy, however. In Harlem, in New York City, in Rochester, N.Y., and in Dixmoor, Illinois, violent race riots have occurred, bringing with them heavy property damage and even loss of life; in Miami Beach, Florida, Negroes and whites were beaten when they attempted to integrate beaches; three young civil rights workers were murdered in Mississippi. Unfortunately, these stories made headlines, while the peaceful integration of schools and restaurants, of beaches and swimming pools, and of parks and public facilities that takes place in most instances goes unnoticed.

These racial incidents arise essentially from three problems: the Negroes' lack of education, the ghettos in which they live, particularly in the big northern cities, and the strong prejudices that are ingrained in both whites and Negroes from their early childhood.

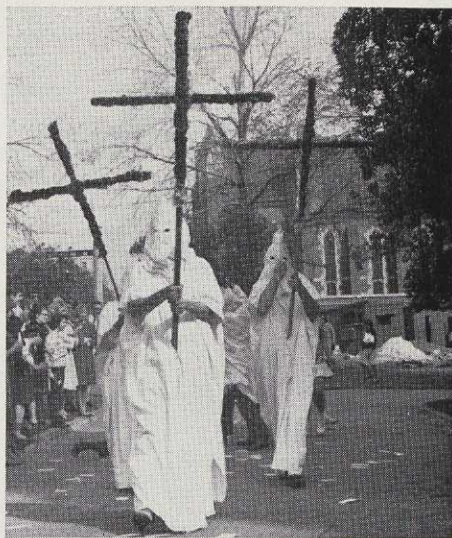
The present generation of Negroes of working age is sadly lacking in education, and no amount of clamor will gain them better employment and a better position in society until this deficiency is removed. The fault lies both with the system, particularly in the South, and with the Negro himself. Many of the southern schools for Negroes are small, ill-equipped, overcrowded and understaffed, and the standard of education provided is not high enough to equip the person going out into the world to carry out a responsible job, particularly if his education only covers about seven or eight years before dropout.

Many Negroes in the South migrate north to try and make a better life in the large cities, and find conditions little, if any, better. At one point in the 1950's over 1,500 Negroes per day were arriving from the South to live in Chicago. Today, over 800,000 Negroes live in Chicago, mostly in all-Negro slum areas.





"A man can stand a family just so long.  
I'm warning you."



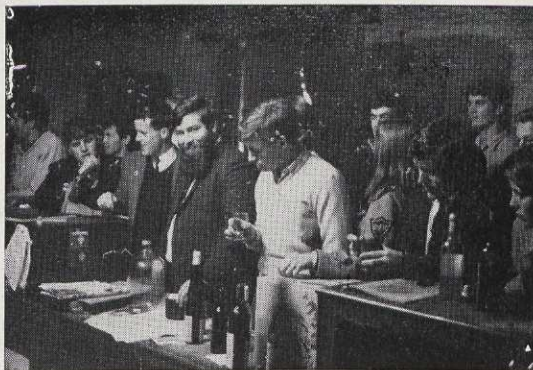
"There's a kind of secret society at the  
top of the world."



"But there isn't a girl with higher principles in the country."



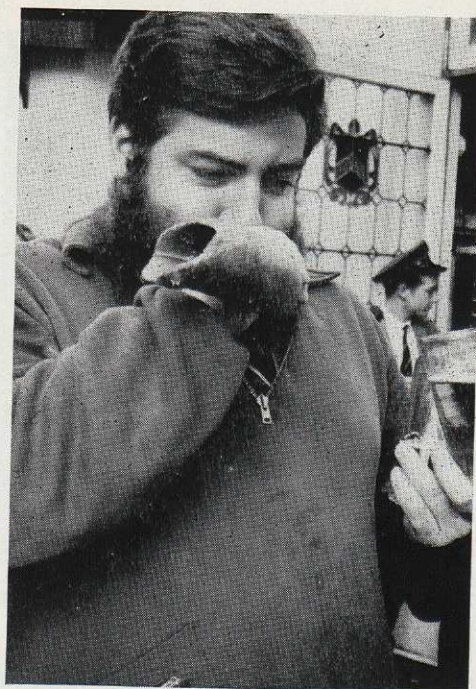
"I'll turn the whole world  
upside down."



"It's one of the things you do at Atlantic City."



"Ye-e-s, any booby can fool with it now."



"Why, he must have gone crazy, like the others."



"With the whole world to choose from, why did you come to this one place?"

Here their plight is in many cases even worse than in the South, because landlords exploit their position and make them pay exorbitant amounts for their dwellings, money that they can ill-afford because of the heavy unemployment in these areas. These slums are Land's End. The Aid to Dependent Children Bureau in the State of Illinois went broke trying to keep up with the Chicago slums because women with seven and eight illegitimate children were applying for aid, and couldn't quite understand that it wouldn't be any easier raising the children on the small extra amount that they would receive if they had another child. In many of the tenement houses up to twelve people live in a two-room "apartment" and share common bathroom facilities with the rest of the floor.

What the Negro escapes from in the South may be even worse than this, however; there it is prejudice, strong and deep-running, and hate that has shown itself in the schoolyard riots of Little Rock and New Orleans, and the burnings and lynching in Mississippi that have been carried out even in the 1950's, a supposed age of civilisation. Talking to the average white southern American can be quite an eye-opening experience. The hatred and prejudice is so strong that there is no wonder that the Negro will try to escape to the North, even to the ghettos of New York and Chicago.

The future of integration in the United States must be borne on two supports: the present Civil Rights Bill, and education. If the Civil Rights Bill is executed to its fullest, and gives freedom to the minority without taking too much freedom from the majority, its consequences can have far-reaching effects on the future of the United States. But the solution does not lie completely in civil rights legislation; rather, it lies with education. Five and six year old children can't hate, and if in September, 1964, integration is started with these children on a large scale, then twelve years from now, when these same first-year students graduate from high school, real integration will begin to have a strong enough basis to begin to work. But the future isn't that close — feelings based on two hundred years' experience won't be changed in ten years, or twenty years, or possibly even fifty. If in 2064 the American Negro has taken his rightful place in American society, then the U.S. public can feel that it has made an accomplishment at the very heart of human co-existence — accepting a person not because

of the color of his skin, or the make-up of his genes, but because he is a human being, with dignity, pride and equal rights.

JEFFREY SCHUBERT.

### A Southern View

"Talking to the average white southern American can be quite an eye-opening experience." Indeed, there is eternal verity in this statement, but it covers a delicate area with a half-truth. For it assumes that there is a singular monolithic southern intellect, united in the sole mission of hating coloured citizens. Further, it shows a common fallacy, exhibited in large areas of the American press, interested only in exploiting the sensational facts of racial disorder — bigotry, violence, hatred and ignorance. Further, the statement referred to is merely an example of the drivel of opprobrium which surrounds the issue of civil rights. It dodges the tough question, the one which one would expect to be asked by the trained intellect — WHY? The necessity of such an approach in any rational study of race relations is as compelling as the problem itself; for it is only when one understands the factors which contribute to Caucasian resistance that any progress can be made in the implementation of a programme of improved race relations and a far superior racial justice.

To engage in such an analysis a threefold approach is needed: an exploration of the causes of southern resistance, a commentary on conditions in the North, and finally an analysis of current trends. The reader who is unwilling to read what is unpopular or to engage in some rather closely constructed reason is advised to go and read about Golf Day, or some other activity.

In order to understand the position of the South on the racial question, or indeed on any question, it is necessary to review a bit of American history. The year is 1793. A young teacher, staying on a Georgia plantation, is fascinated by the problem of finding some device by which to remove the sticky seeds of short staple cotton. The solution was the cotton gin, which was perhaps the most significant single social milestone in American history. In the broadlands of the South from the Atlantic Ocean to the western edge of the nation in Louisiana, cotton became the chief crop. Nourished by a long growing season and high, dependable rainfalls, the sought-after staple could be grown, cultivated by armies of Negro slaves. The social ramifications of this

invention on the southern mentality were several. First, it produced a permanent provinciality, which many southerners have not yet been able to overcome. With an agricultural economy, industrial development stagnated. The economy became dependent on trade with the industrial North, and as is the classic pattern, the South found itself engaged in trade which was to its perpetual disadvantage. The insular outlook became more pronounced as population failed to develop and the South found that the North was its economic and political superior. Since the 1850's this outlook has been a pronounced characteristic of the southern states, colouring its political activities, enforcing a feeling of inferiority and persecution among the Caucasian majorities of the region.

The institution of slavery, coupled with the factor of non-development, combined to play havoc within the sphere of race relations. The position of the Negro was as slave — a high-class of farm animal to be cared for, fed, housed and humored; but NOT to be associated with in any relation except that of superior to inferior. The tradition of slavery became a highly organised caste society in the second quarter of the nineteenth century. It was an accepted part of the credo of the area.

Tradition dies hard. The stinging defeat of the Civil War did nothing to strengthen the forces of liberalism in the South. Rather, the old prejudices became internalised and the belief in Negro inferiority was accepted by all concerned. The doctrine was repeated with

the same parrot-like regularity with which Pavlov's dog salivated over the non-appearing steak. At this point, a second complication arose to obscure things. The Negro, now free from the old status, became a competitor in the wage market. Since real competition would prove disastrous to many small farmers and wage-earners, a pocket of resistance developed in the lower and middle classes who viewed the Negroes with suspicion. Things were so bad for the Negroes that they often found solace only with their old masters, who were still glad to employ them.

A third and perhaps most important factor which finally hardened the southern outlook was Reconstruction. During this time the newly-freed Negro was allowed to take part in the process of government, usually with disastrous results. To summarise the tenor of the whole process, this analysis by Dr. T. Harry Williams, an eminent Civil War historian, is in point: "In the process of racial adjustment that would ensue, in the attempt that the national government would make to fix the status of the Negro as part of its effort to control Southern Politics . . . Southerners would have a unique experience. The only Americans ever defeated in war, they would become also the only Americans ever subjected to military rule and to government imposed from the outside. The episode would leave a lasting influence on the psychology of the region."

In summary, then, it has been shown that the historical belief in Negro inferiority, the problem of Negro competition in the economic order, and the trauma of reconstruction have left the South with a psychological temperament which is inducive to rejection of the Negro.

Having looked, at perhaps too great a length, at the problems of the South, it is now necessary to look long and hard at the North. Throughout its history, the North has been on better terms, until recently, with its Negro citizens. The movements for abolition and equal rights in the Civil War decades had their origin in the midwest states of Ohio, Illinois and Indiana, which are now a part of the North. What, then, is the problem which causes the riots in northern cities which make world headlines, and the lesser nagging resentments which form feature stories in American papers under the name "White Backlash"? An analysis of this type seems in order.

Among the broad middle and lower socio-economic classes, there is a distinct feeling that



the social equality of the Negro constitutes a danger to their established as well as their expected status. An example can be drawn from the attempts on the part of Negroes to integrate schools in the North. It is often the expressed feeling of white leaders that the inclusion of Negroes will lower the quality of available education. The same feelings are operable in objections to integration of suburban regions and social clubs.

Added to this are the frustrations faced by the northern Negro, who is crowded into the city's racial ghetto. As this facet of the problem has received so much publicity, there is no need to pursue the matter any further.

What shows up in the North seems to be a gross rejection of the North's history in the matter of race relations. There is a rejection in some quarters of northern society which can only be explained by irrational fear. Perhaps this is too simple an explanation, yet it seems to be the only one available, since, after all, there are no iron-clad guarantees given in approaching racial bigotry.

Finally, mercifully, one comes to an analysis of the current trends in relations, which amplify the patterns already noted. The by-word for the current crisis is bitterness. Not, this time, on the part of white groups who are reacting against wrongs done long ago, or imagined threats to social status; rather it is pent-up bitterness raging inside the minority itself: reacting against the system it didn't create and takes no pains to understand. Further, the bitterness becomes a self-defeating phenomena, since it alienates much of the support for civil rights from the white community. Yet it is real, and characterised in the cries of Harlem rioters chanting "Let's do it now!", and in reply to a request to disperse from the streets and go home, "We are home, baby!"

Even to a southern ear long accustomed to a rumbling of discontent, a new vehemence appears in this example reported by the New York Times. Speaking was twenty-three year old David Dennis, a field Secretary of the Congress of Racial Equality. Speaking at a memorial service for James Chaney, a murdered civil rights worker, he said:

"I'm not going to stand here and ask anyone not to be angry, not to be bitter tonight. We've defended our country. To do what? To live like slaves?"

"Then, with his voice rising to a high-pitched scream, he cried out: "Don't just look at me and go home and say that was a nice memorial



service." His listeners stilled, and an almost inaudible gasp rose in the sanctuary.

"If you do go home tonight and take it, God damn your soul."

Thus the movement continues with an ugly streak rising to detract from the generally recognised moral tenor; and in reaction angry, stunned supporters withdraw, while hardened segregationists merely act smug.

Thus far an attempt has been made to explore the will-of-the-wisp WHY which shapes attitudes towards the Negro to try to establish for the reader a background for the often insensible which occurs in the racial battleground which America is rapidly becoming. In conclusion, the author wishes to present a perspective of his role in this issue. He is a southerner, a native who has lived one-third of his life in the South and will spend the balance of his life in the same community. For such a person, the problem of race relations is not one which can be discussed with calm, academic dispassion. Instead, it is a presence which he struggles with, even here, ten thousand miles away from the scene of conflict. While he is able to present the arguments from the catechisms of both sides, still there is a feeling that neither side has all of the proper answers. As a result, he can ask only that his readers will bear in mind the things that have been written and realise that time and patience, prayer and perseverance, are necessary to bring about just answers to the issue of racial conflict. This is more than he can expect from the participants.

LYMAN JONES.

## FEAR

A red-faced boy squinting at a dead canary  
children singing at the end of the telephone  
an empty train and a shirtsleeved drunken man;  
A child screams and cries in the dark  
and at the end of the passage  
someone moves.

KATHARINE PATRICK.

## THE NEW MORALITY

The concept and structure of the 'new morality' have led to considerable comment in Christian and non-Christian circles alike. Despite its enthusiastic reception in some quarters, many have feared that its 'implications' may have potentially dangerous social effects. (For example: It has been alleged that there was a definite causal relationship between the publication of the Bishop of Woolwich's book 'Honest to God' and the 'resulting' Profumo affair.) Theologically, it has been challenged as 'un-Christian' in its ethics.

Unfortunately, a great deal of this adverse criticism has come from sources relatively uninformed about the structure of the 'new morality' ethic. Many objections have been based upon the individual concerned's own misconstrued interpretation of the 'new morality's' 'social implications'. The classic case of this has already been mentioned. Bishop Robinson, following 'Honest to God' with the pamphlet 'Christian Morals Today', sums up the tragedy of this misconception, of his ideas in particular: "The phrase 'new morality' is bandied about in the wildest manner, . . . and applied to moral positions miles and miles apart, Christian and non-Christian, and has simply come to signify an invitation to sexual licence."

This alleged 'invitation to sexual licence'—involving a rejection of Christian, moral, and social ethics related to the problem of sex—is far removed from the Bishop's new morality views. "When rules are questioned as they are being questioned, the Christian is driven back to base them not on law ("Fornication is always wrong!"), but on love; on what a deep concern for persons as whole persons, in their entire social context, really requires."

In other words, the central theme underlying Bishop Robinson's concept of the 'new morality' (especially with regard to one of its

relatively minor, and really, unnecessarily controversial aspects: the problem of sexual relationships) would seem to be this: Given that a mature Christian individual has both the social right and the Christian capacity to assume responsibility for his actions (and that this Christian capacity will naturally lead him to act in accordance with the guiding principles of unselfish love), then it is no longer necessary to submit this responsibility to the general laws of social guidance. His actions as a Christian must be allowed to be determined by something more far-reaching than social law as we know it. Because of its very nature, and construction, social law does not (and cannot pretend to) resolve every specific problem at the heart of each individual, personal, situation.

This must not be interpreted as an ethic allowing or condoning the selfish fulfilment of personal requirements, utterly regardless of the conditions of others. Rather, the Christian action is determined by "the most searching demands both upon the depth and integrity of one's own concern for the other—whether it is really the utterly unself-regarding 'agape' of Christ—and upon the calculation of what is truly the most loving thing in this situation for every person involved."

Bishop Robinson is the first to point out that such a 'recasting' of ideas must have its checks and balances, "Such an ethic cannot but rely, in deep humility, upon guiding rules, upon the cumulative experience of one's own and other people's obedience." It is only to be expected that children, whilst they remain children, must look to the application of an 'adult' society's guiding principles, to resolve difficulties which they, as yet, could not hope to tackle independently. But later, when the individual has become fully aware of the implications and obligations of the Christian ethic of love—and has accepted them—the position must naturally alter. "Whatever the pointers of the law to the demands of love, there can, for the Christian, be no 'packaged' moral judgments—for persons are more important than standards." Thus the Christian ethic—the 'new morality'—is not a scheme of codified conduct. It is a purposive effort to relate love to a world of relativities, through a "casuistry obedient to love."

Each Tuesday evening of second term guest speakers were invited to give an address in the College chapel on various aspects and implications of the 'new morality'. Prior to these addresses, the Trinity Most Men led the sing-

ing of a selection of Min Hymns of an even more adventurous nature than those presented last year. Afterwards, over coffee in the annexe, those present at the talks were able to meet and question the speakers on a more informal level.

The talks fell broadly into two categories: First, an appraisal of the 'new morality' ethics, and second, a discussion of its practical value, and application in contemporary society.

The Assistant Chaplain, the Rev. John Gaden, Dean Thomas of St. Paul's Cathedral, and the Rev. Dr. Harry Smythe from St. Kilda, all suggested that the alleged 'break with tradition' of the 'new morality' ethic was not with that of Christ's teaching and example, but with His teaching's unfortunate historical misconception. The Christian, although not under Law, is a Member of Grace, i.e., he is inspired by the love of God in all he does. Because of this, he is not tied down to hard and fast rules, but is free within the Christian freedom to subject all his actions to the unconditional claims of God's love. This Christian 'freedom' results in what is revealed as Christian morality: In itself, it is not a codified system of laws, but rather, the reflection of a Christian's devoted and unselfish love of God, revealed in his dealings with his social neighbours.

Human relations are determined by constantly changing sets of individual circumstances, all of which our social laws cannot hope to anticipate. Thus, it is the Christian's obligation, not to rebel against social law, but to go beyond it, by supplementing its inadequacies in individual circumstances. Hence the 'new morality' is in fact the 'rediscovered' Christian morality: as St. Augustine once wrote, "Love God, and then do what you will."

D. H. Lawrence has been referred to as the 'Chief Apostle and High Priest of the New Morality'. Although there seems to be some ground for sympathetic agreement between his standpoint and that of the Christian approach to the new morality ethic, Ormond College's Rev. Alexander suggested that it would be unwise to link them both under the same name.

Both views emphasise the need for a reconsideration of the role social standards have played, in the determination of individual behaviour. Should Man be made a tool, adaptable to 'normalized' group attitudes? Or is the fulfilment of his own character and way of life to be considered more important?

Sometimes, the Christian would have to act not against but beyond the 'law', in his unselfish effort to satisfy the relationship requirements of his neighbour, within the framework of a society. Lawrence, however, would seem to be advocating something slightly different. If a similar fulfilment of mutual and self-giving love were not possible within the framework of an existing society, then the context within which the action is to take place must be 'changed'. No longer is a party of individuals primarily responsible to a 'society at large'. Instead, a responsibility and unself-regarding dedication between the (once) individuals welds them together into a new-found and more important 'oneness'.

Thus the Christian, in going beyond the law, is motivated by his desire to reflect his love for God, in his relationship with his neighbours — within a given social context. On the other hand, Lawrence justifies his approach (possibly outside the law, but not in opposition to it) through his faith in the need to avoid the suppression of the mystical and supreme nature of the individual's total personality-make-up. The 'wholeness' of each individual character cannot be sacrificed, through its subjection to the inadequacies of 'social norming'.

But neither side condones the attitude of self-gratification, heedless of its effect on others.

So much for the reasons for a reconsideration and possible reconstruction of the present 'determinants' of individual behaviour. All are based on the implicit belief that truly sincere and far-reaching human relationships must be given every encouragement to prosper. But, on being given such opportunities, in what way should they prosper?

Mr. David Bruce tackled an explanation of the psychological problems usually associated in the conflict over the question of pre-marital sexual relationships. Each partner must resolve his (or her) present attitude in terms of various psychological influences: childhood instruction, social attitudes of the different contemporary groups within which he (or she) is a member, and usually some form of religious creed — to name but a few of the more important influences.

Through an explanation of the 'new' Christian morality ethic, it has been seen that the individual, on considering these points, may still justifiably desire to carry his relationship 'beyond the usual bounds'.



But before any further steps can be taken, both partners should thoroughly examine their grounds for believing they have reached an essential mutual level of understanding and agreement. If such a position has in fact been established, then the role of self-gratification should be virtually non-existent.

Nevertheless, the pre-marital completion of the sexual act is still not to be advised. The possibility that its psychological effects may turn out to be detrimental to a greatly promising relationship, resulting in future married happiness, is too great to be risked. Those arguments of justification used prior to such an act may no longer seem adequate, in the face of once seemingly insignificant social 'pressures' — to which we all respond in at least some degree. Between the two partners, the act of love may thus seem to have been cheapened. A grossness in familiarity could well lead to contempt.

Once again, in an effort to protect individual relationships, which must be governed by circumstances beyond the confines of social 'law', the partners are still advised to restrain themselves. Sexual licence is definitely discouraged; in fact, it has been seen to be quite irrelevant to the issues involved in any 'new morality' discussion. The growth and fulfilment of a mutually-agreeing couple's self-giving sexual relationship does not justify an end in pre-marital sexual intercourse. Nor does the growth of this all-important relationship deserve to be laid open to the risks involved in such an act.

An obvious weakness in this discussion is that it has emphasized the aspects and implications of only one approach to the Christian 'new morality' — a discussion of Bishop Robinson's contributions, and their significance. But one of the article's primary aims was to help clarify the Bishop's position, and to indicate some of the misconceptions which have given rise to his views' premature condemnation in some quarters.

This aim in itself has led to an otherwise unnecessary emphasis on the problem of sex. But a misconception of the 'new morality's' position on this point in particular could be a potential danger to social stability. And it is certainly detrimental to the great value and significance of a remarkable and necessary contribution to the problem of 'practical Christianity' within our society.

DOUG. MILLER.

## SONG

I have sung my songs of freedom to the rocks  
And stagnant shiny water—

I have given my soul into the keeping of this  
place

I may go in peace.

I have sat in silence on the bank and looked  
At bubbles on the surface

I have told the pool my secrets and my dreams;

I may go in peace.

My voice has echoed from the cliff-face in the  
hollow

And sung to dead trees;

My thoughts have gone, escaped from inexpress-  
sion;

I may go in peace.

The sun has been a brilliance in my eyes;

And I have loved the warmth

The rays have made my song light on the  
winds;

I may go in peace.

I walked here in the shadow of discovery

And found me here still;

I am my essence when I come back, and so

I may go in peace.

ANDREA TAYLOR.

# VALETE AND SALVETE

## TRINITY VALETE 1963:

S. E. Benham, J. M. Bennett, K. J. Birrell, B. D. Bodna, I. F. Bult, J. Calder, D. J. Clappison, P. R. A. Cohen, R. G. H. Cotton, C. E. Davies, J. D. Dawson, D. H. Edgar, H. R. C. Edgell, M. A. Fahey, R. A. Foster, T. C. Gale, A. J. C. Gibson, R. P. Gorton, M. C. Gutjahr, T. S. Harris, A. O. Hay, J. M. Hedstrom, J. G. Hindaugh, J. C. Hooper, K. S. Jacka, H. R. Jackson, I. R. Jelbart, D. L. Johnson, P. F. Johnson, M. R. Jones, A. R. Kerr, A. J. Kirkham, J. S. Larritt, K. H. Lauw, P. F. Llewellyn, A. G. McCracken, C. C. Macknight, G. R. H. McNicoll, W. G. a'B. Minson, W. A. H. Molesworth, P. M. Monie, I. R. Monotti, J. L. Morgan, A. B. Munro, P. L. Murphy, E. D. A. O'Brien, B. I. Ogilvie, R. B. Parker, H. S. Praser, H. K. Prentice, P. D. Prentice, J. D. Ritchie, N. A. Robinson, P. R. C. Seymour, D. J. Schoeffel, J. H. Shepherd, P. G. Stephens, W. R. Stokes, A. F. H. Stuart, R. L. C. Sutcliffe, A. B. Swanson.

## TRINITY VALETE 1964:

J. W. Faulkner, P. J. Hunting, I. G. Manning.

## JCH VALETE 1963:

Gerd E. Aagren, Anne L. Barber, Christine L. Beck, Margaret A. Black, Elizabeth A. Boddy, Janet F. Brown, Jennifer L. Bryce, E. Anne V. Callow, Elaine M. Counsell, Alexandra F. Currie, Sally F. Dishon, Barbara J. Dunbar, Jaanette P. O. Enden, Jolyn M. Fenton, Catherine A. Fitts, Nicola S. Fitzgerald, Fiona S. Grice, Patricia E. Gunn, Helen M. Holmes, Margot A. Horne, Janet Malley, Margaret H. Muntz, L. Leonie Prescott, Jennifer Pullen, Mavis D. Rodda, Denise C. Shand, Carolyn H. Spear, Susan B. Williams, Eva E. Wynn, Judith A. Young.

## JCH VALETE 1964:

Jusmaliani Affandie, Sally M. Anderson, Margaret E. Bone, Jocelyn G. Clarke, Anne G. Sedgely.

## TRINITY SALVETE 1964:

R. G. A. a'Beckett, A. C. Archibald, A. H. Bainbridge, T. E. Blamey, A. G. Bolton, J. O'N. Brennan,

T. D. Buick, C. E. Carter, W. S. Clarke, J. D. Corbet, R. G. Davey, J. M. Davis, L. B. Ellis, J. W. Faulkner, D. R. H. Fitts, D. E. Gallagher, M. R. Gaylard, S. G. Gaylard, A. K. Gregson, B. D. Grutzner, P. A. Guy, R. A. Guy, R. R. Hammond, J. R. Harrison, T. Hasker, R. F. Haskett, A. K. Heard, I. J. P. Henderson, G. W. Hone, I. R. Hopkins, D. S. Houghton, P. F. Howard, P. J. Hughes, L. L. Jones Jr., D. J. E. King, W. D. King, D. G. Longmuir, H. J. Lowe, R. P. C. Lowenstern, D. J. Lowy, R. C. Miller, G. G. Mitchell, P. J. Mitchell, G. A. Mohr, R. M. C. Nankivell, A. G. Newman-Morris, R. M. O'Shea, L. G. J. Paynter, J. A. Renowden, G. D. Richards, N. G. Ross, G. G. Saba, M. C. I. Salvaris, J. Schubert, R. B. Scott, J. B. Somerset, P. A. H. Spear, C. H. D. Stevens, N. A. Stewart, D. M. R. Were, R. F. Wetherell, R. E. H. Wettenhall, R. K. Woodruff.

## JCH SALVETE 1964:

Jusmaliani Affandie, Veronica E. Babbage, M. Anne E. Bowman, Robin G. Bruce, Wendy A. Cameron, Jane Carnegie, Jocelyn G. Clarke, M. Christine Cowan, Jacqueline M. Dart, Penelope F. B. Derham, Margaret Drysdale, Patricia L. Eddy, Jill Gutteridge, Robyn M. Haslem, Peta R. Haydon, Kerry Higgs, Sandra E. F. Hill, Anne M. Hopkins, Megan John, Susan W. King, Patricia A. Major, E. Robyn Mason, Sylvia J. Meares, Helen Morris, Elizabeth C. Newton, Joanne H. Payne, A. Gretel Pinniger, Jane E. Pyke, Claudia Radok, Margery E. Rogan, Christine Ryall, Margot Sanguinetti, Margaret Slattery, Sarnia A. de C. Tardif, Gillian D. Triggs, Savitri P. Wahjudi, Penelope Weatherly, Penelope Wood, Richenda Woods, Margaret Wookey.

## TRINITY SALVETE REDUCES 1963:

J. R. E. Wilson.

## TRINITY SALVETE REDUCES 1964:

J. A. Colebatch, M. R. Lane, J. A. Langlands, M. P. C. Wentzell.

## JCH SALVETE REDUCES 1964:

Alexandra F. Currie, Patricia M. Fullerton, Diana R. Pearson, Valerie M. Robbins.



## UNIVERSITY AND OTHER DISTINCTIONS 1963:

- ANDERSON, Anne — Nell Morris Scholarship in First Year Architecture.
- ARNOLD, M. Elizabeth — John Grice Exhibition in Latin, Part I.
- CARNLEY, P. F. — Prize in Biblical Archeology, Part II.
- CLAPPISON, D. J. — Research Grant in Geology.
- COCKAYNE, D. J. H. — Daniel Curdie Scholarship.
- COLEBATCH, H. K. — Exhibition in Modern Government A.
- CRANE, Carol — Half-share of Exhibition in Chemistry (Med.).
- FEIGLIN, D. H. I. — Exhibition in Anatomy (including Histology and Embryology).
- FENTON, Jolyn — Half-share of Margaret Kiddle Prize for Final Year History Essay.
- GORTON, R. P. — Robert Craig Exhibition in Company Law.
- GREENBERG, P. B. — Half-share of Dwight's Prize in Anatomy (including Histology); Half-share of T. F. Ryan Prize in Anatomy; Half-share of Exhibition in Biochemistry.
- GUY, Jillian R. — First Year Bachelor of Music, Ormond Exhibition.
- HAMER, C. J. — Dixon Scholarship in Applied Mathematics, Part I; Dwight's Prize in Physics, Part IA.
- JACKSON, H. R. — Half-share of Dwight's Prize in the Final Examination in the School of History.
- KAEMMERER, J. P. S. — Hastie Exhibition in Philosophy, Part I.
- LARKINS, R. G. — Half-share of Dwight's Prize in Anatomy (including Histology); Half-share of T. F. Ryan Prize in Anatomy.
- McKENZIE, A. — C.S.I.R.O. Senior Scholarship.
- MANNING, I. G. — William Noall and Son Prize in the Final Examination, Faculty of Commerce.
- MATHER, R. E. — Professor Morris Prize in Literary Criticism.
- PATRICK, Katharine A. — Marion Boothby Exhibition in British History; Rosemary Merlo Prize in British History.
- PRENTICE, A. J. R. — Half-share in Dixon Scholarship in Applied Mathematics, Part II.
- PULLEN, G. J. — E. B. Nicholls Prize in Human and Comparative Dental Anatomy.
- READ, Julia B. — J. F. W. Payne Exhibition in Biology.
- REDFERN, M. J. — Half-share of Supreme Court Exhibition in Evidence.
- SELBY-SMITH, C. — Wyselaskie Scholarship in Political Economy.
- STOKES, A. N. — Dwight's Prize in Chemistry, Part IA; John MacFarland Exhibition in Pure Mathematics, Part I.
- SWANSON, A. B. — Research Grant in Chemistry.
- YOUNG, Judith, Ramsay Prize in Microbiology and Epidemiology.

### FIRST CLASS HONOURS 1963:

- ANDERSON, Anne M. — Design I; History of Architecture I; History and Philosophy of Science (Arch.) I.  
ARNOLD, M. Elizabeth. — Latin I.  
BAKER, Penelope D. — English Language and Literature I; French I.  
BUCKLAND, L. J. — Economic History I.  
CARNLEY, P. F. — Biblical Archeology II; General History IIIc.  
CLARK, A. — English Literature III.  
COCKAYNE, D. J. H. — Physics III.  
COLEBATCH, H. K. — Modern Government A.  
CONNELL, R. W. — General History I; General History II.  
COWAN, W. D. T. — Engineering Mathematics I.  
CUST, Caroline — Psychology I.  
DAWSON, J. D. — English Language III.  
DOWNING, M. — German I.  
DRUMMOND, Amanda M. — General History II.  
FEIGLIN, D. H. I. — Anatomy.  
GERRAND, P. H. — Engineering Mathematics I.  
GORTON, R. P. — Company Law.  
GREENBERG, P. B. — Biochemistry.  
GRIFFITHS, K. R. — Music A.  
GUY, Jillian R. — Pianoforte II.  
HAMER, C. J. — Applied Mathematics I; Chemistry IA; Physics IA; Pure Mathematics I.  
HONE, G. W. — Introduction to Legal Method.  
HUNKIN, Meredith — Music B.  
JACKSON, F. C. — Philosophy I.  
JACKSON, H. R. — Finals in History.  
KAEMMERER, J. P. S. — German I; Philosophy I.  
KERR, Jean — Psychology I.  
LARKINS, R. G. — Biochemistry; Physiology.  
LARKINS, S. G. — Physics (Med.).  
LEWIS, Nancy — Music C.  
MacGREGOR, R. J. — Engineering Mathematics I.  
McKENZIE, A. — Finals in Chemistry.  
McRAE, Barbara L. — Music A.  
MANNING, I. G. — Finals in Commerce.  
MATHESON, W. S. — Electrical Engineering II; Electrical Engineering Design II; Engineering Mathematics III.  
MINCHIN, J. B. — Theology I.  
MUIR, Heather M. — Chamber Music.  
PARKER, Elizabeth H. — Geography I; Economics A.  
PATRICK, Katharine A. — British History.  
PEERS, R. J. — Physics (Med.).  
PELLING, Margaret — English Language and Literature I.  
PRENTICE, A. J. R. — Applied Mathematics II; Physics IIA.  
PULLEN, G. J. — Dental Anatomy.  
READ, Julia B. — Chemistry IB; Biology.  
REDFERN, M. J. — Evidence.  
RITCHIE, J. D. — Practical Teaching.  
ROBERTSON, W. J. — Civil Engineering.  
SEDGLEY, Anne — English Language II.  
SELBY-SMITH, C. — Economics III.  
SHAND, Denise — Comparative Education.  
SMITH, A. W. — Economics A.

- SPEAR, Carolyn — Educational Psychology; History and Principles of Teaching.  
STOKES, A. N. — Applied Mathematics I; Chemistry IA; Pure Mathematics I.  
STUART, A. F. H. — Modern Government A.  
STUCKEY, J. G. — Physics (Med.).  
WARBURTON, P. M. — Applied Mathematics I; Pure Mathematics I.  
YOUNG, Judith — Microbiology and Epidemiology.

### SECOND CLASS HONOURS 1963:

- ALLEN, K. J. F. — Physics IA.  
ANDERSON, Anne M. — Theory of Architecture I; Building Construction I.  
APLIN, G. J. — Geography II; Geographical Discovery and Exploration.  
AXFORD, Lynette N. — Physiology IIA.  
BABBAGE, Veronica E. — Psychology I.  
BAINBRIDGE, T. H. — Chemical Engineering I.  
BAKEWELL, Katharine J. — British History.  
BENNETT, J. M. — Meteorology.  
BEST, M. J. — Public International Law.  
BISHOP, Elizabeth A. — Chemistry IIA.  
BRACY, A. E. — Industrial Administration; Industrial Relations; Modern Government B.  
BROOKES, J. H. H. — Chemistry IA.  
BROOKSBANK, Anne M. — Final Examination in English and History.  
BROOKSBANK, Mary A. — Biology (Med.); Chemistry (Med.).  
BROWN, Jennifer M. — Biology (Med.); Chemistry (Med.).  
BRYCE, Jennifer L. — Music A.  
CAMPBELL, R. M. — British History (Law).  
CARNLEY, P. F. — Ancient History II.  
CLAPPISON, D. J. — Geology IV.  
CHEESMAN, C. Mary — Biochemistry.  
CLARK, A. — English Language II; English Language III.  
CLYNE, Pamela M. K. — English Language III; English Literature III.  
COCK, Colette G. — Geography III; Political Geography.  
COFFEY, Carolyn A. — Modern History A.  
COLE, D. P. — Principles of Property in Land; Criminal Law and Procedure.  
COLEBATCH, H. K. — Indonesian Studies I.  
CONNELL, R. W. — Psychology IIA.  
COWAN, W. D. T. — Chemistry (Eng.); Engineering I; Physics I (Eng.).  
CRANE, Carol — Biology (Med.).  
CRESWELL, C. C. — Criminal Law and Procedure.  
CURTIS, D. W. — Finals in Classics.  
DAWSON, J. D. — English Literature III; Drama.  
DICKSON, Valerie H. — Psychology I.  
DIXON, Carole B. — Physics IT; Biology.  
DOWLING, J. A. — Tort.  
DOWNING, M. — French I.  
DUNSTONE, C. R. — Planning Design III.  
DRUMMOND, Amanda M. — General History IIIC.  
EDGAR, D. H. — Finals in Theology.  
ELLIOTT, P. J. — General History II; General History IIIC.

- EWING, Angela G. — English Literature III; General History IIIA; General History II.
- FEIGLIN, D. H. I. — Physiology and Biochemistry.
- FENTON, D. J. — International Relations; Psychology I.
- FENTON, Jolyn M. — Finals in History.
- FITTS, Catherine A. — Russian III; German III.
- FITZGERALD, Nicola S. — French I.
- FOSTER, R. A. — Finals in Commerce; History of Economic Theory.
- GANTNER, C. B. — Ancient History I; Latin I.
- GERRAND, P. H. — Physics I (Eng.).
- GIBBS, Jennifer J. — British History.
- GOME, D. A. — Chemistry (Med.); Physics (Med.).
- GORTON, R. P. — Constitutional Law II.
- GRAHAM, Irene J. — Zoology II; General Bacteriology.
- GRATTAN, K. Michelle — Economics II; Statistical Method.
- GREENBERG, P. B. Anatomy.
- GRICE, Fiona S. — Aesthetics.
- GUNN, Patricia E. — Psychology IIIA.
- GUTJAHR, C. M. — Building Construction IV; Statutory Planning Practice.
- GUY, Jillian R. — Music A.
- HARPER, D. L. — Criminal Law and Procedure; Modern Government B; Public Administration.
- HEATH, G. A. — Chemistry IIA; History and Philosophy of Science (Science course).
- HOLMES, Helen M. — Finals in French and Russian.
- HOOPER, P. E. — Engineering Mathematics III.
- HORNE, Margot A. — Finals in French and English.
- HUGHES, Helena M. — Modern Government C; International Relations; Modern Government B.
- HUNKIN, Meredith J. — German II.
- JACKSON, R. K. — Introduction to Legal Method.
- KEMP, Marie E. — Physics IA; Biology.
- KENNON, E. P. — Property.
- KENNY, Angela M. — Educational Psychology; History and Principles of Education.
- KERR, A. R. — Electrical Engineering III.
- KERR, Jean M. — English Literature II.
- LARKINS, R. G. — Anatomy.
- LARKINS, S. G. — Chemistry (Med.).
- LONGMUIR, D. G. — Applied Mathematics I; Physics IA; Pure Mathematics I.
- LEWIS, Nancy R. — International Relations.
- LUSH, Jennifer B. — Introduction to Legal Method.
- McKAY, W. T. — Ancient History I; General History I; General History II.
- MacKNIGHT, C. C. — Finals in Latin and History.
- MacGREGOR, R. J. — Chemistry IA; Engineering I.
- McPHERSON, A. B. — Finals in History.
- MALLEY, Janet — Finals in Russian.
- MARTIN, W. G. — Chemical Engineering I.
- MASON, P. T. — Chemical Engineering I.
- MATHER, R. E. — Finals in English.
- MATHESON, W. S. — Engineering Materials.
- MILLER, A. D. — British History; English Language and Literature I.
- MINCHIN, J. B. — Greek II.
- MINCHIN, T. B. — English Literature II; General History II.
- MORGAN, J. L. — Practical Teaching.
- MORRIS, Geraldine A. — Psychology IIA.
- MUIR, Heather M. — Music A; Chief Practical Study II (violin).
- MUNTZ, Margaret H. — Pharmacy A.
- NEVILLE, Susan J. — English Literature II; Ethics; Logic.
- NISELLE, P. — Physics (Med.).
- ODDIE, Pamela L. — Psychology IIA.
- OLIVER, J. G. W. — Economics I; Modern Government A.
- PARKER, Elizabeth H. — English Language and Literature I.
- PATRICK, Katharine A. — Ancient History I; Philosophy I.
- PELLING, Margaret — History and Philosophy of Science I (Sci.).
- PRATT, R. D. — Engineering Mathematics II; Strength of Materials IIA.
- PRENTICE, A. J. R. — Pure Mathematics II; Theory of Statistics I.
- PRENTICE, H. K. — Latin III.
- PRENTICE, P. D. — Finals in Latin and French.
- PULLEN, G. J. — Physics I (Dental).
- RADOK, Claudia — English Language and Literature I; Psychology I.
- RAMSDEN, V. S. — Applied Mathematics II.
- READ, Julia B. — Physics IB; Pure Mathematics I.
- REDFERN, M. J. — Public International Law.
- RENNIE, G. C. — Finals in Mathematics.
- RENNIE, J. C. — Evidence.
- RICHARDS, A. G. — Applied Thermodynamics.
- RICHARDS, Susanna G. — German I.
- ROBERT, J. S. — Chemistry IA; Engineering I; Engineering Mathematics I; Physics I (Eng.).
- ROBERTSON, W. J. — Industrial Administration.
- RODDA, Mavis D. — Finals in History and English.
- SAUNDERS, Cheryl A. — English Language and Literature I; Legal History; Property; Contract.
- SELBY-SMITH, C. — Modern History B.
- SHELLAM, G. R. — Chemistry IIB; Physiology and Biochemistry.
- SMITH, A. W. — Accountancy I; Pure Mathematics I.
- SPEAR, Carolyn H. — Practical Teaching.
- STILES, G. R. — Engineering Mathematics III.
- STOKES, A. N. — Physics IA.
- STONE, Rosemary — English Language and Literature I; Psychology I.
- STUCKEY, J. G. — Chemistry (Med.).
- SWANSON, A. B. — Chemistry IV.
- TAYLOR, Deirdre — Italian I.
- THWAITES, M. J. — Ancient History I; British History; Introduction to Legal Method.
- WAKEFIELD, W. G. — Finals in History and English.
- WARBURTON, P. M. — Chemistry IA; Physics IA.
- WARREN, J. P. — Chemistry IA.
- WATTS, G. J. — German I; Latin I.
- WEEKS, E. D. — Introduction to Legal Method.
- WELLS, J. D. B. — International Relations; Modern Government B; Contract.
- WILLIAMS, Susan B. — Theory of Statistics II.
- WILSON, W. F. — Physiology.
- WRIGHT, H. McM. — Constitutional Law I; Mercantile Law.
- WYNN, Eva E. — English Literature II; English Language II.

## DEGREES CONFERRED 1963-1964:

### BACHELOR OF AGRICULTURAL SCIENCE:

H. R. C. Edgell  
W. A. H. Molesworth

### BACHELOR OF ARCHITECTURE:

C. M. Gutjahr  
Deborah White

### BACHELOR OF ARTS (Ordinary Degree):

J. Calder  
Camilla E. M. Chance  
Angela S. Clark  
Caroline T. Connell  
Veronica Cumpston (*Goss*)  
Beryl A. Duncan  
Ines U. Fuernberg  
Patricia E. Gunn  
Lynette M. Jones  
Nancy R. Lewis  
Julia I. McKay  
Jennifer M. McLeod  
Susan M. Marshall  
A. E. Radford  
Mary P. Richards  
G. H. Ripper  
M. P. C. Wentzell

### BACHELOR OF ARTS (Honours Degree):

Anne M. Brooksbank  
D. W. Curtis  
D. W. Dewhurst  
Sally F. Dishon  
M. Jolyn Fenton  
Helen M. Holmes  
Margot A. Horne  
C. C. Macknight  
A. B. McPherson  
Janet Malley  
Patricia M. Marcard  
P. D. Prentice  
G. C. Rennie  
Mavis D. Rodda

### MASTER OF ARTS:

J. R. Gaden

### BACHELOR OF COMMERCE:

P. J. Hunting  
W. A. Simpson

### BACHELOR OF COMMERCE

(Degree with Honours):

R. A. Foster  
I. G. Manning

### BACHELOR OF ENGINEERING:

J. R. Cumpston  
A. R. Kerr  
W. J. Robertson

### BACHELOR OF LAWS (Ordinary Degree):

E. C. a'Beckett  
J. M. Ardlie  
Jill B. Bodman  
I. F. Bult  
Angela S. Clark  
R. P. Gorton  
Denise E. King  
A. J. Kirkham  
Margaret McDonell  
Denise L. Odbert

### BACHELOR OF LAWS (Degree with Honours):

D. G. Watson

### BACHELOR OF MEDICINE and BACHELOR OF SURGERY:

Elizabeth G. M. Bakewell  
J. B. Best  
D. P. Crankshaw  
T. C. Gale  
J. G. Hindhaugh  
J. C. Hooper  
D. L. Johnson  
M. R. Jones  
Anne P. Lythe  
Betty L. Mallett  
R. T. Richards

### MASTER OF GYNAECOLOGY AND OBSTETRICS:

N. A. Beischer  
W. I. H. Johnston

### BACHELOR OF SCIENCE (Ordinary Degree):

N. J. Alexander  
Lynette N. Axford  
Christine L. Beck  
D. J. H. Cockayne  
J. E. Gardener  
F. C. Jackson  
A. G. Lane  
G. R. H. McNicoll  
M. J. L. Molesworth  
Margaret H. Muntz  
G. R. Probert  
G. C. Rennie  
Carolyn M. M. Rintoul  
Susan B. Williams

### BACHELOR OF SCIENCE (Degree with Honours):

J. M. Bennett  
D. J. Clappison  
Margaret P. Tait, B.Sc.

### MASTER OF SCIENCE:

P. Hannaford

### TRINITY MAJOR SCHOLARS:

#### A. M. WHITE SCHOLARS:

P. B. Greenberg  
C. J. Hamer  
R. G. Larkins  
A. N. Stokes

#### CHARLES HEBDEN SCHOLAR:

A. J. R. Prentice

#### R. and L. ALCOCK SCHOLARS:

R. W. Connell  
W. S. Matheson

#### HENRY BERTHON SCHOLAR:

G. C. Rennie

#### F. L. ARMYTAGE SCHOLAR:

D. J. H. Cockayne

#### COUNCIL'S SCHOLARS:

M. C. I. Salvaris  
C. Selby-Smith

### TRINITY MINOR SCHOLARS:

#### CHARLES HEBDEN SCHOLAR:

H. K. Colebatch

#### CHARLES HEBDEN BURSARY:

S. G. Larkins

#### CLARKE SCHOLAR:

G. A. Heath

#### ALEXANDER C. THOMPSON SCHOLAR:

W. D. T. Cowan

#### SIMON FRASER SCHOLAR:

L. B. Ellis

#### COUNCIL'S SCHOLARS:

A. C. Archibald	R. J. MacGregor
A. G. Bolton	W. T. McKay
J. O'N. Brenan	R. E. Mather
L. J. Buckland	T. B. Minchin
G. E. Burston	R. J. Peers
A. Clark	G. J. Pullen
J. A. Colebatch	J. S. Robert
M. Downing	A. W. Smith
D. J. Fenton	P. A. H. Spear
P. H. Gerrand	J. G. Stuckey
D. G. Gome	M. J. Thwaites
D. L. Harper	W. G. Wakefield
G. W. Hone	G. J. Watts
P. F. Howard	J. D. B. Wells
E. P. Kennon	W. F. Wilson
M. R. Lane	H. McM. Wright
D. G. Longmuir	R. K. Woodruff
D. J. Lowy	

### TRINITY THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS:

*Bishop's Student:* P. J. Hunting

*Combedown Student:* P. F. Carnley

*Henty Student:* R. A. H. Wilson

*Kew Student:* D. W. Curtis

*Marley Student:* R. F. Wetherell

*Moorhouse Student:* A. B. McPherson

*Payne Student:* S. A. H. Ames

*Rupertswood Student:* G. R. Davey

*Stanbridge Student:* J. B. Minchin

*Upton-Everist Student:* P. J. Hughes

*Grice Student:* M. P. C. Wentzell

### TRINITY NON-RESIDENT EXHIBITIONERS:

D. P. Cole  
B. D. Cumming  
D. H. I. Feiglin  
N. C. Powers  
M. J. Redfern  
R. K. Watson  
J. W. Wilson

### JCH MAJOR SCHOLARS:

#### A. M. WHITE SCHOLARS:

Anne M. Anderson  
Katharine A. Patrick

#### SARA STOCK SCHOLARS:

M. Elizabeth Arnold  
Julia B. Read

#### A. R. GRICE SCHOLAR:

Elizabeth H. Parker

#### A. G. MILLER SCHOLAR:

Jillian R. Guy

#### F. H. CHAMBERS SCHOLAR:

E. Robyn Mason

#### F. C. STANBRIDGE SCHOLAR:

M. Anne V. Bowman

### JCH MINOR SCHOLARS:

#### MRS. L. L. LEWIS SCHOLAR:

Cheryl A. Saunders

#### TRINITY WOMEN'S JUBILEE SCHOLAR:

Helena M. Hughes

#### COUNCIL'S SCHOLARS:

Jocelyn G. Clarke  
Colette G. Cock  
M. Christine Cowan  
Amanda M. Drummond  
Carole B. Dixon  
Angela G. Ewing  
Peta R. Haydon  
Kerryn Higgs  
Sandra E. F. Hill  
Meredith J. Hunkin  
Jean M. Kerr  
Nancy R. Lewis  
Patricia A. Major  
Barbara McL. McRae  
Heather M. Muir  
Margaret Pelling  
Anne G. Sedgely

### JCH NON-RESIDENT EXHIBITIONERS:

Elizabeth Anderson  
Penelope D. Baker  
Jennifer M. Brown  
Pamela M. K. Clyne  
Catherine E. Fitts  
Marie E. Kemp  
Frances J. Muecke  
Mary A. Pascoe  
Judith A. Purser

## Union of the Fleur-de-Lys

*President:* A. B. C. Doggett, Esq.

*Committee:* 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, Dr. M. R. Jones, N. M. Carlyon.

*Hon. Secretary:* J. A. Court.

### ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting was held in the College Common Room on Friday, June 5, at 6.15 p.m. The Annual Report and Financial Statements were taken as read and were adopted unanimously, and the above office-bearers were duly declared elected. The meeting was again completed most expeditiously.

The Annual Dinner, which was held in the College Hall, followed. Although the members present were somewhat below those of the previous year, there were some 175 members present, and the general consensus of opinion following the evening was that it was a most enjoyable occasion. It is hoped that an even greater number of members may be able to be present at next year's dinner, as these occasions provide an excellent opportunity for former members of the College to renew friendships formed during their stay in College.

Following the Dinner, many members availed themselves of the opportunity of inspecting recent additions to the College buildings, and the works which were currently in progress for the extension of the Cowan wing. The Union greatly appreciates the action of the College in so kindly making available its facilities and for providing such a splendid dinner.

The President, A. B. C. Doggett, Esq., proposed the toast to "The College," and the Dean and Senior Student responded. The President referred to the importance in the community of colleges such as Trinity and expressed the hope that they would continue to play an important part in University life. He referred to the passing during the year of Lady Behan, and he commented upon the excellent manner in which she assisted her husband by calming waters which were sometimes troubled. In reply, the Dean referred to the great progress which had been achieved during the past year. He reported that extensions to

the Behan building had been completed, thanks to a gratuitous grant from the Government, while extensions to the Cowan wing were currently in progress now that the triennium under which Government grants are allocated had commenced. He stated that the number of residents in Trinity would soon become an all-time record, and he wondered whether or not it was desirable for the College to increase its numbers still further. He stated, however, that the Universities' Commission and the Government might have quite a say in deciding the extent to which Colleges would have to increase their numbers in the future. In supporting the Dean, the Senior Student reported on the activities of the College on the sporting field. He stated that the College had reached second place in most of the sporting contests held since the last Annual Dinner, but he expressed the hope that the football team, which now had a number of "experienced" players, might finally break through to win the competition during the coming winter.

The toast to "The Union of the Fleur-de-Lys" was proposed by the Hon. John Bloomfield, M.L.A. He referred to the importance of Universities and resident colleges in the community, and he expressed the hope that Trinity would continue to play a prominent part in all University activities. The Rev. C. E. Sligo responded on behalf of the Union.

### THE WARDEN

Members of the Union were shocked to hear of the untimely death of the Warden towards the end of June. His great interest in all activities of the Union and his presence at its functions was appreciated by all, and his passing is a tragic loss to all who were associated with him. The Union extends its deepest sympathy to Mrs. Cowan and her family.

### GOLF DAY

The Inter-Collegiate Old Boys' Golf Day is to be held in November of this year, when it is the turn of Newman College to organise the day. Any members who may be interested should contact the Secretary for further information.

### MEMBERSHIP

From time to time former members of the College hear of the activities of the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys and express their interest in becoming members. All former members of the College who are not already members are



asked to contact the Hon. Secretary at 430 Little Collins Street, Melbourne, and he will be glad to add their names to the list of members. Annual membership remains at 10/- and Life Membership £8/8/-.

## NOTES

The Union offers its congratulations to A. G. L. Shaw, a former Dean of the College, on his appointment as Professor of History at Monash University, and to Dr. A. E. Ringwood, a former scholar, on his appointment to a personal chair in the School of Advanced studies of the Australian National University. It is also pleasing to note that C. I. E. Donaldson, a former Senior Student, has been appointed Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford. Congratulations are also extended to John Starke upon his appointment to the Supreme Court of Victoria, where he succeeds the Hon. Sir Charles Lowe, a former member of the Council, who has retired after thirty-five years of distinguished service, and Basil Murray upon his appointment as Solicitor-General for Victoria.

The late Dr. G. E. Cole was the first Australian to be made a Fellow of the Royal Society of Health for his outstanding services to public health. The notification from London arrived soon after Dr. Cole died in October, 1963.

The Rev. Canon L. J. Bakewell spent a brief period on furlough in Australia, and he returns to East Africa in November to be Principal of a new C.M.S. Language School in Nairobi.

The Right Rev. A. E. Winter, Bishop of St. Arnaud, spent a period overseas during the year, and he was leader of a pilgrimage of all denominations to the Holy Land and Rome.

Dr. John Poynter, Dean of the College, and Joint Acting Warden with Dr. Barry Marshall since the death of the Warden, was appointed Reader in History at the University in the short time of a year after his appointment as Senior Lecturer.

Lindsay Cuming recently returned to Paris following a brief visit to his home town of Melbourne.

Norman Carlyon spent an interesting period travelling overseas with the Australian Old Collegians' Cricket Team, and played cricket in Rio de Janeiro and the West Indies. Later in his trip he met Ian Boyd, who has been

doing a course in Business Administration at the University of Columbia in New York, Mark Johnson and Ananda Krishnan, who have been doing courses at Harvard, and Peter Gebhardt, who is teaching at Milton Academy near Boston. In London he met Bill Henty, who has been gaining experience in the legal world, John Webb, who is with the International Wool Secretariat, and Peter Mitchell, who was on the way to Stockholm for a business conference.

Murray Clapham has recently transferred to Djakarta, where he is stationed with the Department of External Affairs. Bill Webb is at present at Paris with the United Nations.

For a number of reasons, some good, some bad, former members of the College rarely pay visits to the d.o.C., except perhaps on the night of the Fleur-de-Lys Dinner, when it is too dark to see anything. Anxious alumni feverishly seek the Detheridge and lo! they find it not. And so on. Change and decay in all around I see. For this sort of reason we thought we would try a little experiment in P.R. The rest of this magazine is, of course, tied up with this, but it goes on the assumption that certain things are common knowledge, which can make for some pretty esoteric reading.

We shall concentrate on some of the more material changes which are either going on or about to happen. These are the things which hit you hardest as you swish into the grounds in your Mercedes.

(i) The first notable thing is the new Cowan Building which, by the time you read this, will have been finished. It was designed by the firm of Mockridge, Stahle and Mitchell, and sits on the Royal Parade side of the Bulpadok between J.P.E. and the Box. The architects had a nice problem in working out some transitional expression between these two well-known features and have in most opinions succeeded. The late Warden's determination that it should not be a sort of rabbit warren has meant that, in fact, the rooms are very commodious and moreover they are full of thoughtful appointments undreamed of in Clarke's or Bishops', and even, tell it not in Gath, in lordly Behan itself. So we do not have a new Jeopardy but a new thing, and one which is truly a worthy addition to the federation of buildings we call the College. There is a large number of bedsitters but there

are also wifing arrangements for twenty-four students as well — and four “suites” (but no h. and c.) for tutors.

(ii) During this long vacation there is to be a complete restoration to more than the former grandeur of the interior of Leeper. The three tutorial rooms downstairs and the four library rooms upstairs are to be completely renovated, so that the Library will, in fact, be housed on both floors, elegantly lit and furnished — and heated! The Wynne Memorial Staircase will be eliminated (the one which starts outside the Leeper Lecture Room and snakes into the ceiling), the large downstairs door will be replaced by a window to match the building, and entrance to the downstairs rooms generally will be through a new hole in the wall going off from the lobby of the old Lodge entrance. The money has come from the South bequest, which was specially given for the purpose. The Leeper Lecture Room will receive special treatment and will be conceived in the grand manner to act as a Board Room, and also as a place to store the College “muniments” — the records and household gods of one sort or another — and the Rusden and Atkinson Australiana collections which have, alas, been stored very unworthily in the Behan basement.

While on the subject of Australiana, it is worth saying that here is one good specific thing which needs the attention of former members who have Australian books themselves. The College has a large and extremely valuable collection of Australiana which is very difficult to keep up now that the collectors with bulging wallets all flash along to the book sales to add to their private hoards. Death catches up even with them, and so off all the books go to Joel's for another round of profit. Might I suggest that you remember the College in this way when making out a will, or just when you are feeling in a bountiful mood. Our collection, once it is worthily housed, as it will be, will be one of the brightest jewels in the College crown. It will be of the greatest assistance to students for whom it is designed. It is emphatically not just another bower-bird pile of things bright and beautiful. A contribution sooner or later from your shelves would, suitably bookplated, be a very

proper memento or even memorial. If in doubt as to whether we might have the books you want to give, just drop a line to the Librarian, c/o the College.

(iii) The only other piece of building to be undertaken very shortly is a laundry for the gentlemen themselves. An ancient and failing washing machine has been mashing on, with frequent stoppages, in the Lower Clarke's lavatory, a pretty spot and so good for the conversation piece. A new Wynnian feature is about to arise at the Ormond end of the present College laundry, at which the immortal Madge presides, and will house a huge commercial-type one-button job which, according to its makers, is idiot-proof. This remains to be seen. It would never have done for the far-off times, but the fact remains that many gentlemen do their own washing these days, and the fact has at last been officially recognised.

(iv) The cow shed has gone with great travail. The comparatively simple task was incredibly balled up by a superb group of rubbish removers who distracted the inhabitants of Jeopardy for days by suffering a series of major disasters, boggings, collapsings and running-into things. The cows have not left so much as a wrack behind them, save the verdant turf of the now intensely civilised Bulpadok. O tempore, o boves.

#### OBITUARY

The Union records with deep regret the names of the following former members of the College who died during the past year:—

Herbert Robinson Brookes .....	1888
The Rev. Sydney Lionel Buckley .....	1890
The Rev. Clifton Plessay Brown .....	1905
Arthur Hose Bullivant .....	1906
Dr. George Edward Cole .....	1907
Dougan Bird .....	1908
The Rev. Maurice Edmund De Burgh Griffith .....	1912
Dr. Basil Dundas Wilson .....	1912
Dr. Ewan Ballantyne Tunbridge .....	1920
Desmond Watt Deasey .....	1938

## Trinity Women's Society

### Committee:

*President:* Mrs. A. Asche.

*Vice-Presidents:* Mrs. R. Hallenstein, Miss Jenny Taplin.

*Hon. Secretary:* Miss Lydia Eady.

*Hon. Treasurer:* Dr. Joan Gardner.

*Representative to College Council:* Mrs. R. Webb-Ware.

*Committee:* Mrs. K. Emmerson, Miss B. Hurley, Mrs. S. Alley, Mrs. A. Smithers, Mrs. J. Feltham, Miss J. Suggett.

**Dr. Eden.** During the year it has been the very pleasant duty of the Committee to welcome the new Principal, Dr. Eva Eden, to the Trinity Women's Society. Dr. Eden has already generously given advice and practical help to the Committee, and it is felt that both Janet Clarke Hall and the Trinity Women's Society will benefit from her enthusiasm and her ability. We are glad to have her with us.

**Annual Dinner, 1963,** was held on Saturday, September 21, at J.C.H. As usual, it was a formal dinner, and there were 57 present. Guests were the Acting Principal, Dr. Knight; the Senior Student; the Matron; Mrs. Cowan; and the Presidents of St. Mary's Hall Past Students' Association, the Ormond Women, the Wyverna Club and the V.W.G.A. For the first time for many years Miss Joske was not present at the dinner as she was on holiday in New Zealand.

Toasts were the Queen and the College, proposed by the President and replied to by the Acting Principal and the Senior Student. "Absent Friends" was proposed by Mrs. T. Coates.

**The Annual Meeting** followed the Dinner. At this meeting it was unanimously decided to invite Miss Dewey to become an honorary Life Member of the Society in appreciation of her work for the College. The Treasurer reported that £45 had been presented to the College during the year to enable the purchase of shrubs for the new garden, leaving £53 in the Current Account. An interesting report was given by the delegate to the National Council of Women.

Dr. Blackwood, the Chairman of the College Council, then thanked the Society for the gift of shrubs, and went on to speak of the many other requirements of the College, including the necessity of building up the library to a high academic standard and improving and extending the Common Room to provide ac-

commodation for students to engage in the lively discussion necessary for them to develop their ideas and to carry out their part of College administration.

This meeting ushered in a period of increased activity on the part of Trinity Women. Volunteers were called for to form a special Appeals Committee, but none was forthcoming, and the Committee has therefore undertaken this work itself. Our president, Mrs. Asche, in particular has been untiring in her efforts to promote each function that has been undertaken.

On March 13 a Fete was held at J.C.H. This was a very happy and successful venture, and resulted in a profit of £690.

Direct giving has resulted in £1,959, and the profit of a number of other functions, amounting to £1,271, has been donated to the appeal. These include an evening held by the Peninsula branch of the V.W.G.A. with Professor Macartney and his company; the Royal Sacred Siamese Cat Club's cat show; a Chinese luncheon; picture evenings; a jumble sale; and entertainments in members' homes. The appeal now stands at £3,230, and will continue next year as a vital concern of the Society.

Miss Enid Joske has written a book, "Recollections of Janet Clarke Hall," which will be of great interest to Trinity men and women. This book can be purchased from the Secretary of J.C.H., and all profits are donated to the Library and Common Room appeal.

**Obituary.** The Trinity Women's Society is very sadly aware of the great loss Janet Clarke Hall has suffered in the deaths of Mrs. G. C. Scantlebury and Mr. R. W. T. Cowan.

**Mrs. Scantlebury** had been a member of the J.C.H. Committee from 1926, and its chairman from 1939-60. Her love of the College and the wisdom and energy with which she translated it into action have been a great source of strength to J.C.H., and we mourn the passing of a greatly loved member of the Trinity Women's Society and a true friend of the College.

**Mr. Cowan** is remembered with especial gratitude for his great help to J.C.H. during the difficult period of transition to independence, and as we extend our sympathy to Trinity College for the loss of an outstanding Warden, we realise he will also be greatly missed at J.C.H.

The death has also occurred of **Lady Behan**, wife of the late Sir John Behan, the second

Warden of Trinity College. Lady Behan will be remembered with affection by all members of the Society who were in College during Sir John's term of office.

### BIRTHS

- Professor and Mrs. H. Bennett (Lilian White) — a son.  
Mr. and Mrs. G. Brown (Felicity Nash) — a daughter.  
Mr. and Mrs. E. Cherry (Diana Cole) — a son.  
Mr. and Mrs. G. de Pury (Katherine Neal) — a son.  
Mr. and Mrs. M. Freer (Jennifer Tuckfield) — a son.  
Mr. and Mrs. R. Grant (Rosemary Hallowses) — a son.  
Mr. and Mrs. P. Grutzner (Angela Parker) — a son.  
Dr. and Mrs. R. Hallowses (Elspeth Haydon) — a son.  
Mr. and Mrs. L. Hill (Barbara Bott) — a son.  
Mr. and Mrs. P. Jordan (Ursula McKee) — a daughter.  
Mr. and Mrs. M. Kanton (Anne Murdock) — a daughter.  
Mr. and Mrs. R. Kinnear (Dallas Heath) — a daughter.  
Mr. and Mrs. M. Long (Pat Travers) — a daughter.  
Dr. and Mrs. G. McKenzie (Barbara Meredith) — a son.  
Dr. and Mrs. M. McKenzie (Heather Peden) — a son.  
Mr. and Mrs. R. Murison (Molly Travers) — a son.  
Mr. and Mrs. R. Nursey (Jennifer Sewell) — a son.  
Mr. and Mrs. J. Proper (Fiona Weir) — a son.  
Mr. and Mrs. B. Purvis (Margaret Brown) — a son.  
Mr. and Mrs. J. Rigby (Jean Rowey) — a son.  
Mr. and Mrs. A. Smithers (Jennifer Muntz) — a son.  
Mr. and Mrs. B. Steele (Mary Johnson) — a son.  
Mr. and Mrs. G. Stephinson (Helen Webb-Ware) — a son.  
Dr. and Mrs. W. Strauss (Jennifer Wallace) — a son.  
Dr. and Mrs. G. Vine (Heather McDonald) — a daughter.

### MARRIAGES

- Barbara Bult to Mr. Ralph Ward-Ambler.  
Denise King to Mr. Bernard O'Shanassy.  
Frances McPherson to Mr. Neil Murray.  
Anne Tait to Mr. Jorgen Rasmussen.  
Anne Shanahan to Dr. Ian McKenzie.  
Leonie Ryan to Mr. Dan Turack.

### NEWS OF MEMBERS

**Catherine Berry** has won a French Government Scholarship and is now in Paris. This scholarship is offered by the National Office of French Schools and Universities, and Catherine has to take conversation classes in English at French schools for 12 hours each week. During the rest of her time in Paris she will study for an Arts degree in Philosophy at the Sorbonne.

**Katerina Clark** is attached to the Australian Embassy in Moscow.

**Sali Denning** (Rogers) is in Melbourne for a short holiday with her parents.

**Barbara Donegan** (Galley) and her husband are in Oxford for six months.

**Mrs. Egerton** is living permanently in London at 53 Drayton Gardens, S.W.10.

**Lynette Garland** (Jameson) is now in Claremont, W.A., with her husband and two small sons.

**Grace Matthaci** is working as part-time librarian in the Geology Department, and also examines in English students who have not passed Matriculation English in Australia. This brings her into contact with a number of migrant students, and she has recently won a prize for a short story concerning the problems of women migrants.

**Miss Tisdall** has edited a booklet written by her father entitled "How we fought the smallpox in Walhalla in 1869."

**Leonie Turack** (Ryan), now in Canada, has been admitted as a barrister and solicitor in Victoria by the Full Court. Her husband, Professor Daniel Turack, is completing a doctorate at Queen's University, Kingston, and Leonie is practising as a solicitor in Canada.

**Ann Pryor** (Harris) is living in Oregon, U.S.A., where her husband is with the Department of Animal Science, Oregon State University. They expect to be in the U.S.A. about two years.

*"The Fleur-de-Lys" was set up and printed by Austral Printing and Publishing Company for the editors, Amanda Drummond, Katharine Patrick, Hal Colebatch and Peter Gerrand.*

*We wish to thank all those who have helped prepare this magazine: first, our new printer, Mr. Boneham, for his advice and his cheerful patience in awaiting late copy; our contributors—especially those whose articles, being "neutral" journalistic reports, are left unnamed; John Wilson, our staff cartoonist, and our illustrators, Peter Elliott, David Grutzner and Peter Hughes; William Cowan for supervising the printing of the photographs which he and Graham Aplin, Thomas Blamey, David Pate, Victor Ramsden and Andrew Yuncken contributed; John Brenan and Peta Haydon for proof-reading the entire magazine; Malcolm Downing and Lyman Jones Jr. for typing the bulk of the magazine ready for the printer; all those whose articles, drawings or photographs we did not use; Axel Clark, Malcolm Downing, Douglas Miller, James Minchin, William Wakefield and the Joint Acting Warden for editorial advice; Mr. J. D. Merralls for his cooperation; Peter Elliott and David Harper for changing the date of the Wigram Allen Essay Prize reading at short notice to suit our deadline; and finally the staff of Austral Printing and Publishing Company.*



"Every inch a mammal."



"Perhaps I should say *another* unfortunate accident."



"Well, there's the man . . . who makes all the laws."

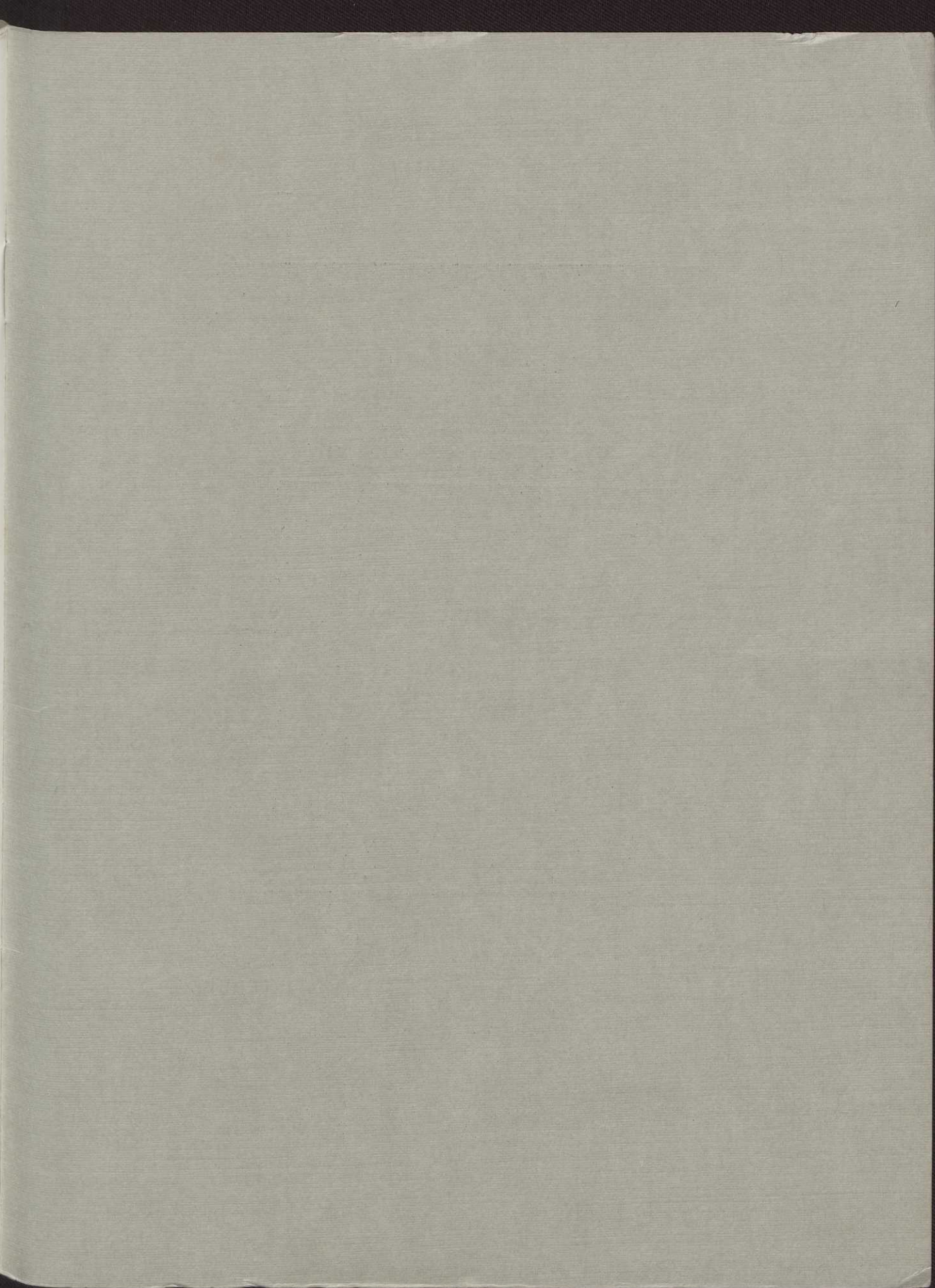


"Paddle in the water boys — enjoy yourselves."

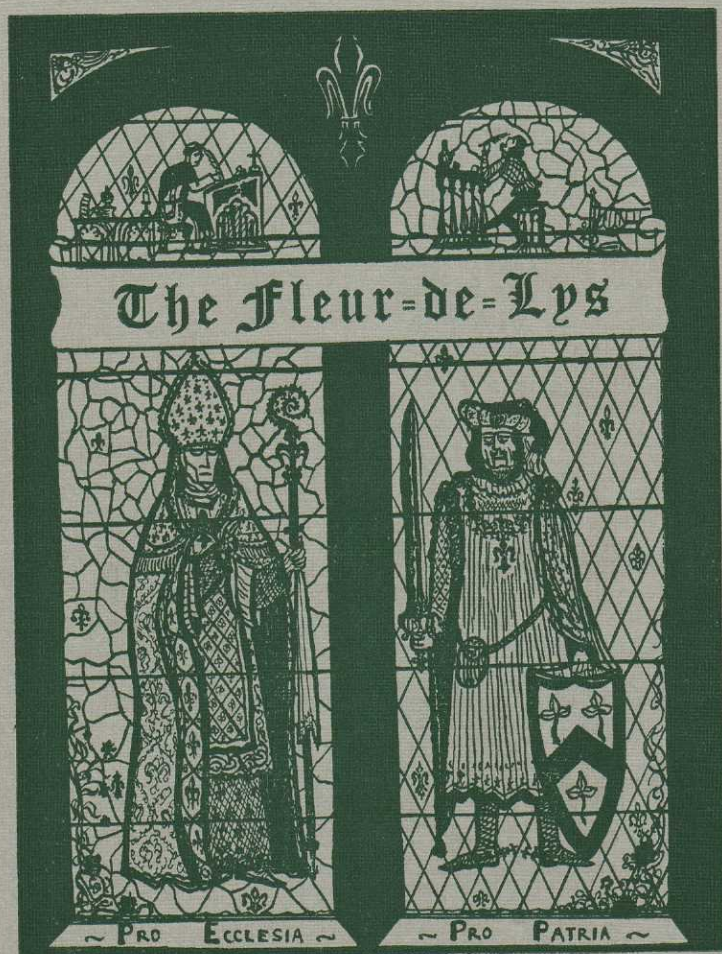


"The watchword for the closing year was: Work."









The Fleur-de-Lys

~ PRO ECCLESIA ~

~ PRO PATRIA ~