

COLLEGE, 1965

non, D. C. Cowan, M. J. Standish, G. V. Brown, C. B. W. Mitchell, R. J. Mackie, A. J. an, B. N. L. Benson, G. M. Knight, G. P. Simon, C. M. Kemp, C. L. Monie, J. A. Renowden.

. R. Fullerton, I. J. Gude, J. F. Patrick, D. D. Elder, J. R. Harrison, R. A. Guy, N. G. Ross, R. J. Murray, P. W. Haskett, B. W. C. Wilson, G. W. Ainsworth, P. S. Everist, J. A.

W. Smith, K. R. Griffiths, R. J. G. Smith, R. K. Jackson, P. A. H. Spear, W. D. King, F. Howard, C. H. D. Stevens, A. K. Gregson, L. G. J. Paynter, T. D. Buick, R. C. Miller,

nd, H. K. Colebatch, D. G. Gome, O. M. Evans, M. R. Gaylard, J. M. P. Robinson, kett, R. J. MacGregor, W. G. Martin, J. S. Larritt, A. G. McCracken, C. E. Carter, J. D. th, A. G. Bolton.

S. A. H. Ames, J. H. Shepherd, A. B. MacPherson, J. B. Minchin, W. F. Wilson, D. W. E. P. Kennon, F. N. Cornell, C. J. S. Renwick, G. E. Burstn, I. R. Lowry, T. C. Sephton, E. Gardener, R. S. Kemelfield.

g, I. J. Raymond, P. B. Seddon, O. Mace, D. O. Owen, R. J. MacKenzie, T. W. Griffiths, atthews, C. P. Lang, S. E. Howard.

e, T. H. Bainbridge, I. L. Barker, C. J. Betley, L. J. Buckland, A. J. Buzzard, R. W. Connell, er, T. S. Harris, A. D. Holmes, G. W. Hone, D. J. E. King, J. O. King, S. G. Larkins, C. D. McKellar, J. J. S. Madin, D. S. Meakin, G. G. Mitchell, P. J. Mitchell, R. M. C. H. G. Richards, H. W. Riggall, J. M. P. Robinson, R. B. Scott, J. B. Somerset, J. G. H. T. Wheler, S. J. B. Williams, J. C. Wilson.



TENNIS TEAM

Back Row: T. F. Brown, A. K. Heard, D. R. H. Fitts, G. W. Ainsworth.
Front Row: G. E. Burstson (Co-Capt.), A. G. McCracken, C. D. McKellar (Co-Capt.).



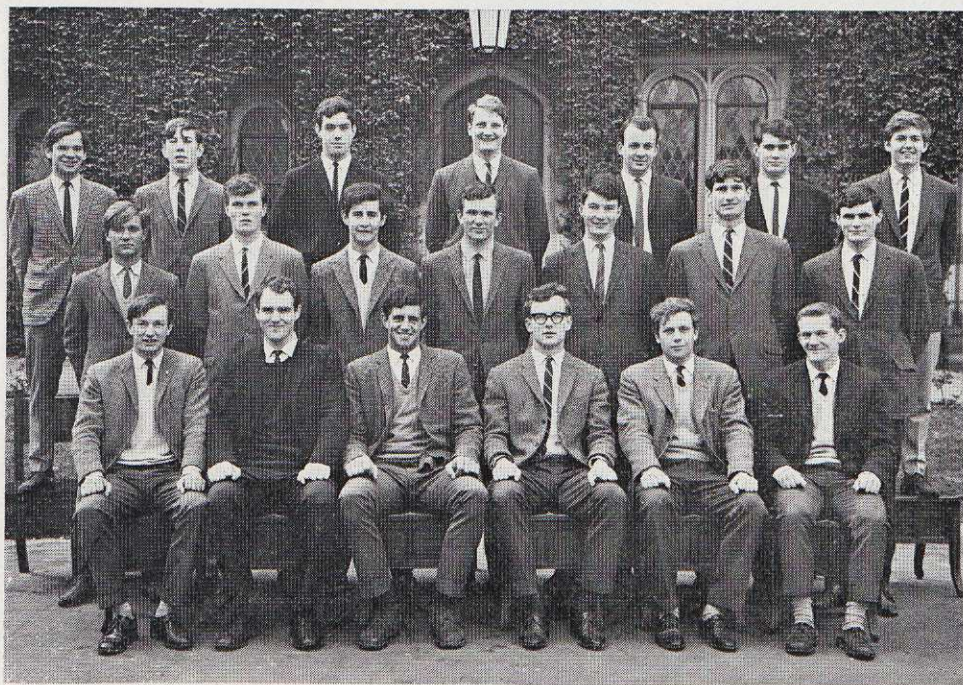
SECOND VIII

Back Row: P. S. Everist, G. M. Knight, C. D. McKellar, O. Mace.
Front Row: R. J. Webb, A. K. Gregson, D. S. Houghton, R. C. Miller.
Absent: S. G. Larkins (Stroke).



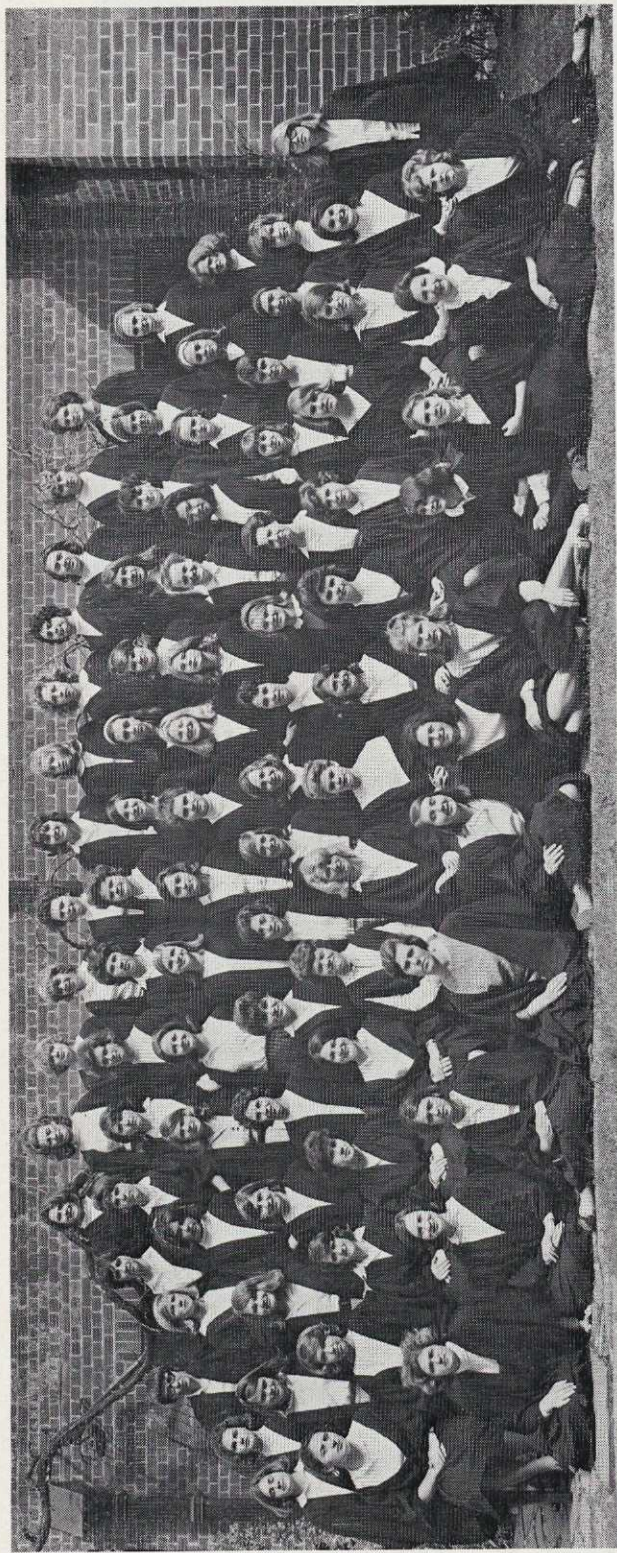
FIRST VIII

Back Row: C. J. Hazzard, A. H. Bainbridge, D. T. S. Hornsby, C. P. Lang.
Front Row: I. K. M. Galbraith (Captain), D. D. Elder (Stroke), R. G. A. A'Beckett,
D. A. Ellerman.
Sitting: A. O. A'Beckett.



FIRST XVIII

Back Row: T. F. Brown, M. Pruden, C. G. Mitchell, R. A. Guy, B. W. C. Wilson, G. W. Ainsworth, P. S. Everist.
Middle Row: J. A. Darling, W. D. King, R. J. Mackie, M. J. Standish, I. C. Mitchell, C. B. W. Mitchell, R. W. Harper.
Front Row: C. J. S. Renwick, I. K. M. Galbraith, G. E. Burston (Vice-Captain), C. G. Clarke, E. P. Kennon, T. C. Sephton.
Absent: J. R. P. Lewisohn (Captain), R. E. W. Wettenhall, J. M. P. Robinson.



JANET CLARKE HALL, 1965

Back Row: Margaret Wookey, Claudia Radok, Peta Haydon, Jo Hawkes, Christine Cowan, Sarnia Tardif, Ann Thwaites, Elaine Counsell, Beth Parker, Katharine Patrick, Elizabeth Maddison, Janet Murray.

Second Row: Gillian Monie, Margaret Cumpston, Margaret Jones, Robin Mason, Valerie Dickson, Margaret Lowings, Anne Dalrymple, Susi Lefroy, Jane Marwick, Jill Sitlington, Jake Gurner, Janet Lobban, Marian Lobban.

Third Row: Joan Foley, Bryony Oldham, Jenni Daniels, Jo Payne, Gillian Triggs, Claire Coates, Margaret Drysdale, Jenny Bryce, Virginia Duigan, Carolyn Coffey, Elizabeth Herington, Gan Sit Sang, Barbara McKae, Deborah Williams, Kerryn Higgs.

Fourth Row: Helen Vogel, Penny Weatherly, Helen Hartley, Patricia Lamb, Janet Sells, Maria Threikeld, Janet Hose, Judith Synnot, Robin Bromwich, Suzanne Tonkin, Margaret Vickers, Patricia Major, Heather Munro, Jill Guy, Kate Lubbe, Anna Chan, Carol Dixon, Cathy Forsyth.

Fifth Row: Kate Jackson, Jane Barnaby, Rosemary Hammond, Penny Wood, Amanda Drummond, Elizabeth Bishop, Margaret Lush, Margaret Pelling, Rosemary Stone, Cheryl Saunders, Katherine Howells, Anne Callow, Beverley Peers, Diane Sampey.

Front Row: Mary Day, Margaret Charles, Elizabeth Eaton, Jenny Mills, Helen Goldsmith, Patricia Eddy, Sylvia Meares, Anne Bowman, Wendy Cameron, Diana Pearson, Elizabeth Arnold.

Absent: Gerd Aagren, Penelope Baker, Katharine Bakewell, Ann Brewer, Jane Carnegie, Barbara Dunbar, Meredith Hunkin, Marie Kemp, Janet Knewstubb, Jan McGuinness, Janet Mackenzie, Jenny McLeod, Jane Pyke, Julia Read, Margery Rogan, Christine Ryall, Ann Salter, Jane Stoney, Robin Watson.

tion. They are privileged persons; their idiosyncrasies are hailed and copied, their styles of dress or undress slavishly imitated, their words recorded and their deeds remembered down the centuries.

So, as a godlike elite, nothing they do can be wrong; it is always explained on a multitude of grounds. If they have been fortunate enough to have come from a broken home, everything is excusable; if they display an artistic temperament they are coddled with every whim satisfied. And if they are innocent to the ways of the world, nothing is their fault. Because they have won renown, their misdeeds only shine with an added lustre, and their reflected glory burns still brighter. This is as it should be, for they have worked hard to become sublime and deserve their reward.

As privileged ones their responsibilities are few, for most people have other moral arbiters and can afford to smile benignly on the diversions of the great. The magnetism of paradise exerts a lesser pull on earthly gods, and the spoils of present glory have a more tangible reality than those of a dubious salvation. If their temptations are many, they have within their grasp the means to succumb, and the ordinary man may well cast a jealous eye over their seemingly limitless possibilities.

But once they have occupied the throne they can relax only for a short span; man is notoriously fickle and fresh heroes struggle daily for survival. All that is required is an occasional headline, a controversial word or a sensational action and the man-in-the-street's memory is jogged, his imagination fired and the famous one is assured of everlasting life. He whose fame rests on a narrow pinnacle is less secure, and the wind of change has every hope of knocking him spinning into oblivion. And what more terrible end for one who was once everybody's darling? "Out, out, brief candle!" Shakespeare pronounced, but he might also have said: "Shine on, shine on, brief glory!"

No, just as elusive fame is a prize after striving, once grasped it cannot be allowed to slip away. Yet simultaneously with eternal vigilance, the fruits of distinction grow daily more apparent. There is leisure to develop unexpected quirks of personality. Churchill, on becoming famous, displayed a surprising addiction to cigars, Samuel Taylor Coleridge to opium. No longer need one be obsessed by the single quality which brought renown; expansion is both welcome and necessary. These

are the days of cementing shaky foundations, of establishing a reputation upon a rock that will endure through storm and tempest and come out unscathed. How else could King Henry have tried his Church's tolerance six times and emerged victorious? He was a grand figure, perhaps a terrifying one, and it was this stature that made him invincible.

The man who seeks to be both immortal and invulnerable must cultivate round him an aura of aloofness. Famous men do not shake hands with beggars; it would tarnish their image, and they must be a race apart from the common man. Every man can appreciate some human foibles in his idol, but too many and he becomes one of them, and thereby damned. Idolatry is one of the strange characteristics of mankind; the species pines and fades away if it has nothing to worship. Once it was God, now the revolving wheels of civilisation have spurned the supernatural and look to the tangible. There are endless opportunities to celebrate man's nature and achievements; a flesh-and-blood god is comprehensible and comforting, far more attractive than an unattainable, ghostly legend.

Thus the men whose halls echo with their own renown are performing an indispensable as well as highly enjoyable service. They are putting into life an ingredient of spice and excitement; in rising above the common herd they provide a not-too-distant star for others to dream on. The coveted laurel wreath hangs waiting for whoever climbs the twisting stair to claim it. Think well before mounting the first step; it is guarded jealously. But the rewards are past man's understanding.

—VIRGINIA DUIGAN.

AT EASTER

I hear her laughter on the wind
Running down the hill
To where the waters leap
In the light air.

No longer watched, but watching,
The trout cuts quickly the jade
Of the deepening pool, and
Trembles her body white in the water.

She is mine at length, but I see
How frail the thread
That binds us when the light
Leaps in her eyes, and it is day.

—DAVID FITTS.

THE COMING TECHNOCRATS

On 21st September this year the Vernon report on the Australian economy was tabled in Federal Parliament. To some of its recommendations, particularly the proposal to set up an expert advisory council on economic growth, the Prime Minister reacted strongly.

... if the only problems in dealing with economic policy in a nation were purely technical, Parliament, which is not technical, and a cabinet which is not technical might as well hand over to a group of technicians.

In such a case democracy would have ceased and a technocracy would have begun.

The Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition, who supported this contention, appear strangely in the garb of defenders of the primacy of Parliament, for their parliamentary parties already adhere to the policies of the outside bodies on which they rely for electoral support. But the Vernon report and its reception is symbolic of a greater issue than this. Professional politicians in all parts of the world have long recognised their inability to handle the complex problems which industrialised society forces upon its governments. As a result, they have fallen into the habit of calling on technical experts for advice: and have found out that, once called, the experts cannot be wished away.

The men who come to hold power in Australian governments qualify for the job as experts in manipulating the strange constellation of party organisations, employers' associations, professional associations, trades unions, leagues and clubs which are the arbiters of power in this country. In the hands of men of this type Australian public life has been reduced to a state of galloping anaemia. There are even great areas of common concern where public attention and public policy, in any real sense, are almost non-existent mental health; care of retarded children; youth services; old age; cultural activities; and others. As for fundamental questions about the bases of social morality, the general goals of social action — you could almost say that Australian politics was based on a gentleman's agreement not to raise matters as difficult as these.

This is the measure of our achievement — of sixty years of Australian parliamentary democracy — that we have got ourselves a set of rulers who do not even know what the important problems are. Every people, it has been said, gets the government it deserves.

In the long run this picture is bound to change. More and more of the power of government will fall into the hands of technically trained specialists. This has, of course, been going on for some scores of years. The trained engineers, economists, educators, and others who were called into the public services to execute the policies laid down by politicians, soon came to have a strong influence on the formation of policy itself. We have now reached a situation where the important dispute over Australian policy towards overseas investment is not between political parties, but between two bodies of experts in the Department of Trade and the Treasury. In the sense of research results affecting public policy, government by experts is an established fact in fields like agriculture with the C.S.I.R.O., and is becoming more important year by year in education and some of the social services. There is still a vast field open and waiting for the application of existing knowledge and the development of applied research. But the trend is already irreversible. Once public administration has begun to call on expert knowledge, there is a continual pressure, in the logic of the administrator's situation, to call on more and better knowledge — to sponsor research where knowledge is lacking — in short, to call on technical experts in the formation of policy.

To predict the forms in which government by experts will develop in future is a matter for newspaper editors and other science fiction writers. But we can say with complete confidence that the trend towards it cannot be stopped without breaking the whole course of



"Class."

social development. Technocracy, in one form or another, is coming. Does it really offend our fundamental political values?

One basic objection to it has been stated by the Prime Minister: that it contradicts the postulates of democracy. This is certainly true: it does. It is also true that the present system of government contradicts the same postulates. In Australia, as in the United States, "democracy" has become a hurrah word used to invest the present order of things with a golden glow of divine approval. Under any political system only restricted types of people are able to hold power. Modern government is a demanding, difficult, and highly-skilled combination of art and science. Yet the present "democratic" system requires only two things of a man before he assumes power: that he has a one-eyed party loyalty; and that he has successfully learnt how to deceive the electorate.

Rule by the people has become a threadbare farce. Rule by professional politicians is an unpleasant fact. Rule by technical experts is a frightening prospect only because it blows aside the self-adulation and self-deception in our conception of politics and demands of us a fresh look at the nature and uses of power. It demands a re-examination of the responsibility of a government to the people it governs. For where present governments are covertly irresponsible, technocracy is openly so. The idea of technocracy is based on the principle that the more complex political decisions become, the more they require high-level technical knowledge, and the less suited they are to the arbitration of a mass electorate. This is neither "right" nor "wrong"; it is simply a condition of modern life, and our attention should go to the ways of dealing with it. It is here that technocracy has a positive advantage in the form of different controls over the holders of power. A scientist or technician is responsible, in a different sense, to his discipline — to the theories, procedures, and canons of thought which alone validate his judgments. He cannot continue to violate the principles of economics, developmental psychology, or agricultural science and yet continue to make the right decisions. If this implies that judgment and review of many policy decisions must be resigned to an oligarchy of specialists, trusting in their integrity — then we may say that this is true and not to be avoided. The alternative to a skilled oligarchy is simply an unskilled oligarchy.

A technocracy remains responsible in another sense. The stereotype of cold, emotionless, narrow specialists is both misleading and harmful. Despite having been to a university, policy scientists remain human beings. The Prime Minister obviously believes that anyone with special training and skills in matters of policy is incapable of placing them in perspective and taking a wide view of a whole range of problems. The answer to this prejudice against men with scientific skills is simply that it is false. A man who is highly-trained is, in fact, more likely to be able to put his expertise in proper perspective than someone who is not trained. And the technocrat is quite as capable as any other man of seeing the human sides of problems. After all, he does have hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions: he is fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter as any other man.

The technocrat is no bogey. He is part of our future. Whether we set out to understand and appreciate the role he is to play, or whether we succumb to antique prejudices against him — on this may hang the next half-century's history.

R. W. CONNELL.

POEM

The evening arrived suddenly tonight;
The gentle insistent demands of the day
Shied at the blow of the dark; the time
Arrives to try the endurance of my light.

Back on the beaches of the driftwood dawn
The visionary relief of new help broke,
Returning, unearned, as the sea-waves fall
Washing the cold sand warm.
Here the uncertain land-bound echoes go,
Deceiving or distracting, but remote;
Here also the hurled dark has choked
Vestigial embers of the fire burnt low.

Neither the joy last year
Nor last week's hope remove
These shadows and encroaching fears:
My vision left me here.

JANE HALL.

WORLD WITHIN THE WORLD

As the Sun moves around the Earth (I speak as an empirical fellow) a cloak of darkness shrouds our antheps and human life enters its alternate phase. But the World Within the World never sleeps, it knows neither light, nor time, nor spatial limitation. Its unsleeping eyes are ever upon us, its beings move for the most unseen and unrealised through our midst, its incorporeal intelligences quietly stretch forth tentacles of contact to our minds and we casually brush them aside as if a flimsy insect had alighted briefly on our arm or if some muffled cry, irritating in its weakness, were greeted with a shrug and a stroll in the opposite direction.

The supernatural is treated with bellicose scepticism by most people. It may perhaps be kept as an after-dinner amusement when another noiser toy has broken down, something to impress pious young men or gullible old ladies, or to punish children who can be assured of a nice night's entertainment after bedtime. We reject the nightmares with our childhood, we reject the supernatural as part of childhood. So the naive supernaturalist stands before the throng to be greeted with cries of, "Come on! Show us your evidence. Pull the rabbit out of the hat. We shall find the mirrors, the secret compartments — and the sinister motives." Then the supernaturalist begins that invariable monologue which opens with "Have you heard . . . ?" and ends, amidst roars of scorn, with the self-righteous mumble, "Well, if you don't believe it . . . I do." Amen.

But the rational materialist and occult man are both escapists, at base they both agree. The linguistic dressing is different, the world view is virtually the same.

Our rational materialist is a victim of the great Newtonian superstition. Hence he is rarely found in the higher orders of modern science. But for most of us the Newtonian supersition reigns supreme. All the world is one big watch, one carefully balanced, precisely determined, closed mechanical system, governed by an infinite number of inductively verifiable generalisations upon which we bestow the hallowed word "law." This Closed System is almost a necessary article in the conceptual baggage of the rational materialist. But, when the experiment does not work the schoolboys hiss at the elderly master who runs his bony fingers through his white locks and wings about faulty equipment, adverse condi-

tions or imperfect chemicals. But what would the schoolboys do if the elderly master terminated a dissertation on the laws of gravity by promptly levitating several feet above the platform? Saint Joseph of Cupertino, so we are told, had to wear an anchor around his neck in processions so that the fervour of devotion would not carry him away. We may laugh at the pious tradition, but who can laugh at the detailed documentary evidence which was gathered by the commission which thoroughly investigated the case of this seventeenth century Italian friar?

Better to ignore it altogether. Admit one breach of the laws, one tiny fissure in the Closed System and the Newtonian superstition falls apart. We are left with the Open System, the vista of infinite probability, relative rationality, the uneasy realisation of the presence of the World Within the World. When all the rational explanations have run out the rational materialist has only a pure act of his will between the security of the artificial world of the "Enlightenment" and the uncomfortable loneliness of the Open System. He must reject what will flay his intellect, tear away the grinning mask of the good fellow, the glorious mask of emancipated man. Look behind the mask and see a fool in a shroud, marching boldly to the grave, unseeing eyes staring ahead, jaw out in a show of bravado, fingers firmly embedded in the ears as grinning lips mouth again and again those magic words of class, and race, and school, and sect — ". . . an open mind, an open mind, an open mind . . .".



Culture."

So Victor Hugo came to Lourdes. While he was there a miraculous cure involving an incurable girl took place. Yet in the book he wrote afterwards the girl was made to die. "Why? Why did you make this girl die in your book, Monsieur Hugo, when you know she is alive today?" cried the medical authorities of Lourdes. But Victor Hugo just turned and snarled that he created the characters of his literature and he could destroy them. He was no gentleman, but at least he was an honest man.

Occult man, on the other hand, is a more obvious escapist even as he believes in a form of Open System. Better the world "beyond" or "above." Aunt Edith clings to the table top as Madame gibbers with the pathetic voice of a long dead but not forgotten child. Haul in the deus ex machina! Relieve the anguish of this "valley of tears." Weep and shake and groan at the revivalist meeting, utter languages never before heard on this earth, strain and wallow in the psyche to the point of madness, all the while making liberal tithes to one's jailors. But this is the lighter side of escape into the World Within the World.

There is the darkness of the Left Hand Path, a cultus of evil which, like some cancer, has flourished from the very shadows of man's primeval origins. Dare we speculate that it is stronger today than ever before, that the blindness of post-medieval humanity has only cultivated a growth which, when feared and recognised, was also pruned with sword and fire? Not six miles from this city a woman writhed in demonic possession, was exorcised, and whatever, or whoever, possessed her made a direct attack on the man who performed the exorcism. Then there are houses, not merely haunted, but infested with such evil that persons and animals sensitive to the World Within dare not and cannot enter their doors. Haiti lies shrouded in the powers of Voodoo, down in Fitzroy the Maltese sacrifice a cockerel, on a midsummer afternoon middle-class English folk sip tea then rise up naked to pay homage to the ancient abomination, the Lady Ashtoreth. But there is an ultimate horror to Satanism, for when evil visibly manifests itself, singly or in legion, the voices of Hell blaspheme in impotence at the Figure of the Other One and the legions who serve Him. They recognise his reality and in anguish their followers must recognise Him also. Such is the kingdom of Hell, the kingdom of hopelessness.

Enslavement is the price of all superstition from the Satanist cavern with its spluttering

corpse-fat candles, down through the pseudo-Egyptian tawdriness of the Rosicrucian temple to the armchairs and tasteful wall to wall carpet of that sect which, despite its name, is neither Christian nor scientific. Its masters are slaves, the witch of Endor, Rasputin, the cheap peddlars of Eastern fatalism ever gazing at the stars, the jewelled and powdered courtiers whose presence cloy the atmosphere of the palace of Versailles to this day. We see Alfred Deakin and Conan Doyle enslaved by the seance, the wiles of charlatans or perhaps the schemes of other charlatans who never walked this earth in human form. We see the travesty of a life led by the Satanist Aliester Crowley, whose very name is said by the simple to bring misfortune. Some choose to see the paths of human glory followed by princes and dictators as the reward for some pact with darkness. So the image of Faust dances before our eyes.

If the price of superstition, rational or irrational, is enslavement and possible ruin, the reward it promises is very attractive and enticing. For occult man it is the inner knowledge, the "gnosis," only entrusted to the chosen few, to the best people. Through this inner knowledge man achieves the Power, the Power to manipulate people, natural forces and future eventuality. The promise is the same, and people write faithfully to scribe Amorc, or Ron Hubbard, or speak to the spirits, or debauch themselves before the Satanic Goat of Mendes. However, the ability to use manipulatory powers by a knowledge of deep mysteries rests on a premise identical to the assumption of the rational materialist who rejects the supernatural completely. It is a common belief in a system of laws, a determinist system which can be analysed and dissected and then used for certain temporal ends.

Now we are faced with two extremes and one compromise is tempting, the acceptance of the fact of the World Within tempered by a rigorous search for natural explanations. So the learned gentlemen of the Society for Psychological Research gather at the witching hour to sit all rugged up and fortified with thermoses of coffee (alcohol is taboo) waiting for the moment of truth. Cotton is stretched across the doorway, talcum powder dusts the floorboards, cameras stand poised and one timid, yet perhaps wise, soul fingers a small bottle of holy water hidden from the view of more empirical fellows. So dawn comes, and the sleepless empiricists soundly berate the timid soul, who, of course, slept like a door-

mouse, and proceed to examine the cotton, the talcum powder and the camera. Perhaps the camera will tell them something, perhaps not. But this approach, which is necessary for any form of investigation of uncanny events, is fraught with the danger of fleeing to the most specious naturalistic explanations for what is explicable.

Perhaps wonders like telepathy, extra-sensory perception, apparitions at the point of death, certain forms of possession and the possibility of pre-existence may be enlightened by psychological investigation. Perhaps the parapsychologist can produce the stigmata on the body of a patient, but has he explained why Teresa Neumann or Padre Pio should bear Christ's wounds on their bodies? So often the analysis of how some non-natural phenomenon occurs only clarifies the mechanics without really solving problems of situation, time, frequency and the lack of hysteria in the victim or witness involved.

However, if we favour the plausible view which places the pre-condition of our limited understanding as the decisive factor in phenomena described as "supernatural," then we could maintain the freedom which occult man has renounced. We could share his belief in the Open System, not so much a duality between matter and spirit, but a system where for the most part the distinction between nature and supernature is very blurred. Convenience leads us to think in terms of two "Worlds" because when that dimension which I prefer to call the "World Within" impinges upon our time and space we can only describe it in terms of "ghost," "spirit," "apparition" or "haunting."

When the World Within irrupts purposively into our dimensions we talk in terms of miracle. When seventy thousand people claim to have seen the Sun dance and plummet over a Portuguese hillside at a pre-arranged time in 1917, the historian winces and leaves Portugal to the Portuguese and the cheap journalist gleefully diverts us in the hairdressing saloon with lurid exaggerations or exposures of fraud. But, humbly assuming the limitation of human understanding, it may be more accurate to describe the miraculous as not necessarily contrary to nature but contrary to what we know about nature, nature here meaning the whole Universe.

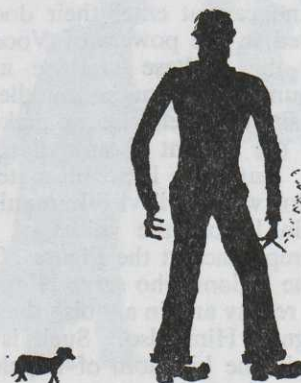
But there is a final consideration which involves the problem of values. Occult man and the rational materialist share a common pride in their ability to know and manipulate every-

thing. The end of this pride is the dehumanisation of man where goodness and love have little meaning. Our rational materialist, with his Closed System of laws and determined development, is ever prone to that idealism expressed in his ideologies of super man, super race or super class. Seeking to manipulate or co-operate with his environment he sets out for the promised land and wakes up in his own totalitarian desert. On a more personal scale the enslavement of occult man has a similar dehumanised totalitarian quality.

Again I would advocate a slight erring on the side of the occult man who at least recognises good and evil as principles of nature even if he drifts into the depressing dualism of Zoroaster or the obscene horror of the black mass. For, considering that whole range of "supernatural" beings we can discern personalities of a distinct goodness or evil, angels or demons if you like, which reflect the human beings of this dimension albeit at a far more distinct pitch of perfection or degradation.

There is apparently a hierarchy of beings, ranging from the simple poltergeist force-field, through those ethereal shades of a human form (some claim there is one in Trinity) to the complex intelligences, good and evil, which men have given traditional titles and personal names. The hierarchic structure by analogy with this world suggests differing levels of intelligent cosmic life and a dynamic evolution and life struggle. But we can only speculate in darkness. One day, for every one of us, that darkness will at least change. Then, perhaps, we shall comprehend and experience the World Within and find that it far excels the wildest dreams of the children of this world.

PETER J. ELLIOTT.



"Cantankerousness."

THINK UPON HER STONES

I want to share with you tonight a rather unique experience. Recently I was privileged to visit a University College, not widely known here in Melbourne, situated in a remote part of our State. It is a private foundation, established some twenty years ago, along clearly prescribed lines. It goes by the name of Winston Hall: not after the late great old man and latterly unwitting benefactor of Australian youth, but after a certain pooh-bah whose character evokes an even more profound emotional response. The College motto is "Tum ti ti tum ti ti tum tum tum": some have ignorantly supposed it an obsessive reference to Man's gastric and navel-contemplating nature; but, in fact, it is a verse of dactylic tetrameter with spondaic third foot and apocopized fourth, symbolising young eagerness yielding to middle-aged quiescence terminated by senility and death: tum ti ti tum . . . tum . . . tum — we might translate it "life in a nutshell." The coat of arms of the College has a white bear rampant on a green field with honey bees couchant, nay dormant, amongst fleurs de lys.

The Warden of Winston Hall I met soon after my arrival. He is a gentle man, aged 48, an unmarried vegetarian fond of gardening and Greek vase-painting, especially of the proto-geometric period. He holds an Arts degree in Spanish and Middle High German from Rangoon University and an honorary doctorate from the Conquistadore Gymnasium of Buenos Aires. His staff range over all the professions — there are 24 tutors, mostly with degrees, though three or four make do with certificates personally signed by Dale Carnegie. All of them are first-rate chaps. There are ninety-seven students of both sexes, aged between seventeen and fifty-five, much the same as in this College, and they are encouraged to put their life on as broad and community-minded basis as possible. The domestic staff is headed by a woman of great stature and fortitude, Miss Adelaide Gamble. She has the title of Undertaker, even though the word has none of the unpleasant associations it has acquired in our urban society.

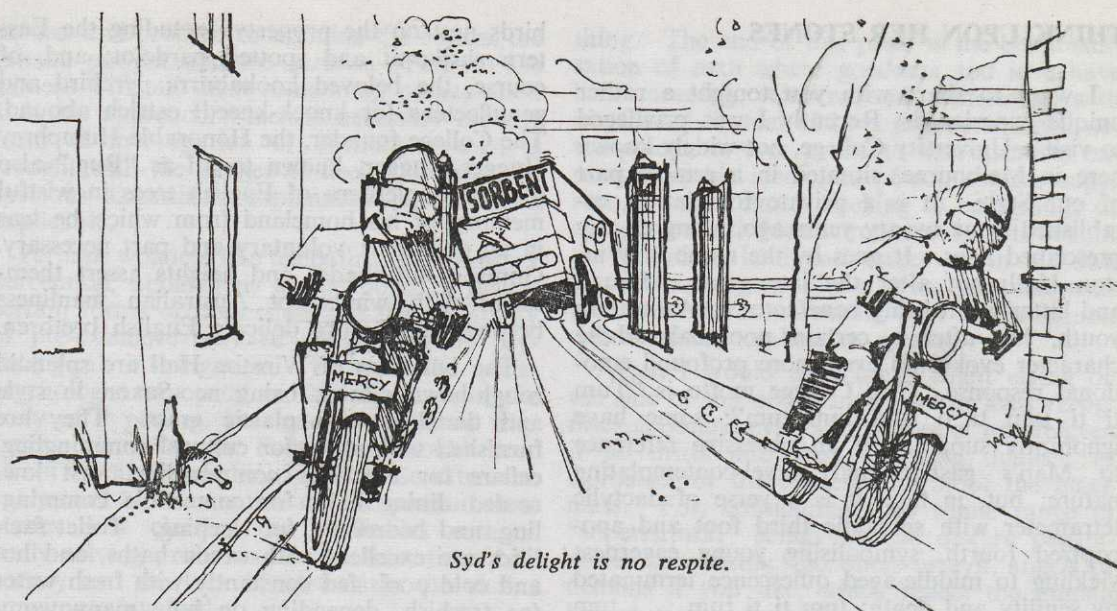
The College stands in eighty-five acres of pastured or timbered land, irrigated from the nearby Kanga River. Cows are to be seen and the odd bull; and a few pigs snuffle round the small enclosure specially built for them and dedicated as "Piglet's Paradise." Many

birds nest on the property, including the Eastern shrike-tit and spotted pardelot; and, of course, the beloved kookaburra, lyrebird and genuflectens (or knock-kneed) ostrich abound. The College founder, the Honorable Humphrey Hugger-Mugger, known to all as "Bug," also planted a plethora of English trees in wistful memory of his homeland from which he was in an exile part voluntary and part necessary. Gums of all shades and heights assert themselves with windswept Australian manliness between their more delicate English brethren.

The buildings of Winston Hall are splendid rough-hewn affairs, being neo-Saxon in style and thatched with plastic grass. They are furnished with attics for cultural commingling, cellars for alcoholic commingling, vast low-roofed dining halls for comestible commingling, and bedrooms, for sleeping. Toilet facilities are excellent with sauna baths, and hot and cold pools fed constantly with fresh water (or freshish, depending on how many wombats have recently drowned in the Kanga River). Lavatories are provided with literary journals, and basket and crochet-work sets, so that not a moment may be wasted.

Study is greatly encouraged at certain times of the day, and the library is well-equipped with a full set of Encyclopaedia Britannica and every Reader's Digest money-saving offer over the last ten years — except the "Music for Your Every Mood" record album which was wilfully smashed by a mad multiple-personality student only a few months ago. Herbert W. Armstrong's publications, the complete works of Mary Baker Eddy and a liberal supply of Theosophical and Catholic Truth Society tracts form an interesting juxtaposition in the library section labelled "Religious Phenomenology." Text books are secured from Formosa, being illegal lithographic offprints of the products of America's leading publishing houses. Novels and poetry are regarded as important adjuncts to all courses, and large portraits may be viewed of Ezra Pound, Percy Bysshe Shelley, Carson McCullers, John Milton, Enid Blyton, Paul Brickhill and Christina Rossetti. Directly outside the library there is a large courtyard seen to the best effect on dramatic festivals; last year O'Neill's "Desire Under the Elms" and Shakespeare's "Love's Labours Lost" were performed on the same night one after the other, and the audience was rapt not only with the production but with the authentic setting.

Eating arrangements are carefully planned to facilitate gracious living; meals are staggered



Syd's delight is no respite.

from eight in the morning and the staggering increases during the day. Breakfast is usually a light snack of paw-paw juice, brandy snaps and coffee with lemon. Lunch affords a variety of dishes, ranging from peanut butter and gherkin sandwiches through coleslaw and hard-boiled ostrich egg to sweet and sour potato, veal cutlets, Danish-blue cheese with a screw-driver to wash down. Dinner is quite elaborate, lasting about an hour and a half, with hors d'oeuvres, soup, pasta, steak or fresh fish from the Kanga River (sometimes only freshish), some sweet dish, and coffee, liqueur, cheese and biscuits to follow. The juice of the local grape is served, the 1961 Gold Medal Winston Shiraz being a popular red wine for special meals. Students and staff dine Roman style in shifts on couches. For great festivals, such as Founder's Day, the meals are spiced with toasts, to our Sovereign Lady (the Queen), to the welfare of Winston Hall and to the memory of A. A. Milne and the Hon. Humphrey. The Warden, dressed in bardic robes, gives a recitation of his poem, the "Saga of Hugger-Mugger," accompanied by a Jew's harp, and a minute's silence is observed at the end.

Before discussing the more spiritual values of the College, I want to advert briefly to two more important facets of its community life. Firstly, sport and bodily exercise. Physical incompetence is treated as nothing less than sinful and remedial courses of muscle-building

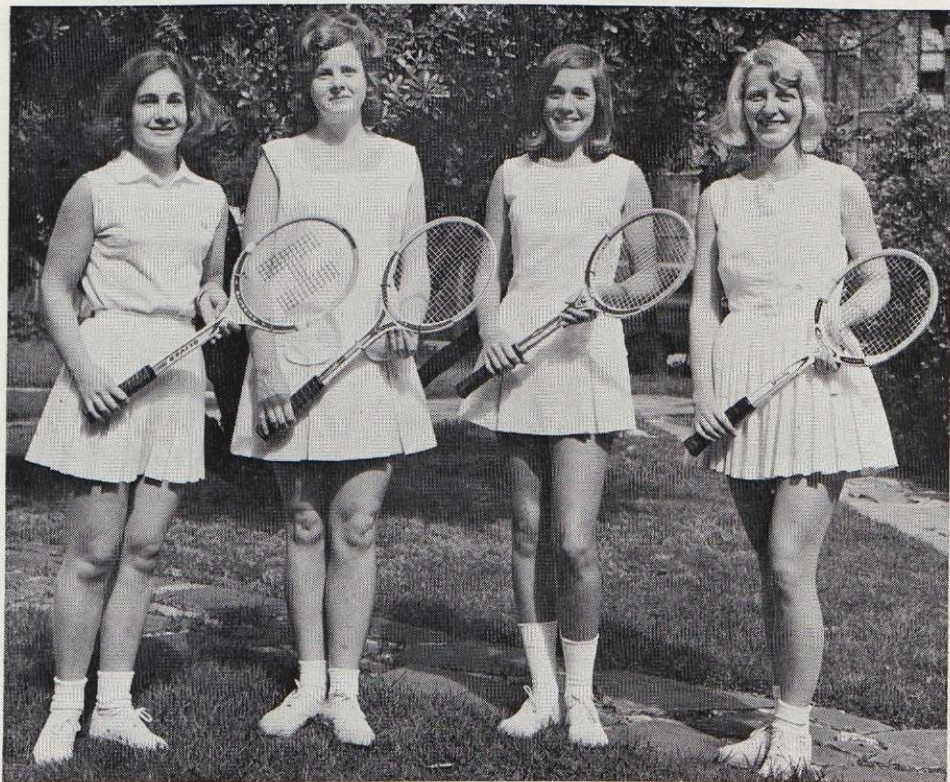
and reflex co-ordination are offered to chaps whose sporting prowess is so deep-seated in their make-up as to be initially invisible. Work round the property — ploughing, milking, fencing, tree-pruning and harvesting is taken with as much good humour as the compulsory cold baths. Cricket, rugger, soccer, Australian Rules, basketball, hockey, polo, tennis, swimming, all have their place in the curriculum. Indoor sports, such as billiards and cards, are also popular. The girl students provide ardent moral support, knit sports jumpers and wash and iron shirts for the menfolk. To compensate for the lack of male numbers, a few of them venture on to the field, especially for hockey, tennis and polo, but always tentatively and with due modesty of dress and bearing. Winston Hall also emphasises military service. Parades are held every day at 7 a.m. for an hour's healthy P.T. and drill, and instruction is given in the use of the .303, mortar, Bren gun, Owen, Morse code, signalling, tank and infantry manoeuvres and all other necessary preparation for modern warfare and the mercy killing of misguided aggressors. The girls are called in here as well, to play in the band, to provide heroic admiration, to clean uniforms and to cook for bivouacs and other meaningful military exercises.

The cultural life of the College is many-sided. Medieval music is in great vogue, and



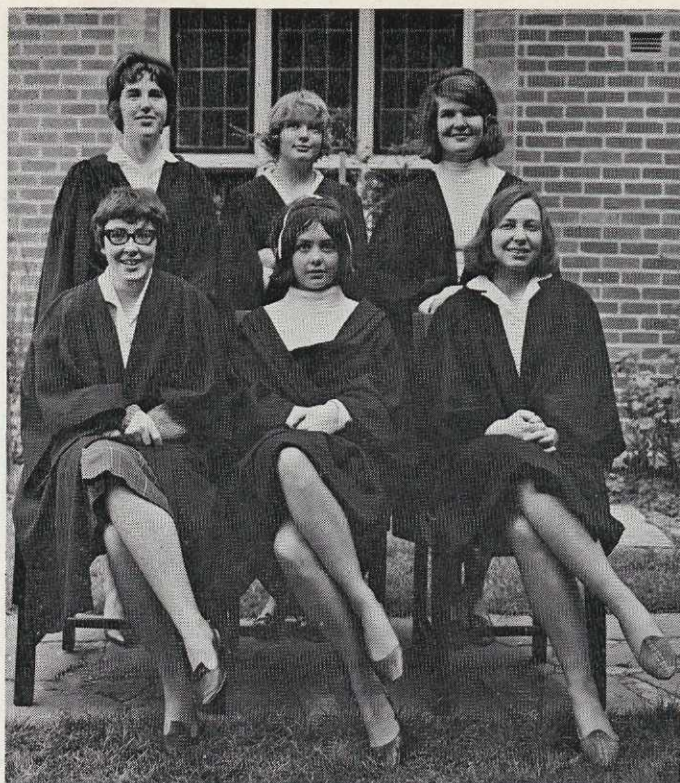
J.C.H. SQUASH TEAM

Back Row: Peta Haydon, Robin Mason, Jane Marwick.
In Front: Robin Bromwich.



J.C.H. TENNIS TEAM

Helen Vogel, Elizabeth Arnold, Robin Bromwich, Margaret Lush.



J.C.H. BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row: Margaret Cumpston, Peta Haydon, Jane Marwick.

Front Row: Joan Foley, Jenni Daniels, Suzanne Tonkin.

Absent: Jill Sitlington.



J.C.H. HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: Christine Cowan, Katharine Patrick, Margaret Cumpston, Margaret Charles, Jane Marwick, Kate Jackson.

Front Row: Margaret Drysdale, Amanda Drummond, Peta Haydon, Rosemary Hammond.

Absent: Elizabeth Parker.

for three hours each weekend the corridors resound with the toot, whistle, plunk and boom of sackbuts, hautbois, tambours, serpents, psalteries, portative organs, lutes, and viols, not to mention the favourite recorder. Later this year a recital of Chaucer will be given in costume, together with dancing and minstrelsy, and a morality play to jolly the programme along. Modern ethnic music of the Rolling Stones and Animals variety is severely frowned upon and students with transistors are required to insert band-selector devices in them so that certain wavelengths may be eternally precluded, notably 930. Painting and sculpture are fostered, often in conjunction, and a successful exhibition of colourful busts was held in May, 1964. Creative writing is set at a premium, and last year's competition for the best poem was won by an entry in elegiac couplets beginning: "Tum ti ti tum ti ti tum, tum tum ti ti tum ti ti tum ti, Tum tum tum tum tum, tum ti ti tum ti ti tum" — it turned out to be a brilliant set of enigmatic variations on the College motto and was received with a standing ovation when first read out in public.

I have already indicated that members of Winston Hall have an enlightened attitude towards alcohol. In matters of sex, students are encouraged to express themselves in properly channelled and natural ways. A little heterosexual lasciviousness in the cowshed hay bales is not thought amiss, though any form of excess or deviation would receive proper condemnation and disciplinary punishment from a tearful Warden. The College has an active political discussion group which meets once a week to explore fully its partnership with our Prime Minister in making this country a happy and prosperous place. Radicalism of any form is treated with the scorn it deserves and political enthusiasm is always controlled and directed by the knowledge that lengthy tenure of office in government is a healthy sign that the people are basically serene and contented.

Religion-wise great freedom is allowed. Most find the full life of Winston Hall sufficient by itself to have no need of the psychological stop-gap provided by Christianity. Signs are placed at strategic points round the property reminding nature-worshipping students as they stroll by of various vital truths: "Know thyself," "True peace is found round this bush," "Moderation in all things," "God is what you think He is," and so on. Surprisingly there has been an upsurge of interest in Eastern religions and one of the tutors is at this minute writing

a book he plans to call "Honest to Buddha" with appendices on "How to avoid Confucianism" and "Gautama and the underground of our being" or "Our man in Nirvana."

Winston Hall is, in fact, a place we should all be proud of. Not only is it polymathic in its devotion to so many forms of learning, it synthesises in its inmates a serenity and inner strength which will keep them unruffled in any crisis the world may suffer. It is not surprising that, to the students of the College, their spiritual home is no impersonal "it," but a gracious and lovely mother figure. Some have even added an "e" to the end of "Hall" in an effort to impart linguistic gender to their love. The contemplation of such catholic and maternal influence in an educational institution prompts me to close with the words of one of the College's own poets written to reassert the truth after two students had wickedly impugned the virtue of their alma mater:

It is wrong and cruel to see in Lady Winston
a bag of old dry bones.

Come lads and lasses, take courage, observe
her figure, yea, think upon her stones.

Does she not seem a high-class matron, no
Smith or Bloggs or Jones?—

Then sound her praise by trumpet, bugle—
and trunk-line telephones.

JIM MINCHIN.

THE NEW WORLD

When we were young
We always carried
The pleasing consciousness
That we were the new world;
That we would control
The latter half
Of the twentieth century.

But now that we are old
And we have the new world,
We hold it in our hands
And spin it—
We fain would keep our tyrant's grasp, but fear
The curses of our children
Will lash it from our hands.

CLARE HOWARTH.

AS HE DREW NEAR TO THE HOUSE HE HEARD MUSIC AND DANCING

Anyone who has had any stage experience will doubtless have encountered after a performance that intrepid backstage visitor who gaily chirrups, "You were excellent, my dear, but just exactly what were you meant to be?" Apart from the revelation that your acting has not been crystal clear to them, there is frequently an echo sounding in your own heart as you wonder yourself just exactly what the author was getting at.

This situation, or something akin to it, has been fired at me over the past few months after every recital in the College Chapel. Whether the remarks are derogatory or appreciative, they are very often concluded with the question, "What exactly are you trying to do?" And as above I ask myself the same question, "Just exactly what am I getting at?"

The obvious and initial answer I hope comes from the titles of the programmes, which claim that certain facts and beliefs of the Christian faith are being interpreted in words, music and movement. I apologise for the clumsiness of these titles, but an alternative has eluded me and my associates. Recital, programme, etc., all sound a little forbidding, and conjure up unfortunate visions of draughty halls, dingy brown curtains, potted palms and a list of items either so small that you wonder what you are going to do with the rest of the evening, or so long that you wonder when you can decently and quietly escape.

There is, I am sure, a pressing need for a theological re-adjustment towards art. We are the inheritors of a tradition of misunderstanding and intolerance, where several forms of art (such as drama and the dance) were almost totally excluded from the church, and where other art forms have been used mainly for embellishment purposes or for their teaching value. And this attitude is still virulent today. Paintings chosen solely for their "pious effect" or even worse to obscure a bit of bad wall plaster; music used purely as accompaniment and now and then solo, to create a pious mood, or to cover up entrances and exits; a short play (usually by the dear kiddies in sheets and bath towels) to help illustrate a sermon; a short dance — heavens no, except in those rather advanced places like Trinity College Chapel, and even there, not yet in the context of the liturgy.

Against this attitude is the view that art has an inherent theology. It is necessary both to the expression of the **kerygma** and the interpretation of it. The demythologizing age in which we are living can present several dangers, some of which, affecting our theological thinking, affect also our attitudes towards art. Current theology quite rightly questions the outer framework in which the message of God's saving activity is enshrined, and strips away what is judged to be inessential, to leave us with the inner kernel of truth. But to make this kernel intelligible it is necessary to reclothe it and re-express it. Pure and simple truth is meaningless to people, unless it is made significant in terms of their life and experience. As that nineteenth century prophet Oscar Wilde quipped, "The truth is never pure and rarely simple." It is not the slightest use telling people that God is the ground of all being, unless they are given some indication of what that being is and what is their part in it. For example, it is no use reducing a parable such as the Good Samaritan to a kernel of truth and saying, "There, the essential thing is that God is pure love." The "myth" of the Good Samaritan has been used to tell us the **really** essential thing, what kind of love God is. Re-tell it how we will, we are always going to end up with a story or myth suspiciously like the original version.

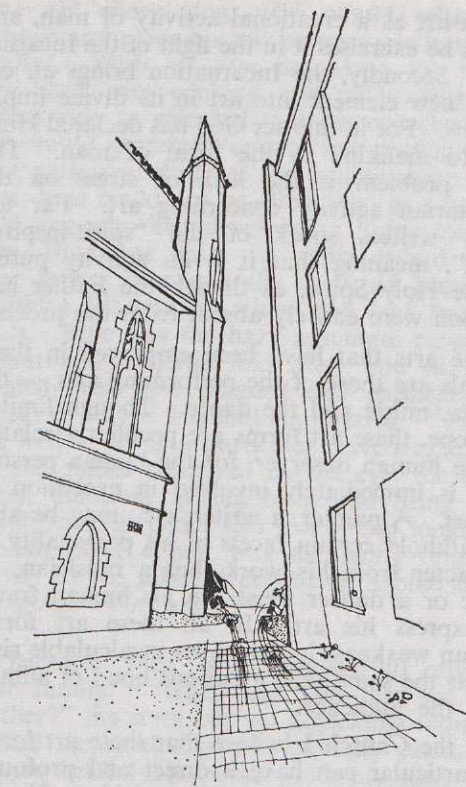
In our endeavour to make the truth meaningful we always start with the example of our Lord. The whole incarnate life of Christ—His miracles, His acts of power and healing, His teaching, His death and resurrection — all were a sacramental means of manifesting the real truth of God's creation. In this sense he himself was the greatest art form the world has ever known. From the Incarnate the Christian artist must draw every justification for what he attempts to do.

Truth and its expression were integrated here in the Incarnate life as never possible for other men, but the early Christians lived their lives and proclaimed His gospel as fully as possible in the footsteps of Christ. And to do so, from the very beginning, with ancient symbols like the fish and the cross, in every sermon they preached, they used art, no matter how elementary in form. Above all, there was the unique symbolic action of the Eucharistic meal, recounting in words and action, in significant sight and sound, the saving acts of the mighty God, culminating in the person and life of Jesus of Nazareth. The early church was not

so much concerned about art overtly, they simply used it. They had to in order to preach and live the saving message that Christ had entrusted to them. In the New Testament times, when the imminent Parousia dominated their thought, no great consideration was given to any theory of art or its significance theologically, as indeed to many another feature of society. There is neither space nor time to recount the controversies that surrounded the attitude of the early Christian Church towards the arts. They are largely concerned with representational art, and largely an historic situation which no longer concerns us. What some of the early Fathers wrote concerning this problem is not only irrelevant to our times but also inaccurate, in the light of the Holy Spirit's guidance of the Church in later ages. If there is no precise instruction in the New Testament concerning art, neither is there any injunction against it.

Our encounter with human beings is mainly in terms of their personalities, yet I think it is true to say that we never talk or think about their personalities, without also the experience of the physical person that embodies that personality. In the same way there is an integral connection between the message of God's saving acts, and the means we use to express them and interpret them. It could be very interesting to trace fully this relationship between the various arts and the doctrines they express. For example, with architecture. No one suggests that it is the actual church building that is the Church, but without some such visible focus of assembly, how effectively would the doctrine of the corporate nature of the Church be expressed and maintained? It is well within New Testament times that one particular house is selected and used for the assembling of the mystical body of Christ.

The Incarnation has enabled all the activity which we humans pursue to be at least possible of sanctification, even if on first sight it might be difficult to see just how this is to be done. There is still a great problem to be faced, in that this fact needs to be proved to many a congregation, for hostility and misunderstanding are very real objects. It is not so many years since in this diocese (and elsewhere throughout Australia) the performance of Christopher Fry's "Sleep of Prisoners" was banned from presentation in Anglican churches. Nor so many years ago a prominent Melbourne organist dared to state that he owed more to J. S. Bach for his Christian faith



*'Tis their freedom to choose
'Twixt booze and pews.*

than to any sermon he had ever heard preached. In doing so he raised a storm from many angry Melbourne clerics, most of whom seemed to suggest that the man was telling lies. Cleric as well as layman must face the fact that God does speak directly to and through the artist, who in this sense may well be the prophetic successor.

It is imperative that neither should the Church isolate the artist, nor the artist isolate himself. But in regard to the latter, there are many artists of all kinds in recent times who have found the fullest expression of their art in the Christian faith, and this in spite of their professed atheism and agnosticism. It is this "great gulf fixed" that is primarily the responsibility of the Church to bridge. So far, many artists have found tragically little response or understanding from the Church.

There always have been and, indeed, still are, considerable problems attending any artistic expression in terms of the Christian faith. First there is the tension to be worked out be-

tween art as a 'creational activity of man, and art as he exercises it in the light of the Incarnation. Secondly, the Incarnation brings an entirely new element into art in its divine implications. For in this act God has declared Himself to mankind in the form of man. The third problem is the lack of stress on the Trinitarian activity concerning art. Far too many writers speak of the "spirit-inspired artist", meaning that it is an activity purely of the Holy Spirit, as though the Father and the Son were entirely absent from the process.

The arts that have been employed in these recitals are those of the performing arts — the drama, music and the dance. Though limited in scope, these art forms are peculiarly related to the human observer, for the human personality is immediately involved in execution of the art. A painter, a writer, etc., may be able to withhold certain facets of his personality or character from his work, but a musician, an actor or a dancer must use his human frame to express his art. In all these art forms human weakness is always an incalculable risk, but at the same time a curious bond of affinity with the audience.

In the Church I believe that these art forms in particular can have a direct and profound influence on our forms of worship. Now I must confess that I have only a slight glimmer, though music is more obvious than the other two. Much of our public worship is dull, uninspired and uninspiring, joyless and restrictive, and strangely at variance with that glory and exaltation we so often shriek about in some hymn or other. Worship should be entertaining. Not in any subjective way of pandering to the emotions but in an objective stirring of both the senses and the mind. Much the same way that masters of mental prayer urge us to develop our spiritual lives, we should offer what we enjoy and enjoy that offering. Too frequently our offering in worship is like that piece of mind we intend to give to our enemy, always a fairly nasty piece that we don't want ourselves.

We have tried in these recitals to use the best material available in the best possible way. Of course we have failed, both by the faults of our endeavours and the circumstances in which we have to work. The budget is not even so dignified as to deserve the name of "shoestring", and this has hampered, for example, the artists engaged, the commissioning of new works, or the variety of music that could have been used. But we have attempted

to present these programmes as professionally as possible. And this I believe is a further need for the Church. I hope that every artist is an amateur in the sense of possessing a sacrificial love for what he is about, but whether he is paid or not for his work, I hope that all are professionals. The Church is riddled with damnable unprofessionalism on every plane, and if anything eventuates from these recitals it must be fully professional in the sense of dedication and labour, devoted to the perfecting of one's chosen artistic expression. This pursuit of perfection does not destroy spontaneity, rather does it enable it to function. Unprofessionalism produces merely an unedifying and distracting muddle, and is subjectivism at its worst and most selfish level. "Fooling about" with any art form for one's own private pleasure should be restricted to private exhibition. In public it merely irritates and bores.

This, then, is something of what these recitals have been aiming at. To express and interpret immediately the truth that God has given us in his mighty work of creation and salvation, to assist in the rousing of the whole man to worship anew, and to try in its small way to bridge the gap between the artist and the Church.

I hope that I have not set art in isolation from the total scheme of redemption, nor that I have suggested for one moment that the Creating and Redeeming God is wholly expressed or contained within its forms. Rather it is written in the light of this prayer from Ecclesiasticus: "Almighty God, whose works are great beyond our understanding, and thou greater than all thy works: Look in mercy upon us, as we endeavour to praise thee, whom no man is able worthily to praise; for thy loving kindness' sake."

ALBERT McPHERSON.

IN THIS CITY

Clocks suspended in the sky—
I was suddenly revolted;
How we have overgrown ourselves,
How we have shut away our sky.

BLUE

These damn psychologists, they always wanted to pry into one's mind, to find one's hidden depths. She considered the question a moment — blue: what was it? what did it mean? It was sitting there, staring her in the face, pounding into her brain. And they called this psychology a science! Now what was the right answer to give — what would show how sane and sensible, what a practical person, and, in fact, what a genius she was? Blue for her would be bruises — big, ugly splashes across the pale and knobbly knees of winter hockey. Usually there was a lump underneath, and as the days waned, so the lump vanished, while the great blue haze slowly developed into an angry mauve flush and then faded mysteriously into the mist of a dim oblivion. Was that blue? No, obviously not — theirs would not be as pure as that. He seized her violently by the wrists and threw her on to the bed, and slowly, oh, so slowly, his hands and body crushed her with ever-increasing force. — Yes, that was their blue: the colour of bruises gained in an angry scene — with always the sexual element present. “Blue is a colour” — she stopped. With this devastating statement amazement was beginning to grow. “Blue is a colour, appearing on the spectrum between violet and green, its position being 440-500 milli-microns. It appears that only the electro-retinographic approach is sensitive enough to show that man possesses blue-sensitive photopigments, one or several.”

What else could she remember of her physics? However, that was a start. The scientific exactitude of her statements pleased her. Now how would he take that? Blue, of course, was



the old sheep dog, who would reluctantly cringe and place his tail between his legs when called. With his ears flat along the top of his head, eyes winking, and tail waving gaily from side to side between his crouched legs, he would gratefully endure any petting, while yet gazing wistfully at the milling sheep. But yet, blue could not be Blue, who had been an old dog who had developed a liking for eggs. No, Blue was dead. A smile drifted across her face. Blue was the grey old horse, the faithful Whinny on whom she had learnt to ride. Blue was the hazy mountain range, the silent and majestic fold after fold of slopes which even now plagued and perplexed her dreams. — He was looking puzzled. “Finally, as well as being a particular wave length, blue is the colour perceived by the eye; the sensation; emotions arising from and being given expression to under this title — no looking at cobalt blue, cobalt was the name originally given to the mineral producing a blue colour in glass. You know?”

Perhaps “blue” was supposed to represent her family. “When did you last see your father?” the stern but yet unyielding inquisitor asked the small boy who proudly stood, with hands behind his back, while his sister wept silently into her handkerchief. My mother’s eyes are blue, but mine are brown. My father’s eyes are brown. Therefore, it is probable that the genes for my eye colour are not pure but big B, little b. Brown eyes are dominant over blue eyes. I know a boy with blue eyes — so if I mated with him, would my children have blue or brown eyes? Or would they have one of each — or green eyes — or grey eyes? Calculate the possibility that of ten children resulting from this union, six would have two brown eyes, two would possess two blue eyes, one would have one of each (as a hybrid) and one would have none at all . . . Or, on the other hand . . . But, no: the interesting experimental demonstration of this would take too long. Should I mention the aforementioned, or shall I continue with my scientific exposition of my theory that: (1) blue does exist — a fact capable of being proved by scientific observation, and (2) blue is a colour? Now, if these two hypotheses are supported by sufficient weight of experimentally gained data — in that case, and only in that case, can I continue to tell this damn idiot what blue is. Perhaps I shall take these two hypotheses to have been sufficiently supported? Yes, I shall. In this case, will I continue with my family?

No. That would be a dangerous policy. It would show that I am alienated from this society — this society being alienated from each other — which I would not be if I evinced a close relationship with my family. Hence — that way folly, or is it madness, lies.

Meanwhile, there was a shuffling noise in the room. — She was in a room, wasn't she? Oh God, who could prove to her where she was, who she was, and that she both was and would be? Perhaps he was getting impatient. Quick, what was a further comment for her to make on this topic, this so-fascinating topic of "blue." Wait — she had been narrow in her outlook. The spoken word is a deceiver. He had said blue (or was it blew). Oh God, it was confirmed. She was a narrow-minded, selfish, self-centred, ugly, self-perpetuating, vain, inglorious, humane, pompous, critical, adorable, sadistic and unthinking bitch. She was just like the rest of society. The revelation now struck her with all its



mighty force — she relied primarily on her visual sense and not her auditory sense. Blue was, of course, blew, not blue. She shivered. The rain was teeming down in drenching torrents, soaking the parched land with a much-needed hundred points.

She answered his question, or rather, posed the poor fool another one. "I believe, sir, I may have had the audacity to misinterpret your question. Sir, up till this moment I have entertained a visual interpretation of the word blue. But now, sir, I believe I can answer you in yet another form. BLU is the past participle of the verb to blow: and taken in this sense, I interpret blue audially, i.e., the wind blew."

The wind was wailing round the house, rattling all the windows, while the wire door, whose catch had broken, banged monstrously

and frighteningly. Her every sense tingled. Oh, how the wind blew and blew and blew. It seemed as if her very body was being torn apart. She rocked in motion to the ebb and flow of the gale, looking around her the whole while. She was restless. The four walls seemed to be restraining her and locking her in. Why was it that she gained this impression? What was it that was threatening about this room? She regarded her environment carefully, her eyes slowly scanning every wall and peering into every corner. A sudden chill quivered through her body. What was it that was both attracting and repelling in this room? Suddenly she realised. It was the remembrances, the resurging glimpses she was having of her childhood. — They were all staring at her, laughing among themselves. She was the solitary spindly figure in the long, much too long, dowdy blue dress which her mother had made for her. They had taunted her — Teacher's pet, teacher's pet. You hate Di . . . anne. You hate Di . . . anne. We hate you . . . u. We hate you . . . u. How cruel they were, how terribly cruel. For weeks — though in her childish imagination it had been years — she was ostracised, cut off from all communication. While the others had run joyfully out gaily chatting into the bright sunny days, she had walked slowly home, aloof, withdrawn, a pathetic figure in that long, shapeless blue dress. Thus she had acquired the name of Blue, until, like the dog, she had come slowly back to the companionship of "friends," her head bent. But still the name remained — still the word blue. Blue had echoed round her, tormenting her dreams at night, until finally she diminished and erased the incident from her memory. Suddenly she laughed — and the hollow reverberation in the still room had eerie chill for the silent listener. She laughed again. It was ridiculous — her forgetfulness of the childish terrors which the sound of the word blue had held for her would no doubt be termed repression by this so distinguished and learned observer. But never mind — she knew better.



She knew what blue meant. Oh, how crazy it all was. She laughed freely and naturally now. What is blue — she neatly completed the deception: "Blue, as defined by the Concise Oxford Dictionary, is 'of the colour between green and violet in the spectrum, coloured like the sky or deep sea; also of things much paler, darker, etc.'"

PETA A. HAYDON.

POEM

There is that road of harshest stone
Bending deep with winding.
There is my heart that seeks a home
For the peace in closeness binding.
Walk on, for solitude painfully sorrows
When the heart is fled so far,
And the joy of warmest morrows
Cruelly distant are.
Time, O time in search is fled
Over mountain ridge;
Was I born among the dead
That no love can bridge?

What man has all these years become thee?
Engulfed thee?
Like the mariner over mountains sought thy
love in restless weave,
Drawing lonely threads by tears slipping
silently
Into darkness: whose abyss forbids us grieve.
Must blow the wind, must rain and fire,
Spill thy toil, ravage, sustaining full desire.
Wake, wake, piercing shaft of coaled-hot iron:
Fill, drench, destroy — then swallow
And retire, perverse but good
Duty-bound and duty-given
With no will of ought but should:
Meagre man with spirit shriven
Must find his love in shadowed hollow,
To live through a vision and life's strivings
span;
Then each one, each soul, is whole, a man.

When the finished fight is won,
Follows another just begun
To be cruel and kill the humble
Clothed in the exhausted bundle,
Trapped, entombed, forever dying,
Though still living, though still trying.
Now that ladder hidden o'er me
Stretching out and high before me
Not cruel it was though should be, could be,

For I had not reached it.
When that vision my eyes sighted
Then on rungs my feet were plighted,
Upwards climbing my fingers sought
Freed to soar as a bird once caught
Expectant of a goal painfully brought;
I slipped again, was flung, unable to support
My tortured frame in agonising sport:
Until on rock myself I found,
On the earth, on the ground,
On the stretched road that wound
Onwards, challenging to contain
Forgetfully my feet of shredded pain,
And continue there,
Continue endlessly nowhere.

JAMES DARLING.

IN PERILS OF THE AIR; OR, WHAT TO DO WITH THE FLIGHT LOG

There was a time when to fly was hazardous. In those far-off days, country towns were visited by daredevils in Tiger Moths, when the dread high priests of the D.C.A. were not. For thirty pieces of silver you could be strapped into an open cockpit, take off across an open paddock, and then, if you were sufficiently proof against vertigo, you could view the landscape from a thousand feet or so. What a revelation!

Those, as I said, were the days when a passing aeroplane brought us all to an upward-gaping standstill. Yes, my dears, it was so. Did we think of aeroplanes as mere carriers of the citizenry from point to point in huge comfort and negligible expense? No. Aeroplanes were things you got lost in while doing something heroic. They transformed the commonplace, for thirty shillings.

Such a past! But how things have changed. **Plus ça change**, I hear you cry, but I deny it. From the beginning of your trip you are surrounded by all things contemporary. We have no legacy of Gothic Revival air terminals to mar the scene, no aged and grumpy officials in watch chains and waistcoats, no grubby trolleys. In all around one sees well-tailored youth with smiles and a touch of silver at the temples, elaborately groomed, the helpful announcements and the dulcet tones, and in the cabin, the reassuring strains of light music.

The take-off is effortless, though a leetle more violent than one might have wished. But soon one soars, relaxed in Himalayan heights . . . "We hope you will enjoy your flight . . ." Indeed, thank you, how could one fail? . . . "If you need anything, just press the hostess call button" . . . How simple. If all the problems of the world could thus be solved—just press the button and in a flash an elegant, high-class girl with mannequin manners is at your side. But what could one need, at such a height, in a wonderland of clouds, such bounty, such a riot of nature, such . . . but what is this? Ah, the Flight Log. So! Captain X presides over this scientific miracle of travel, ably assisted by Flight-Officer Y and Flight-Engineer Z. How reassuring. Two can die mysteriously and we shall still descend. And then four charming ladies — Miss A, Miss B, Miss C, Miss D. Who could choose between them, with their pleasing smiles, their skilful handling of the trays, their steady step in moments of turbulence? And see, we go at 400 miles an hour, with Canberra on the starboard side, assisted by a kindly breeze behind. And when we arrive, the day is fine and clear. How excellent! Lack we anything, we discriminating travellers who intelligently imbibe the details of the voyage? And now I must pass it on. It says so, unless you require a copy for yourself. But no — this would brand you as a novice so I must pass it on.

Upon whom shall I bestow this precious brief? My neighbour? Alas, he is asleep, profoundly so, with lips vibrating — up to Sydney to clinch a merger, poor, tired tycoon, dreaming of those glinting eyes around the conference table . . . The lady further over. But there! She gazes pensively into a paper bag. She seems unwell, and indeed she is. One makes reconnaissance. Ah, here is a lady in a wedding hat, a wisp of taffeta and a token veil. But see, she stares and stares through the porthole out into the wilderness of cloud. She goes to a wedding, but not her own; and now she draws a handkerchief from her reticule. I do not think she will be helped by the Flight Log, the altitude, the weather and the charming staff. "Sir? O, excuse me." Obviously foreign, Japanese perhaps, though very polite, as is their wont. Now here is a gentleman quite evidently awake, but tch! he is a clergyman immersed obtrusively in prayer, his mouth is busy and the book well-thumbed. The next seat is vacant, and the next? An elderly madam. "Madam?" But no. Her



spectacles, it seems, are still in Camberwell, an awkward fact which came about like this . . . The Flight Log dies in my hands. By now most of it is quite untrue. O my companions of the way! O brethren of the upper air, you will never know. Here I temporise, caught in the toils of respect for age and sex. . . . "And so I said to Phyllis, my eldest girl, married now with three bonny kiddies, five, three and one, quite nicely spaced, I said to her . . ." Quick, Madam, quick! Was zu tun? Que faire? "Fasten seat belts."

B.R.M.

FIAT

In legend
Primal taint by woman came.
In truth is legend turned, fulfilled
as woman created free from taint
in freedom bends her will,
her perfect will responding to the Perfect;
and, as some glazed pane,
lets shine a light
that falls in whispering colour
dappled as the dove's wings.
So shines this light,
yet more, for as the pane
gives of its self refractions bright
with living colour rippling rich and real
so that this final beam,
part light of origin,
part glow of glass,
yet equal each in hypostasis shines,
thus Mary gives her God a Body-Soul—
our trembling nature, human, perfect, whole.

PETER J. ELLIOTT.

VALETE AND SALVETE

VALETE 1964:

N. J. Alexander, J. H. H. Brookes, A. Clark, D. J. H. Cockayne, J. A. Colebatch, J. G. Down, J. T. Downing, P. F. Druce, C. R. Dunstone, J. W. Faulkner, R. W. Fletcher, P. B. Greenberg, J. A. Gyles, R. C. Haddon, W. E. S. Hasker, G. A. Heath, D. F. Hedger, I. J. P. Henderson, P. E. Hooper, I. R. Hopkins, P. J. Hunting, M. L. Ingpen, F. C. Jackson, L. Lyman Jones, C. S. Keon-Cohen, M. R. Lane, J. A. Langlands, J. Hinton Lowe, A. M. Mackinnon, I. G. Manning, R. E. Mather, W. S. Matheson, T. B. Minchin, J. B. Mitchell, A. G. Newman-Morris, R. M. O'Shea, M. W. Pearce, J. L. Pettit, R. D. Pratt, V. S. Ramsden, G. C. Rennie, C. J. S. Renwick, A. G. Richards, G. D. Richards, G. H. Ripper, G. G. Saba, M. C. I. Salvaris, J. Schubert, C. Selby-Smith, G. R. Shellam, S. B. Spittle, G. R. Styles, R. H. Treweeke, W. G. Wakefield, E. J. White, J. R. E. Wilson, H. McM. Wright, A. L. Yunken.

JCH VALETE 1964:

Jusmaliani Affandie, Anne Anderson, Sally Anderson, Veronica Babbage, Margaret Bone, Mary Brooksbank, Jennifer Brown, Julianne Browning, Lexia Bryant, Jocelyn Clarke, Pamela Clyne, Colette Cock, Caroline Connell, Carol Crane, Alexandra Currie, Caroline Cust, Jacqueline Dart, Penelope Derham, Angela Ewing, Catherine Fitts, Helen Ford, Patricia Fullerton, Jennifer Gibbs, Irene Graham, Kathleen Grattan, Jill Gutteridge, Judith Hampshire, Robyn Haslem, Sandra Hill, Anne Hopkins, Helena Hughes, Megan John, Susan King, Nancy Lewis, Ann Littleton, Sally Madsen, Geraldine Morris, Helen Morris, Heather Muir, Elizabeth Newton, Pamela Oddie, Gretel Pinniger, Susanna Richards, Joanna Rintoul, Dianne Robbie, Valerie Robbins, Anne Roberts, Joan Rowlands, Margot Sanguinetti, Anne Sedgely, Margaret Slattery, Merran Smith, Beverley Keys Smith, Winifred Stokie, Jean Trainor, Lucille Voullaire, Rhyl Wade, Savitri Wahjudi, Judith Whitworth, Ann Wookey.

TRINITY SALVETE 1965:

A. O. a'Beckett, G. W. Ainsworth, J. R. Bain, B. N. L. Benson, G. J. Betley, A. P. Blakey, G. V. Brown, T. F. Brown, D. C. Cowan, A. F. Cox, J. A. Darling, D. A. Ellerman, P. S. Everist, J. F. Forbes, J. R. Fullerton, T. W. Griffiths, I. J. Gude, M. T. Hamerston, R. W. Harper, P. W. Haskett, C. J. Hazzard, J. F. Henry, A. J. Higgs, A. D. Holmes, D. T. S. Hornsby, S. E. Howard, J. D. Isaac, R. S. Kemelfield, C. M. Kemp, G. M. Knight, C. P. Lang, G. D. Liddell, A. J. McIntyre, R. J. MacKenzie, R. J. MacKie, R. C. Macaw, O. Mace, B. J. Matthews, D. S. Meakin, J. J. S. Madin, C. B. W. Mitchell, I. C. Mitchell, C. L. Monie, G. Myers, R. J. Murray, P. S. Osmond, B. A. Owen, D. A. Owen, J. F. Patrick, M. Pruden, I. J. Raymond, J. J. Renwick, H. G. Richards, W. D. L. Sear, P. B. Seddon, T. I. Sedgwick, G. P. Simon, M. J. Standish, B. R. Sterling, W. D. Strugnell, W. T. L. Taylor, L. J. J. Van Eckelen, S. S. Viravadya, R. K. Watson, G. R. Wiese, B. W. C. Wilson, D. C. Withington, G. R. Worby.

TRINITY SALVE REDUX 1965:

A. Clark.

J.C.H. SALVETE 1965:

Penelope Baker, Jane Barnaby, Ann Brewer, Robin Bromwich, Margaret Charles, Claire Coates, Anne Dalrymple, Mary Day, Elizabeth Eaton, Joan Foley, Catherine Forsyth, Gan Sit Sang, Helen Goldsmith, Jacqueline Gurner, Rosemary Hammond, Helen Hartley, Elizabeth Herington, Janet Hose, Katherine Howells, Kate Jackson, Margaret Jones, Marie Kemp, Janet Knewstubb, Patricia Lamb, Susan Lefroy, Janet Lobban, Marian Lobban, Margaret Lowing, Katherine Lubbe, Elizabeth Maddison, Jane Marwick, Jan McGuinness, Janet Mackenzie, Janet Murray, Diane Sampey, Janet Sells, Jill Sitlington, Bronte Stuart-Smith, Jane Stoney, Judith Synnot, Maria Threlkeld, Ann Thwaites, Suzanne Tonkin, Margaret Vickers, Helen Vogel, Deborah Williams.

SALVETE REDUCES:

Gerd Aagren, Ann Callow, Elaine Counsell, Barbara Dunbar.

ACADEMIC DISTINCTIONS

UNIVERSITY AND OTHER DISTINCTIONS:

- ANDERSON, Anne M. — Nell Morris Scholarship in Second Year Architecture.
 ARCHIBALD, A. C. — One-third share in Wright Prize in Legal History.
 ARNOLD, M. Elizabeth — Douglas Howard Exhibition in Latin, Part II.
 COCK, Colette G. — Dwight Final Examination Prize in the School of Geography.
 DAVIS, J. M. — J. F. W. Payne Exhibition in Biology, Part I.
 FEIGLIN, D. H. I. — T. F. Ryan Prize in Anatomy.
 GARDENER, J. E. — Research Grant in Physics.
 HEATH, G. A. — James Cuming Memorial (Minor) Scholarship in Chemistry, Part III. Research Grant in Chemistry.
 HONE, G. W. — Half-share in J. R. Maguire Exhibition in Criminal Law.
 JACKSON, F. C. — Hastie Exhibition in Philosophy, Part I.
 LARKINS, R. G. — Walter and Eliza Exhibition in Pathology. Ramsay Prize in Microbiology and Epidemiology.
 McRAE, Barbara Le C. — Organ Society Organ Prize.
 MUECKE, Frances J. — John Grice Exhibition in Latin, Part I.
 PELLING, Margaret — Exhibition in History and Philosophy of Science, Part II.
 PRENTICE, A. J. R. — Dixson Scholarship in Physics, Part III. Wyselaskie Scholarship in Natural Science. Research Grant in Physics.
 PURSER, Judith A. — Exhibition in Dutch, Part II.
 READ, Julia B. — Georgina Sweet Exhibition in Zoology, Part II.
 SELBY SMITH, C. — Half-share in Dwight's Prize in Final Examination, School of Economics. Rhodes Scholarship.
 STEVENS, C. H. D. — Nell Morris Scholarship in Architecture.
 WATSON, R. K. — John MacFarland Exhibition in Pure Mathematics, Part I. Half-share in Dixson Scholarship in Applied Mathematics, Part I.
 WOODRUFF, D. S. — Exhibition in Zoology, Part III. Research Grant in Zoology.
 Eight members of Trinity headed the class lists in subjects for which no award is made.

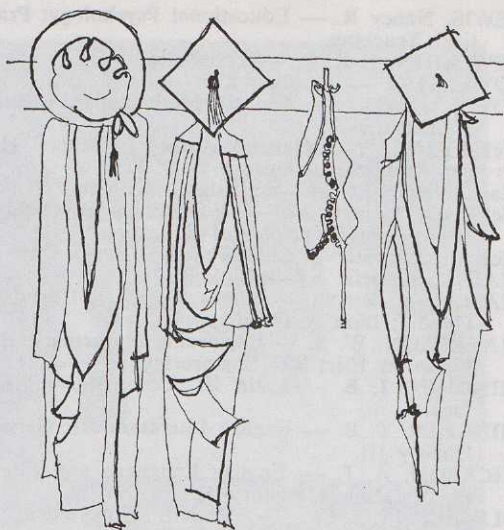
FIRST CLASS HONOURS 1964:

- ADEY, K. R. — Physics (Med.).
 ARCHIBALD, A. C. — Economics A; Introduction to Legal Method; Legal History.
 ARNOLD, M. Elizabeth — Latin II; French II.
 BAKER, Penelope D. — English Language II.
 BLAMEY, T. E. — Chemistry IA; Physics IB.

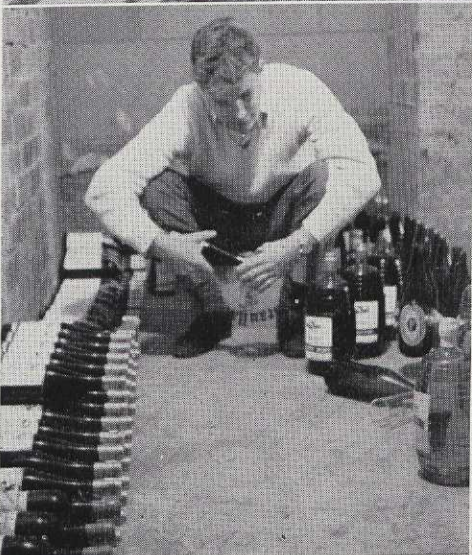
- BROWNING, Julianne I. — Chief Practical Study IV.
 BUICK, T. D. — Biology (Vet.).
 CARNLEY, P. F. — Ancient History II; General History IIC.
 COCK, Colette G. — Geography IV.
 COCKAYNE, D. J. H. — M.Sc., First Year.
 COLE, D. P. — Mercantile Law.
 COLEBATCH, H. K. — International Relations A.
 CONNELL, R. W. — Psychology IIIA; General History IIIB.
 COWAN, W. D. T. — Dynamics of Machines II.
 CRESWELL, C. C. — Mercantile Law.
 DAVIS, J. M. — Biology I.
 ELLIOTT, P. J. — General History II.
 ELLIS, L. B. — Dynamics of Machines III.
 EVANS, O. M. — Statistical Techniques.
 FEIGLIN, D. H. I. — Physiology; Biochemistry.
 FORBES, G. K. — Applied Mathematics I; Physics IA.
 GEORGEFF, M. P. — Chemistry (Eng.); Engineering Mathematics I; Physics (Eng.).
 GERRAND, P. H. — Engineering Mathematics II.
 GREENBERG, P. E. — Microbiology and Epidemiology; Pathology.
 GREGSON, A. K. — Chemistry IA.
 HASKER, T. — Chemistry (Med.); Physics (Med.).
 HEATH, G. A. — Chemistry IIIA.
 HIGGS, Kerryn A. — Modern History A; English Literature and Language I.
 HONE, G. W. — Criminal Law and Procedure.
 JACKSON, F. C. — Modern Philosophy A; Finals in Philosophy.
 KING, D. J. E. — Engineering Mathematics I.
 LANGMAN, I. R. — Ancient History I.
 LARKINS, R. J. — Microbiology and Epidemiology; Pathology.
 LOWY, D. M. — Chemistry IB; Physics IA.
 McRAE, Barbara — Music B.
 MILLER, A. D. — Psychology I.
 MINCHIN, J. B. — Greek III.
 MUECKE, Frances — Latin I; Greek I.
 PATRICK, Katharine A. — English Language and Literature I; General History I; General History II.
 PELLING, Margaret — History and Philosophy of Science II.
 PRENTICE, A. J. R. — Physics III; Applied Mathematics III.
 PURSER, Judith A. — German II; Dutch II.
 READ, Julia B. — Zoology II; Chemistry IIB.
 REDFERN, M. J. — Industrial Law.
 SELBY-SMITH, C. — Economics IV; History of Economic Theory.
 SMITH, A. W. — Statistical Method.
 TELFORD, A. B. — Chemistry (Dent.).
 WATSON, R. K. — Applied Mathematics I; Physics IA; Pure Mathematics I.
 WILSON, J. W. — Economics A.

SECOND CLASS HONOURS 1964:

- ABBOTT, W. L. — Ancient History I; British History.
- ADEY, K. R. — Biology; Chemistry (Med.).
- ANDERSON, Anne M. — Building Construction; Science of Materials.
- ANDERSON, Sally — Science of Materials.
- APLIN, G. J. — Geography III; Political Geography.
- ARCHIBALD, A. C. — British History (Law).
- ARNOLD, M. Elizabeth — Greek I.
- BAINBRIDGE, A. H. — Applied Mathematics I; Pure Mathematics I.
- BAINBRIDGE, T. H. — Process Chemistry.
- BAKER, Penelope D. — English Literature II.
- BARWICK, Anne J. — Chemistry IA; Physics IA; Applied Mathematics I.
- BISHOP, Elizabeth A. — Chemistry IIIA.
- BOLTON, A. G. — Physics I (Eng.).
- BOWMAN, M. Anne V. — Fine Arts A; English Language and Literature I.
- BRENAN, J. O'N. — English Literature II; English Language II.
- BRYCE, Jennifer L. — Music B.
- BUCKLAND, L. J. — Economic History C, Parts III and IV.
- BUICK, T. D. — Physics (Vet.).
- CARNLEY, P. F. — Biblical Archeology III; Theory and Method of History; General History I.
- CHEESEMAN, Christine M. — Microbiology.
- CLYNE, Pamela — English Literature IV.
- COLEBATCH, H. K. — General History II; Modern Government B.
- CONNELL, R. W. — General History II.
- COWAN, M. Christine — Ancient History I; Geography I.
- COWAN, W. D. T. — Electrical Engineering I; Engineering Mathematics II; Strength of Materials IIA.
- CRESWELL, C. C. — Constitutional Law I.
- CUMMING, B. D. — Legal History.
- CUST, Caroline E. E. — Psychology IIA.
- DAVEY, G. R. — Middle Eastern Thought and Culture II.
- DAVIS, J. M. — Chemistry IB; Physics IB.
- DICKSON, Valerie H. — Psychology IIA.
- DOWLING, J. T. — Medicine and Surgery.
- DOWNING, M. — French II; German II.
- DRUCE, P. F. — Constitutional Law II; Finals in Law.
- DRUMMOND, Amanda M. — General History I; General History II; General History IIIC; General Reading Course.
- DUGAN, Virginia P. M. — English Literature II; Logic; Ethics.
- EDDY, Patricia — British History.
- ELLIOTT, P. J. — General History I; Theory and Method of History; General History IIIC.
- ELLIS, L. B. — Electrical Engineering IIA.
- EWING, Angela G. — English Literature II; General History I.
- FEIGLIN, D. H. I. — Anatomy.
- FENTON, D. J. — Criminology A; Principles of Property in Law.
- FITTS, Catherine A. — German IV; Russian IV.
- FITTS, D. R. H. — English Language and Literature I.
- FORBES, G. K. — Chemistry IA; Pure Mathematics I.
- FORD, Helen — English Literature III.
- GALLAGHER, D. E. — Chemistry (Eng.).
- GAME, C. J. A. — Pathology.
- GANTNER, C. B. — Australian History.
- GEORGEFF, M. P. — Engineering I.
- GERRAND, P. H. — Applied Thermodynamics I.
- GIBBS, Jennifer J. — English Literature II; General History I.
- GREGSON, A. K. — Physics IA.
- GUY, Gillian R. — Music B.
- GUY, P. A. — Economics A.
- GUY, R. A. — Chemistry IA.
- HADDON, R. C. — Chemistry IIIA.
- HAMER, C. J. — Physics IIA; Pure Mathematics II.
- HARPER, D. L. — International Relations B; Modern Government B.
- HAYDON, Peta R. — Modern Government A; Geography I.
- HEARD, A. K. — Chemical Engineering I.
- HERINGTON, Elizabeth — Modern History A; Geography I.
- HIGGS, Kerry A. — Philosophy I.
- HOOPER, P. E. — Engineering Mathematics IV; Finals in Mechanical Engineering.
- HOUGHTON, D. S. — Chemistry IA.
- HOWARD, P. F. — Chemistry IA; Engineering I; Physics I (Eng.).
- HUNKIN, Meredith J. — English Language and Literature I; Music C.
- HUGHES, Helena M. — Theory of Politics, Parts I and II.
- JACKSON, Katharine A. — Physics (Med.).
- KEMP, C. M. — Ancient History I; Music C.
- KERR, Jean M. — English Literature III; French III.
- KIMPTON, W. S. — Dynamics of Machines II.
- KING, D. J. E. — Chemistry (Eng.).
- LANGMAN, I. R. — British History.
- LAWRENCE, Jennie — Economics B.



- LEWIS, Nancy R. — Educational Psychology; Practical Teaching.
- LEWISOHN, J. R. P. — Economics B.
- LOWE, H. J. — German I.
- LOWY, D. M. — Applied Mathematics I; Pure Mathematics I.
- McKAY, W. T. — General History I; General History II; General History IIIB; Tort.
- MacKINNON, A. M. — Finals in Medicine.
- McLEOD, Jennifer M. — Educational Psychology; History and Principles of Education.
- McRAE, Barbara — Chief Practical Study, Part II.
- MAJOR, Patricia A. — Biology.
- MASON, E. Robyn — Physics (Med.); Chemistry (Med.); Biology (Med.).
- MATHESON, W. S. — Engineering Mathematics IV; Finals in Electrical Engineering.
- MINCHIN, J. B. — Latin III; Comparative Philology.
- MINCHIN, T. B. — English Literature III; General History III.
- NICKSON, A. J. — English Language and Literature I; Modern History A.
- OLIVER, J. G. W. — Modern Government II; Economics II.
- OPPENHEIM, R. C. — Chemistry IIIA.
- PARKER, Elizabeth H. — English Literature II; Geography II; Exploration and Settlement.
- PAYNE, Joanna H. — Chemistry IB; Physics IB.
- PAYNTER, L. G. J. — Constitutional Law I.
- PELLING, Margaret — English Literature II.
- PULLEN, G. J. — Oral Histology and Embryology.
- PURSER, Judith A. — Medieval French Language and Literature.
- PYKE, Jane — French I.
- RADFORD, A. E. Jurisprudence.
- RADOK, Claudia — Psychology IIA.
- RAMSDEN, V. S. — Engineering Mathematics IV; Finals in Electrical Engineering.
- REDFERN, M. J. — Constitutional Law II; Finals in Law.
- RENOWDEN, J. A. — Biology; Chemistry IA; Physics IB.
- RIPPER, G. H. — Taxation; Finals in Law.
- ROBERTS, Anne L. — Pharmacology A.
- SALTER, M. Anne — Professional Practice B; Technical Essay.
- SALVARIS, M. C. I. — Latin I.
- SAUNDERS, Cheryl A. — International Relations A.
- SEDGELY, Anne G. — English Literature III.
- SHELLAM, G. R. — Microbiology.
- SMITH, A. W. — Economics B; Economics C.
- SMITH, Merran B. — Biology (Agric.).
- STEVENS, C. H. D. — Science of Materials B.
- STOKES, A. N. — Chemistry IIA; Pure Mathematics II.
- STONE, Rosemary — English Literature II; International Relations A.
- STUCKEY, J. G. — Physiology; Biochemistry.
- STYLES, G. R. — Engineering Mathematics IV; Finals in Electrical Engineering.
- TELFORD, A. B. — Physics (Dent.).
- WAKEFIELD, W. G. — Practical Teaching; History and Principles of Teaching.
- WATSON, R. K. — Chemistry IA.
- WATTS, G. J. — Latin II; German II.
- WEEKES, E. D. — Principles of Contract; Tort.
- WETHERELL, R. F. — Aesthetics; Contemporary Philosophy; Greek Philosophy.
- WILSON, J. W. — Economic Geography I.
- WOOD, Penelope — German I; English Language and Literature I.
- WOODRUFF, D. S. — Zoology III.
- WOODRUFF, R. K. — Physics I.
- WRIGHT, H. McM. — Industrial Law.
- WYNN, Eva E. — Philosophy I.
- DEGREES CONFERRED 1964-1965:**
- BACHELOR OF AGRICULTURAL SCIENCE:**
A. B. Carnegie
- BACHELOR OF APPLIED SCIENCE:**
J. L. Pettit
- BACHELOR OF ARCHITECTURE:**
I. R. Jelbart
- BACHELOR OF ARTS (Ordinary Degree):**
N. J. Alexander, B.Sc.
Veronica Babbage
Margaret A. Black
Caroline T. Connell
Anne-Marie Ehrlich
Angela G. Ewing
Katherine M. Grattan
Fiona S. Grice
Helena M. Hughes
Jennie D. Lawrence
Frances A. Littleton
Sally Madsen
T. B. Minchin
Geraldine A. Morris
Pamela L. Oddie
H. K. Prentice
Joanna V. Rintoul
- BACHELOR OF ARTS (Honours Degree):**
Pamela M. K. Clyne
Colette G. Cock
Caroline E. E. Cust
J. D. Dawson
Catherine A. Fitts
Helen Ford
H. R. Jackson
R. E. Mather
Valerie M. Robbins
C. Selby-Smith
P. R. W. Thwaites
W. G. Wakefield
J. D. B. Wells
- MASTER OF ARTS:**
R. T. Tucker, B.A.
- BACHELOR OF COMMERCE:**
Alexandra F. Currie
R. McK. F. Southby
Ann Wookey
- BACHELOR OF ENGINEERING:**
P. E. Hooper
J. A. Langlands
W. S. Matheson
V. S. Ramsden
A. G. Richards
R. G. Richards
G. R. Stiles
- MASTER OF ENGINEERING SCIENCE:**
L. K. Walker, B.E.
N. J. White, B.E.
- BACHELOR OF LAWS (Ordinary Degree):**
J. Calder, B.A.
K. R. Clarke
J. A. Gyles
J. M. Hedstrom
C. S. Keon-Cohen



He is not drowning. But he thinks he is.

Wine maketh merry but money answereth all things.

It is necessary to render the subject unconscious by means of a sharp blow.

Then why should it taste different here from anywhere else?

I know them to the bottom of their souls. I go through their garbage every day.

I am herewith enclosing a sample so that you may judge the quality and consistency of the Crude.



*All right, darling. Go on. Jump, Dickie.
Swans sing before they die — 'twere no bad
thing*

*Thou hast a strange alacrity in sinking.
I remember, it was such fun to keep them
grinning like that for hours.
He that sings and runs away
May live to sing another day.*

A. E. Radford, B.A.
J. C. Rennie
Joan H. Rowlands
S. B. Spittle

BACHELOR OF LAWS (Honours Degree):

P. F. Druce
M. J. Redfern
G. H. Ripper, B.A.
H. McM. Wright

BACHELOR OF MEDICINE and

BACHELOR OF SURGERY:

Lexia R. R. Bryant
J. A. Colebatch
J. T. Dowling
W. E. S. Hasker
M. L. Ingpen
Betty L. Mallet
N. B. Munro
R. L. C. Sutcliffe
Rhyl W. Wade
E. J. White

DOCTOR OF MEDICINE:

I. F. C. McKenzie, M.B., B.S.
R. A. Smallwood, M.B., B.S.

BACHELOR OF MUSIC:

Julianne Browning
Margaret J. Higginbottom.

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY:

N. J. Clarke, M.Sc.
M. E. Packer, M.Sc.

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE (Ordinary Degree):

F. N. Cornell
Irene J. Graham
R. C. Oppenheim
A. J. R. Prentice
Jennifer Pullen
Anne L. Roberts
D. S. Woodruff

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE (Honours Degree):

J. G. Down

MASTER OF SCIENCE:

A. McKenzie, B.Sc.
A. B. Swanson, B.Sc.

TRINITY THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS:

Combedown Student: P. F. Carnley
Henty Student: J. H. Shepherd
Kew Student: D. W. Curtis
Marley Student: R. F. Wetherell
Moorhouse Student: A. B. McPherson
Payne Student: S. A. H. Ames
Grice Student: M. P. C. Wentzell
Rupertswood Student: G. R. Davey.
Stanbridge Student: J. B. Minchin
Upton-Everist Student: P. J. Hughes

TRINITY MAJOR SCHOLARS:

A. M. WHITE SCHOLARS:

A. C. Archibald
R. W. Connell
D. J. Lowy
R. K. Watson

CHARLES HEBDEN SCHOLAR:

A. J. R. Prentice

ALBERT GUY MILLER SCHOLAR:

G. P. Simon

R. and L. ALCOCK SCHOLARS:

T. E. Blamey
T. Hasker

TRINITY MINOR SCHOLARS:

CHARLES HEBDEN SCHOLAR:

H. K. Colebatch

ELIZABETH HEBDEN SCHOLAR:

P. J. Elliott

HENRY BERTHON SCHOLAR:

D. S. Woodruff

CLARKE SCHOLAR:

A. W. Smith

PERRY SCHOLAR:

J. M. Davis

ALEXANDER C. THOMPSON SCHOLAR:

W. D. T. Cowan

SIMON FRASER SCHOLAR:

L. B. Ellis

CHARLES HEBDEN BURSARY:

G. V. Brown

F. L. ARMYTAGE SCHOLAR:

O. Mace

COUNCIL'S SCHOLARS:

J. O'N. Brennan	J. O. King
T. D. Buick	R. C. Macaw
L. J. Buckland	W. T. Mackay
D. C. Cowan	D. S. Meakin
C. C. Creswell	A. D. Miller
M. Downing	G. Myers
O. M. Evans	R. C. Oppenheim
D. J. Fenton	M. Pruden
C. J. A. Game	J. A. Renowden
P. H. Gerrand	P. B. Seddon
A. K. Gregson	T. I. Sedgwick
C. J. Hamer	M. J. Standish
R. W. Harper	A. N. Stokes
G. W. Hone	B. R. Sterling
P. F. Howard	J. G. Stuckey
C. M. Kemp	D. C. Withington

JCH MAJOR SCHOLARS:

Elizabeth Arnold
Kerryn Higgs
Katharine Patrick
Julia Read

JCH MINOR SCHOLARS:

Penelope Baker
Christine Cowan
Amanda Drummond
Jacqueline Gurner
Peta Haydon
Elizabeth Herington
Janet Mackenzie
Robin Mason
Margaret Pelling
Ann Thwaites

JCH NON-RESIDENT EXHIBITIONERS:

MAJOR:

Julia Bignell
Frances Muecke
Judith Purser
Judith Straton

MINOR:

Mary Cheesman
Prudence Duncan
Catherine Elder
Sue Roylance

UNION OF THE FLEUR DE LYS

President: Dr. E. A. C. Farran.

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, the Hon. 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 Junior Common Room on Friday, 28th May, at 6.15 p.m. The Annual Report and Financial Statements were taken as read and were adopted unanimously and the committee and office-bearers whose names appear above were elected with expedition.

After the meeting the Annual Dinner was held in the College Hall. The attendance was slightly less than last year, but this fact made it possible for a greater proportion of members present to meet the new Warden of the College, Dr. Sharwood. Once again we have to thank the College for providing such a splendid dinner and for the reassurance that though College cooks come and go, College potatoes endure forever.

After the dinner many members inspected the newly renovated Leeper Library which now occupies most of the first Lodge and marvelled at the splendours of the muniments room which houses the Atkinson and Rusden collections, now rescued from the basement of Behan Building.

The incoming President, Dr. Farran, proposed the toast to "The College" and welcomed the Warden on behalf of the Union. He reminded the members, in the course of an ex-cathedra address of compelling authority, of the debt owed by the College to the three great men who had guided its destiny for nigh upon a hundred years, contrasting its rise from humble beginnings in the Indian summer of the Victorian Age with the fall of the sun from the heaven of the Victorian Empire. The Warden, responding, thanked the Union's "tame Toynbee" for his welcome and hoped that the fortunes of the Empire would not improve during his tenure of office. He said that he had come to the College with a conscious-

ness of the vital part which residential colleges played in Australian university life and of the example of the record of the autonomous colleges in the older universities. He thanked Dr. Marshall and Dr. Poynter for their work in administering the College during the preceding twelve months and for their kindness in introducing him to its mechanism. The response was supported by the Senior Student, who reported a barren year for the College on the sporting fields but expressed confidence that better things were to come.

The toast to the Union was proposed by the Solicitor-General, B. L. (Tony) Murray, who suggested that in the pursuit of academic excellence the College should not lose contact with the student of average abilities. Professor A. G. L. Shaw responded on behalf of the Union with an apt reminder that even great men sometimes forget to remove their boots.

GOLF DAY

It is pleasing to record that Trinity won the Inter-Collegiate Old Boys' Golf Day in 1964 for the first time for several years. It is hoped that this year's event will again be staged some time in November. Members who are interested are asked to get in touch with the Hon. Secretary.

NOTES

The Union records with pride the appointment of the Rt. Hon. Baron Casey of Berwick as Governor-General of the Commonwealth. To his new office Lord Casey brings the distinction of mind and versatility of talents which he has revealed in his long career of public service.

Congratulations are due to Sir Keith Hancock, who was conferred with a K.B.E., and Arthur Rylah, a C.M.G., in the New Year Honours List; John Poynter, who has been made the first Fellow of the College; Arthur Clark, foundation Professor of Paediatrics in Monash University; Bill Hare, Professor of Radiology in the University; John Feltham, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford; John Rushbrooke, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; and Stan Kurrle, Headmaster of The King's School, Parramatta.

A number of members have returned from overseas during the past year. Harry Bolitho, after three years in Japan, has left again for Yale, where he will continue advanced studies

in Japanese history. Ian Hancock, back from Oxford via Uganda, is now lecturing in history at Monash. Jeremy Hearder has completed a tour of duty for the External Affairs Department in Laos and is once again stationed in Canberra. Geoffrey Stephens, also returned from Oxford, will be ordained at the end of the year.

Peter Pockley's voice is now heard in every home in the A.B.C.'s science broadcasts. He is living in Sydney.

The brothers John and David Emmerson returned from Oxford and Michigan University in August. John's visit to Melbourne was a fleeting one as he is now a Research Fellow of New College, Oxford, where he is working in particle physics.

Peter Johnson has been awarded the English Speaking Union Travelling Scholarship for 1965. He will read theology at Christ Church, Oxford.

The Rt. Rev. John Chisholm has been consecrated Assistant Bishop of New Guinea, and is living at the Anglican Mission of Dogura on the northern coast of Papua.

Alan Cornell became engaged to be married and was awarded the Solicitors' Prize of the Victorian Law Institute in the same month.

L. E. G. Sloan is the new medical director of the Royal Children's Hospital.

N. V. Henderson has had conferred on him by the President of Austria the Distinguished Service Order in gold of the Republic of Austria — Knight Cross First Class.

News has also been received of the impending return to Melbourne of Phillip Roff and Barry Connell. Phillip will leave Radley in England where he has been teaching mathematics to join the staff of Melbourne Grammar School. Barry has resigned from the Attorney-General's Department in Canberra to take up a position in the law school at Monash University.

MEMBERSHIP

All former members of the College are eligible for membership of the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys. Anyone who is not already a member is invited to get in touch with the Hon. Secretary at 430 Little Collins Street, Melbourne, and he will be glad to enlist him to membership. Annual membership remains at 10/- and life membership £8/8/-.

OBITUARY

We record with regret the death of an unusually large number of Trinity men during the year:

Dr. Hubert Sheppard Bush	1898
Dr. Sidney Frederick Ridley	1900
Dr. Mervyn John Holmes	1905
Dr. Robert Fowler	1905
The Rev. Kenneth Thorne Henderson	1908
Dr. Stanley Wilson Shields	1908
Cecil Ashley Marshall Renou	1920
Dr. Bruce Atlee Hunt	1921
Brian Charles Fitzpatrick	1924
Eric Victor Mitchell	1925
Dr. James Erskine Sewell	1925
Jack Ellis Newton	1931
William Quentin Cobbold Cain	1950

NEWSLETTER

As last year, we bring you a few interpretative notes about the College doings for this year. You cannot be blamed for wondering what on earth some of the descriptions of various College activities as given in this issue really mean. Even the Editor himself admits a reverent agnosticism towards some of the more esoteric of them, but such is the way of things and such is our determination not to appear like the School Mag., where everything is obvious to screaming point and a trifle moral. Just in case you are really not sure who actually won what, I can simply reassure you that we won nothing at the top level, though the Rowing was most exciting and most of us on the bank thought it was in the bag. The Second Eighteen, the real gentlemen's team, did very well and was very Trinity about the whole affair — no practice, no nothing, just a turn-out and win. We shall be so much better next year, etc.

In the rest of the magazine you will have abundant evidence that we have really entered a new epoch. Those of you who remember the only two other changeover periods in the College's history will recall the slight apprehension and so forth which accompanied the exercise. This time the situation was, tragically, unlike the other occasions, and for just on a year the College was in the hands of a Joint-Acting Warden, a sort of William and Mary arrangement which neither William nor Mary ever want to go through again. The election

of Robin Sharwood will no doubt give great satisfaction to all who know him personally, and one can only hope the former members will take every opportunity to make themselves known. He has a terrific task to become *au fait* with us all and is most anxious to do so.

The Cowan building is now complete and is a very good addition to the College collection of buildings. It is much sought-after by gentlemen seeking the privacy of "singles," but there is provision in it for "doubles" of the more traditional sort.

The task we set the architects of producing a building which somehow linked Behan and the Box was a tall order, but one must admit that it was worth the effort. The restoration of the Library has been completed except for a few lingering details about which one could quietly choke somebody, and is well used and appreciated. The heating is a triumphant success, and if anything is *de trop* even in the coldest weather, which, as they say, makes a nice change. The Muniments Room, formerly the Leeper Lecture Room, first on the right as you went in the main door, is now an ineffable extravaganza with deep green carpet to make a tycoon's mouth water, a stunning chandelier which seems to have escaped from La Scala, the Rusden and Atkinson collections of Australiana beautifully shelved, and an elegant board room table and chairs. The new College crest has been leadlighted into one of the south windows and this commemorates both the whimsicality and the generosity of A. E. South, through whose bequest it was all done. The rare books and the various collections have now all been salvaged from the Behan basement which can now go back to growing mushrooms for which it is admirably suited. A number of former Trinity men have been up to view all this and have been suitably impressed. You are always welcome to come and see it for yourself.

There have been a few other improvements as well. The Joint Acting Divided Highway in brick now joins the main drive to the Leeper Building and replaces the concrete strip from which everybody deviated and seems to have the effect of linking the Cowan Building in with the rest of the College — a surprising side effect but a good one. The Senior Common Room, which has grown steadily seedier as the years rolled, has had a great face-lift — refurbished floor, new curtains, lighting, and newly painted walls. It has for some time

had the dismal aspect of a waiting room in the old Women's Hospital complete with dog-eared magazines, but now it is all a gleam. It is said to be having terrific effects on the upper echelon.

At the same time the Junior Common Room, which never, in my opinion, really recovered from its enlargement (it took over the Dethridge Memorial, you will recall), has now been undergoing great renovations. There were many problems to be dealt with, such as the presence of the Telly, and the general, rather dreary spaciousness and lack of cosiness which is now being met, and very successfully. You will not perhaps note this at the Fleur-de-Lys Dinner, because there will be too much of everything that evening to see anything. But there have been great improvements, new coffee tables have been bought, and I hear that the T.C.A.C. has even ordered Indian rugs from India. The unsolved problem, of course, is what to do with the flipping Telly, which wrecks conversation and disorganises the room. There have been many ingenious plans for constructing a Telly Room, but no one quite knows just where this is to be. The viewing area has to be big enough to hold the crowds for all peak-viewing periods, the News, Mavis Bramston and other items of national moment, and yet cosy enough to suit the few hard-core viewers who seem to be always there. And, of course, it has to be close to the Common Room. A nice problem.

The presence of the Cowan Building seems to be causing fairly serious drainage problems in the Bulpadok. The water is fairly neatly contained and never seems to dry up. The cows, if they ever came back, would have to be equipped with goloshes at all times, and water wings for the rainy season. At the moment, you could bog a duck in two or three places.

Either Jim Court or Barry Marshall would be glad to hear from former members who may have news items suitable for inclusion in this section of the magazine. These two do their best, but accidents will occur. If in doubt, send it in — either about yourself, or some other old Trinity man.

B.R.M.

Trinity Women's Society

President: Miss Jennifer Taplin.

Vice-Presidents: Mrs. A. Asche, Mrs. M. Letts.

Honorary Secretary: Miss Lydia Eady.

Honorary Treasurer: Mrs. A. Smithers.

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

Committee: Mrs. K. Emmerson, Mrs. S. Alley, Mrs. D. Caro, Dr. Jean Gardner, Mrs. G. Trinca, Miss Beatrice Bodman.

Co-opted Member: Miss Colette Cock.

THE ANNUAL MEETING for 1964 was held at J.C.H. on 3rd October at 9.00 p.m., with the President, Mrs. Asche, in the chair. Mrs. Cowan was invited to become an honorary life member of the Society, and a report of the activities of the National Council of Women was given by our delegate, Mrs. Alley. She and Mrs. Emmerson were re-appointed delegates for 1965.

Activities for 1965 were discussed and it was decided that no Open Day should be held, as the Council would be inviting members to a party at J.C.H. in March, and that a Book Fair would be the best way to raise money for the College. Further activities were left to the Committee to determine. As sufficient capital has accrued, the Trinity Women's Society Scholarship was increased to £40 per annum.

THE ANNUAL DINNER preceded the meeting, and once again the College provided members with an excellent meal. Toasts were "the Queen" and "the College" proposed by the President, and replied to by the Principal and the Senior Student, and "Absent Friends" proposed by Miss Yvonne Aitken. Guests were the Principal and the Senior Student, Miss Joske, and the Presidents of the V.W.G.A. St. Mary's Hall, the Ormond Women's Society, the Wyverna Club, and the University Women's College Past Students' Association.

During the year members of the Society were entertained at a most enjoyable afternoon tea party on 30th March when the alterations to the College were inspected with great interest. On 1st July a Jumble Sale was held at St. George's Hall, Malvern, resulting in a profit of £154/11/-.

RECOLLECTIONS OF JANET CLARKE HALL, by Enid Joske, has been read with great interest by our members, both here and overseas. The Society is extremely grateful to Miss Joske and members are reminded that

copies are still available at J.C.H., price 10/- (post free).

COMMON ROOM AND LIBRARY

APPEAL: This fund continues to grow and has now reached the figure of £3,654/5/8. All members who have so generously supported this appeal are thanked most sincerely, and we are reminded that the College needs our continued support. Money raised voluntarily attracts a Commonwealth grant of £3 for every £1 so raised, and so our efforts achieve a worthwhile result.

THE BOOK FAIR has been postponed until next year when it will be our good fortune to have the opportunity to combine with St. Hilda's College and run a Book Fair organised by Mrs. Jackson who has had considerable experience in this field. The support of every member of the Society will be needed if this venture is to be a success. At present, the most urgent need is for depots where books can be left and sorted, and if any member can offer such accommodation, the Committee would be extremely grateful. Dr. Eden has kindly made room available at J.C.H. for the immediate reception of books, so that members can begin the essential collecting of secondhand books without delay.

NEWS OF PAST STUDENTS

Marriages:

Elizabeth Bakewell to Dr. Clement Smith.
Marilyn Baldwin to Mr. L. Panichi.
Julianne Browning to Mr. Graeme Jamieson.
Jean Holman to Mr. Neil MacLean.
Louise Judell to Mr. Alexandre Somers.
Susan Whitney King to Mr. Robin Gorton.
Geraldine Morris to Mr. Bill Richards.
Margaret Muntz to Mr. Keith Smith.
Julian Riordan to Mr. John Laver.
Joan Rowlands to Mr. Rory Treweeke.
Denise Shand to Mr. William Logan.
Beverley Keys Smith to Mr. Fred Wolmersley.
Olive Wykes to Mr. Dudley Mence.

Births:

Mr. and Mrs. P. Balmford (Rosemary Norris) — a son.
Mr. and Mrs. G. Bennett (Barbara Letheren) — a daughter.
Mr. and Mrs. B. Capp (Josie McCutcheon) — a son.
Dr. and Mrs. P. Clark (Adrienne Petty) — a son.
Dr. and Mrs. A. Day (Hilary Oliphant) — a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Derham (Margaret Dettmann) — a son.
 Mr. and Mrs. J. Feltham (Elizabeth Richards) — a son.
 Mr. and Mrs. L. Green (Jan Uglow) — a daughter.
 Dr. and Mrs. J. Grove (Jannette Hatwell) — a son.
 Mr. and Mrs. D. Happell (Jennifer Shaw) — a son.
 Mr. and Mrs. J. Havre (Merryn Cook) — a son.
 Dr. and Mrs. L. Hill (Barbara Bott) — a daughter.
 Mr. and Mrs. M. Kanter (Ann Murdoch) — a son.
 Mr. and Mrs. R. Lester (Harriet Cook) — a son.
 Mr. and Mrs. B. Loton (Jill Kemelfield) — a daughter.
 Mr. and Mrs. K. Mason (Lossie Cook) — a son.
 Dr. and Mrs. G. McKenzie (Barbara Meredith) — a son.
 Dr. and Mrs. G. Playford (Mary Dettmann) — a son.
 Mr. and Mrs. D. Price (Josephine Yencken) — a daughter.
 Dr. and Mrs. R. Sheil (Mary Lou Kent Hughes) — a daughter.
 Mr. and Mrs. P. Shattock (Virginia McKee) — a son.
 Mr. and Mrs. R. Todd (Helen Grutzner) — a daughter.
 Mr. and Mrs. T. Tyler (Mary Mackney) — a daughter.
 Mr. and Mrs. R. Ward-Ambler (Barbara Bult) — a son.
 Mr. and Mrs. J. Weigall (Dorothy Webber) — a son.
 Mr. and Mrs. J. Woods (Susan Horne) — a daughter.

Obituary:

The Society records with deep regret the death of Ann Lindgren, who died earlier this year of pneumonia in Algiers. Ann, who left College at the end of 1958 and was a Life Member of the Society, will be greatly missed by her many friends.

HONOURS AND AWARDS

Mrs. Whitney King was awarded the C.B.E. in the New Year's Honours List in recognition of her service to the community for the past 25 years. Mrs. Whitney King, who is a Past

President of the National Council of Women, is the only woman on the Interim Council of La Trobe University, has been a member of the Government's Family Welfare Council since 1954, and is President of the Free Kindergarten Union of Victoria.

Dr. Kate Campbell shared the first £5,000 Britannica-Australia Award in Medicine in recognition of the discovery of causes of blindness in unborn or prematurely born babies.

Dr. Mollie Holman, of the Department of Physiology at Monash University, won the Royal Society's Edgeworth David Medal for an outstanding contribution in the field of physiology, in this case for her work on the physiology of smooth muscle. This medal is awarded to an Australian research worker under the age of 35 for work done mainly in Australia and its territories, or contributing to the advancement of science.

GENERAL NEWS OF PAST STUDENTS

Ann Bolitho (Bevan) returned from Japan this year, but she and her husband are bound for America later in the year.

Helen Bowring flew to the U.S.A. in September, 1964, and spent from September to early December in Washington, then a fortnight in California, before returning home for Christmas.

Anne Brown has been appointed Field Officer to the Free Library Service Board.

Celia Burgess (Steeper) is at present in Djakarta where her husband is Third Secretary at the Australian Embassy.

Sybil Burns has chosen an unusual and adventurous method of returning to Australia. She has embarked on the converted wind-jammer, the *New Endeavour*, which is attempting to retrace Captain Cook's voyage to Australia.

Rosemary Dawe (Sutterby) has also returned to Melbourne after three years in England.

Susan Deane and her family have moved to Beenleigh, near the Gold Coast in Queensland, and is doing some part-time medical work.

Sali Dening (Rogers) is settled with her family in Bath, Somerset, U.K.

After spending some time with Margaret McDonald and Helen Holmes in India (staying with Helen's parents), **Sally Dishon** is now touring Europe.

Elizabeth Feltham (Richards), chief organiser for last year's Fair, left for England with her husband and two small sons on 11th August. Her husband, Mr. John Feltham,

donor of the famous Feltham Bequest (latter day adjunct to the Teligny Cup) has been appointed a Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford.

Iris Friederich (Wilcock), who was back in Melbourne for a few months last year, is back in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, and is teaching Latin again.

Joan Gardner and Professor Rubbo have written a book called "A Review of Sterilization and Disinfection."

Jenny Happell (Shaw) is in the U.S.A. Her husband has been teaching at a school in Pennsylvania, but will soon be commencing a course at the University of Wisconsin.

Wylga Hemmant (Long) and her husband are now living in London after a number of years in India, and is enjoying numerous visits to the Opera and Ballet.

Vera Jennings has retired from her position of Senior Lecturer in the English Department, Melbourne University.

Jenny Landale is at present visiting Israel where her father is the Australian Consul.

Suzanne Lodge is working in London for her Ph.D.

Pat Long (Dravers), her husband and three children are living in the Australian Embassy, The Hague, Holland.

Valerie McDowell and her husband have made an interesting trip to the mission field in New Guinea, where they slept in village huts, ate native food, and generally shared the life of the New Guinea people.

Elwyn Morey, who has taken up her appointment as Associate Professor of Education at Monash University, is the first woman associate professor at Monash. Elwyn was previously on the staff of Melbourne University, first with the Psychology Department, and then with the School of Education, as Senior Lecturer in educational psychology, and is President of the Australian Pre-School Association (Victorian Branch), and a member of the Family Welfare Advisory Council.

Margaret Molt (Gutteridge), who was with her mother in Melbourne early this year, has left Edinburgh and is now living in Hampstead in "a most attractive converted coach house." She has given up work for the time being, apart from giving a paper at the International Protozoology Meeting in London in July/August.

Mary Newsome (Reynolds), now living in Greenwich, London, paid a short visit to Melbourne this year.

Judy O'Flynn, in Surrey, England, is leading a busy life as she had twins in May of last year, and finds time for gardening and for her music.

Vivienne Oliphant is another overseas traveller, touring abroad with her parents.

Joanna Pyper is still working with the Northern Health Service, centred in Edmonton, Canada. Last year she spent some months in Fort Simpson, in the North, but was returning to Edmonton at Christmas and was expecting to be sent away again, possibly to Innvik on the Arctic Circle.

Joan Rigby went to Columbus, Ohio, after Easter, her husband having been invited to work with the U.S. Geological Survey, which is housed at the Ohio State University. They have a house only a block from the Campus. They live in the midst of lovely trees, squirrels and bird-life, but notice great speed and noise and high cost of living. They expect to be in Columbus for three years, returning via South America and Europe.

Freda Ross (Friday) is living in Weybridge, U.K., with her husband and three small daughters.

Everil Taylor (Murray) is living in Suva, Fiji, and expects to remain there for about four years. She is completing her final year of Diploma of Education from Armidale University, and also plans to do some teaching in a convent in Suva.

Ailsa Zaimiddin has published a book entitled "How to Cook Indonesian Food."

Helen Willis (Turner), **Peg Morris** (Hyett), **Marjorie Morris** and **Isabelle Seymour** (Terry) are all living within a stone's throw of each other in Canberra and form the nucleus of quite a large (if fluctuating) number of Trinity Women in Canberra.

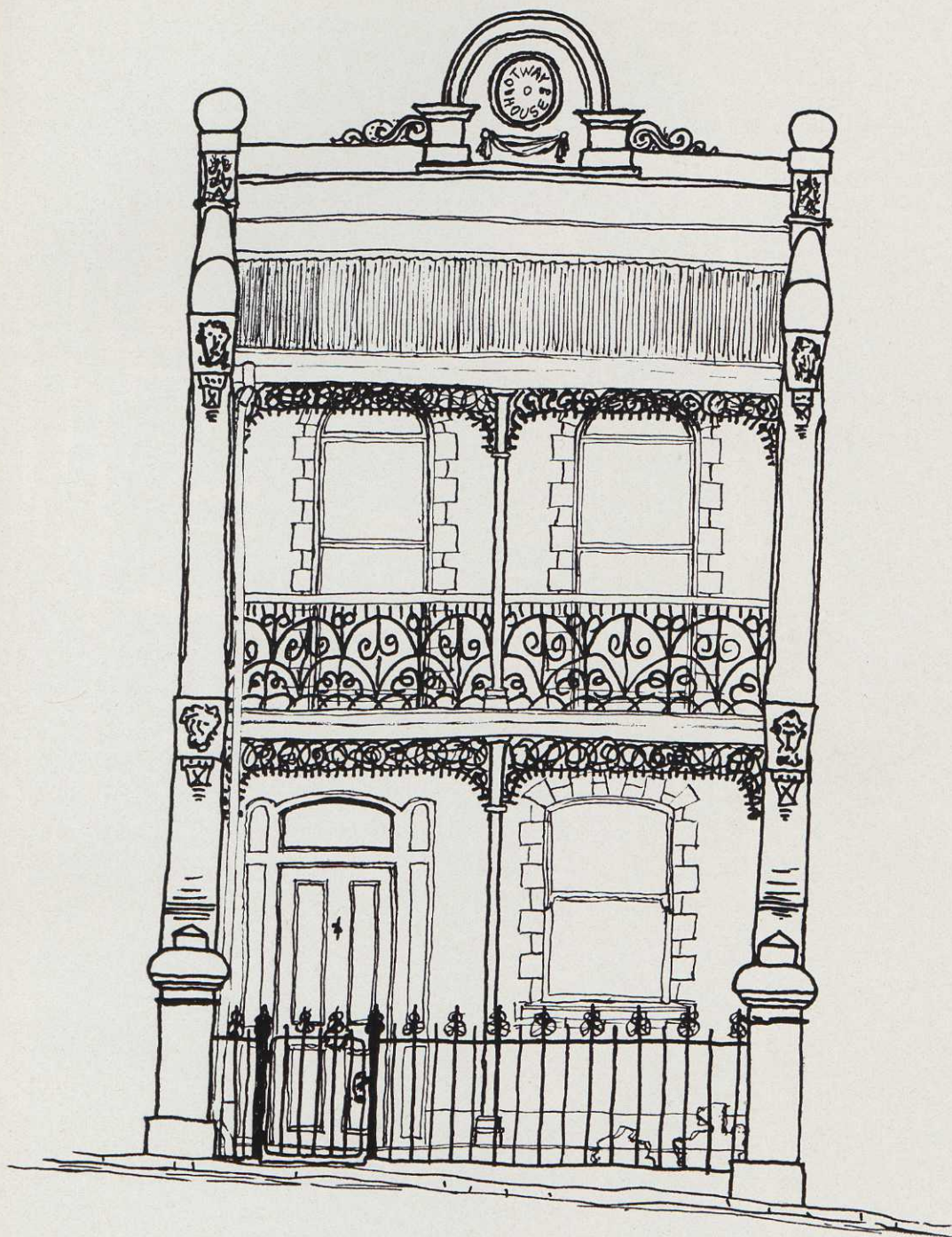


"The Fleur de Lys" was set up and printed by Austral Printing and Publishing Company for the editors, Katharine Patrick, Alan Archibald and John Brenan.

We wish to thank all those who have helped prepare this magazine: first our printer, Mr. Boneham, for his advice, particularly with the new cover, and for his tolerance in awaiting late copy; Colin Stevens, our cartoonist and designer of the back cover, with John Wilson, Terry Sedgwick and Mr. Graham Kidd who provided other drawings; Andrew MacIntyre for his continual work on the cover design and photo; Ted Blamey for collecting and printing the photographs, and all the photographers; Ross Murray and George Myers for reading the proofs; all those contributors whose photographs and articles we did not print; Peter Gerrand and Hal Colebatch for editorial advice; Mr. J. D. Merralls for his help with the College Records; and finally, the staff of Austral Printing and Publishing Company.

To all members of Janet Clarke Hall and Trinity College, past or present, we wish a merry Christmas and prosperous New Year.





Peter Field.

TERRACE HOUSE

