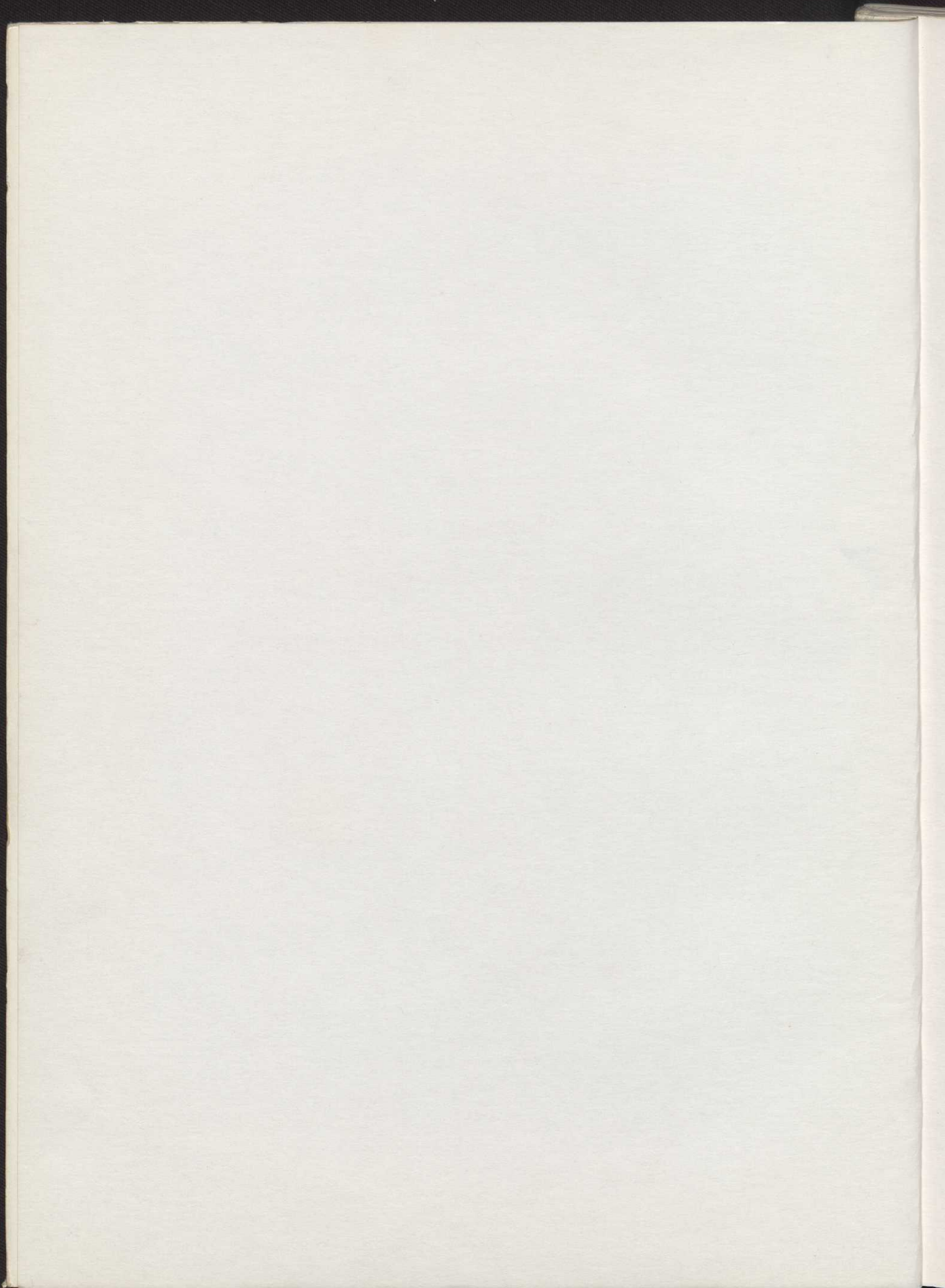


1968

THE  
FLEUR DE LYS  
1968



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Nov 1968



# THE FLEUR DE LYS

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



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November 1968

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## THE DEAN

On 1st February, 1968, James Donald Merralls, LL.B., became Dean of the College in succession to the Rt. Rev. K.B. Mason who had been Dean since 1966. Mr. Merralls had been Acting Dean in Third Term 1967 during the absence of the Warden on leave.

He is 31. He was educated at The King's School, Parramatta and Melbourne Grammar School and was a Major Scholar of the College. He graduated LL.B. with honours. He was a resident tutor of the College from 1958 until 1960 when he was appointed Associate to the Rt. Hon. Sir Owen Dixon, Chief Justice of Australia. He returned to the College in 1963 and became Senior Tutor in the following year.

Mr. Merralls is a member of the Victorian bar.

Dr. A.J. Buzzard, M.B.B.S.

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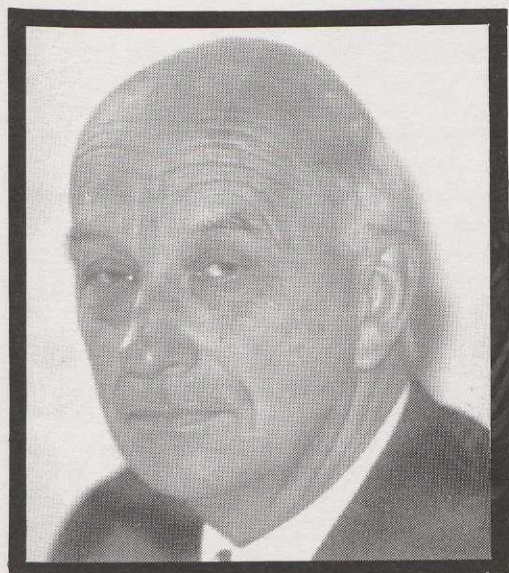
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Mr. G.W. Hone, LL.B.

Mr. M.D. Smith, LL.B.

Dr. B.W. Thompson, Ph. D. (Lond), B.A., M.Sc.,  
Dip.Ed.

## NEW RESIDENT TUTORS:



## THE BURSAR

Brian Charles Cornell was appointed Bursar in November 1967 after the retirement of Mr. Alan Gunther from the post.

Mr. Cornell had recently retired from an active position as Finance Director of Fibremakers Limited. He had previously occupied a number of senior financial positions on the staff of Imperial Chemical Industries of Australia and New Zealand Limited, and had spent several years on the Alkali Works in South Australia.

He was educated at Trinity Grammar School and is currently Vice President of the School Council. He is a Fellow of the Society of Accountants and the Chartered Institute of Secretaries.

# EDITORIALS

"His coat was red and his breeches were blue,  
And there was a hole where his tail came through."

This was no ordinary devil. I saw at a glance that this was the devil of change. Gone were the traditional black robe and glittering horns, replaced by clear blue and vibrant red. Ah yet, my devil had a new outlook. No longer did he creep furtively into men's minds, nor did he leap in spasmodic flashes of malignant inspiration into the intellects of the gullible. I could not help noticing that he had put on weight since I last saw him, not as a result of unhealthy scraps dragged from the bottom of the human pit. Rather, his aspect was healthy, suggesting a diet of sensible matter utilized discerningly. Not only was he fatter, but his face too had assumed a new expression. The eyebrows, habitually drawn together in a frown, now gave place to a spacious, open countenance which reflected a vivid mind, uninhibited by the traditional ideas of his predecessors.

As he came towards me, I could not help but wonder if his successors would also promulgate his modern transformation.

S.D.

..... well it's bigger ..... s'pose it must be a bit on the better side, well it's a change .... the odd change here or there never hurts .... not too much so of course — well I mean you've got to keep some sense of tradition don't you .... quite like the look of the thing though, don't you? .... well yes — I suppose they could have gone a bit too far this time ..... new printing process or something like that .... but all the same, I like to see people having a go — free country and all that .... as long as they do what people want — can't have others imposing their own personal likes and dislikes on you .... I mean where would we be? .... anyway the photos have come up well .... must get round to reading it sometime.

J M

*For the want of imagination  
knowledge was lost;  
For the want of knowledge  
love was lost;  
For the want of love  
a world  
was  
lost.*

R.T.S.

#### THE MAGAZINE:

As I trust you have noticed and as you have been well and truly told above by my chums in this venture, we altered it. The larger size will, we hope, accommodate more material and allow for attempts at prettier layout (and heavens above, even the engineers turn out pretty magazines these days). It gives historical continuity rather a jolt, it must be confessed; but we believe that it can settle again at a level more compatible with the twentieth century.

There is a larger than usual number of original articles published this year and perhaps it is desirable that the number continues to grow, as we have no other disseminator of our creative outbursts, as do our neighbours in 'Ormond Papers'. Not that our creative outbursts need one so far; for supposedly such an intellectually august institution our output is meagre at best. Let us hope our successors can do better, not only in levering out *litterateurs* from the odd College crevice but in encouraging scientists, architects and engineers (who now make up almost half the collegiate company) to contribute their no doubt robust opinions and the more visual products of their fertile minds.

#### THE COLLEGE:

As editors are inevitably current residents, their view of the College is inevitably half-baked. This must cause all those who have left and are nurturing rosy memories of the place considerable chagrin: all those heedless inmates having random hacks at the Constitution, the magazine and so on. We, in our turn, will no doubt be made to suffer by the next generation when they make clear to us the disparity between the image we are cradling and the fact they are living in, wailing about and wanting to remould. But never mind. The Warden is a man receptive to changes and (witness his article herein) even has a few in mind himself. This would seem an excellent thing; the Dear Old Coll. should never be allowed to grow too mouldy (provided the place retains its position relative to secular society, all will probably be well). Anachronisms are seldom loved by any who have to put up with their performance.

M.R.W.

# TRINITY COLLEGE AND JANET CLARKE HALL

## T.C.A.C. COMMITTEE REPORT FOR 1967-68

Chairman:	Mr. J.D. Merralls, (Acting Dean, later Dean).
Senior Student:	Mr. P.J. Hughes
Secretary:	Mr. J.H. Telfer
Treasurer:	Mr. S.J. McGregor
Indoor Representative:	Mr. G.A. Ross
Outdoor Representative:	Mr. R.W. Harper
General Representative:	Mr. R.J. MacKenzie

The Committee liked to think that if most of its activities went unnoticed, this was a satisfactory compliment. Much of our function was to be the grease in the joints, and if the joints didn't squeak, our lubricatory existences were justified.

We saw that gentlemen had their Sporting Globes to read, and chairs to sit on that didn't collapse. We tried to keep the television working. We bought a new eight for the rowers, and a new flag with the modern crest. We arranged that enough milk was available after sporting successes for adequate celebrations. We cursed the drought and repaired its damage to the Tennis courts.

Of course, the better you are and the fewer mistakes you make, the more your marginal errors stand out. Or so we liked to delude ourselves, because we had our critics. Stirring tends to prevent important things from sinking to the bottom, but it also creates froth at the top. We hope our critics enjoyed themselves.

As well as its administrative side, the T.C.A.C. has its innovatory, and negotiatory aspects.

Of course, it would be highly improper to discuss any details of the latter. What the concept means can only be illustrated by an example from quite another field.

In the Albanian army, negotiation would mean seeing that the Commandant and officers behaved as the troops would wish. The barracks ought to be allocated correctly. If they are not, the troops tend to become restive. Assurance that the next allocations will be done in consultation with representatives of the people's committee elected from the ranks temporarily soothes the troops. If the troops have been unusually boisterous, or failed to salute visiting officers correctly, their R & R might be cancelled unless manoeuvring takes place. When the troops gather annually to sell the possessions of their dead,

temporarily absent or just insensibly drunk comrades, they have certain customs. They like to drink their Albanian national beverage of raspberry vinegar. Distress and personal hurt would follow the refusal of permission so to do. Of course, the people's committee would intercede, but you can't win all the time.

If the troops wanted to plant flowers around their barracks and paste pictures of their sisters near their beds, the representative committee would get the Commandant to subsidize these schemes from regimental funds. It has often amazed the Commandant how the troops always seem to photograph their sisters in the oddest poses and costumes, but he likes to keep the troops happy and make the barracks comfortable.

If the concept of negotiation is clear, that is good and the above example has fulfilled its limited purpose. All that can be said of them is that negotiations between the T.C.A.C. Committee and the Warden and Dean go on most of the while.

We can be more candid about the innovatory aspects of our work this year. These were the new things we did.

After a losing struggle with day-trippers last year, we completely altered the system in the car park. It now is divided into numbered spaces, and those eligible to park are allocated a particular space or joint use of a number of spaces. "Crashers" have become easy to detect, and those who trespass on our property are liable to prosecution.

A sub-committee to look into College dress regulations was appointed. A questionnaire was circulated. Despite the prognostications of the College's wise-men and political voyeurs, the elephant gave birth to a mouse. Members of the College were not unhappy with the current regulations. The only changes clearly wanted were that coats need not be worn at breakfast, and that gowns ought not to be compulsory at tutorials. The Warden approved the first suggestion and compromised on the second by not requiring gowns before five o'clock. No change has resulted in the mores of the College, as far as we can see.

Another idea we introduced was a money-raising scheme to assist towards the hideous expense of College rowing. An appeal now would be too close to the Building Campaign, but we decided to organise a series of dinners and functions where our former rowers can get together and relive their strapping youth. An appeal will follow later.

Towards the end, even elevated discourses often descend to personal remarks. That may be because what interests most people after themselves is other people. However that may be, we will close by being a bit more specific about our particular Committee members.

There was Geoff Ross, the Indoor Representative. He patiently listened to a stream of complaints, and bought a second washing-machine because some gentlemen insisted on choking the first one with clothes and suffocating it with soap powder.

Stuart McGregor was our Treasurer. He was always friendly and understanding when one claimed sixpences which the P.M.G.'s telephones had eaten. He even succeeded in selling our coffee dispensing machine.

Rick Harper was the Outdoor Representative. Being a nice bloke and a good administrator, he was a PR natural and did our image no end of good.

General Representative was Dick Mackenzie, the proud possessor of the Body Beautiful. Dick, despite his retiring manner, provided a stimulating year of CRD's and other turns. He also acted as bouncer in the car park and elocution adviser to the Freshmen.

The Secretary was John Telfer.

Peter Hughes was Senior Student, ring master and lion tamer. Peter's gay smile was known all round the College. His door was ever open, and his room flowed with exotic hospitality. The Senior Student was always ready to give advice to anyone, and prided himself that few to whom he gave advice ever asked it again. Peter's charm masked an efficiency which must have surprised even him.

Having crammed many words into few ideas in this report, we can only say we hope we gave satisfaction as a Committee. We at least enjoyed our term thoroughly.

## JCH SENIOR STUDENT'S REPORT

Who said that J.C.H. COULD never change – new tutors, renovations, new carpets, bathrooms, dining hall's, chandeliers and men hours!

This year we were sorry to lose three members of our Senior Common Room, Miss Booth, Miss Hanscombe and Miss Grace. Miss Grace has gone to Yale where she will study for five years. Miss Booth will be particularly missed for the enthusiasm she raised in Musical Evenings here.

The renovations of the College were completed this year. The bathrooms no longer open onto the landing, and telephone conversations now involve the length and breadth of the College. Carpet has been

laid in all passages and the dining room has been sound-proofed and painted.

To celebrate our magnificence we had an entertainment year in J.C.H. Amongst our distinguished guests were Lady Delacombe, Sir George and Lady Paton, The Warden of the Union, Mr. Gourlay and Professor Hird of the Biochemistry Department.

Each Resident Student may have Six members of the University Academic Staff to lunch during the year as a guest of the College. Although in first term great use was not made of this innovation, there were more guests here in second term and we hope that this will continue next year.

The Essay Competition is now known as the Helen Knight Award. This year it was combined with the Blackwood Dinner. Miss Cerutti – a past student of the College and now Principal of Toorak College, was guest of honour, and joined with Professor King of Monash University and Professor Maxwell as an adjudicator. Miss Janet Mackenzie won the prize for her Essay "From Pillar to Post".

Miss Katherine Derham was chosen Miss Trinity-J.C.H. this year. The Miss University Quest is one in which we have had particular success in the past few years and this year Kathy was chosen Miss W.U.S. for raising the largest sum of money. Kathy was particularly ingenious in raising the money and organized an auction of clothes left in the College over the years. Several rather glamorous items of clothing sold for large sums of money, and money raising was considered completed, when one purchaser noticed the name of a resident tutor on her new long frock. A check revealed that three items of clothing belonged to the same person, so these were quickly returned and money raising recommenced in more conventional channels.

At the beginning of Second Term men hours were extended. As Newshound reported:

"Men every night – to coincide with Pub hours – gentlemen are now in the horns of a dilemma – what a terrible choice!"

Trinity, in return, decided that Women need no longer be banned from Hall, so on Sundays, all Chapel goers are entertained to breakfast in Trinity or J.C.H. on alternate Sundays. We do, however, sympathize with the few remaining breakfast lovers in Trinity who feel that privacy should not be invaded so early in the morning.

J.C.H. joined with Trinity again this year in raising money for the College Appeal. It is hoped that Gona Mission Station in Papua New Guinea will have a new class-room soon as a result of our efforts. A very successful "Oriental Luncheon", to which all Trinity Gentlemen were invited was held at J.C.H. The Appeal has raised the sum of \$800 so far.

These were the doings in J.C.H. this year.

## housing students

This article reproduces the substance of a talk given at a Graduate Union luncheon on 7th August and repeated in the Junior Common Room on 9th September 1968.

When I was an undergraduate, residence policy seemed to be one of the great non-issues here in Melbourne, and the only institution which appeared to care a hoot about student housing was the Church. A month or so ago I was seriously assured by one of our current undergraduate activists (I hope he won't mind me calling him that) that when "student power" really broke to the surface in Melbourne it would probably be centred on the housing problem. The "housing problem"! *Tempora mutantur*, as you would say.

The original University Act of 1853 certainly contemplated formal University responsibility for the living arrangements of its students. Not only did it provide for the affiliation of colleges but also for the "licensing and supervision of boarding houses intended for the reception of students", and it further enacted that "during such terms of residence as the University may by statute appoint" a student should reside either with his parent or guardian, or with "some near relative or friend" selected by his parent and approved by the Chancellor or Vice-Chancellor (there's a nice job for Sir Robert), or in an affiliated college or licensed boarding house. All these provisions remain on the statute book — yes, all of them. It just so happens that the University has never appointed "terms of residence" so as to bring the latter directives into effect; nor has it undertaken to license boarding houses.

Despite what was written into the University Act, then, Melbourne exhibited in practice a long reluctance to recognize student housing as a significant University responsibility: the matter was left to the Church, and the University contented itself with affiliating Colleges. This was the general Australian pattern, as the Murray Committee of Enquiry noted in 1957, observing that within its limitations it had proved successful: "the college experiment in the Universities has been an invaluable one and we wish that more students had the opportunities of receiving these benefits".

Practice overseas in earlier years varied quite a deal. Oxford and Cambridge, of course, have always been residential universities *par excellence*, and certain other famous and influential institutions such as Trinity College, Dublin, and Harvard have long had a significant residential component. But the traditions of Scotland, of most of the pre-war "red-brick" English universities and of the American State universities (not to mention the European universities) were quite different. There were in fact many parallels to the Australian record of very limited official involvement in student housing for the first century of its university life.

But all this has changed, as I have implied. In the last twenty years or so, roughly since the end of the Second World War, governments and universities in Britain, America and Australia have come to accept more and more responsibility in this area.\*

Here in Melbourne, the University Act was amended in 1951 to give the Council power to establish hostels and halls of residence. Pursuant to this power, the University in 1953 took over the Drummond Street hostel (begun by the S.R.C. in 1949) and re-founded it as Medley Hall. International House was opened as a second hall of residence in 1957. It was in this same year that the Murray Committee recommended both the expansion of the existing college system and also the establishment of university halls. Its Report coincided with an English report on halls of residence, known as the Niblett Report, which strongly endorsed the concept of university-sponsored student residence and urged its extension. English universities have been acting upon this recommendation ever since. In America, too, there was in the nineteen-fifties a swing in the same direction; the huge and distinguished University of California at Berkeley accepted formal responsibility for student housing in 1959, reversing its previous policies.

We may ask why such changes should have taken place, and so generally.

There has in the first place been an increasing realisation that students would want to and should have the opportunity to live away from home for at least part of their university careers, that this was an important aspect of the general maturing experience which university life should provide — indeed, that it might be an essential part of the maturing experience for any young adult. On the whole this view had been little appreciated in Australia, although it was widely enough held in Britain and America. The argument was stressed in the Niblett Report.

Secondly, the post-War universities found that there was — as there remains — a growing shortage of "digs". This is in part because of rising student numbers, obviously enough, but it is in part too because both university authorities and students themselves now look for something better than the traditional garrets. The shortage is of acceptable "digs". And the cost of such private housing as is acceptable has tended to rise out of all proportion to student resources.

Finally, of course, it is now widely recognised that there are real educational advantages in bringing students into university residence for all or part of

\* It is fair to say that changes were on the way in the late 'thirties, but most significant action was postponed until after the War.

their courses. Close association with each other, with their seniors, with the whole varied life of their university is stimulating and encouraging to students and has overall what the Niblett Report called a "civilizing and educative effect". I have already noted the endorsement of this idea in the Murray Report.

We have therefore seen a massive increase in the amount of officially sponsored housing for university students in recent years. The Australian statistics are quite remarkable. Sixteen colleges were opened in Australia before the end of the First World War, half of these before 1900. Six more were opened between 1918 and 1945. Thus at the end of the Second World War there were twenty-two colleges at Australian universities. Today there are over seventy colleges and halls, with more on the drawing boards. The expansion has been backed by both universities and government, with the encouragement and support of the Australian Universities Commission.

Now almost all this new student housing both here and in Britain has been organised on the collegiate principle. By this I mean that an attempt is made to create a community, a community which by deliberate and systematic recruitment of juniors and seniors, students and staff, seeks to be a sort of microcosm of its university as a whole and exists to promote its interests, a community in which academic and pastoral concern for its members is exhibited in natural and appropriate ways. I think this is the essence of the collegiate idea; it may be expressed in many variant forms in practice.

But the collegiate principle as the basis for student housing is presently under serious question.

I noticed this particularly when I was in Britain last year. The National union of Students was very vocal on the matter while I was there. In September, "The Times" reported an executive member of the N.U.S. as saying that "the union would continue to shout from the housetops about the scandalous waste of halls of residence built like luxury hotels, which most students did not want and could not afford" (25/9/1967). A fortnight later, in an article on the accommodation problem at British universities, "The Times" reported a N.U.S. claim that "their members want fewer halls of residence and many more study-bedroom blocks, or blocks of flatlets, preferably built by the universities" (6/10/1967). Later in October, it was announced in "The Times" that the British Vice-Chancellors had set up a small committee to study the problems of student residence; "in particular the committee will discuss whether traditional university ideals about student residence — that it is a good thing and that there ought to be more halls of residence need modification"; the correspondent thought "major changes of policy are on the way"; there was a leading article on the subject in "The Times" that same day (24/10/1967). The N.U.S. reaffirmed its views at its conference in November, and there was another long article in "The Times" (28/11/1967):

"Quite apart from the vagaries of student

fashion, there must be changes in the type of student accommodation that universities provide. Yet it has largely been the N.U.S. which has created the new climate by its insistence that students do not want to live in traditional halls of residence closely modelled on the Oxford and Cambridge college, an idea which has often been presented as the panacea for provincial universities.

The answer now, according to the N.U.S. is to build more student-owned housing co-operatives, and for universities to build more blocks of study bedrooms and student flatlets to accommodate the extra thousands who will be going to universities and polytechnics in the 1970's and the 1980's

On this issue the N.U.S. has waged a powerful and persuasive campaign."

The reaction against student residence on the collegiate principle has already expressed itself in some university planning in Britain. No new halls of residence will be built in the imaginative Education Precinct now under development in Manchester, but rather flatlets and blocks of study-bedrooms. At the new University of Essex, just outside Colchester, students (undergraduate and graduate) share flats in tower blocks, virtually unsupervised, paying only a rental and making all their own arrangements for meals.

There is evidence of a similar decline in the popularity of collegiate residence in America (with the new campus of the University of California at Santa Cruz as a quite remarkable exception) and in the last few years there have been pointers in the same direction here in Melbourne.

This questioning of a long-followed planning principle must force us all, I believe, to a re-assessment of what we really want to do and should do about student housing, given that it can be accepted that this is now an area in which universities and government do acknowledge a very considerable measure of direct responsibility.

For myself, I am still trying to think it all through. I am sure there are no final answers, but let me say a little about my current views on the question. By the way of preliminary, I should emphasise that I am not one of those who believe that because the idea of collegiate residence is under attack it should therefore be promptly abandoned. It has, after all, worked well for a long, long time. On a matter such as this students can genuinely mistake their own interests. There is any amount of evidence that the wrong choice of living arrangements can lead to disaster, academic or personal or both. A totally permissive response to pressures of the kind we are witnessing can be inconsistent with the maintenance of university standards and the encouragement of effective university studies; the Essex towers seem to me a case in point. Further, the arguments against colleges and halls of residence on purely economic grounds are not quite as strong as

the British N.U.S. claims. Nevertheless, I recognize that some re-assessment of student housing policy is called for.

A prime consideration is that students are not a homogeneous group. We talk of "student residence" and "student housing", but who are these students? They are a very mixed lot indeed. Leaving aside purely personal factors (although of course these can never be left aside when decisions are being made for individuals), I see some fairly clear categories in the student population.

There may be no magic in the conferring of a degree, but nevertheless graduate students are rather different people to undergraduates. They work in a different way — very much more on their own — and they are properly conscious of a degree of seniority in the academic community. They are frequently engaged in some teaching or supervising. And obviously they are older and maturer than the average undergraduate. The proportion of graduate students in the general student population has risen, and the plans for this University call for it to rise still further.

Even amongst undergraduates there is a distinction to be observed between seniors and juniors. I am here thinking largely but not exclusively in terms of age. There is a big difference between the boy or girl of seventeen or eighteen, fresh from school, and the final year student of twenty-two or twenty-three in Law or Medicine. The point is very obvious and needs no labouring. But it does carry implications for this question of student housing.

For the junior undergraduates — and in the ordinary age range I would define these as the undergraduates in their first and second years — I would say that if they are to live away from home the case for residence on collegiate lines is very strong indeed, both educationally and in terms of their personal welfare. All the old arguments for collegiate residence seem still to hold good for this section of the student population, generally speaking. Our own Melbourne statistics on failure rates strongly support this contention on educational grounds alone: the failure rate of college students in their first and second years is markedly below that of all other students in those years. I would quote another relevant and disturbing statistic: I am told that 25% of first year students in this University are reckoned to have problems they cannot solve without help. My own impression is that the first two years at University are the really difficult and critical years for most undergraduates, and the years in which they can gain so very much from all collegiate residence has to offer, educationally, socially and in every other way. I have certainly yet to see a residential arrangement which works as well.

Many students continue to find collegiate residence satisfactory and rewarding through their senior and even their graduate years, to the great advantage of the colleges and halls themselves, which would be very much the poorer without them. But many do not, for quite good and proper reasons, and for these we should be ready to offer a variety of

living arrangements.

These might consist of looser and freer forms of communal living. I was particularly impressed by Leckhampton, in Cambridge. This is a hostel for graduate students established by Corpus Christi in Grange Road, some way from the main College. (This I think is an important point). Partly in the existing Victorian villa on the site and partly in a new building, accommodation is provided for thirty graduate and research students, five bachelor fellows and a warden, together with five studies for married fellows, common rooms and dining room. Leckhampton also serves as a centre for a number of married students living in flats or houses nearby, so that at present the total community there numbers fifty to sixty. It is a communal arrangement, but it is quite different in character and atmosphere to that of an undergraduate college. I was impressed by it, and discussed it at some length in my study leave report. If Trinity could find the resources, I should like to see it sponsoring a project of this kind somewhere in Parkville or Carlton.

A further alternative would be to provide single or shared flats or shared houses. Carlton, Parkville, North Melbourne, Princes Hill, all seem to me to offer marvellous opportunities to the University (and to the Colleges) for such residential arrangements, both in the existing terraces and in such imaginative redevelopment projects as the Cross Street scheme. I do not think any other Australian university has Melbourne's potential in this regard, if only ways and means can be found to enable us to take advantage of it.

If only ways and means can be found — there's the rub. For what at present hinders the orderly, rational and systematic development of student housing along the various lines I have mentioned is a very considerable economic problem: in brief, lack of money. Student housing at acceptable standards is a very expensive business. Capital costs are high, and running costs are forced up by the fact that most such residences cannot expect economic, year-round occupancy. There is already a large measure of government support for student housing both directly by way of grants to universities and colleges, and indirectly through such things as the Commonwealth Scholarship scheme. Yet with all this support we are still unable to provide the quantity and variety of residential arrangements which seem to be called for and we are forced to charge fees and rents which are beyond the means of far too many deserving students.

It is very unlikely that government and universities will abandon that responsibility for student housing which they have in recent years assumed. It would be a retrograde step if they did, and there is no evidence that they will.

I believe the continued acceptance of this responsibility carries with it, inevitably, a readiness to sink far more money into its implementation than presently seems to be available — to its implementation, that is, along lines which are related to the needs as they really are and which secure some sort of equal justice to the student population. Naturally, one

hopes that student housing will continue to attract private financial support, as it always has done in this country; it would be a tragedy if that tradition were abandoned, for all sorts of reasons which cannot be elaborated here.

But most of the money must come from government. There is, I fear, no escape from that conclusion, and I believe we should regard ourselves as committed to it by the policies for our universities which we have already thought proper to adopt and by the nature of the age we live in.

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VERSUS UPON THE DEATH OF DR. HUGO or  
HYMNE TO ME IN MY SICKNESSE.

'The whole world is our hospital'

Introductory stanza: of November.

November is the cruellest month  
Breeding fevers out of the dead gland  
(Who is the third who lies beside me)  
Mixing codeine and pink marmalade  
Trying dull heads with Prussian pain  
(Bin gar keine Neckenlumpen, stomachen aus  
marcheuen, echt Weasler)  
What will the late November do?  
When the finals start, and examinees are settled  
To chocolate, periodicals (and the morning paper)  
(At the moment which is neither of action or  
inaction)  
Remember Hugo who was once hansom and tall as  
you!

Of food

The wounded virgin flies the meal:  
Sausage and garlic in the pudd  
Clot the bedded patient's blood  
(And the way down is the way up)  
And what you thought they served you  
Is only a shell, a husk of meringue  
From which the lemon breaks only when it is  
hammered  
If at all. Either they had no lemon  
Or the lemon is beyond the kind you bargained for  
And was altered in the cooking.  
There is only the struggle to recover what has been  
lost –  
The brown baked peaches, the familiar compound  
toast  
The bitter apple, the bite in the apple  
The smell of steaks in passageways  
Lost between one June and another November.  
we  
envoi: Do I dare to eat a peach?

of beds: Definitive

Lady, whose bed stands on the promontory  
Pray for all those who are in ships  
(Supine on the floor of a narrow canoe)  
Also for those who were in beds and  
ended their voyage on the gland, in the dark throat.  
(Who is the third who lies beside me?)

Of wards OR Via Negativa

Here is a place of disinfection  
chuck before and chuck after –  
The common ward, exact without vulgarity  
Half.

Epitaph

He content at the last  
If his temporal inversion nourish  
not too far from the Lemon Tree  
the life of significant spoil.

Critical Notice by Silverbig, leading critic: Dr. Hugo, in this truly remarkable little poem has undertaken the massive task of rearranging Eliot interpretatively, and has rendered the *Quartets* accessible to the ordinary layman at long last. The poem, its own imaginative form bearing close resemblance to the Pindaric ode, is executed in a swift coup of artistic detachment from individual plight, and is done so as to reproduce Eliot's disdain for the common man without Eliot's peculiar offensiveness by in fact masquerading as the common man. Dr. Hugo is unhampered by Anglo-Catholicism.

## who gets in

Eva G. Eden, M.A., Ph.D., M.A.C.E.,  
Principal of Janet Clarke Hall.

When I was a student at Cambridge I rather foolishly asked my tutor, "How were we selected?" I was told, "Well it is like this; it is easy to pick the outstanding applicants and the ones who are no good, the rest you might as well draw out of a hat". "Is this how we were chosen?" I enquired. "Yes, just about", came back the answer.

Since then I have spent much time thinking about this problem. If a college attracts students mainly from two or three schools then a close link with the schools can be of great help. After all, the schools have known the students for a long time. But in Victoria there are about 200 schools where girls can matriculate and it is not possible to know all the headmasters and headmistresses well. Some schools, particularly those where only a few go to University, tend to be more lavish with their praise; with other schools it is the done thing to list the candidate's good points in muted tone. Not that I blame the schools, writing testimonials must be a great burden and has many pitfalls as the following story will illustrate. A certain headmaster used to make a point of discussing not only the academic merits of his students but also their maturity, self-reliance, etc. Now he found that some of his best boys were not getting into the Hall of Residence at one of the new universities. When discreetly inquiring about this matter he was told, "Of course we didn't take Smith. He is such a superb chap he doesn't need residence as much as some of the weaker brethren".

This raises the question we should have asked at the outset. What is the purpose of a residential institution? Many of us have been brought up with the concept that a college is to encourage academic excellence, hence we tend to choose the good academic student. In spite of what other educational goals we might have we are proud if we can say we got 10 University Exhibitions or what have you. It has been easy for traditional institutions to label the newer places as rather brash and uncultured. On the other hand Farrago sometimes paints us in somewhat aristocratic hues. We should remember that Oxbridge College on which we base many of our traditions, started out in the 13th Century as lodging houses. The students themselves got together and founded an institution where they could live. They didn't have time to look after the physical and financial arrangements, so a master of the house was found. Later when these institutions became wealthier and more sophisticated the Fellows followed.

In addition to academic excellence and student needs, there is a third criterion and that is the need of the college. We assume that a college should be more

than a boarding house and the type of students that are selected will give it flavour. We assume that the atmosphere of the college will rub off onto the students and will be beneficial; in fact this is one of the reasons why the student has chosen to be in residence. My guiding line has been to produce as much variety in the college as possible. I welcome the modern trend by which applicants choose their university college not necessarily according to the religious denomination of their school. It seems to me that they often prefer to go to a different college from where their school seniors are. This has produced a healthy trend of rotation from year to year of applicants from one particular school among the three women's colleges. At Janet Clarke Hall we have about 50 schools represented. I would like to further increase this number and encourage state school applicants. I like to have what the Americans call a good ethnic mix and welcome overseas and interstate students. When selecting I try to balance the faculties and naturally look for abilities other than academic such as sport, music, debating.

Now let us discuss in greater detail the procedure of selection. Information about the students falls into three categories. The student can be assessed on written work, for example matriculation results. It has been found, in Victoria at any rate, that the matriculation results are still the best predictive measure for success of university performance, and many of us do rely heavily on them. In addition students can be assessed on college entrance exams., special tests, etc. Much recent development has taken place about special tests but more of that later. Secondly many institutions interview the student. Thirdly testimonials may be used, i.e. what other people say about the student, particularly her school.

At first I would like to concentrate on the interview because I spend by far the largest amount of time on this. We all know that it is impossible to get to know a person well during a short interview yet I try to see all first and second preference applicants. By talking to them one might get some idea of how they would fit into the college. I think it is also important for the applicant to get to know the college. If I find that the applicant does not know anyone in residence I take much more time over the interview and try to make sure that she, and her family if present, see over the college. I think it is best if students come into residence with realistic expectations. I am aware of the fact that the applicant also has to make a choice — she has to select a college; different colleges have slightly different flavours and the student should choose the college which suits her best. When visiting America I was interested to find that in spite of their complex and streamlined machinery some of the best colleges would not abolish the interview. Applicants come from all over the country but the inconvenience

is considered worthwhile.

Interviewing every student is ideal but when the numbers increase it becomes impracticable. This is where written examinations become helpful. No wonder they were developed first in the United States. Secondary education there is controlled by local education boards rather than a centralised state system and there is no examination comparable to our matriculation. There is a College Entrance Examination Board and 850 Universities use their services. Their scholastic aptitude test has verbal and mathematical questions and the achievement tests cover individual subjects. The papers are of the multiple choice type; this is necessary so that marking can be consistent when several thousand candidates sit for a paper. Canada is also now using the American College Entrance Board examination but is planning to modify the history papers to bring them more into line with local teaching. Some British universities are also using this type of testing.

At Cambridge there is considerable discussion on the merits of different types of testing. My own college still uses the same set up as when I applied, that is, sophisticated essay type questions in specialised subjects. Some colleges follow the American plan

more closely. Others, such as Churchill College, are experimenting on different lines. Psychologists are increasingly successful in giving a profile of the type of abilities a person possesses and they aim at what the student would really be good at which is not always the same as what he wants to study at the university. This approach brings us into the problem of vocational guidance testing and some would say that the tests, as yet, are not sophisticated enough to achieve their purpose.

In Australia the Australian Council for Educational Research (ACER) has been the main body interested in developing new tests. It devised the Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship Examination and now has been asked by the Commonwealth Government to run a pilot scheme for University Entrance Examination. Testing is a rapidly developing field and we all hope that a more accurate tool can be found for student selection.

Therefore as yet there is no simple answer as to who gets in. The best results are obtained if several criteria are taken into account. Sometimes I am tempted to give up and to do what my college tutor did — find a hat large enough to hold the names of all the applicants.

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*On the Death of Childless Elsie Pooley*

*Elsie Waters, a cousin but removed,  
Sat in the kitchen, and observed the clock,  
Looked at the door, then at her book.*

*Turned with the pages and sighed.  
Ten o'clock muffled, and steps came close,  
Crossing the yard, noting her desire.*

*Elsie ascended, up into her room,  
Paused and lit a candle.*

*At seven past he held her,  
And she smiled through her tears.*

*When the late autumn came, crying yet again,  
Smothered in the barn, suckled in peace,  
Killed by a harvester, three years old.*

*Elsie Waters, a cousin but removed,  
Sat in the kitchen, and observed the clock,  
Looked at the door, then at her book.*

— GEORGE MYERS

## the Wigram Allen prize essay

### TAKE, EAT.

St. Benedict's Abbey.

21st June, 196—.

My Dear Archbishop,

Your brother died this morning in the forty-first year of his profession. Requiem mass will be celebrated next Monday for the repose of his soul. His death will be a great loss to our community but we are thankful that his last agonies were cut short by the tenderness of God. As his last remaining relative, you are to receive his few possessions, namely, his watch, his winter cloak and his books. His chalice and paten which, I believe, were your gifts to him at his ordination, will be buried with him according to the rules of our community. We would be most honoured by your presence at the Requiem, Your Grace.

As the oldest member of this community I have been privileged to witness your brother's life as a religious from beginning to end. I was the novice master when he came to us just after the Great War, and if I remember correctly, it was you who brought him to us. As a cleric many years his senior you saw that his spiritual temperament was suited above all to our order. It was a perceptive observation Your Grace, for you said then that if his will and great ambition could be turned to the service of God he would make an exemplary religious. He was happy here and his holiness shamed many of us to a rebirth of our lives. He had one profound disappointment though — he was often distressed by your lack of communication with him. Indeed he seemed to feel that having once introduced him to a life which he loved, you failed to give him an opportunity of sharing it with you. His distress over this matter increased towards the end, but I believe he found peace in his last hours.

There was a side to your brother's character that none of us understood. He seemed to live always in the presence of two conflicting emotions. In his conversation with the brethren he was always amiable and often very amusing, but many times have I seen him cut short his talk for no apparent reason and return hastily to his room. As he went his face assumed such an expression of intense inward pain and hatred that I sometimes feared he was going mad. When he said Mass his conduct at the altar was devout until he reached the fraction; for some strange reason he seemed incapable of following the ritual at this point. Often have I seen him break the sacred host, tremble a little, and cram it into his mouth in a quite

terrifying manner. Perhaps Your Grace will understand his odd behaviour. The doctor told us he had been carrying his cancer for many years; continued pain in the body must at some stage affect the soul.

Your brother left a diary which we have not opened. I enclose it with his books.

Yours in Deo,

Jean Fauchelevant. O.S.B.

### (THE LAST DAYS OF THE DIARY READ —)

- 7th June: The pain has been easier to bear today. I managed to read half the Office before it became too much. Man is the only creature on the earth who knows that he must die.
- 9th June: The brothers think they are so kind. They tell me they are praying for me and expect me to be thankful. How I hate them! They sit beside me and tell me I am looking better. "Do you want anything? It is a pity you cannot be outside — it is such lovely weather." They stay for about ten minutes — then their duty is done and God is pleased with them. O Bernard! why don't you come?
- 10th June: Bernard, how I loathe my life. The one thing I came here to do I have not done. I have never forgiven you and now I cannot. Therefore I am in hell already. Now I am dying, they think I am something of a saint. The novices are sent to me — "While you are with him, observe how a truly holy Christian can die." And Bernard! what a show I give them! It is so easy! I would have made a better bishop than you since I am a better actor.
- 11th June: My God! anything but this pain, anything. The pain strangely purified my memory this afternoon and I saw it once again so clearly. M. Valjean, father, mother, Mlle. Buboïs, Bernard, the other children and myself hounded into that stinking shelter by the troops. We hid there for two months and we had enough food for one. Mother died

first didn't she Bernard? Then M. Valjean to the tune of his own death-rattle, his white fingers clutching the earth and his old, broken voice cursing the day he was born. You have always been hungry Bernard but never so hungry as in that last week before we came out. You had to be preserved since you were the bright one of the family. I can never forget the night you stole that bread. For forty years I have tried to forgive you but I cannot. In the gloom of that awful place you were hunched over the food like some grotesque priest breaking the host at the fraction — saying your own hideous eucharist.

14th June: Jesus, I cannot live much longer. Though you found it, peace has not come to me at the last. They gave me your Body today—  
 "Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi custodiat animam tuam in vitam aeternam. Amen."

They are writing away to their friends—  
 "He is wonderfully consoled by the sacraments."

All bread in my mouth is like a poison since I have seen what man does with bread.

15th June: Bernard, you will never come. It does not matter since I would only be seeing my own reflection. Each mass I said was an agony for me since here was bread only for me and I had to eat it.

17th June: The pain never ceases. I keep telling myself it will ease by evening but it gets worse. I cannot turn it off. It rises in a slow crescendo. They have become shadows as they say, "How peaceful he looks. Perhaps he should take a little bread?"

O you smug, unhappy people.

— ROGER SHARR.

## BEFORE THE MORNING WATCH OR GLIMPSES INTO THE MIND OF A HYPOTHETICAL REVOLUTIONARY.

I stood on the steps of Flinders Street station early one late winter's morning, and stared long at the vulgar symbols of our own corrupt times emblazoned upon the monumental relics of last century's builders. Incongruous they were: neon fire flashed on hearth of painted stone, skyscrapers writhed and squirmed to squeeze for themselves a modest square of ground amidst the squar grey blocks built for the ancestors of today's heroes. Past my immobile body surged streams of surly capitalists and clerks, grey-coated images of a collapsing god. Here was a strange scenario. Here people and their works were moulded into painful and contorted images, and these I longed to help remould. I longed to reverse in my own mind the lament of William Butler Yeats:

Players and painted stage took all my love,  
 And not those things that they were emblems of.

The idea of Revolution! Proudly I set forth on the first stage of my journey. With vigorous step, I walked along Swanston Street from Flinders to Collins, but there I paused once more. I was diagonally opposite the Melbourne Town Hall. This was the first turning of my second street, but I called it my second stair.

Do you remember Ash Wednesday?

At the first turning of the second stair  
 I turned and saw below

The same shape twisted on the bannister

Under the vapour in the fetid air

Struggling with the devil of the stair who wears  
 the deceitful face of hope and of despair.

Confronted by the unforgettable massiveness of the Town Hall, how could I fail to reflect upon the dreadful earnestness of my revolutionary ambition? In my Revolution, all this stone, this plaster, would be swept away, all the solid, ugly things which now provoked in the people the sweet phantasies of peace would be destroyed. Had I the right to strangle this devil of phantastic illusions, whose familiar face deceived the clerk into hope for the future; the proletarian, into despair? The twisted shape on the bannister was my own calculating mind, which measured gains and losses by an inelastic yard-stick, and boldly struggled to put the results of its inductions into irreversible action. What if my assumptions were all awry, what if my Revolution ended in the bloody destruction of all good things, and built no uncorrupted society in recompense? On the other hand, had I the right to leave that deceitful devil in possession of the stair, to leave unchecked the evil trends I saw? I shuddered under the burden of my responsibilities, and turned up Collins Street

towards Russell.

At the second turning of the second stair  
I left them twisting, turning below;  
There were no more faces and the stair was dark. . .

By the time of my arrival outside the Scots Church on Russell-Collins corner, a new resolution had possessed me. The earnest inner struggle which had troubles me outside the Town Hall was forgotten. I realised that the dilemma which had so perplexed me was nothing but the universal Problem of Decision. Whenever we act rationally, I recited from my Ethics textbook in a reverential undertone, we must commit ourselves to a course of action which might end in catastrophe, but which seems least unpromising of the courses offering. The Scot who decides to enter Scots Church for the purposes of private prayer risks disturbing the sacred peace of some other sad and solitary worshipper. Think how the indelicate groaning and creaking of a church door might shatter the illusory comfort of a troubled soul lost in silence! For one poised on the brink of hope and of despair, such a violent interruption could easily drive him to suicide! But the sturdy Scot weighs up the gains and losses from his action, and decides without pangs of guilt to throw open the great door, and step within.

Armed with this unassailable logic, I prepared once more, and resolutely, to march forth towards the revolution of my rational dreams. Before I paused again, I had walked the length of Russell Street to Victoria (without so much as a glance at Police Headquarters), yet my legs were not weary and it was only the traffic lights which halted me . . . the red lights . . .

At the first turning of the third stair . . .  
Blown hair is sweet, brown hair over the mouth  
blown,  
Lilac and brown hair;  
Distraction, music of the flute, stops and steps  
of the mind over the third stair,  
Fading, fading; strength beyond hope and  
despair  
Climbing the third stair.

Before the last stair was turned, I took a last, lingering look down Russell Street. Before the traffic lights turned green, I stared with envy and love at the light turned green, I stared with envy and love at the streams of people, so susceptible to pain, so ready to enjoy and to forget. In that moment of distraction, the image of the people which I had was not of grey clerks, and withered, cruel businessmen, but of beings momentarily gay, for an instant snatched out of the tragic void of their times, and made radiant by the clear and cheerful fire of the climbing sun. This race, this noble race, why should I, an outsider, plunge my murderous rational thrust into its warm and thoughtless, careless body? At the first turning of my third street, where already the goal of my

journey was in sight, was but a few yards from me, I learned, to my astonishment, that I too was a plaything of my whims. I, who had sought by rational argument to discover the safest path to the optimum goal, was so sensitive to outside forces and pressures that a mere blaze of sunlight could dazzle me out of my rationality. Distraction, distraction, music of the flute . . .

But the mind is cold, too passionate to be swayed for longer than a moment by any transient mood. The sun faded, but before it did so I had forgotten it. It was fading, fading; strength beyond hope and despair came upon me. So it seemed as the light turned green. Perhaps if the sun had blazed brighter and longer, if the time had not been morning, in winter, I would have turned back or wandered distractedly from turning to turning. But winter it was, and I followed the green. With thumping heart and aching brain, I crossed Victoria Street. For one dark moment, I strained to launch my body through the yawning door on the north-west corner of Victoria and Lygon streets, to wash down my doubts with a double brandy on the rocks. But the sight of another green light sent me scurrying across Lygon Street, all full of pride and apprehension, it sent me panting to a stone stairway . . . T-R-A-D-E-S-H-A-L-L. . . . I was climbing grey slabs all riddled with ancient bullet-holes, I was struggling

. . . with the devil of the stairs who wears  
The deceitful face of hope and of despair . . .

To the second stair, the third, blown hair is sweet, fading, fading . . . I was outside a painted door, I lifted my hand to the handle, I lifted my eyes and read: "Please use next entrance". Groaning and gasping (and it was not all done to convince me of my own tragic earnestness), I groped my way to a second, similar door, I ran five fingers through my hair, faltered, turned the handle . . .

Lord, I am not worthy  
Lord, I am not worthy  
but speak the word only . . . . .

"One dollar please, and your name and address."  
I was a full financial member of the Australian Labor Party.

. . . Between midnight and dawn, when the  
past is all deception,  
The future futureless, before the morning watch  
When time stops and time is never ending,  
And the ground swell, that is and was from the  
beginning,  
Clangs,  
The bell.

But now the bell was quiet.

— DAVID FITZPATRICK

## THE CHAPEL REPORT

I'm sure you can't imagine how difficult it is to write such a report. When first told of the task I bluntly said "No!" When pressed I demanded to be told what to write. I just couldn't see the point of such a report. I was to say something about the Chapel and what went on but nothing about the music, for somebody else was doing that bit. My trouble was that everyone who came to the Chapel wouldn't need to read a Report and those who were not interested in "coming to Chapel" would probably have other things to read. Anyhow to say what "went on" would require enormous space and include things like the fact that there is a College Crest above the Warden's Stall or the variety of Social Service work in nearby suburbs, initiated by the Chapel vestry and undertaken by interested ladies and gentlemen of the two Colleges. Of course the entry of the Ladies of J.C.H. into the fabulous breakfast scene at Trins. is a great advance in our feeding habits and was originally suggested by Mr. Ray Elliott. Further possibilities exist in the form of innumerable graphs comparing the statistics of 'Chapel going' and 'Chapel giving', but their meaning is not so obvious at one level while at another they would mean for a lot of people that this report was like the "real thing". Anyhow our printers don't like graphs.

Upon canvassing for other suggestions it was proposed that I should write something on the apathy in the College towards Religion. The proposal also included apathy towards Music Recitals, towards making the College an Academic community and even a community of people careful and sensitive about other people. I asked if there was any apathy towards sex but it was thought that I was trying to be funny tho' I wasn't. I also find it difficult to write about other peoples apathy. In 1964 there was a big campaign in the University to "STOP APATHY". Everywhere you went there were signs saying - "DON'T BE APATHETIC!" A ringleader of the campaign, (who belonged to Trinity but who wasn't at all religious), was asked why people shouldn't be apathetic but in reply he only became emotional and said yet again, "DON'T BE APATHETIC!" The trouble with this and many other moral principles is that they immediately invite the question, "Why should I . . . . . ?" The answers invariably have the appearance of mere opinion and their declaration, even if they were more than mere opinion, will have little effect. I mean a moral principle stated is so empty - a few words, a moment thoughts - so easily passed by. This is partly why no one is apathetic about sex. Its something that is experienced at numerous levels and is most real and is in fact a remarkably influential determinant of our thought and action - it can't be passed by. If similar energy is to be directed along other lines as well as sex, then this will be because something real is experienced

along these other lines. If some Christians are worried about the "APATHY" then going "Moral" won't help. Their personal and corporate life must provide a reality present to men that illicit and invites a response. If however the Christian community in impoverished then we must not let truth be obscured by the facts.

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## MORE MOST MEN MYTHOLOGY

The Most Men gave birth to another record at the beginning of this year, the father being the paterfamilias himself - James Minchin. This "result" was bigger, better, brighter and grovier than all previous emanations: a 12" stereo L.P. entitled 'Move Two Mix'. It contains a new setting (sometimes known as 'Minchin Mark II') for the English Liturgy Missa Viatorum and 16 hymns and songs, most of which have also been written by Jim. The effort has romped home in the "Ecclesial Indigenous Baby of the Year Contest" with the first pressing just on sold out and it being listed among future World Record Club selections.

The disappearance from College of Bruce Sterling rendered the Most Men "mythical" for 1st term. As pianist he had provided the pivot point in the group from which all eccentricities could be held in reasonable tension. As rumour has it, the contest for mastery between Bruce and the vestry piano eventually gave rise to their separation - the piano suffering fallen arches and paralysis of the foot pedal and Bruce allergic to silent notes.

During first term no pianist was forthcoming - in spite of a piano renovation. Then Ian Penrose took the stool and we were off again. Roger Coombe also joined the group with a pulsating bass guitar. As a sideline he makes sonorous tones on the tuba to add a bit of oomph.

Hot Roger and Cool Charlie weave a mean pattern on the front line with combinations of trumpet and flute, clarinet or Charlie's RaSeBaM BaLowS (i.e. rude-sounding baritone machine with the built-in loud speaker). Meanwhile swingin' Ray-baby nudges the boom boxes.

Hard Hearted Hannah (the girl from Savannah) has displaced Dr. Jazz as the group's favorite number, and it can still be heard on a quiet night wafting across the bullpaddock from the hallowed walls of the Chapel.

Although the Most Men had a slow start this year, modern evening services or jazz eucharists have been played in five Churches round about, and the group visited the new Monash Religious Centre for the World Day of Prayer for Students. A Jazz Eucharist

for the College on a Sunday is still to eventuate . . . . but is definitely "in embryo".

## MUSIC

The 1968 Trinity College recital season (Tangerine Series) began in the Chapel on April Fool's Night, when Brian Thompson played a number of organ pieces. Three weeks later in the same place Richard Gilmour-Smith and Michael Wentzell performed a Beethoven cello and piano sonata, and Roger Sharr played a Telemann trumpet concerto, accompanied by Fr. Wentzell on the organ. On April 28, the first Sunday salon for the year was held in the Warden's Lodge, when a delightful programme was given by Miss Mary Rusden (piano), Ruth Vernan (viola) and John Veale (clarinet).

May 12 was an auspicious night. We heard the first recital in the re-decorated Music Room, beautiful and reclaimed from the College Appeal, and the first recital on the College's new Kawai baby grand piano, discovered for us by Geoff Simon and made purchasable by the generosity of a former College member. Elizabeth Drake, 1966 ABC concerto and vocals winner, was the soloist, playing works by Bach, Beethoven, Debussy, Honnegger and Satie. The following night in the Chapel, Brian Hansford, a young Melbourne baritone, sang Bach's magnificent Cantata "Ich habe genug", accompanied by a variety of instrumentalists directed by the spirited Wentzell.

June 21 saw a different type of recital. In conjunction with the ten other colleges, we sponsored a performance by the Adelaide Wind Quintet in the Queen's College Common Room. Though they did not perform any major works, they well showed their brilliant virtuosity and teamwork.

Apart from the Concert, there were two other performances in Second Term. On July 7, Michael Wentzell returned with Beverley Dunn to give an evening of organ works and poetry reading. One can fairly say that this was the musical highlight of the year; and that few there will forget the experience of the deep spirit of Messiaen's "Pentecost Mass" bursting out; filling the Chapel with its vibrant sounds. On August 4, Barry Firth and friends gave a recital in the Music Room, playing a variety of works for oboe, clarinet, bassoon and piano.

The Concert was naturally the grande occasion of the year. It was held in the Dining Hall, and basically followed the pattern happily introduced by Geoff Simon — 6.45 pm opening, black tie and long dress, buffet dinner and good TCAC wine, then listening to the music sitting on carpets, cushions and chairs, finishing with a pizza pie supper. Musically, it was not as good as last year's — musicians were in short supply, and ingenuity often had to take the place of technical ability. The great variety in the items led

to long breaks between them, which wasn't welcome in the overcrowded hall. It was interesting all the same.

We heard two world premieres — Nick Stokes' "Work for Sitar, Recorder and Electronic Sounds", and performed by Nick, David Fitzpatrick (recorder) and Wilfred Last's "Talkie", and Tim Colebatch (sitar) three males and one female in a synthesis of actions and inarticulate sounds to an electronic soundtrack by Mr. Stokes, the parts being played by Eve Borthwick, Mike Hamerston, Wilfred and Gus Worby. Miss Rusden gave us the best item, playing three pieces from Messiaen's "Préludes". Brian Thompson played three harpsichord pieces; Ross Nankivell led The Pot Pourri Musicale Trinitus in "The Persecution and Assnasion of welle knowne Ayres and Ballades after the Fashione and Style of the Marquis de Sade", a rendition which gave out a peculiar blend of the spirits of melodrama and claret; Janet McCalman led the Beautiful Young Songbirds of Janet Clarke Hall in "Four Slavonic Songs" by Bela Bartok; Kathie Drake (an import from Women's), Barry Firth and Richard Gilmour-Smith played Fauré's "Trio in D Minor"; the JCH String Quartet (Judith Kennett, Kay Elsworth, Rosalind Wright and Leona Donnelly) played a Schubert Rondo; and, as a great finale, the Chapel Choir sang Buxtehude's Cantata "Jesu, Meine Freude", directed by Douglas Lawrence, (who replaced Michael Wentzell in mid-year as College Organist and Choirmaster when Mike became Acting vicar of Holy Trinity, Kew). In the tradition of College Concerts, it was enjoyable rather than professional, a good night at home.

In Third Term, activities naturally slackened. Eric Bellchambers and Barry Firth represented us the Inter-Collegiate Concert held this year at St. Mary's. And on September 15, Douglas Lawrence gave a harpsichord and organ recital in the Chapel.

During the year three former College members — Mike Wentzell, Geoff Simon and Geoff Saba — gave farewell performances before leaving to study overseas. We wish them all the best of luck.

All this is the coin's bright side. But of all these performances, the Concert alone was really well-attended. Compared to the 300-odd people there, the average attendance was about 20 people, of whom only half were College members. There must be a hundred or so residents interested in classical music, but it seems that only a few (and those mainly from the much-rubbished Theological Faculty) are willing to listen to it outside the cosy walls of their studies. Music is an experience or it is nothing; and to be there when the experience is actually created greatly enhances its value. Thanks to the College and the T.C.A.C., we were able to pay really good musicians to perform for us this year; but considering the typical Trinity apathy so consistently displayed, one can only ask "Was it worth it?". A cultural élite in a place like this is just ridiculous.

## THE DIALECTIC SOCIETY

(DELIVERED TO THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING)

Gentlemen, the reason for this report is to be found in the constitution of the society, which states that "the committee shall, through the Secretary, present an Annual Report". So through me, as it were, you are all to be blessed with an Annual Report. The Report, I believe, is meant to evaluate the year's activities to date, which presents the problem of what criteria to use in the evaluation. Obviously, the criteria chosen should present things in the best possible light.

One approach, not an uncommon one, would be to use statistics, numbers, and things. So far we have had six (6) general meetings (this is the seventh); by no means, I should point out, an insignificant number. Five debates have been held, on the following topics: "That this house is haunted", "That this house will not fight"; "That lectures be abolished", "That it is better to be a cabbage than a rose"; and "That the best Australians are sheep". Also, there was highly informed talk on Vietnam by a highly informed man from Monash. Visions splendid of Oregon debates, hour long Orations, musical evenings, poetry evenings, film nights, etc. — didn't eventuate. Continuing the numbers approach, it seems that some 180 people (that's an approximate figure) have attended the 6 meetings. And there are at least 70 people present tonight. And what is more, (this is the commercial break), in a fortnight there'll be a big swinging symposium on drugs, starring an eminent psychiatrist named Dr. Barney Carroll; and also a Mr. Ian Robinson, who could best be described as a well-known non-entity. And the week after, there'll be a Tutor's Debate; and maybe more will emerge. So that's a total of 10 meetings for a whole year, with a probable total of at least 400 in the audience.

The figures, I hope, leave you gasping with amazement.

But, as the yellow race immediately to our north say in an age-old proverb: "Benjaknja tidak segala sesuatu"; which can be very roughly translated as "quantity isn't everything". This very appropriate piece of Oriental wisdom draws our attention to the quality of the debates. The quality was, would you believe, mixed. Of the speakers, Mr. Callaway was perhaps the most consistently heard, although he spoke at times in strange and alien tongues. Mr. St. John was the most pious of our speakers: Mr. Gowrie-Smith had the most athletic thighs; Mr. Telfer was the most evil of them all; and Mr. Durbridge the most beautiful. In quality we were indeed blessed. As to the quality of their speeches, I wish to point out that I myself have never debated, and I am therefore ill-

equipped to judge the quality of the speeches. Nevertheless, I thought they were all very good.

I also wish to extend my thanks, gratitude, appreciation, and other things in the direction of the members of the committee. Messrs. Callaway and Gardiner organised lots of debates. Messrs. Fitzpatrick and Sharr also organised. So did Mr. Colebatch, but he was ephemeral, because he resigned a while ago. The President (that is, the Warden), was also very helpful indeed, and so was the Vice-President, Mr. Gavan Griffith. My thanks to all of them. The extremely gifted Mr. Syd Wynne should also be thanked, mainly because he displayed yet again his amazing talents in the preparation of sweetmeats. You will all experience the results of his labours later tonight, probably a few hours after you've eaten them.

So, that was the year that sort of was. We should not however, succumb entirely to the seductive delights of nostalgia. We must look forward, and all that. This year's crop of freshmen will, once they grow out of their irritating mannerisms, no doubt lead the society on to greater things. An enormous number of people have, I believe, indicated their willingness to serve the cause of the T.C.D.S. This in itself, it is obvious, an indication of the interest aroused by the Society in the past year. It is, as the Indonesians say, "sebuah hal baik", or as we would say, a good thing.

[ Any criticisms of the committee will be accepted with hatred; and the persons launching them shall be destroyed. Any criticisms of the nature of the year's activities will be met with an awareness of the attacker's basic ignorance. Any wrongs perpetrated by the committee will be righted in the next few weeks; as a symposium and a big debate bring the year to a magnificent, stunning, almost orgasmic climax. You have been warned. Gentlemen, I thank you.

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## J.C.H. DIALECTIC SOCIETY REPORT

The college has finally been brave enough to admit its complete apathy towards any intellectual activity which does not pay off tangibly in exam results: the Dialectic Society is now officially defunct. Some hopes are cherished of reviving it in 1969, but even if there is an influx of remarkable freshers, it is difficult to imagine the seniors reforming. This year there were only four ladies in college willing to speak, which made internal debates impossible; debates with other colleges drew, from J.C.H., an average audience of three. In the face of this enormous indifference it is obviously politic to abandon the pretence that J.C.H. is much more than a boarding-house — politic, but no less regrettable.

## FROM PILLAR TO POST

Tonight I wish to share with you my enjoyment of one of the greatest works of the twentieth century — that masterpiece of English prose, that constant source of inspiration and solace, that monument to the mind of man, the Postcode Book.

Let us start with an examination of the language of this great work of art: it is haunting in its beauty; it moves us sometimes to a silent tear with its evocation of memories sweet and bitter. Opening the book at random, we come upon this memorable passage: Wallan, Wallan Wallan, Wallan Wallan East, Wallington, Wallup, Wanalta, Wandiligong. Notice the texture of the language: rich but refined. Its firm control enacts and at the same time registers very finely the precision of tone in its masterly economy of rhythm, evoking the ambivalent dichotomy in the paradoxical ambiguity of all experience. Here is the final repository of reality, exploratory yet at peace, in language which does for our age what Shakespeare and King James Bible did for theirs.

This work, extending the resources of our language as it does, commands a vast range of moods and tones which reflect the rich and varied quality of Australian life. The green and pleasant land of our forefathers speaks to us in this passage: Hazelmere, Highbury, High Wycombe, Hilton Park, Holyoake, Hopetoun. The words Yacka, Yahl Paddock, Yallunda Flat bring to us the rugged life of the early pioneers of this country. But the Postcode book is not only concerned to make our history present to us: the very *cri de coeur* of the urbanized, alienated modern man is movingly rendered in Scarsdale, Scoresby, Scotts Creek, Scrubby Lake. The Postcode Book registers in its use of language the whole range of human experience.

But this masterpiece of modern literature does more than register our experience: it extends it by the technique of using language to define and limit, and at the same time to open new possibilities. There are hints at dark mysteries, enigmas which tantalize the mind and leave one puzzling long after the book is closed. What for instance is the Middle Park Rail? Who was Private Bags? In Western Australia there are postcodes for No.5 Pumping Station, No.7 Pumping Station and No. 8 Pumping Station. What has happened to Pumping Stations numbers 1, 2, 3, 4 and 6? Perhaps they are no more; one can see the despair mounting to panic in the shimmering heat of the Dead Heart, as yet another pumping station failed, as the gush dwindled to a trickle, as the trickle slowly ceased, and one final drop fell to the burning

the Helen Knight

Award

essay



sand. One more Pumping station passed on to the Great Pumpkin in the sky. There is much to consider concerning these pumping stations. Is it water they pump? Or stomachs? Or bicycle tyres? Or perhaps they do not exist as pumping stations at all — that may be the cynical code-name of groups of Communists, formed to pump their insidiously evil doctrines into the placid pool of the Australian way of life.

There are other mysteries which lead the mind down endless corridors of speculation and hypothesis. Why was Nug Nug deprived of that inalienable right of every Australian community, a postcode? One can see the citizens of Nug Nug holding angry public meetings, forming indignant committees, writing pleading letters to their M.P., whom they remember as a boy playing in the schoolyard by the creek — but success has spoiled him, and he does not even acknowledge their letters. But no, it cannot be like that. Nug Nug is not an ordinary country town. All over North-Eastern Victoria there are signposts saying Nine Miles to Nug Nug or, more briefly, Nug Nug Nine. But no-one has ever been to Nug Nug; no-one ever gets closer to it than those signposts. Somewhere in the north-east there is a rocky valley, where the tiny community of Nug Nug has existed for generations, inbred and suspicious. Once a clean-cut young man from the city came to tell them about the postcode, but he was shot down by one of the silent watchers who guard the ancient territory of the Nug Nuggians.

Thus the postcode book enlarges our experience.

This alone is enough to prove what a brilliant work this is. There is, however, a very serious charge commonly made against it, which I must attempt to answer: that is that the Postcode book is nothing but an inferior attempt to copy the Telephone Directory. It must be obvious that the Postcode Book is neither derivative nor inferior. The Telephone Directory admittedly has a larger number of characters; it is like Tolstoy in its scope, and it is epic in length. But it achieves this by an almost intolerable repetition, as in Smith, J.A., Smith, J.A., Smith, J.A. The Postcode Book works on a smaller scale, delicate in its numinosity. The Telephone Directory did pioneer a new field of literature and must be given credit for it; but it is the Postcode book which brings this form to perfection. The development of this new form is comparable to that of the novel in many ways: the Telephone Directory is like *Pamela*, and the Postcode Book ranks beside the novels of Jane Austen.

I am proud to say that this new form has arisen entirely in Australia. It gives English literature the new direction it has been looking for ever since the

tragic death of Rupert Brooke. Unfortunately there have been few attempts in this form as yet; the S.T.D. Area Code is the only other one that comes to mind. I am unable to comment on it as I have not yet read it; I am waiting for the film to come out. We must congratulate the P.M.G. for its vision in publishing these experimental works, and hope that this far-sightedness is taken as an example by other institutions.

The Postcode Book at present stands alone on its pinnacle of achievement; without wishing to detract in any way from its success, I must point out that there is an occasional inaccuracy which displays a disregard for scholarship that one can only deprecate. For instance Gerung Gerang is written as Gerang Gerung, instead of Gerang Gerang or, as it should more properly be, Gerung Gerung, the past participle of an Anglo-Saxon verb meaning 'to telephone'. This evidence of a slipshod habit of mind is disabling on a far deeper level than mere pedantry would indicate.

It would be misleading, however, to overemphasize this defect, for the book never fails in its articulate and intelligent rendering of the inscrutable, which is delicately undercut by the defining effect of the incisive perception of the numinous. Australia is extremely fortunate to have an author capable of handling this demanding new form with such unparalleled success, a writer who, while sensitively alert to the subtleties inherent in his subject, retains a sure command of reality in all its manifestations. The intensely individual point of view put forward in this work, revealed and at the same time commented on by an ironic consciousness working in and behind and around and through the dramatic mode, is of the quality we have come to expect from that prolific and versatile author, Anon.

The critical reader may regard my enthusiasm for this great work with suspicion, but if one reads the Postcode Book with the openness and sensitivity necessary for a true appreciation, one's response will be, I think, as whole-hearted as my own. The postcode book speaks to us above all through its moral vision, which is compelling in its intensity, continuing, and yet breaking away from, the Great Tradition in its reassessment and reiteration of eternal values, accessible even to the common man. For this alone, this moral code offered gratuitously to a bewildered modern world, the Postcode Book must rank amongst the greatest works of our literature.

— JANET MACKENZIE

## MONOPOLY RULES

I once met a happy man to whom I told this tale: "I have seen cloud cities towering in evening rivers, and read the message of the wind in tangles of hieroglyphics that my winter tree traces with its branches." "Great! Marvellous! that's really great!" said the man, and made notes of my remarkable sensitivity.

Then he said, "I have been elected chairman of the board, paid each member fifty pounds for the privilege, and bought a red Cadillac on hire purchase on the strength of it. My company pays me forty pounds a day and forgets to send me a Christmas greeting. My caddy raises dust along the highways, silently transports me to where I learn of the artist sea, that she has petticoats of lace to display to the quiet sand, that she carves new languages in the softer cliff-strata, and shyly offers tiny merchandise to the sea-shore. And now I peddle postcards of the place and have bought a factory of manufacture sea-shores. And I have been reviewed by all the papers as having a sensitivity beyond the ordinary, and of bringing solace to the harried urban worker in his daily grind. I am a great opportunist. I know what people like and I give it to them. Everybody profits. They have beauty to inspire them, and I have the profits to find new oceans to reproduce. Yes, everybody benefits."

Outside, a silver sunset swung, enigmatic, among the chimney-pots of smoky habitations, mingled with remnants of indigo, proffered by the night as token of conquest. This man would hire brave hunters to capture the evening skies, so that every suburban living-room might unroll a strip of sunset for a wall with special mutations to tone in with the decor. And he would make available special cans of 'Suspicion of Frost' to make the atmosphere more authentic. Should I tell the opportunist of such sky favours in words he would find fit to put on a greeting-card? But, after all, it's the thought that counts.

"You have won second prize in a beauty contest. Collect ten pounds." And while the lucky winner flashes off to far away lands the legs of the tired runner-up are whisked away to appear before the lucky millions on the telly, in the latest thigh boots or the latest panty hose with the adjustable ankle and handy screw-top waist. Her perfect figure can be yours for only five pounds if you wear her long-line lace-trimmed, machine-washable, sun-dryable, all-purpose, non-repellent bra. Her smile is found among the jetset, in the latest luxury car, and in the toothpaste advertisements; her skin and hair adorn the special soaps in chemist shops and her eyes beguile for many a wine and cigarette company. All her best features are democratically distributed among the people and more emporia sponsor beauty qua marketable beauty

contests. Take beauty for your own, three times daily after meals; it is only skin deep.

The next instruction to the monopoly player is "Take a chance" — that the valley of wierd mists snaking in ghostly smoke rings about the trees as daybreak will continue to bloom daily in the sun; that its quiet sheep will always emerge familiarly from the fog and creep in crooked patterns on the hills, scattering stupidly at the harmless onslaught of a train. Or, chance that this haven may suddenly boom as valuable real estate, ideal for a quality suburb, with fine views, excellent drainage, and real scope for landscape gardening — provided that it can weigh either possibility and name it as best? Even should the valley become a stinking slum, what sky-lines, human stories and ramshackle perspectives could claim the discriminating eye of the camera? What scope any artist can find anywhere for marketable creations.

Look at the sleeping child, clothed in new bath perfume, quietly taking a chance on life. Go on . . . . take a chance . . . . have one yourself . . . . you'll be so glad you did. Look at the beautiful woman with inviting eyes and a promising body; go on . . . . take a chance . . . . have one yourself . . . . you'll be a new man. Look at a happy family of spices and puppy-dogs tails in septs and stairs and great expectations. Go on . . . . take a chance . . . . have one yourself . . . . variety is the spice of life. Examine the best of educational opportunities for your child. Take a chance he will not learn of crime and drugs and homosexuality . . . . take a chance he will . . . . you can't go wrong. Choose a zulu bead to make a pattern; take a chance it will make a meaning, take a chance it will make a mystery . . . . you've got to be in it to win it. Select a cholocate from a delectable array; take a chance it will be a hard one, take a chance that your tooth won't break. You never get anywhere unless you take chances.

Maybe you'll land on the square that says "Free Parking", but I doubt it. "Stay here for no recompense", says the bare rock to the gentle moss, "Be my guest", is the invitation of the farmhouse wall to the wasp. "Here am I, rest awhile", cries the nodding flower to the spent butterfly; and the opportunist like all good monopolists erect hotels on a lavish scale. Bed and Breakfast signs are marks of the small man. The big man may then give generously to the salvation army homes for itinerants, from his profits, and remember the old folks home when income tax is due; but, you know, some of these hotels are masterpieces of architectural construction and technological progress.

"Go to gaol. Go directly to gaol. Do not pass Go. Do not collect two hundred pounds." But while you are there, do you find a tiny creeping plant incredibly claims your attention in its struggle to the light? Why,

prisoners would leap at the chance to liven up their prison-walls with plants, if they could buy a super-variable plant hormone that could be applied at will to stimulate rapid growth in any direction. And profits could come from mechanical plastic replicas of that successful royal spider and from new pencil and paper games. You could invent a means of showing films on the ceilings of the cells, and you could modify these measures for the outside world (after patenting them naturally) and adapt them for hospitals and become a reformed benefactor: and you could be thankful for the chance of the quiet which inspired inventiveness and ingenuity for the enjoyment of men.

"Advance to Trafalgar Square", but since the sky's the limit "Advance to Mayfair" and be done with it. In your fine home you can relieve your wife of domestic duties in order that she might devote her energies to the best of causes, and right the social wrongs you have no time for. And you could employ a secretary to remember to send cards to all the members of your companies and to thank all the people for their appreciation of your concerns, and you could still find time to linger by the tinkling fire while the rain falls, tireless, on the roof and remember simple things.

"Take a ride to King's Cross Station." If you pass Go collect two hundred pounds". If you are to know what is happening about you you must travel second class, for these people are open and will talk to you. They might give you the very information you need to create a new labour-saving service . . . like a table with built-in table-cloths that can be hygienically destroyed when soiled and Bingo! there is the replacement smugly and surely awaiting spoilation. You might improve that synthetic glass that needs no watering, only washing, by a rising process simulating growth. You could invent a self-igniting cigarette, or an automatic letter-writer that is as individual as you are. Double your efficiency and your pleasure is twice the price. You may very well collect more than two hundred pounds.

If, on the journey to King's Cross, your fellow-passenger asks you what is your occupation, you may well reply, "I take opportunities. I make opportunities to mass produce beauty cheaply, that all may partake and be renewed in spirit. I sell chances of enjoyment from what resources I can use, but to select the very best I retain my sensitivity, and gather about me harmless people who have visions, and words that move me. My arrogance rests on humility, my efficiency on trial and error, my knowledge on experience, and my failure is only natural.

— JOAN FOLEY

## EGO IDENTIFICATION

Joan Foley.

*What manipulator, novice at his craft  
Controls my puppet heart,  
Tangling his instructions that I dance awry;  
Who offers me thistles for roses  
And turns swift shadows to people?  
What strange benefactor  
Finds silver linings for the dark cloaks  
I find myself wrapped in  
After winter storms?  
Who is the blind prophet  
That plans my collision  
With yet another puppet?  
And who am I  
To alter ego?*

## IN PRAISE OF SCHOLARSHIP

About three thousand university families are recognized in the most recent classification; the number cannot be specified exactly, as it is increased from time to time by the discovery of new universities too distinct from those already known to be referred to an existing family, and by the splitting of families into smaller and presumably more natural ones. The selection of these families is somewhat arbitrary, and many large families containing interesting and important people are omitted. The families included are all represented in widely separated parts of the world, and some are cosmopolitan, but it should be noted that there are also many families confined to particular areas which may be quite small. We will now consider briefly an individual family.

### Sextus, sexta, sextum academicus.

This family has about thirty genera and twelve hundred species. Some are birds, some are grubby, none, of course, are trees. The family is found most in the Melbourne frigid zone. Introduced species of sextus academicus are common weeds in Australia, and large climbing species such as scholasticus are prominent in professorial domiciles in the spring, when abundant sinecures appear. Many well-known ornamentals belong to this family, including the species of scientist, atheist, socialist, pantheist, anarchist, Maoist, egotist and solipsist. Many species produce theses, entailing antitheses, used in instruction, and also notorious as propaganda. They are derived chiefly from ambiti-us scholasticus. Species of academicus, mostly introduced have caused some poisoning of stock in Australia.

The mental parts are arranged aspiringly; the shoulders are semi-circular, but angular in scientist and atheist, where the maxims are short and showy, and a posteriori maxim being absent in scientist and spurned in atheist. The sexual parts in academicus are insect-pollinated. Some have appeal, the others being visited by insects for pollen only. The fruit is an accident or a folly. The family shows a considerable range of variation in physical structure, but it has as constants a free licentious attitude, many justifications, and a superior ovary, experiments being controlled in almost all species. In the seeds, abundant brain cells, and a minimal moral sense, are the desirable characteristics.

The use, after suitable treatment, of ideas originally thought up by somebody else, must indicate considerable experimentation by primitive people to determine which ideas could be consumed in their natural state, and which persuasive heresies could be rendered logical by the means at their disposal. An unusual disorder is caused by a strain of subterranean integrity, containing at some stages of its growth, enough material with female sex-hormone activity to

disturb the reproductive system of breeding brains. The activity is attributed mainly to the churching of women, a religious derivative known also in other families, the resulting chemicals not being closely related to the steriles, which include most of the other female sex-hormones. The churching of women, then, is about a hundred thousand times less active in some of the academic hormones, but is found in comparatively large amounts in subterranean integrity. No cure is known for the disease, but it can be avoided by suitable pasture management.

Prejudice, noted for its great strength and durability, and widely used in destructive and slanderous criticism, is considerably more effective than reason, a feature comparatively common in Australian families, but rarer in other parts of the world. This makes it impossible to handle research honestly, and has on occasion caused trouble in local departments, as original ideas, thrown by the student into the common pool, naturally fall to the bottom.

Such revisions of systematic concepts, based on new ideas of systematic relationships, illustrate that the classification of academics has not yet reached a static state, but is liable to modification even in groups like pantheist and egotist where most of the genera have long been studied by quasi-philosophers.

— GILLIAN HANSCOMBE

### LEGS

*I have a pair of legs  
with feet on the ends.  
They carry me about  
all day long.  
They bend when I sit down  
and go straight  
when I stand up.  
Sometimes when I'm talking  
I stand on one leg  
like a pink flamingo.  
When I'm in bed  
my feet stare up at my face,  
look at my nose,  
and wonder.*

— R.T.S.

## "JESUS, HE LIKE COOK'EM YOU FELLOW"

"Jesus, He like cook'em you fellow." George was a fundamentalist. The thought of himself frying in Hell-fire made him thing twice about remaining a heathen indefinitely. Father at the mission was no fool — his clothes washed themselves while he watched. All the things in the trade-store belonged to Father because his ancestors sent them to him out of the sky. George wondered why his ancestors did not send him presents. What was Father's secret? Whatever it was, George was not going to rush into this Christianity. There was always the risk of offending his own guardian spirit if he started worshipping a white man's spirit. No, he would first try to find out the secret another way.

George dug a hole. It took him a long time to dig such a very deep hole. Every day George climbed into the hole to look for the snake which would tell him Father's secret. He knew the snake was there because it was such a deep hole. After many days George began to feel disappointed. He simply could not find the snake. Father's ancestors were still sending him presents, and still there was nothing for George.

One night George had a dream. He dreamed that if he dug up all the taro in the village, he would learn the secret of the cargo from the sky. He had better be careful though . . . if this did not succeed his people would have no taro to eat. Very early the next morning he began digging up the taro. The thought of his people having no taro to eat made him feel quite sick. While George was digging he had a wonderful thought. Suddenly he knew why Father had come to make a mission near his village. Father wanted George to know his secret. A wave of relief swept over him. He no longer worried about upsetting his own spirits. He would go to Father right away and tell him that he, George, wanted to become a Christian. Perhaps Father would tell him the secret that very day, or at any rate as soon as he had really begun to worship the white man's spirit.

Father was very pleased that George wanted to become a Christian. George knew he was pleased because Father had shaken hands with him and given him some medicine for his wife who was sick. Father had not told him the secret but George did not mind. Soon he would know.

The great day came. George stood on one side of the river with all the other people from his village who were going to become Christians. He wondered at the man in white standing in the river. The man had a very strange hat. This man was the Bishop. He was the one who was going to sprinkle water on George's head and make him a Christian. He must be very important. George looked across at the opposite bank. Would he feel different when he had passed the man in white and could stand there? Did those who

had already crossed look any different? He did not think so.

His name was called. Slowly, excitedly, he stepped into the river and went towards the Bishop. He felt the cold water on his forehead, heard the soft words of the man in white baptising him. That was all. As he joined the Christians on the other bank, he heard the next name called.

What had he expected? What had the others expected? He looked at his kinsmen standing beside him on the bank. No, they did not look any different. Father had said that all the bad spirits would leave him when the water was sprinkled over him by the man in white. Father did not tell lies. He had told George that it was wrong to tell lies. Oh well, it did not really matter that he did not feel different. Soon he would be receiving presents from his ancestors, like Father.

The next morning George went to Church. Still Father did not tell him about the cargo from the sky. Every day it was the same.

Then Father went away for a holiday. He said that he was going to the Holy Land. Then George knew why Father had not told him the secret. Father was really going to Heaven to talk with his ancestors and fix things for George and his people. He was away for a very long time.

All the people from the village were at the airport to meet him when he came back. They would not like Father to think that they were not pleased to see him. Father said that he would tell them all about his holiday in the Church that evening. George had been right. Father had gone to Heaven and at last the secret would be revealed.

Everyone arrived at the Church early. Father began to tell them of the countries he had seen on the way to the Holy Land. But Father, are you not going to tell us?

Half an hour later George robbed the trade-store.

— SUZANNE DONNELLY



## THE DOME

During second term the Bulpadok was awakened to a vocation quite different from its normal use as a football practice area. The already jumbled architecture of the College became even more so with the addition of an inflatable polythene dome, designed built and erected by the second year architects of the College.

The original motive for the project was the exciting prospect of holding our mid-term C.R.D. in an inflatable dome situated centrally in the Bulpadok. Due to several design problems and other sociological reasons, the C.R.D. idea did not eventuate. We were, however, permitted to erect the dome on the Bulpadok where we had originally planned.

An inflatable plastic pillow inspired the final shape of the dome, and it was found that the 'half-pillow' shape was very economical in terms of unobstructed floor space and the area of polythene used.

The construction of the dome involved the taping together of large strips of polythene, the dimensions of which were determined by the inflation and accurate measurement of a small-scale polythene pillow. The polythene was kindly donated by I.C.I. and Johnson & Johnson donated the superb tape.

The erection of the dome on July 3rd was quite a smooth operation, the actual inflation taking about half an hour. During the afternoon the dome proved quite a crowd-stopper, and most of the pedestrian-traffic through the College stopped to inspect this curious green and white alien which squatted on the Bulpadok. It was pleasing to see the Warden, having overcome his fears for the safety of the dome, putting in an albeit brief appearance.

1 The dome was taken down that night and inflated again before 9 a.m. the next morning. About 11 a.m. a newspaper reporter and a television news camera-

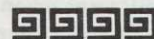
man arrived, and by then it seemed that the dome would gain world-wide fame. But alas, the only effective publicity was a brief spot on U.S.U.7's main news. After dinner that night we had a short talk and slideshow in the dome. This was given by Tony Gwyllam, who is vitally interested in the scope and future of inflatable structures.

The dome finally lent itself superbly to the Prosh fashion parade.

Despite its increased size and the ill-treatment it received both from students and the wind, the dome stood resolutely firm.

The dome project was certainly as successful as had been expected. It demonstrated a new concept in architectural design which has numerous outlets for development and use, a concept radically different from the accepted, traditional forms of building.

Today the inflatable is merely an economical temporary structure, but already we can foresee the development of a much more permanent type of inflatable structure, lending itself to many and varied uses.



## JUTTODDIE 1968

Perhaps it was the presence of Mr. John Lennon "we're bigger than God —", or merely the drought, but for the first time in many years Juttoddie day was not accompanied by the traditional cloud burst. Another traditional form of soaking was noticeably absent due to the enterprising theft of the garden hoses on Thursday night. All however was in vain as the usual jeopardy obstacles had to be navigated.

John Lennon on holiday with Miss Yoki Ono prior to taking up his appointment as College Chaplain was on hand to open the spectacle. Strangely out of place following the dour Dr. Leeper, Mr. Lennon although helped by his virtuous flower children failed to sway the masses from stocks and shares, C.U.B., and capitalism. He thus joins the ranks of so many other evangelists.

The Tote were quick to show their rate of locomotion was inversely proportional to their rate of making a fast buck, exploited the punter's gullibility for fast women and slow horses. The Tote are currently training their noble steeds somewhere in Texas for an attack on the next Spring Carnival.

The books in true cavalier spirit showed they were after the money and proceeded to accumulate it. Only once was their polished facade tarnished and the Mafia influence mirrored on their always smiling countenances.

Mike Hamerston with consummate ease steered the skits through their tedious course. Following in Dr. Leeper's footsteps the skits dragged slowly, and painfully for those with sensitive ears. With more thought for the maturity and sensitivity of the audience and a less aggressively masculine image the Juttoddie sketches may again become a highlight of undergraduate humour.

Notwithstanding many fine sketches were seen and we hope not forgotten. Who can forget Robin Hood? Whatever Mr. Worby may have lost he retained his complete assurance that carried through into other sketches of the same calibre.

Mr. Tronson with sharp wit, calculating brain and

a glib tongue had his ear close enough to the ground to assimilate most of our idiosyncrasies and not get it trodden on.

The blessing of the bricks by the Theological faculty was a brief dignified ceremony, shorter than the customary sermon and more accomplished, was appreciated by all.

The Four Corners Interview of the "bikies" and Mr. Oppenheim's all-Australian game gave valuable insight into two diverse characters.

The lawyers, with Mr. Telfer particularly sinister, produced a tribunal of militant Jewish Neo-Nazis. Their unique brand of humour found outlet in this unusual context. Dr. Knoppfelmacher was subtly lampooned however the crowd by this stage was melting away and those remaining awaited the spectacle of the races.

The heats, off to a late start, were hurried through with a consequent loss of capital flow through the betting agencies. This necessitated generally short odds for the agencies to cover their expenses.

With their knobblers well muscled and well rehearsed but less well hidden betting was inhibited. Juttoddie has a proud tradition and unless it draws more support it will continue to degenerate to a mere initiation for freshmen. Support will only come when sportsmanship returns and the rewards of Juttoddie justify its existence.

As usual few of the early favourites made the final. Clemente, wielding some influence, staved off a protest and was promoted to the finals. Hansen and Holland in the Gentlemen's Heat by some quirk of fate lost the track to Naughton's and suffered the indignity of the Jeopardy water jump.

After a break for afternoon tea the final was run between Messrs. Anderson, Clemente, Godfrey, Rossiter, Forge and Siede. Rossiter showing great stamina and determination over the final yards just pipped Forge, to the disgust of Books and Tote.

A radiant Edna Everidge presented the Juttoddie Cup for 1968 to the breathless and sodden winner who doesn't realise that it is not all over.

## ASPECTS

### Aspect I

*I have thought critically  
of a critical kind of defeat:  
retreat to the professional guard  
where an obese personage  
can command the insipid ranks;  
but despaired equally  
of this virile sunburnt crowd  
contented by pocket-sized tragedy  
and probably deadened pain.*

### Aspect II

#### Why not the package deal?

*Of course I'm not so happy  
with Vietnam or pack-rape:  
must be true, the paper's full of it;  
but what can one man do  
against this sly corrupting rot,  
and why make living harder with the thought?  
say you've cut a path from Collingwood  
and made it into Kew  
with brick veneer, two cars, three fronts, the lot:  
Why not enjoy the good things  
your hard work has given you,  
relax with Combat, Homicide, why not?*

### Aspect III

*Through glass the precise raw evenings  
and the mists through glass;  
Infinite frames of mind  
beautiful trees.  
The vibrant land challenges all edges  
Edges inflect its vibrance.  
Alone, here, anywhere, through glass  
alone with me the significant times pass.*

## THE BUILD-UP OF COMMUNICATION: REASONS FOR STUDYING ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Language is very intimately bound up with thought, and to study one is to study the other. The way a community sees the world is both revealed and controlled by the language it uses. For instance, the English-speaker thinks of the rainbow as having seven colours; speakers of Skona, a Rhodesian language, think of it as having only three (roughly indigo-blue, green-yellow, and orange-red-purple). Neither of these ways is 'right' or 'true' or even 'better': English would probably benefit from having more general colour-words, and Skona from having more particular ones.

Apprehension of colour is a trivial example; language also reveals how we think about more basic issues. This can be seen most obviously in vocabulary; if there is no word in a language for a certain concept, then one can assume that this concept is not central in the culture belonging to that language. For instance, I believe that no other language has the English and German distinction between 'house' and 'home' — one wonders why no other race found the two different enough to require separate words. The hopes, values, fears and prejudices of a people are all enshrined in the vocabulary of their language — most obvious is the number of euphemisms for death in all languages, displaying the universal fear of it.

It is not generally realised that language not only reveals our ways of thinking, but also controls them quite rigidly. English-speakers have to say whether the object(s) to which they refer are singular or plural, and when an action is/was/will be done, even when it is inconvenient, as in this sentence. These assumptions are built into our language, and it is difficult to realise that they are only assumptions, and not facts. Many languages find it quite unnecessary always to state these things, though they can if the matter requires it; compare the way English and French deal with gender. This challenging of assumptions can open up one's thinking on the deepest levels.

As well as this, the study of language provides one with a lot of useless but fascinating information. It is interesting to reflect that 'lewd' once meant 'ignorant', and 'hussy' meant 'housewife'. The English habit of borrowing words from other languages makes one wonder about their relations with these nations — 'nitwit' comes from Flemish, 'brandy' from Dutch, 'contraband' from Spanish, 'assassin' and 'alcohol' from Arabic. Sometimes the same word is borrowed twice in different forms — 'lawn' and 'land' come

from Celtic, direct and through Old French; 'frail' and 'fragile' are both from Latin, but again one comes via French. The study of word-borrowing is a fascinating adjunct to English history.

Translation is an inevitable part of language study; translation from another language, especially a dead one, trains you in habits of meticulous scholarship and rigorous intellectual honesty. You learn to realise that your reading of a phrase is not the right or the only one. You learn to resist the temptation of the obvious interpretation and the easy emendation until all the other possibilities have been considered.

Both the problems of translation, and the general awareness of words which language study promotes, make you strive harder for precision, ease and **grace** in your own writing; this is a frustrating struggle.

Because one has only learnt to get the better  
of words

For the thing one no longer has to say, or the  
way in which

One is no longer disposed to say it.

Although you learn these rigorous standards, of honesty in your scholarship and precision in your prose, you also develop an immense tolerance for other people's ways of using language. An acquaintance with the history of any language teaches one that grammar and syntax are mutable, and that words constantly change their meanings and often their forms. These processes usually triumph over anyone who presumes to tell people how to speak and write. One can never predict how the speakers of a language will choose to use it — they abandon useful words, overwork old favorites, coin new ones which are condemned as slang and within a generation become perfectly respectable ('clumsy' was once 'a vulgar word'). All these are signs that the language is a living, vigorous one, but grammarians have lamented the decay of English for six hundred years.

There is no such thing as 'correct English': the rules of grammar describe what is socially acceptable, not what is correct. 'I seen him' is understood by everyone, so why label it wrong? If a sentence communicates the meaning intended by the writer immediately and unambiguously, it is good English; as a criterion, this is far more difficult to follow than any set of rules. Acceptance of this criterion requires renunciation of all the prejudices about language which every person clings to; it is the most important thing one can learn from the study of language.

— JANET MACKENZIE

## THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE

There was once an old woman who lived in a shoe with a family of adopted sons who were sent to her from without the shoe. Now this was a very fine shoe and extremely comfortable for the children who dwelt in it. They were used to this sort of shoe, you see, and it fitted them well for when you live in a shoe to which you are accustomed it ensures that the shape of your being is preserved and your station in life is fortified. And in the beginning there weren't very many children and they all knew what each other thought about shoes and ships and sealing-wax and cabbages and kings, and they were able to discuss things with their mother and she would help them and tell them what it was to grow up and become a man.

Now you might think it rather strange to live in a shoe, but these people didn't for, you see, this old woman had been adopting sons for as long as anyone could remember and they always came to live in her shoe. So these boys didn't think it was strange when their fathers sent them to live in the shoe, a large black leather shoe with a very proper square toe, a shoe like the ones they had always known. They were all very good and fitted well into the shoe and the shoe fitted them well and they all lived happily together and they grew up and formed one mind together.

But many things happened which were beyond the control of the old woman and her family grew and grew, larger and larger, and finally she could no longer fit them all into the shoe. So architects and builders came and they planned things and altered things and added things and the shoe grew and the shoe became a boot: it was bigger: it had a big pipe-piece attached to it and a lot more lace to keep it all together, and more children were able to live in it. They all thought: "We shall all live happily together. Our minds shall grow into a community, and we shall be one just like the older adopted sons were in their day," for you see it must be realised that, when the old woman had raised these sons, she sent them out into the world. That was why they came to her: why else would anyone go to live in a shoe but to be strengthened, and to be made quite sure of what sort of shoe fitted you, and to learn how your playmates thought, and to learn to think with them that you might go out into the world and be a proper adult just like the old lady was: she was an adult.

But when the numbers grew larger and the old woman had more children come to her some very strange things began to happen for they found that those who lived in the toe did not know those who lived higher up in the ankle. They were so far apart and there were so many of them, and, when they did not know each other, how could they know what each other thought; how could they come to any common mind at all? The old woman lamented and

bewailed this state of affairs but she could do nothing about it. She had thought that she could cope with all the new children but alas, it strained her so that she grew ill and feeble and could no longer tell many of them what it was to grow up and become men, and it seemed that the older and more feeble she grew, the more quickly she grew still more so, just like a billy-cart rolling down a hill or a snow ball that grows as it rolls.

And in these last days some new children have come to her who are not used to the sort of boot she lives in and, when they are forced into the last which is not theirs, they react violently, (why! it might even be said that they are radicals), and they protest and demand equality and autonomy and many other such things which the old woman and those who have been with her longest do not want to give them and she and they try to prevent these things from happening and for all her age and illness she still succeeds . . . . . but only just.

One wonders whether the time might not come when the old woman, weary and ill, will not pass on and a new mother will come in her place, a mother not used to this sort of boot, and what will happen then? Why! she will call in architects and builders, but not the sort who came before, who changed the shoe into a boot. They will be builders and architects of the Spirit who will alter things within the shoe, for what in the end does the outside matter? It is the inside which the foot must fit and which must fit the foot, and which the children who dwell in it must wear and bear.

He who has ears to hear, let him hear!

---

### Two collisions

*I hear night rain, see trees in mist  
The morning sun is sharp on tin;  
He cannot see the various sea, or twist  
Rope in the rising swell and the brass wind.*

*Charred memory revives my brush with death  
Only inscrutable fate to scrutinise:  
Alan under the country stacked in shreds  
But I, remembering, with clear eyes.*

*The terrible mourning broke on the death-line  
No academic conclusions to be drawn:  
Only the sun intolerably fine  
On the next ward's roof in gratuitous good dawn.*

## GREEN THOUGHTS IN A GREEN SHADE

Is green manifestly the best colour? There once was, and perhaps still is, a group of people who think so. I came across their meeting-place one day while ambling through Sherwood Forest. I would not have noticed them but for the strains of 'Greensleeves' wafting through the pines, for they were camouflaged by the green grass growing around their feet where they stood; a great throng of people who raised their voices to the chorus:

Greensleeves was all my joy.  
Greensleeves was my delight,  
And none but my lady Greensleeves.

Could this be a meeting of patriotic Irishmen? I thought. But no, their accents had the sweet purity of Received Standard English. I retreated behind a fir-tree on my left to see what happened next. After the song had died away they sat down in the tall grass and formed a semi-circle. One man remained standing. His blonde hair blowing in the breeze and his rugged face reminded me of the author Graham....; while he was continually reaching out and catching the imaginary mosquitoes which droned around him. Sweat poured down his face and he seemed by his speech to be recalling his days in the tropics. Suddenly he raised his voice on high — 'Now come my comrades, one by one, and tell our company how you have suffered for the cause of the Great Society of Greenmen'.

One woman stepped forward, looking strangely medieval, not wearing the green beret of the rest of the company, but with a comical shaped head-dress, and flowing white gown. But strangest of all were her arms, for they were bound with leaves and twigs and buds of vibrant green. So this, I thought, was the patron saint of the Great Society, 'My Lady Greensleeves'. She graciously took her seat on a mossy stone and awaited the confessions of her company.

A brash young man stepped forward, removing his green cap slowly as he did so. 'Madame', he said, 'I believe I have earned the respect of this company. A fair young lady I know one night ran off with a leather-clad motorbike rider, and from that day I have noticed my soft blue eyes turn a delicate shade of green. I have now been accused of suffering from green-eyed jealousy.' There was only slight applause from the audience who awaited greater feats of daring and more prolonged suffering.

A second man then came towards the mossy mound where the maiden sat. He was wearing military dress and said, 'Madame, I have fought in the jungles, looted and killed, searched and destroyed and am now a proud wearer of the 'jungle Green'. The medieval lady smiled sweetly and told him to return to his seat, while the audience clapped and cheered.

The soldier was followed by a very rotund and beaming man who strode up to the lady and said, 'Madame, I have the largest collection of "green backs" in the land. I have been making weapons and 'planes for men to play with, and have sold them all at astronomical prices'.

The declarations went on all day and all night. All manner of men came forward and boasted of their prowess, from greengrocers to greenhorns.

I was growing weary when just as the sun was rising I turned to the woman who was still seated on the mound; suddenly the buds on her arms burst into life as the morning sun shone down on them. From the foliage on her arms scarlet flowers blossomed; the crowd looked on in horror, the green of their berets turned red in the sunlight, the grass at their feet withered to brown, the luxuriant green of the forest became a blazing red. The maiden desperately shook the flowers from her arms and ran through the forest, followed by the whole company, shouting 'The peril of the red has blotted out the green, and now all will be 'forever amber!'

— HELEN WOODHOUSE

## DISCOVERY

*If the improbable dawn  
Draws its lights  
To a sliver of purest silver,  
And sheds it surreptitiously  
Low on the hills,  
One might be excused  
For believing the world to be quite, quite black;  
But to turn to such light,  
Is to find  
What you already knew to be,  
Wrapped in gentle familiar outlines  
About to bloom again  
In the day.*

— JOAN FOLEY



Vanbrugh's 'The Relapse' is in many ways a strange and difficult play to produce. It has a broad comic and social range yet would appear curiously diffuse; it has a variety of styles yet would appear to lack a centre. It was heartening then to see the Trinity — J.C.H. production facing the problems fairly — and going a long way to solving them. What the producers David Kendall and Arthur Dignam did was to seek the essential spirit of the heart of the play, a strong and bubbling good-humour beneath the cynicism and pleasant cruelty. The production then rollicked along, and the contrasts seemed dark on light variations on the same theme rather than difficulties to be overcome. However much of the exquisite dialogues of the Loveless quartet suggest deeper human conflict, and are not permitted to think of it long. We are caught by the wit, surprised by the changes, delighted by the characters.

The good-humour, which makes the play essentially benign, was beautifully modulated in the performance of Wilfred Last as Lord Foppington, a fine mélange of expansive vanity and sheer enjoyment. Bewigged and bespangled, eyes flashing brighter than a thousand suns Mr. Last gave an expertly professional yet generous performance, revealing not only a commanding stage-presence but also an awareness of the point and balance of each scene.

Lord Foppington and Coupler (George Myers) — politely referred to as a 'match-maker' — seem to brood over the play as periwigged and unholy angels of providence — appearing to disrupt but really assuring the denouement. To suggest both creepy degeneration and a curious good-humour (which comes out, it is true, in ominous dalliance) is not an easy thing to do and Mr. Myers gave a finely shaded and ironical performance.

No Providence but a creation of great weight and generosity, Michael Hamerston's Worthy was a virile and humorous balance between cynical wit and healthy pleasantry.

"O pardon me, if I commit rape . . . . ."

Indeed the play glistens in the central dialogues of the Loveless quartet, Vanbrugh here equalling Sheridan in his sense of rhythm and counter-point. Complete professionalism and assurance marked the performances of Guthrie Worby, Ann Kupa and Pera Wells. The ladies survived the vicissitudes of rape and conjugal infidelity with obvious relish and



aplomb, delighting in the cool and elegant wit of their exchanges. Indeed Miss Well's line: "Help, help, I'm ravished, ruined, undone. O lord, I shall never be able to bear it" (very softly) — was a high point of the production. We are never to forget that the play's subtitle is "Virtue in Danger". We tremble in fear. Will Loveless fall? Will the impeccable Amanda survive the lascivious attentions of Worthy? Can blithe Berinthia withstand the persistent threat of Loveless? Horror, horror?

Almost in another world is the picturesque hero, the Young Fashion (John Wilson, a performance of fine vigour and great promise) whose search for love and money, abetted by his faithful Lory (Michael Taylor), a fool though a wise man, leads him to the graceful hall of Sir Tunbelly Clumsey (Miles Kupa). Here the humour is broad and fast and the players responded with zest. Sir Tunbelly, fiercely bewhiskered, seems to be doing a dance of life in response to rhythms of his own brain, for surely the astounding footwork bears no relation to his own dilemma — a very amusing comic creation. Poor Miss Hayden (Sue Donnelly) grows pale, beneath the vigilant eye of her Nurse (Catherine Forsyth playing a Dickensian character for all it is worth), waiting for the sunshine of love to brighten her days. Miss Hayden does not wait long. When Young Fashion appears, she grabs him. Miss Donnelly caught well the liveliness and freshness of a lusty country lady — and all the scenes at Sir Tunbelly's House moved swiftly and farcically. The siege of Lord Foppington, the vicious battle which ensued and the breath-taking capture of that worthy gentleman — pardon, lord — were marked not only by the rich playing of the principals (Miles Kupa in hilarious bellowing form and a wonderful piece of mime from Howard Parkinson as La Verole) but also by the producers' expert manipulation of a crowd of crude and probably loathsome country bumkins.

This last point is an additional clue to the play's success; we knew that this was not a production of "principals with others" but a remarkably fluid and unified production. The many minor characters (amongst the many who distinguished themselves were David Oppenheim, Paul Elliott and John Cook) and the spirited movements of the crowds gave the impression of real lives being lived lustily; yet they were managed with firm but deft hands, as background. The sets (designed by Julian Pringle — a very graceful and economical affair), the lighting and above all the wonderful costumes and wigs lovingly designed by Suzy Kendall and made by the seamstresses of Janet Clarke Hall) created the illusion that this was Vanbrugh's England, a place fraught with serious problems yet one possessing an inherent vigour and good-humour. The play does not resolve problems — but it creates a confidence suggesting that problems can be solved. Pope's Clarissa should perhaps have the last word—

"And trust me, dear! good-humour can prevail,  
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding  
fail."



# SPORT

## CRICKET

The Trinity 1stXI produced its first win since 1964 when it had a convincing win over Queens on the first Tuesday of first term.

Queens, first to wield the willow, allowed runs to come at a steady pace, until Stuart McGregor sent opener Gurner back to the pavilion, with a deceiving delivery, when the score was 31. Queens pushed the score to 73 with some solid batting before the Queens skipper Harvey (44) lofted a ball to square leg and was brilliantly caught by a dozing Godfrey, off the bowling of Jim Higgs. The remainder of the Queens side offered little resistance and could only compile 103 runs before the last wicket fell, just prior to the lunch break. Jim Higgs and Brendon Kay took the last nine wickets between them.

Geoff Grantham and Brendon Kay opened the Trinity innings at a painstaking pace, but managed to push the score to 70. Grantham, playing forward to a ball from Gurner, left a gap between bat and pad and made his way from the arena. Kay followed two runs later, when he lofted a drive into the covers. Some hard hitting followed as Trinity's captain Chris Mitchell (24) with the support of Pete Siede (10) passed the Queens total without further loss of wickets.

### TRINITY v. QUEENS

#### QUEENS INNINGS

Harvey, c. Godfrey, b. Higgs	44
Gurner, l.b.w., b. McGregor	7
Coffy, b. Kay	26
Habbersberger, l.b.w., b. Kay	1
Maskel, c. and b. Higgs	11
Scott, s.t.p., b. Higgs	2
Kinghorn, b. Kay	0
Williams, G. l.b.w., b. Kay	4
Parker, not out...	2
Reid, c. Kay, b. Higgs...	0
Green, l.b.w., b. Kay	0
Sundries	5

TOTAL ... 103

Bowling.—McGregor 1/20, Godfrey 0/21, Kay 5/33, Higgs 4/24.

#### TRINITY INNINGS

Kay c., b. Harvey	31
Grantham, b. Gurner	29
Mitchell, not out	24
Siede, not out	10

TOTAL ... 2/105

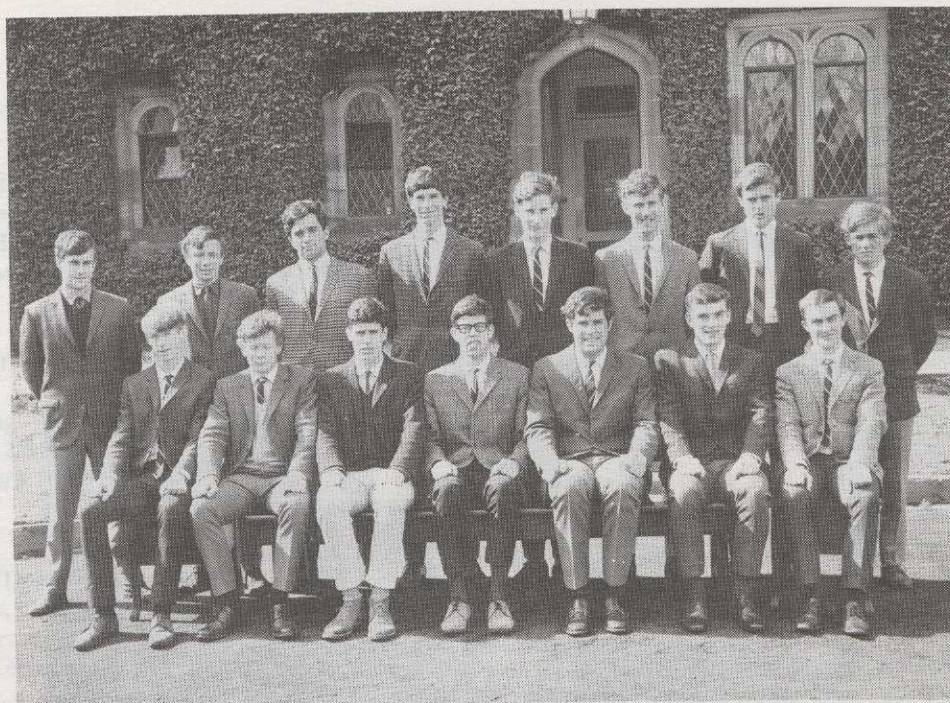
Bowling.—Harvey 1/33, Gurner 1/25.

In the same final against Newman, Chris Mitchell, won the toss and the Trinity side took to the field.

The Trinity bowlers lacked the penetration necessary to take wickets and as a result the Newman batsmen gained the ascendancy and runs soon began to come freely. Jim Higgs became the first successful Trinity bowler, when he beat O'Donnell with a flighty delivery and keeper Bellchambers had the bails off before the batsman could recover his ground. The next partnership proved a fruitful one for Newman, as Moran and Bowtell stroked the ball all over the ground. Alan Higgs brought some hope into the Trinity side when he bowled Moran (85) and 10 runs later had the incoming batsman caught at first slip. Newman batted out their time without further loss and amassed a total of 319 runs for the loss of three wickets.

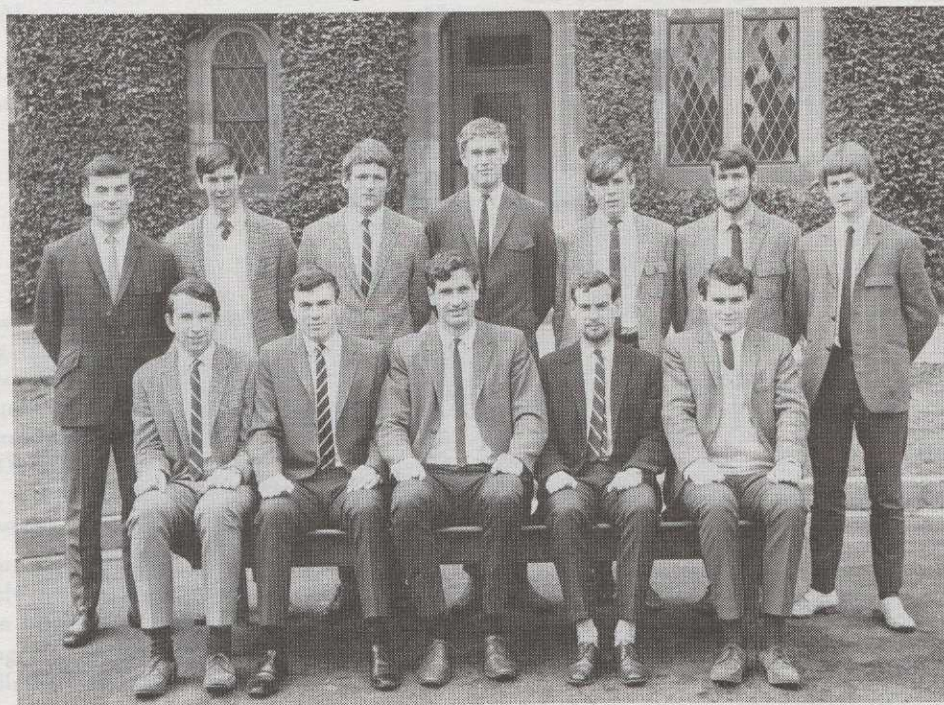
Trinity, set a huge task, began disappointingly against a hostile Newman attack. Both openers had gone before the score was 20. Chris Mitchell proved to be the mainstay of the batting and he endeavoured to force the pace along, but gained little support, till Graeme Wiese joined him. Together they pushed the score from 48 to 90 with some delightful batting before Mitchell was run out for 33.

Wiese continued till he too made his way back to the pavilion. Bob Holland helped to take the score to 126 before he was bowled on 29, thus ending the Trinity innings.



### ATHLETICS TEAM

Back Row — M.I. Haskett, D.B. Forster, R.W. Anderson, A.S. Lang,  
R.D. Hocking, T.J. Hancock, L.J. Ch. de Crespigny, J.H. Roberts,  
Front Row — C.J. Commons, J.H. Minson, R.H. Noble (V. Captain),  
J.E. Tibballs (Captain), J.R. Harry, P.H. Siede, M.R. Williams  
Absent — A.L. Cunningham, I.R. Gowrie-Smith, A.F. Guy



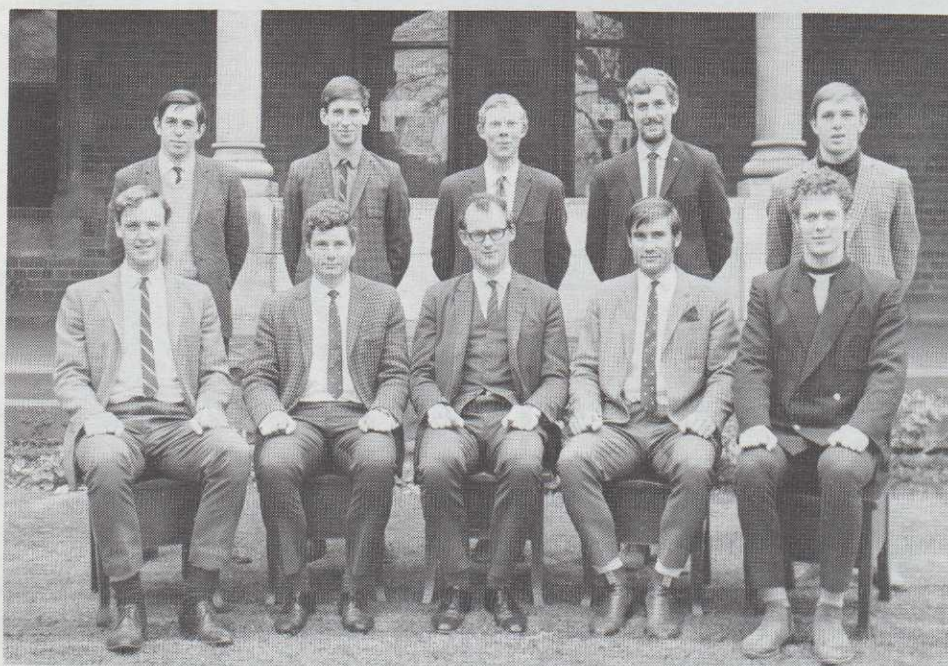
### 1st XI

Back Row — P.H. Siede, G.R. Grantham, T.P.T. Armytage, P.J. Godfrey,  
J.D. Higgs, E.S. Bellchambers, B.E. Kay  
Front Row — G.R. Wiese, S.J. McGregor (V. Captain), C.G.W. Mitchell (Captain),  
A.J. Higgs G.W. Ainsworth  
Absent — R.D. Holland



**TENNIS TEAM** Winners, Intercollegiate Tennis.

Back Row — S.C. Fowler, G.G. Fowler.  
 Front Row — G.V. Brown, M. Pruden (Captain), G.W. Ainsworth.  
 Absent — A.F. Cox, A.K. Gregson.



### 1st VIII

Mervyn Bournes Higgins Trophy for Intercollegiate Rowing —  
 Ormond 1st, Trinity 2nd, Queens 3rd, Newman 4th. 2/3rds length.

Standing — T.D.J. Patrick, R.J. Stewart, G.A. Nice, B.C. Clarke, D.E. Yates  
 (3) (7) (Cox) (2) (Bow)  
 Seated — G.N. Withers, D.T.B. Hornsby, W.R. Stokes, B.A. Keon-Cohen, A. de P. Godfrey  
 (6) (4) (Coach) (Stroke) (5)

## TRINITY v. NEWMAN

### NEWMAN INNINGS

Moran, b. A.Higgs ... ..	85
O'Donnell, stp., b J.Higgs. ... ..	27
Bowtell, not out ... ..	165
O'Donnell, c. Kay, b. A.Higgs ... ..	6
Punch, not out... ..	27
Sundries ... ..	9

TOTAL ... .. 3/319

Bowling.—McGregor 0/52, Kay 0/62, J.Higgs 1/79, A.Higgs 2/58, Armytage 0/39, Grantham 0/17, Mitchell 0/3.

### TRINITY INNINGS

Kay, c. O'Donnell, b. Stewart ... ..	9
Grantham, c. O'Donnell, b. Gleeson ... ..	3
Mitchell, run out ... ..	33
Siede, b. Gleeson ... ..	6
McGregor, c. wkt. b. Gleeson ... ..	13
Wiese, c. Punch, b. Pagent ... ..	20
Bellchambers, b. O'Donnell ... ..	3
Holland, b. Pagent ... ..	29
Armytage, c. Gleeson, b. Pagent ... ..	0
Higgs, A., not out ... ..	1
Sundries ... ..	9

TOTAL ... .. 126

Bowling.—Gleeson 3/52, Pagent 3/17, Stewart 1/27, O'Donnell 1/21.

## ROWING

Hopes were high at the start of the season, but after trying first a week of scraping together scratch crews, it was realized that all freshmen of sufficiently large size and rowing ability had forsaken the college for less demanding surroundings. However three newcomers in David Yates, Tim Patrick and Brian Clarke, more than made up for their lack of weight with great enthusiasm and dedication.

The returning members of last year's victorious crew secretly breathed a sigh of relief when Chester Keon-Cohen informed Trinity that he was unavailable for coaching, but any thoughts of a light season were soon dispelled when Bill Stokes agreed to train the crew. Although Trinity didn't win, the tremendous improvement in the last week of training was due almost entirely to Bill's great drive and coaching ability, and to the determination of the stroke Bryan Keon-Cohen, Whoever heard of rowing twice a day for a College Boat Race?

In the heat, after a slow start Trinity gradually rowed away from Queens to win by two lengths. The final was a close race the whole way, but Ormond was a smoother crew and won by half a length. Congratulations to the Ormond crew, and also to the Trinity crew members Geoffrey Withers, Arthur Godfrey and David Hornsby who rowed in their record winning Intervarsity eight, and Robert Stewart and Brian Clarke in the lightweight four.

When no part member of the College could be begged, bribed or commandeered into coaching the second eight, David Dumaresq took on the task and did wonderful work in producing the most enthusiastic crew on the river. Only a mental deficiency or a passionate love of the Yarra could make a second eight row at six o'clock on Sunday morning. Although beaten by a strong Ormond crew in the final, the eight more than lived up to the tradition of part Trinity crews.

A final thought for future College rowers, procured from the Leeper Library annals:

"It is the foremost aim and duty of the Boat Club to set and maintain Trinity Head of the River, but no member of the Boat Club is worthy to be called an oarman if he considers his work is done when the race is over. It is the duty of every rowing man to keep alive the rowing spirit of the college, and to ensure that it will be kept alive in the future, and he can only do this by continued hard practice rows under experienced coaches, undertaken because he revels in his sport and seeks always to make himself more proficient. The man who has nothing to learn is no use to us."

## SWIMMING

This year, many of us regretted the loss of Ted Gallagher, but the team seemed pleased that his successor preferred a warm bed and breakfast to an early morning swim. Enthusiasm was high, since other Colleges had also lost top-class swimmers, and we had a chance of winning the Inter-Collegiate Competition for the first time. So, although 8.00 a.m. training was not generally employed, every member of the team willingly sacrificed time for regular practice and this effort was rewarded by second place, our best ever. Newman was fortunate in having a few very good swimmers; but, as a team effort, average swimmers, by putting everything into their own event, produced good performances. Only Garry Bigmore swam in two individual races: he won the 100 m. Medley and the 50 m. Butterfly. Peter Selby-Smith swam an excellent race to win the 50 m. backstroke. Although we had won the diving and underwater swim in previous years, these were the

first Trinity victories in swimming.

Dick Stuckey and Rob Niall swam well in the 50 m. and 100 m. Freestyle; and Rob Holland (heat) and Rod Anderson (final) showed amazing perseverance in the 200 m.

It was extremely difficult to find divers this year, and Chris Wharton and Jack Cook must now realise why gentlemen are reluctant to subject themselves to the criticism of the judges! We are grateful to Jack, who missed play rehearsal in order to take part. With the help of several glasses of artificial stimulant, he extended his acting ability to the diving board, and the audience was delighted by his three brief appearances.

Swimmers who have in past years smiled sadistically as the participants in the "Gentleman's" Relay swam amok, were disappointed when this event was moved from the end to the middle of the programme, for many spectators left early to dry their clothes. At least Jim Bain's dinner suit received a good wash.

## ATHLETICS

The first ray of hope for College Athletics was a very small item in 'The Age' of the 25th March. It simply read:

Junior Triple Jump: C.J. Commons, 1,48'6¼"; . . . but it was the result of the Australian Championship.

The annual "meeting of all those interested" followed and the hunt for athletes amongst the freshmen was on; there would be no hiding of lights under bushels this year. Ian Gowrie-Smith had done some research and had a list of twenty-five probables. Freshmen have malleable minds and bodies so we soon had the unprecedented occurrence of seven Trinity men on the Beaurepaire track at once five weeks before the Championships.

With such keenness it was felt that we had the chance to 'one-up' the other Colleges by deciding on our sprint relay team and have them practising ten days before the Meeting. For a week our intentions were thwarted by rain and the advantage lost. We held our trials along with the other Colleges on the Sunday before 'the day'. It proved a wonderful exhibition of gamesmanship for, after the running of our 100 m. trial, a small Newman huddle was heard to whisper in astonishment, "Five under 11.7!". Moonee Valley on a misty morning was never like this.

Athletically, Wednesday 8th proved a great success: for spectators there was an exciting meeting with some magnificent performances both from the Combined Melbourne Universities v. New Zealand and the Intercollegiate athletes. For the seventeen Trinity

athletes it was a day for far exceeding their expectations. The key to the extra store of energy, g & d, strength and whatever else was required was the incentive of winning, of realising our dream of beating Newman. This reserve produced efforts like Jamie Minson's 400 m. win after two hard-won races and with the thought of one more to come; Chris Commons' overcoming of two confidence-shattering bad jumps to jump into second place; Rob Noble's gusty effort to run 1500 m. in 4 m. 9.5s., his fastest ever; Rod Anderson's shot putting which carried him into third place behind the unsurpassable Jon Harry.

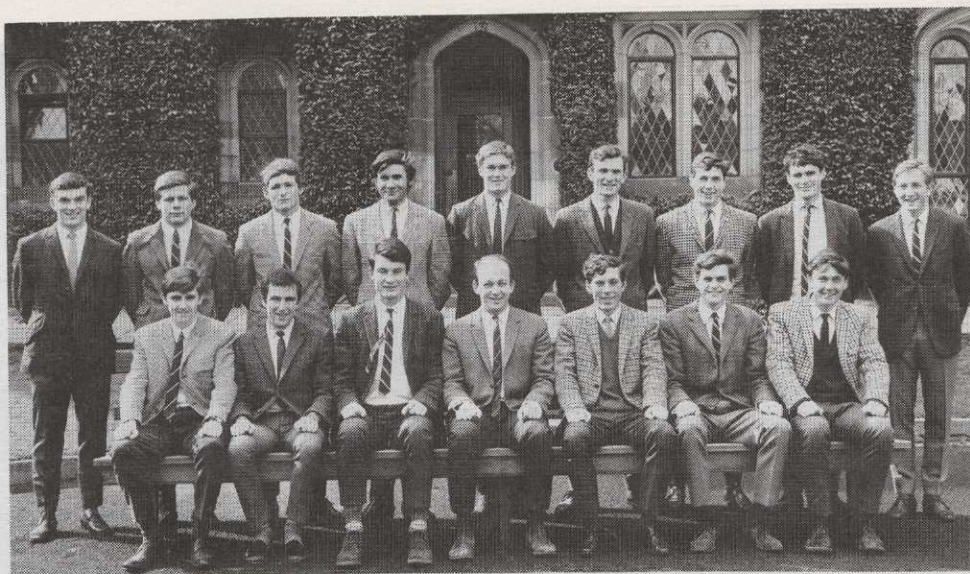
So with just two relays to be run Trinity was one point ahead of Newman and, it was thought, had every chance of winning the sprint relay. But now the incentive worked the other way. Newman, spurred by the thought of being beaten in a competition that they felt was their prerogative to win, produced three tremendous baton changes and Trinity was faced with a leeway of three points and middle-distance runners with only determination on their side. For three legs Hancock, Guy and Forster ran shoulder to shoulder with their Newman rivals only to have the lead snatched away in the last 100 m. of the race.

Trinity was down by eleven points with Ormond and Queen's far behind but soon the Newman captain was acknowledging that he could see the end of his College's superiority in Athletics.

## HOCKEY

Ironically what finished up as a premiers year began somewhat disastrously when the college team ventured forth to that infamous National Trust monument in St. Kilda Road to show the schoolboys how to play hockey. It was a somewhat humiliated College hockey XI that returned home defeated two goals to one. Quite obviously much hard practice was required to make anything like a team. Captain Graham Brown therefore launched forth as if inspired to weld a team out of eleven 'queer bedfellows'. — Thus during the next few weeks it was not unusual to see groups of gentlemen in sporting attire disappearing into the misty-cold June nights to return sometime later, their loud puffings occasionally interrupted by muttered curses and blasphemies.

The season opened on a pleasant Sunday afternoon at Royal Park before a small but enthusiastic gallery against a pseudo-hockey team from Newman. Hockey despite its part Irish origins has never found favour in schools of the Popish persuasion in Victoria. This fact leaves Newman with few genuine hockey players,



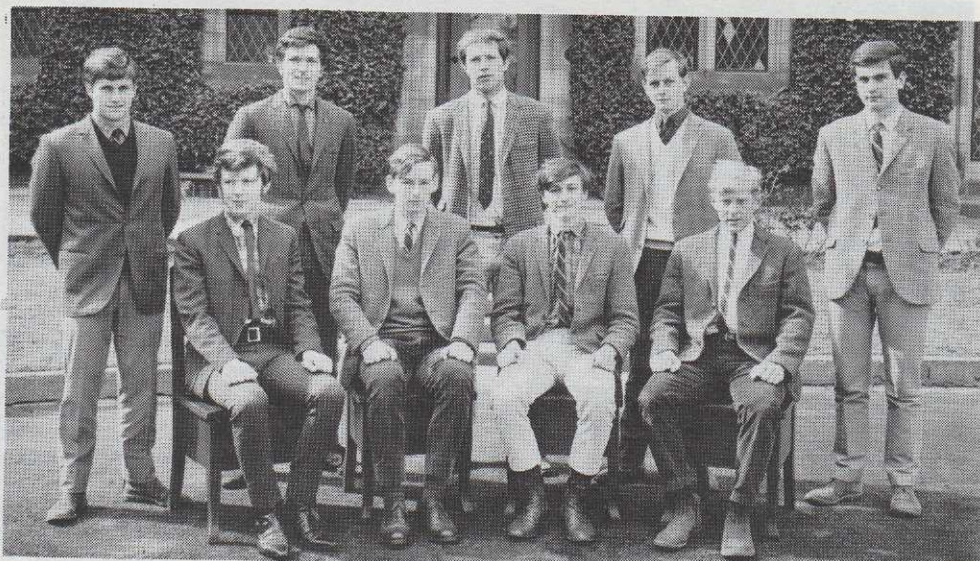
### 1st XVIII

- Back Row — P.H. Siede, R.C. Mackay, T.P.T. Armytage, B.A. Keon-Cohen,  
P.J. Godfrey, M.J. Standish, W.E. Sykes, R.W. Harper,  
S.C. Fowler.
- Front Row — D.B. Cottrill, T.I. Cook, I.C. Mitchell (Vice-Captain),  
B.W.C. Wilson (Captain), M. Pruden, R.K. Tronson,  
E.R.J. Heywood.
- Absent — R.D. Holland, S.J. McGregor, J.H. Minson, G.A. Ross,  
R.H. Stuckey.



### HOCKEY TEAM Winners, Intercollegiate Hockey

- Back Row — J.E. Tibballs, A.R. St. John, E.P. Hobson, R.D. Hocking,  
C.L. Wharton, P.J.V. Gason, M.I. Haskett.
- Front Row — H.S. Parkinson, S.D. Trinca, G.V. Brown (Captain),  
P.B. Seddon (Vice-Captain), A.W.F. Hamer, M.R. Williams.
- Absent — D.C. Dumaresq.



### 2nd VIII

Back Row — M.I. Haskett, C.P. Lang, R. Buchanan, A.O. a'Beckett, P.R. Johnson  
 (2) (5) (6) (Bow) (4)  
 Front Row — H.H. Turnbull, R.M. Molesworth, A.J. Drysdale, C.H. Sargood  
 (3) (Stroke) (Cox) (7)  
 Absent — D.C. Dumaresq (Coach)



### 2nd XVIII

Back Row — C.P. Thomas, C.O. Cutler, G.R. Grantham, D.E. Langley,  
 J.W. Heath, B.E. Kay, C.H. Sargood  
 Middle Row — P.D. Elliot, G.N. Withers, B.A. Keon-Cohen (V. Captain),  
 D.T. Hornsby (Captain), A. de P. Godfrey, L.J.Ch. de Crespigny,  
 D.J. Oppenheim  
 Front Row — P.B. McPhee, R.N. Thomas  
 Absent — C.J. Arup, M.J. Crossley, B.H.R. Forge, A.F. Guy, R.D. Holland,  
 G.T. Houghton, N.D. Johnston, J.H. Minson, S.G. Moroney,  
 J.J. Renick, A.G. Rossiter, J.D. Sneddon, R.J. Stewart

i.e., persons familiar with such terms as Poyntons, sticks, ark, hooley dooley, dribble, flick etc. However Newman having her covetous eyes on the Cowan Cup after certain other successes in College sport was not to be outdone. Rumours had been abroad for some time that Newman was practising as early as first term!

The truth of the rumour was reflected in a physically fit and determined team which pressed the college team hard in the first half. However footballers with all their brawn have few brains and could never comprehend the finer points of hockey. Thus Trinity's hockey sense triumphed in the form of three goals.

The next practice session produced a new recruit to the team, an hairy, bespectacled, young man from Upper Bishop's one Peter Gason by name. He demonstrated a rather vicious direct hit which so impressed Captain Brown that he included Gason in the team to play Ridley.

The Ridley match was notable for a strain in ecumenical relations with our Evangelical brethren. Ridley began by embarrassing us by refusing to play on the sabbath as scheduled and furthermore by the College's robust right back damaging the facial features of the soloist programmed to sing at the Inter-Collegiate Scripture Service to be held that evening. Much to the distress of certain College gentlemen and others the damaged soloist managed to render his song. However such matters aside Trinity won the match one goal to nil, the one goal being hit by the Red Baron, the aforementioned hairy, bespectacled young man from Upper Bishops. It indeed was the goal of the season, being virtually slashed into the goal net from mid-air.

This left the exciting prospect of playing in the Grand Final but the less exciting one of feverish preparation. The only interesting feature of the latter was a wet weather trial on an atrocious ground against boys from a little heard of grammar school, clad in dull green and yellow.

Thus finally dawned the great day, Sunday June 30th, when the minds of the average Melburnians were turned to waging battle with the Federal Commissioner of Taxation. A wintry sun seeped from a wind-blown sky onto the greenish turf of the Beaurapaire ground as the teams warmed up for that classic of hockey — Ormond V. Trinity. And indeed it lived up to its reputation, being a fast, close and hard-fought game. The Trinity XI (forwards from left to right, Peter Gason, Martin Williams, Martin Maskett, David Dumaresq, Simon Trinca; halves, Howard Parkinson, Graham Brown and Peter Seddon; backs, Angas Hamer and Andrew St. John, and Paul Hobson in goals) functioned beautifully. The first half was very close with Ormond gaining a goal just before half-time. But in the second half Trinity

swept away to victory with goals from Martin Williams and Martin Maskett.

The fruits of victory included not one but three trophies, these being the old inter-collegiate cup, the new cup (presented by Riddley College) and the Hedstrom Trophy for competition between Ormond and Trinity. All trophies were well used after the game by an exhausted but elated team crowning a short but successful season.

## 1st XVIII FOOTBALL

Inter-collegiate football for Trinity this year was one marked by surprise and disappointment. It was originally thought that the team would be considerably weakened by the loss of eight key position players from last year. However, due to a good influx of freshers we were able to field a team of good ability. In general, the team was one of medium size and therefore developed a system of team work and play on style which enabled us to counter the opposition. After successfully winning the first two games we entered the final confidently against Newman, but success in the final was not to be.

The first match against Queens started in much the same manner as last year. After an unsettled start the team quietly got into gear and produced the best football of the series. The dedicated work of the forward line, especially Bill Sykes, Bruce Cottrill and Rob Holland, enabled us to develop a system of treatment which was almost unbeatable. The rucks and rovers through the agency of Ian Mitchell, Marc Pruden and Terry Cook provided the avenue through which most of our drive came. Because of the lack of pre-season match practice the big win of over fifteen goals provided the team with confidence in one another's ability, which seemed to be lacking before the match.

The game against Ormond was expected to be a real thriller, due to the fact that they had nearly beaten Newman the week before. Trinity jumped the gun in the first quarter and produced football reminiscent of the 30's when we went to a lead of five goals. The stars producing the long kicking, high marking and co-ordinated teamwork were Pete Godfrey, Ian Mitchell, Stuart MacGregor and Kick Harper. From quarter time the game developed into a dour struggle with both teams giving little and watching each other goal for goal. The game ended in a four goal victory to us, of which much credit must go to Geoff Ross and Darcy Trouser for doing so much

work on the backline.

The last game we played was the final against Newman. The crucial round match was not played, as both teams were assured of gaining a berth in the final. The first half saw a typical final struggle with both teams going in hard and producing football of a mediocre standard. In the third quarter everything went against us: Tim Armytage was flattened and left happily sleeping, it started raining and Newman kicked goals from everywhere. Except for the fighting spirit of Stuart MacGregor, Bill Sykes and Pete Siede the team would have been in even more trouble. The final term saw us attack at every opportunity, but failing to register goals to bridge the gap.

Trinity had quite a successful season all told and should look forward to another one next year. We had a good nucleus of players in Ian Mitchell, Marc Pruden, Bill Sykes (who won the best and fairest), Bruce Cottrill, Dick Harper and Ted Heywood to build a team on with the addition of good freshers in Rob Holland (best first year player), Pete Godfrey, Terry Cook, Tim Armytage, Pete Siede and Rick Stuckey to consolidate our position as a top team. A special vote of thanks must go to Roy Stabb for the valuable hours and interest which he put into coaching us. With a high rate of return of many of the players the team should look forward to a good season.

## 2nd XVIII FOOTBALL

When all other sacred College institutions have been falling to the attack of imperialistic revisionists, one bright ray of the past has burnt forth after being dimmed over the last three years.

The Second XVIII has brought tradition back into the College by brilliantly losing all its matches (after showing a degrading reversal of form by beating Queens in a practice match).

Aided by solid pre-season training in Naughton's, the veterans of the side reached a peak of unfitness. Never has such accuracy been displayed in kicking behinds.

But these results were not obtained without a struggle. Footballers like Max Crossley, Clive Cutler, Phil Thomas, Chris Arup, Dave Langley, and a multitude of unenlightened freshmen persisted in driving the ball goal-ward. Only some brilliant play by opposing backmen kept Trinity from achieving infamous victory.

If this path back to former greatness is to be continued in future years, careful screening out of all

talented players will be necessary, and the side stacked with College gentlemen who realise the role the Second XVIII plays in keeping tradition in Trinity.

## GOLF

Intercollegiate golf once again saw Trinity reach the final against Ormond, but the match play in the afternoon obviously found the weaknesses in our team, for we were defeated five matches to two. The two Fowler boys, Graeme and Scott, convincingly won their matches 5/4 and 3/2. Alan Cox suffered a lapse in concentration to go one down after eighteen while the other members of the team found their Ormond opponents far too good on the day.

The College Golf Day held at Kew Golf Club was once again thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended. The weather was excellent, the lunch enjoyable and the beer superb; who cares about the golf? Apparently two people did, for Dick Harper won the handicap event to take the Gentleman's Trophy, while Alan Cox fought off strong opposition from both Graeme and Scott Fowler to take the College Championship by one stroke.

Results (36 holes):	A. Cox	165
	S. Fowler	166
	G. Fowler	174.

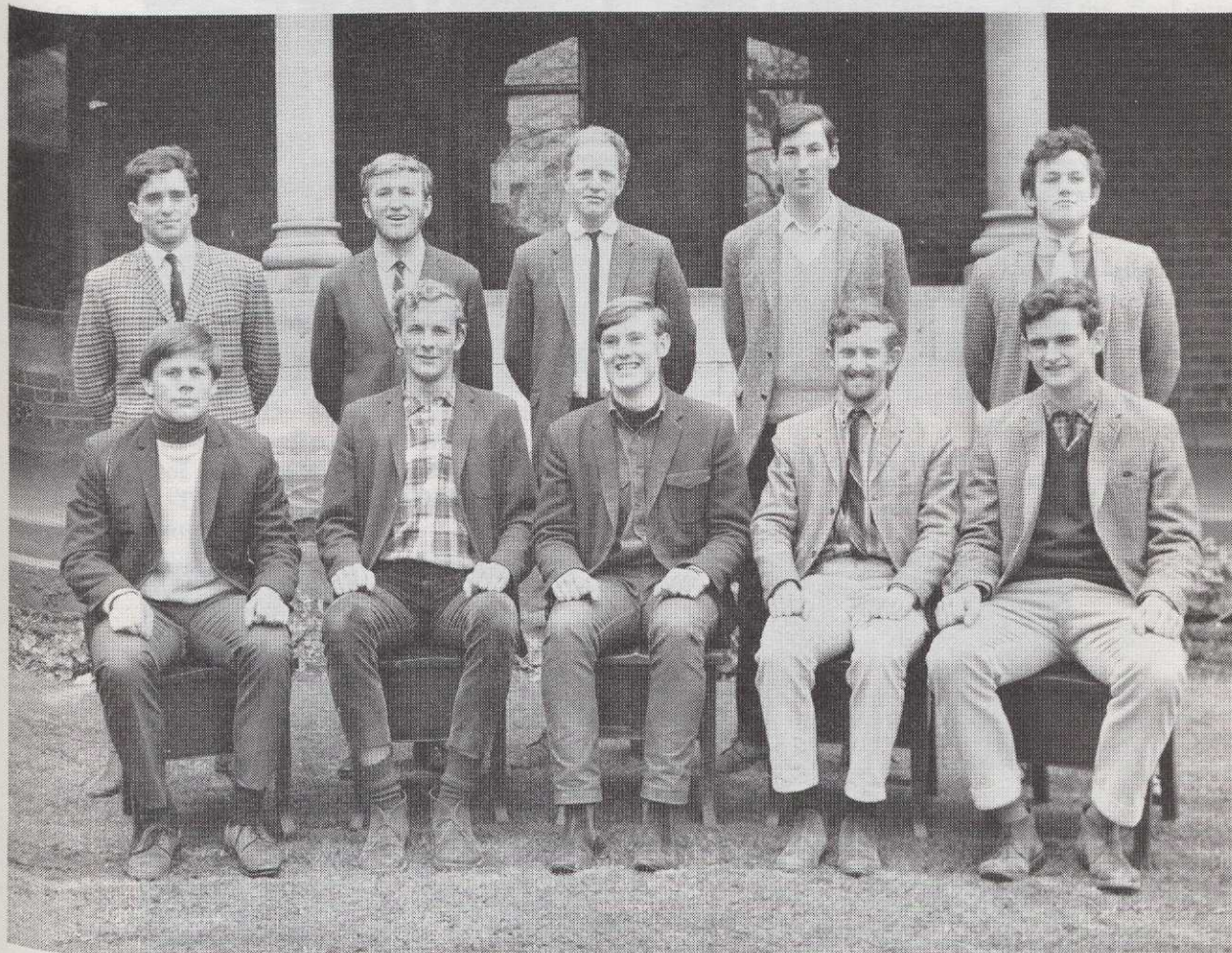
## SQUASH

At last, squash has been recognised as an official sport, and Trinity responded in great style by winning the squash cup.

In round one, we had only token opposition from Whitley. We followed this with an equally convincing 5-0 victory over Queens.

The final was played against Ormond before a capacity crowd, and a close match was predicted. However, Rob Noble and Scott Fowler won well and Dave Garrott, after receiving a spectacular injury, managed to clinch the series for Trinity. Tony Gregson also won convincingly; Marc Pruden however, finding himself against a more experienced opponent, fought hard, but in vain.

It was a great team effort, and we hope that the squash cup will remain in Trinity for many years to come.



#### SWIMMING TEAM

Standing — R.W. Anderson, R.D. Holland, D.J. Walker, C.L. Wharton, J.L.L. Cook  
 Seated — R.C. MacKay, R.M. Niall, G.T. Bigmore (Captain), D.C. Tucker, P.S. Smith  
 Absent — J.R. Bain, R.H. Stuckey



#### **GOLF TEAM**

Back Row — H.H. Turnbull, D.W.P. Hay, B.H.R. Forge, A.J. Higgs  
Front Row — S.C. Fowler, A.F. Cox (Captain), G.G. Fowler



#### **SQUASH TEAM** Winners, Intercollegiate Squash

M. Pruden, R. H. Nobel, S. C. Fowler, D.P. Garrott.  
Absent — A. K. Gregson (Captain)

## TENNIS

Because of the summer drought, tennis courts in and around the University were unuseable and inter-collegiate tennis had to be postponed until second term. By then, competition for the Cowan Cup was particularly keen and tennis assumed a hitherto unaccustomed importance.

The team was basically the same as last year's winning combination, consisting of the Fowler duo, Geoff Ainsworth and Marc Pruden. Alan Cox and Graham Brown were new members. Owing to football injuries we found ourselves a man short, and it was necessary to institute a vigorous recruiting programme in the early hours of the morning on which Newman were to be played. Tony Gregson proved just what a stout Trinity Gentleman he is by agreeing, nay, jumping at the chance, to strike a blow for the college.

As last year's winners we had a bye in the first round of the competition. We soundly beat Newman 7-1 in the second and in the final defeated Queen's 6-2. In neither match was it necessary to complete the scheduled twelve rubbers.

Our thanks to the Senior Student who, understanding the full significance of our contribution to the tally of points for the Cowan Cup, prevailed upon the Treasurer to finance what became an excellent party.

## J.C.H. SPORT

The overall result of J.C.H. sporting activities this year was not very encouraging. Our only real claim to fame was the tennis, and we heartily congratulate those ladies who won the day for us.

As usual, the highlight of the year was the rowing. With the help of several enthusiastic J.C.H. supporters, innumerable Trinity coaches, and in the face of extraordinarily bleak conditions, we sailed in to win the first heat against St. Mary's. Unfortunately, a predominance of crab-catching in the final gave Womens the victory by at least three lengths.

The College swimming team also gained second place, and once more the victory went to Womens. The great improvement in swimming, however, raises hopes of bettering our position next year. The re-introduction of diving events proved a welcome addition to the programme.

Hockey, basketball, table-tennis and squash teams gained only minor places, and the Athletics saw J.C.H. win only one event.

A pleasant day was had by all who took part in the golf at Yarra Bend, and it was little marred by the fact that we came home with the wooden spoon. Similarly the social hockey, in which a combined Trinity-JCH team pitted its strength against other combined College teams, was most enjoyable in spite of our defeat. The day proved an excellent end to the year's sporting activities.

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Would the person(s) who:

- (a) took my door off its hinges
- (b) removed the door lock
- (c) placed crackers in the light socket so that they would explode when the light was switched on
- (d) removed my towel rail

please return my windows?

Thank you.

P. Cheeseman.



#### JCH TENNIS TEAM

Back Row — Sally Andrews, Annita Brown, Bronwen Birrell, Jenifer Hooks.  
 Front Row — Karyn Small, Meg Cowling, Margaret Lewis.



#### JCH BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row — Mary Lahore, Sally Andrews, Jenifer Hooks.  
 Front Row — Lynette Gillett, Margaret Lewis, Rosslyn Lyons.



### JCH HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row — Shurlee Hateley, Alison Condon, Margaret Lewis, Jane Drewett,  
Bronwen Birrell, Mary Lahore, Roselyn Shade.  
Front Row — Ann Cowling, Annita Brown, Sally Andrews, Vivien Santer,  
Judy Seddon.



### JCH ATHLETICS TEAM

Back Row — Vicki Stevens, Sally Andrews, Alison Condon, Ann Cowling.  
Front Row — June Nicoll, Patricia Sloan, Helen Apted.

# ACADEMIC

# DISTINCTIONS

## DEGREES CONFERRED, 1967-8

### BACHELOR OF AGRICULTURAL SCIENCE:

George Edward Burston

### BACHELOR OF APPLIED SCIENCE:

Thomas Edward Blamey (Industrial)  
Owen Maxwell Evans (Electronics)  
Richard Allen Guy (Industrial)

### BACHELOR OF ARTS:

Hubert James Du Guesclin  
David Andrew Ellerman  
Michael Thomas Hamerston  
Ian James Hardingham

### BACHELOR OF ARTS WITH HONOURS:

John O'Neill Brenan (English)  
Frank Cameron Jackson, B.Sc. (Philosophy)  
David Spurr Meakin (History and Philosophy of Science)  
Allan Douglas Miller (Psychology)  
James Blundell Minchin (Classical Studies)  
James Nichterlein (Philosophy)

### MASTER OF ARTS:

Peter John Elliott, B.A. (History)  
Nigel Anthony Jackson, B.A. (English)  
Robert Fielding Wetherall B.A. (Philosophy)

### MASTER OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION:

Charles William Douglas Blandy, B.E. (Adelaide)

### BACHELOR OF COMMERCE:

David William Goss  
William Russell Stokes  
John Waterhouse Wilson

### BACHELOR OF DENTAL SCIENCE:

Geoffrey John Pullen

### MASTER OF EDUCATION:

Donald Ernest Edgar, B.A.

### BACHELOR OF ENGINEERING:

Robert Hutchings (Civil)

William Stephen Kimpton (Industrial)  
Kenneth Wade Ogden (Civil)

### MASTER OF ENGINEERING SCIENCE:

John Richard Cumpston, B.E. (Electrical)  
Anthony Robert Kerr, B.E. (Electrical)  
John Evan Peters, B.E. (Electrical)

### BACHELOR OF LAWS:

Bryan Dickson Cumming  
Richard Hedley Earl  
David Lindsay Harper, B.A.  
Philip Hamilton Rhoden  
Noel Gordon Ross  
Robert Barrington Scott  
Peter Alexander Henderson Spear  
David Mantagu Rowland Were

### BACHELOR OF LAWS WITH HONOURS:

Alan Cameron Archibald  
Ian James Hardingham, B.A.  
Richard Andrew Ladbury  
John Richard Peter Lewisohn, B.A.

### DOCTOR OF LETTERS:

Sir Keith Hancock, M.B.E., B.A. (Melb.) M.A. (Oxon.), Hon. D. Litt. (Rhodes and Birmingham), Hon. Litt. D. (Cantab), F.B.A.

### BACHELOR OF MEDICINE AND BACHELOR OF SURGERY:

Ian Lynton Barker  
David Howard Ian Feiglin  
Richard Weld Fletcher  
Ian Keith Murray Galbraith  
Christopher John Hazzard  
Harbans Singh Praser  
Robert Langley Webb  
Simon John Brice Williams

### BACHELOR OF MUSIC:

Geoffrey Phillip Simon

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY:

Edward Alan Beever, B.A. (Oxon.) (Economic History)  
Winston Howard Cherry, B.Sc. (Chemistry)  
John Brandon Grutzner, B.Sc. (Chemistry)  
Peter Stewart Turner, B.Sc. (Physics)

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE:

Hamish Cromie McArthur Foster  
Robert John MacGregor  
Robert John Wakefield

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE WITH HONOURS:

Alan Francis Cox (Metallurgy)  
Anthony Knight Gregson (Chemistry)  
David Stanley Houghton (Chemistry)  
Alan Nicholas Stokes (Mathematics)

JCH:

BACHELOR OF APPLIED SCIENCE:

Anne Lamont

BACHELOR OF ARTS:

Joan Foley  
Valerie Godson  
Patricia Lamb  
Jan McGuinness  
Janet Sells  
Elizabeth Stewardson  
Leah Stubbings

BACHELOR OF ARTS WITH HONOURS:

Elizabeth Herington  
Diana Martin

BACHELOR OF ARTS AND DIPLOMA OF SOCIAL STUDIES:

Margaret Charles

MASTER OF SCIENCE:

Christopher John Hamer, B.Sc. (Physics)  
Geoffrey Grant Mitchell, B.Sc. (Physics)  
Neil Charles Powers, B.Sc. (Mathematics)

BACHELOR OF VETERINARY SCIENCE WITH HONOURS:

Campbell Duirs McKellar

BACHELOR OF LAWS:

Sarnia Tardif

BACHELOR OF MEDICINE AND BACHELOR OF SURGERY:

Valerie Hewitt  
Margaret Lush  
Heather Munro  
Elizabeth Nash

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE WITH HONOURS:

Anne Barwick

TUTOR:

BACHELOR OF ARTS WITH HONOURS:

Dian Booth

## UNIVERSITY AND OTHER SCHOLARSHIPS, EXHIBITIONS AND PRIZES, 1967.

### TRINITY:

Archibald, Alan Cameron:

Hearn Exhibition (jurisprudence)

Blamey, Thomas Edward:

Steel Industry Award (Ind. Science II)

Callaway, Frank Hortin:

John Madden Exhibition (Constitutional Law I)  
Supreme Court Exhibition (conveyancing)  
Jessie Leggatt Scholarship (comparative law)  
Supreme Court Exhibition (principles of equity)

Chelsworth, Kenneth Lawrence:

ancient history exhibition.

Cunningham, Anthony Lawrence:

physiology and biochemistry (sub-division 2A,  
M.B., B.S.) exhibition.

Feiglin, David Howard Ian:

Edgar Rouse Prize (first) (industrial medicine)

Forbes, Graham Kenneth:

Wyselaskie Scholarship (half share) (mathematics  
final examination)

Garrott, David Peter:

Paton Advertising Service Exhibition (commerce)  
Melbourne Chamber of Commerce Exhibition (sta-  
tistical method)

Higgs, Alan James:

H.B. Howard Smith Exhibition (Surveying I)

Hutchings, Robert:

Final honour examination; Angus Scholarship (civil  
engineering)  
Australian Institute of Steel Construction; Senior  
Prize (civil engineering; steel design)

Luxton, Michael Randle:

Walter and Eliza Hall Exhibition (pathology divi-  
sion III, M.B., B.S.) (half share)

Myers, George:

Wyselaskie Scholarship (English) (half share)

Niall, Robert Mansfield:

Engineering materials exhibition

Oppenheim, David John:

Nell Norris Scholarship (Architecture I) Laminex  
Prize (half share)

Seddon, Ian Gregory:

Dwight's Prize (Physics IA). John McFarland Exhi-  
bition (Pure Mathematics I)

Wilson, John Alexander:

Nell Norris Scholarship (Architecture I)

Wilson, John Waterhouse:

Final Examination, William Noall and Son Prize  
(Commerce: Degree with Honours)

Simon, Geoffrey Philip:

Allan Award for Pianoforte Playing

Stewart, Robert James:

Sir George Turner Exhibition (Introduction to  
Legal Method)

### J.C.H.:

Blackburn, Elizabeth,

Physiology & Biochemistry Part 1 - Exhibition.

Brown, Jennifer,

Forensic Medicine - Prize (shared).

Donnelly, Suzanne,  
English Language & Literature Part 1, John Sander-  
son Exhibition (shared).

Haydon, Peta,  
Political Science — Final Examination in Arts —  
Dwight Final Examination Prize.

Higgs, Kerry, n,  
English & History — combined course — Final  
Examination in Arts — Kathleen Fitzpatrick Exhi-  
bition.

Kupa, Ann,  
Anatomy (Sub Division 11A M.B., B.S.)

Muecke, Frances,  
Classical Studies — Final Examination in Arts —  
R.G. Wilson Scholarship.

Simmons, Heather,  
Forensic Medicine — Prize (shared).

Small, Karyn,  
British History — Rosemary Merlo Prize (shared).

Thwaites, Ann,  
Architecture — Third Year Nell Norris Scholarship.

## 1st CLASS HONOURS, 1967

Archibald, A.C.	Jurisprudence Constitutional Law II Taxation	Garrott, D.P.	Economics C Statistical Method
Baldwin, G.S.	Pure Mathematics I Biology Physics IA Chemistry IA	Glanville, T.G.	Geography I
Baxter, M.W.P.	Geography II	Gregson, A.K.	Chemistry IV
Burgess,	Chemistry IIIB Biochemistry II	Hamer, A.W.F.	Chemistry (Med.) Physics (Med.)
Callaway, F.H.	Comparative Law Constitutional Law I Equity Conveyancing Mercantile Law	Hardingham, I.J.	Jurisprudence Constitutional Law II
Chelsworth, K.L.	Latin I (Hon.) Ancient History (Hon.)	Higgs, A.J.	Structural Theory and Design Engineering Mathematics IIIA Surveying I
Crawford, E.C.	Physics (Dentistry)	Hocking, R.D.	Economics A
Cunningham, A.L.	Physiology and Biochemistry	Jones, R.	Economic History A
Davis, J.M.	Physiology	Langdon, J.F.	Pure Mathematics II (Hons.) Physics II Applied Mathematics (Phys. Co.) (Hons.)
Firth, B.E.	Chemistry IIB	Lowy, D.N.	Physics IV
Fitzpatrick, D.P.B.	History D (Hons.)	Luxton, M.R.	Pathology
Forbes, G.K.	Pure Mathematics IV Applied Mathematics IV	Macaw, R.C.	Property and Conveyancing
Foster, W.F.	Pure Mathematics I Chemistry IA	Mace, O.	Engineering Mathematics IIIA Engineering Materials Electrical Engineering II
Fowler, S.C.	Physics (Dentistry)	MacGregor, A.S.	Engineering Mathematics I
Gardiner, J.M.	Physics IIA Pure Mathematics II (Hons.) Applied Mathematics II (Hons.)	McIver, R.W.	Engineering I Physics IA
		McLeod, I.D.	Chemistry IA
		McPhee, P.B.	History A (Hons.)

Middleton, I.J.	Applied Thermodynamics I	Seddon, I.G.	Physics IA Chemistry IA Pure Mathematics I
Monie, C.L.	History E (Hons.)	Simon, G.P.	Chamber Music Chief Practical Study
Moroney, S.G.	Physics (Med.)	Smith, P.S.	Dynamics of Machines I Mechanics of Solids
Myers, G.	Early English Lyrical Poetry 19th and 20th Century Novel Poetry and Prose from Spenser to Jonson Dating — practice of Criticism	Sneddon, J.D.	Chemistry IB
Niall, R.M.	Engineering Mathematics I Engineering Materials Dynamics of Machines I	Stewart, R.J.	Introduction to Legal Method
Noble, R.H.	Dynamics of Machines I	Tamblyn, J.C.	Economics C
Oppenheim, D.J.	Building Construction I Design I History of Building Building Science I	Telfer, J.H.	Mercantile Law Constitutional Law I
Penrose, I.E.	Physics IA Chemistry IA	Walker, D.J.	Chemical Engineering I
Russell, J.Mc.	Chemistry (Med.)	Watson, R.K.	Pure Mathematics IV Theory of Statistics III
		Wiese, G.R.	Chemistry IIIA
		Wilson, J.A.	Building Construction I Building Science
		Wilson, J.W.	Accountancy IIA
		Worby, G.R.	19th and 20th Century Novel Course.

#### J.C.H.:

Patricia Bainbridge	Pure Mathematics I	Carolyn Hopping	Honours History B Honours History D
Anne Barwick	Physics IV	Ana Kupa	Anatomy (Sub-division IIA, M.B., B.S.)
Elizabeth Blackburn	Physiology & Biochemistry I	Louise Langford	Pure Mathematics I
Ruth Borenstein	Physics, Chemistry	Jane Lawrence	Economics A (Arts) Economic Geography I
Jennifer Brown	Forensic Medicine	Janet McCalman	British History
Peta Colebatch	Political Science — Final Examination in Arts	Janet McKenzie	English Language III
Lynette Davies	Chemistry	Frances Muecke	Classical Studies — Final Examination in Arts
Suzanne Donnelly	English Language & Literature I	Judy Rhoden	Chemistry II
Rita Erlich	English Language I	Vivien Santer	Biology
Erika Feller	Psychology I	Heather Simmons	Forensic Medicine
Karin Frede	German II	Karyn Small	British History
Shurlee Hateley	British History	Keryn Williams	Chemistry IA
Kerryn Higgs	English & History combined course — Final Examination in Arts	Rosaline Wright	Dutch IIIA

## 2nd CLASS HONOURS, 1967

Abbott, W.L.	General History IV Theory and Method of History	Garrott, D.P.	Economics B Economic History A
Ainsworth, G.W.	Conveyancing	Glanville, T.G.	European History A (Hons.)
Archibald, A.C.	Company Law Private International Law	Godfrey, A.de P.	Applied Thermodynamics I Dynamics of Machines I
Baxter, M.W.P.	Hist. D. (Hons.)	Guy, A.F.	Legal History
Barton, W.G.	British History (Law)	Hardingham, I.J.	Taxation Company Law Private International Law
Blamey, T.E.	Industrial Science II Economic Studies II Principles of Engineering II	Henry, J.F.	Principles of Equity
Brown, T.F.	Economics C3.	Higgs, A.J.	Fluid Mechanics A
Callaway, F.H.	Economics C6; Evidence.	Howard, P.F.	Chemical Engineering III
Clarke, R.G.A.	Principles of Contract	Jackson, C.R.	Physics (Denistry)
Clark, R.T.	Chemistry IA	Jenkins, A.S.	
Cohen, P.E.	Economics B (Hons.) Economic History A	Just, P.J.	Evidence Equity Company Law Constitutional Law I
Colebatch, T.J.	English Language and Literature I		Engineering Mathematics IV
Cook, J.L.L.	Philosophy IA	King, D.J.	
Crawford, E.C.	Chemistry (Dentistry Course)	Kupa, M.	Australian and American Literature Modern Government C (Hons.)
Crossley, M.J.	Chemistry IA		Theory and Method of History
Cunningham, A.L.	Anatomy	Langman, I.R.	Physics IA Chemistry IA Pure Mathematics I
Davies, J.D.	European History A (Hons.) British History (Hons.)	Laugher, S.C.J.	Mercantile Law
De Crespigny, D.F.L.Ch.	Final Division Part I		History A (Hons.) History B (Hons.)
Druce, R.H.	Mechanics of Solids I	Lemon, P.R.	Jurisprudence Company Law
Earl, R.H.	Company Law	Lester, G.S.	Applied Pharmacology
Firth, B.E.	General Microbiology	Lewisohn, J.R.P.	Chemistry (Engineering Course) Engineering I
Fitzpatrick, D.P.B.	Pure Mathematics II (Hons.) History and Philosophy of Science (Science Course)	Luxton, M.R.	Chemistry (Engineering Course) Engineering Mathematics I
Foster, H.McA.	Pathology	MacGregor, A.S.	
Foster, W.F.	Physics IA	McIver, R.W.	Introduction to Legal Method
Forwood, M.	Modern European History A (Hons.)		
Fowler, S.C.	Chemistry (Dentistry Course)	Mackay, R.C.	

Mackellar, L.S.	Engineering I	Seddon, I.G.	Applied Mathematics I
McPhee, P.B.	History B (Hons.)	Simon, G.P.	Psychology I
Macaw, R.C.	Principles of Contract Early English Lyric Poetry Australian and American Literature Poetry and Prose from Spenser to Jonson	Smith, P.S.	Applied Thermodynamics I Engineering Mathematics II
Mace, O.	Electrical Engineering II P	Sneddon, J.D.	Biology
Middleton, I.J.	Dynamics of Machines I	Standish, M.J.	Public International Law Evidence Equity Conveyancing
Mitchell, I.S.	Chemistry (Engineering Course)	Stewart, R.J.	Economic Geography British History (Law)
Molesworth, R.M.	Agricultural Botany I Engineering I	Sykes, W.E.	Physics (Veterinary Course) Chemistry (Veterinary Course)
Monie, C.L.	English Literature II (Hons.)	Tamblyn, J.C.	Economics B (Hons.) Economics History A Statistical Method
Moroney, S.G.	Chemistry (Medical Course)	Telfer, J.H.	Evidence Equity
Myers, G.	Middle English	Thomas, R.N.	Latin II (Hons.) French II (Hons.)
Noble, R.H.	Engineering Mathematics II	Tibballs, J.E.	Pure Mathematics II Physics IIA
Owen, D.O.	Constitutional Law I	Trinca, S.D.	Engineering Mathematics II Dynamics of Machines I
Ogden, K.W.	Civil Engineering	Verso, M.W.	Chemistry (Medical Course)
Parkinson, H.S.	British History (Hons.) European History A (Hons.) Philosophy IA	Walker, D.J.	Chemistry IIC Metallurgy IA
Patrick, J.F.	Physics II	Weickhardt, P.L.	Chemistry IIA
Penrose, I.E.	Pure Mathematics I Applied Mathematics I	Withers, G.N.	Physics (Veterinary Course)
Pike, G.L.	English Literature II	Worby, G.R.	Dating — Practice of Criticism Poetry and Prose from Spenser to Jonson
Ramsay, R.J.	Physiology and Biochemistry	Yates, D.E.	Chemistry IA
Rayment, P.R.	Pure Mathematics III Theory of Statistics	Zichy-Woinarski, W.B.	Constitutional Law Equity
Richards, H.G.	Dynamics of Machines I		
Russell, J.	Physics (Medical Course)		
Scott, S.M.	Modern Government A (Hons.) European History A (Hons.)		

#### J.C.H.:

Abbott, Maryellen:	Honours History D	Barrow, Elizabeth:	English Literature II
Atkins, Rosalie:	Social Organization A		Honours History (F);
Austen, Gaynor:	European History A		Australian

Boehm, Dianne:	English Language & Literature I British History	Hartley, Helen:	Veterinary Microbiology
Borenstein, Ruth:	Biology	Herington, Elizabeth:	General History IV Geography IV Theory and Method of History
Borthwick, Eve:	English II (Literature) English II (Language)	Hitchcock, Faye:	British History
Bromwich, Robyn:	History and Philosophy of Science (Science Course)	Hooks, Jenifer:	Geography I
Brown, Kerin:	English Literature II	Hughes, Jennifer:	Bacteriology Virology
Campbell, Sylvia:	Classical Studies Latin III French III Honours	Kaye, Pamela:	Chemistry IA Biology
Charles, Margaret	Psychology III Part I Psychology III Part II	Kefford, Meredith:	Chemistry IIB
Clarke, Dianne:	Psychology I	Kennett, Judith:	Music B
Colebatch, Anne:	Principles of Statistics	Kupa, Ann:	Physiology I Biochemistry I
Cooke, Susan:	History and Philosophy of Science III	Lahore, Mary	Chemistry IA
Cowan, Christine:	Geography IV and Australian History IV	Langford, Louise:	Applied Mathematics
Dalrymple, Anne:	French III Honours	Laurence, Jane:	Pure Mathematics I
Derham, Katherine:	Legal History	Lush, Mary:	Biology (Ag. Course) Chemistry I (Ag. Course) Physics I (Ag. Course)
Dixon, Judith:	Fine Arts A English Language and Literature I	McCalman, Janet:	English Language and Literature I
Donnelly, Leona:	Piano II Chief Study Ear Training II Music B	McGuinness, Jan:	Political Sociology
Earls, Judith:	Legal History	McNiff, Margaret:	Chemistry
Eddy, Patricia:	Educational Psychology	McRae, Barbara:	Master Music Prelim Chief Prac. Study Philosophy IA English III
Elder, Catherine:	Italian III Honours	Mackenzie, Janet:	English Literature III
Elsworth, Kay:	Chief Study (Piano)	Maddison, Elizabeth:	Economic History B
Erlich, Rita:	English Literature II	Murray, Janet:	Modern Government C (Honours) International Relations B (Honours)
Feller, Erika:	Criminal Law	Orchin, Sandra:	Philosophy IB Biology Psychology I
Frew, Frances:	Physiology I Biochemistry I	Owen, Victoria:	Latin I Greek I
Gillet, Lynnette:	English Language and Literature I Philosophy IA European History A	Perlesz, Annamarie:	Chemistry
Glass, Jennifer:	Pure Mathematics I	Planner, Pamela:	German I
Goldsmith, Deidre:	Zoology II Physiology and Biochemistry	Pownall, Judith:	English Literature II
Grimmer, Anne:	Educational Sociology	Rhoden, Judy:	General Microbiology
Gurner, Jacqueline:	French III Honours Australian History (Honours F)	Robertson, Diane:	Fine Arts C
Haigh, Georgina:	History B (Medieval)	Roynance, Susan:	Honours History F Honours History H Political Sociology (H)
Hamer, Sarah:	English Literature and Language I British History	Santer, Vivien:	Pure Mathematics I Chemistry IA
Hammond, Rosemary:	Class Singing II	Small, Karyn:	English Language and Literature I British History

Smith, Ann:

Tardif, Sarnia:

Thwaites, Ann:

Geography II (Science  
Course)

Evidence

Building Construction III

Building Science II

Fine Arts IT

Tom, Helen:

Williams, Keryn:

Withcombe, Rosemary:

Wright, Rosalind:

Anatomy I

Biology

Biochemistry II

German IIIA

## J.C.H. SCHOLARSHIPS AWARDED 1968

### MAJOR RESIDENT

Elizabeth Blackburn

Ann Kupa

Janet McCalman

Annette Mace

### MINOR RESIDENT

Rosalie Atkins

Ann Cowling

Shurlee Hateley

Janet Mackenzie

Victoria Owen

Jennifer Peters

Vivien Santer

Alison Tom

Keryn Williams

### NON RESIDENT — MAJOR

Carolyn Hopping

Jane Laurence

Rosalind Wright

### NON RESIDENT — MINOR

Maryellen Abbott

Lynette Davies

Erika Feller

Ann Thwaites

### GRADUATE SCHOLARSHIPS

Gillian Hanscombe

Carolyn MacDowell

### HILLER PRIZE — (top final year woman medical student)

Judith Whitworth

### TRINITY MAJOR SCHOLARS

#### A.M. WHITE SCHOLARS:

G.S. Baldwin.

F.H. Callaway.

A.L. Cunningham.

J.M. Gardiner.

#### CHARLES HEBDEN MEMORIAL SCHOLARS:

K.L. Chelsworth.

R.M. Niall.

#### R. & L. ALCOCK SCHOLARS:

A.W.F. Hamer.

D.J. Oppenheim.

#### HENRY BERTHON SCHOLAR:

J.H. Telfer.

#### CLARKE SCHOLAR:

G. Myers.

#### PERRY SCHOLAR:

G.R. Wiese.

#### F.L. ARMYTAGE SCHOLAR:

D.P. Garrott.

#### COUNCIL'S MAJOR SCHOLARS:

W.F. Foster.

A.J. Higgs.

J.F. Langdon.

O. Mace,

I.E. Penrose.

A.R. Ramsay.

J.A. Wilson.

### TRINITY MINOR SCHOLARS

#### BATH MEMORIAL SCHOLAR:

M.J. Hamerston.

#### CHARLES HEBDEN MEMORIAL BURSARY:

D.P.B. Pitzpatrick.

#### ELIZABETH HEBDEN SCHOLAR:

R.N. Thomas.

#### COUNCIL'S MINOR SCHOLARS:

M.P.W. Baxter, J.

J.D. Buckley.

T.J. Colebatch.

D.F.L.Ch. De Crespigny.

P.D. Elliott.

B.E. Firth.

S.C. Fowler.

A.J. Gregory.

R.D. Hocking.

T.E. Johansson.

P.B. McPhee.

R.M. Molesworth.

S.G. Moroney.  
R.H. Noble.  
T.D.J. Patrick.  
J.P. Reeves.  
J.H. Roberts.  
A.J. Robertson.  
J.D. Sneddon.  
M.J. Standish.  
R.J. Stewart.  
D.J. Walker.  
P.L. Weickhardt.

## COUNCIL'S GRADUATE SCHOLARS

J.M. Davis,  
A.K. Gregson.

## COUNCIL'S NON-RESIDENT EXHIBITIONS

W.L. Abbott.  
A.W. Burgess.  
C.D. Cordner.  
G.K. Forbes.

H.C.McA. Foster.  
T.C. Glanville.  
D.G. Just.  
M.R. Luxton.  
R.C. Macaw.  
I.J. Middleton.  
M. Nathar.  
P.R. Rayment.  
P.A. Rozitis.  
I.G. Seddon.  
W. Szuch.

## THEOLOGICAL STUDENTSHIPS

MARLEY STUDENT: A.W. Curnow.  
PAYNE STUDENT: G.R. Davey.  
STANBRIDGE STUDENT: R.H. Elliott.  
BISHOPS' STUDENT: H.T.G. Green.  
HENTY STUDENT: R.D. Holland.  
MOOREHOUSE STUDENT: P.J. Hughes.  
COMBEDOWN STUDENT: R.T. Sharr.  
UPTON-EVERIST STUDENT: A.R. St. John.  
RUPERTSWOOD STUDENT: G.M. Tisdall.

## VALETE 1967

S.A.H. Ames, B.D. Apsey, A.C. Archibald, J.H. Baillieu, I.L. Barker, A.P. Blakey, T.E. Blamey, A.G. Bolton, T.F. Brown, C.A. Buckley, T.G.R. Clarke, A.A. Cameron, C.E. Carter, W.S. Clarke, J.D. Cloke, P. Cohen, J.D. Corbet, P.S. Everist, G.K. Forbes, M. Forwood, W. Forwood, H.C.McA. Foster, J.R. Fullerton, D.E. Gallagher, M.R. Gaylard, R.E. Gaylard, S.J. Gaylard, M.R. Gibbons, J.R. Gill, T.W. Griffiths, A.W. Grimes, B.D. Grutzner, R.A. Guy, M.G.K. Guthrie, T.S. Harris, I.J. Hardingham, D.L. Harper, J.R. Harrison, T. Hasker, P.W. Haskett, R.L.C. Hoad, A.D. Holmes, I.R. Hopkins, P.F. Howard, R. Hutchings, C.M. Kemp, P.J. Kennon, D.J.E. King, R.J. Ladbury, W.G. Last, J.R.P. Lewisohn, R.P.C. Lowenstern, D.N. Lowy, T.D. McKellar, R.W. McIver, R.C. Macaw, R.G. Mander-Jones, B.J. Matthews, A.D. Minson, P.R. Newton, K.W. Ogden, B.G. Owen, H.S.T. Praser, G.J. Pullen, J.A. Renowden, P.H. Rhoden, N.G. Ross, A.J. Salter, T.I. Sedgwick, R.J. Gilmour-Smith, R.C.A. Southey, P.A.H. Spear, R.L. Spokes, B.R. Sterling, C.R. Stockdale, A.N. Stokes, N.A. Stewart, R.J. Wakefield, R.K. Watson, D.M.R. Were, S.J.B. Williams, R.K. Woodruff.

## SALVETE 1968

C.R. Abrams, R.W. Anderson, T.P.T. Armytage, E.S. Bellchambers, I.D. Bishop, G.J. Bromwich, W.L. Bryce, J.D. Buckley, J.L.H. Butchart, J.D. Callinan, P.C. Cheeseman, B.C. Clarke, R.G.A.

Clarke, R.J. Clemente, C.J. Commons, J.L.L. Cook, T.I. Cook, P.K. Cooper, A.W. Curnow, C.O. Cutler, J.D. Davis, A.J. Drysdale, G.G. Durbridge, P.D. Elliott, J.A. Fleming, B.H.R. Forge, P.J.V. Gason, P.J. Dogfrey, G.R. Grantham, H.T.G. Green, A.J. Gregory, T.J. Hancock, N.F. Hanson, M.I. Haskett, D.P.M. Hawker, D.W.P. Hay, J.W. Heath, J.P. Henderson, J.D. Higgs, R.D. Holland, A.R. Jackson, D.T. Jenkins, T.E. Johansson, P.R. Johnson, N.D. Johnston, B.E. Kay, A.M. Kemp, R.D. King, D.W. Knott, A.S. Lang, S.K. Lowe, R.G. Lyon, P.J. Mair, J.H. Minson, B.J. Parsons, T.D.J. Patrick, A.R. Ramsay, J.P. Reeves, J.H. Roberts, A.J. Robertson, J.M. Robinson, A.G. Rossiter, N.S. Saines, P.H. Siede, A.J. Smalley, A.R. St. John, R.H. Stuckey, C.P.H. Thomas, G.M. Tisdall, R.J. Trembath, D.C. Tucker, H.H. Turnbull, C.L. Wharton, G.T. Whipp, C.G. Wood.

## SALVETE REDUCES

A.O. a'Beckett, D.C. Adcock, R.M. Molesworth, P.S. Osmond, J.G. Stuckey.

## J.C.H. VALETE 1967

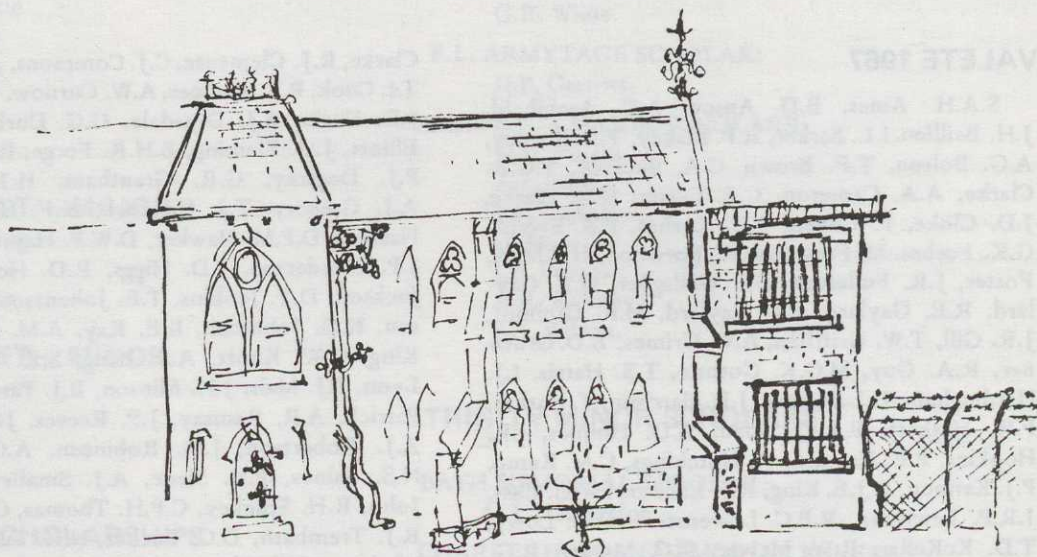
Elizabeth Barrow, Anne Barwick, Helen Blair, Kerin Brown, Margaret Charles, Heather Clarke, Elizabeth Eaton, Catherine Elder, Catherine Forsyth, Robyn Fraser, Anne Gardener, Valerie Godson, Anne Grimmer, Jacqueline Gurner, Rosemary Hammond, Helen Hartley, Glenda Harvey, Elizabeth Herington, Valerie Hewitt, Janet Hose, Patricia Lamb, Anne

Lamont, Janet Lobban, Norma Long, Margaret Lush, Jan McGuinness, Elizabeth Maddison, Diana Martin, Margaret Morton, Heather Munro, Elizabeth Nash (tutor), Joanne Payne, Judith Pownall, Katharine Rose, Janet Sells, Elizabeth Stewardson, Judith Synnott, Sarina Tardif, Ann Thwaites, Helen Vogel, Catherine Willis, Rosalind Wright.

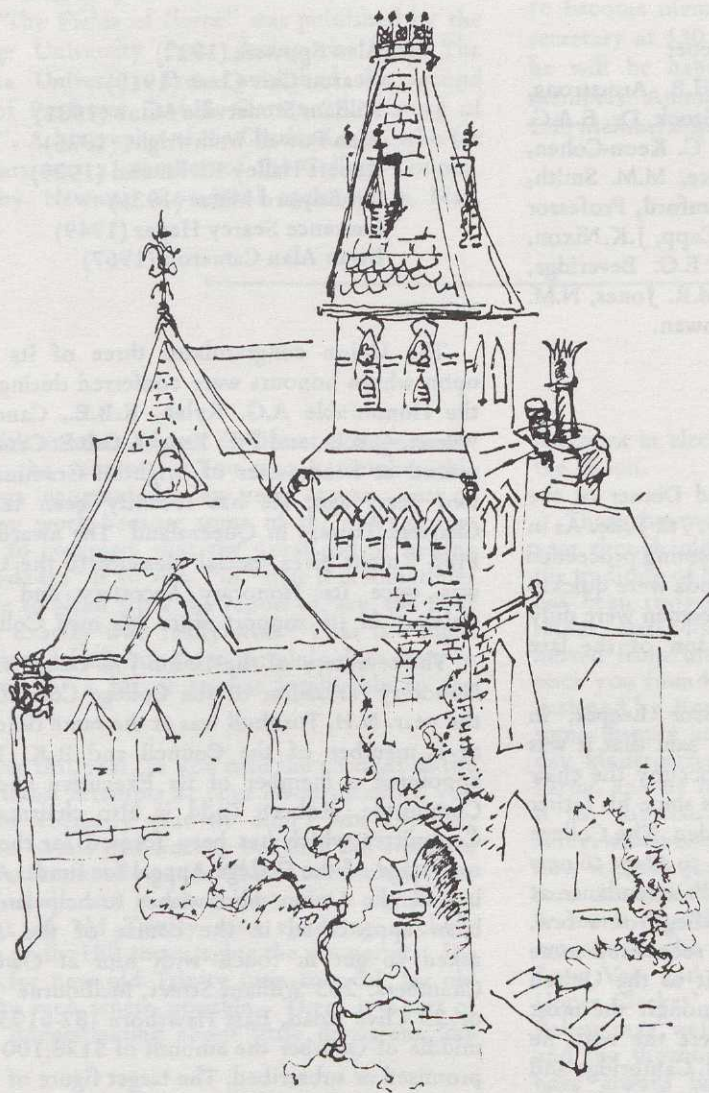
### J.C.H. SALVETE 1968

Susan Aitken; Mary Attik; Jane Bant; Annita Brown;

Jennifer Brown; Robyn Clapham; \*Meg Cowling; Michelle Cruise; Sarah Dawson; Gaye Dunlop; Catherine Fairley; Diana Freeman; Barbara Forster; Sarah Hamer; Shurlee Hateley; Anne Hood; Meredith Jelbart; Margaret Johns; Vanessa Landale; Margaret Lewis; Gail Littlejohn; Rosslyn Lyons; Annette Mace; Valerie Major; Judy Miers; Pippa Parkinson; Jennifer Peters; Lynette Richmond; Jennifer Roddick; Elizabeth Saunders; Judy Seddon; Morfydd Sharp; Patricia Sloan; Vicki Stephens; Jo Pocklington; Alison Tom; Pera Wells; Jennifer Whimpey; Keryn Williams; Helen Woodhouse; \*Heather J. Clarke; Alison Condon; Ann Cowling.



"TAKE THE MATTER OF OUR BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS..."



... WE MUST PRESERVE THIS SPLENDID HERITAGE ...."

# Union of the Fleur de Lys

PRESIDENT: Professor G.W. Leeper  
COMMITTEE: Sir Clive Fitts, J.H.B. Armstrong,  
F.F. Knight, R.L. Stock, Dr. E.A.C.  
Farran, W.F. King, C. Keon-Cohen,  
Dr. W.W. Lempriere, M.M. Smith,  
R.K. Todd, P. Balmford, Professor  
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, W.D.T. Cowan.

HONORARY  
SECRETARY: J.A. Court.

## ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting and Dinner of the Union were held this year on Friday, 7th June. As in previous years the Annual General Meeting proceeded the dinner and the items on the agenda were quickly dispensed with. The retiring committeemen were duly re-elected and Bill Cowan, eldest son of the late Warden, was added to the committee.

The incoming President, Professor Leeper, in proposing the toast to "the College" said that it was perhaps appropriate that he should occupy the chair this year as it was exactly fifty years since his father Dr. Alexander Leeper retired as Warden. The College had changed and was changing again to adapt to new conditions of University life in which attendance at Universities was no longer the privilege of a few. Responding to the toast the Warden recounted some of his experiences on his study visit to the United Kingdom and the United States. Amongst the most satisfying moments of his travels were the visits he paid to a Trinity of Trinities, Oxford, Cambridge and Dublin, the latter two of which had such close links with the College.

The toast to the Union was proposed by a former senior student, newly elected to the Victorian Parliament, Peter Ross-Edwards. He expressed the hope that other Trinity men would not be deterred by the inadequate remuneration and conditions of members of parliament from entering political life. Dr. L.E.G. Sloan replied with a well tempered song.

## OBITUARY

The Union records with regret the death of the following former members of the College:

George Agincourt Hodges (1900)  
Maurice Hurry (1902)  
Reginald Wildig Allen Leeper (1906)  
Alexander Dudley Mackay (1910)

Alan Spowers (1912)  
Heaton Carr Clark (1919)  
William Somerville Milne (1921)  
Alan Powell Wainwright (1925)  
Rupert Halley Richmond (1929)  
Ian Edward Miller (1931)  
Laurence Searcy Hayes (1949)  
Ewan Alan Cameron (1967)

## NOTES

The Union congratulates three of its members upon whom honours were conferred during the year, the Honourable A.G. Rylah, K.B.E., Canon P.St.J. Wilson, C.B.E., and F.F. Knight, C.B.E. Canon Wilson retired as headmaster of Brighton Grammar School two years ago. He has recently been teaching at Charters Towers in Queensland. The award made to Fred Knight gives special pleasure to the Union. He was once its Honorary Secretary and has been stalwart in its support since his own College days.

The secretary of the Union J.A. Court was elected Honorary Treasurer of the College Council early in the year. N.H. Turnbull was at the same time co-opted as a member of the Council and R.K. Todd was appointed a member of its Executive and Finance Committee. Robert Todd is also chairman of the Committee which has been formed for the "Follow-on" stage of the College Appeal for funds. Any member of the Union who wishes to help and has not been approached in the course of the Appeal is asked to get in touch with him at Owen Dixon Chambers, 205 William Street, Melbourne (60-0791) or 23 Clive Road, East Hawthorn (82-6193). By the middle of October the amount of \$128,100 had been promised or subscribed. The target figure of \$150,000 is now in sight, although it is recognised that the closer the object the harder the approach becomes.

Dr. R.P.C. Pockley married during the year and left St. Paul's College, Sydney, where he had been in residence since he joined the A.B.C. as its director of science broadcasts. His wife was a science correspondent with the New Zealand Broadcasting Corporation. The voice of another Trinity man, Malcolm Downing, has been heard on the news programme "A.M." D.D. Dawson is working on the production side of A.B.C. television.

W.J. Ewens returned to Melbourne at the beginning of the year to become head of the department of Mathematics at La Trobe University. He claims to be enjoying administrative work. Dr.N.A. Beischer has been appointed to a chair in Obstetrics and Gynaecology in the University. His chair is in the new clinical

school at the Mercy and Austin Hospitals.

Douglas Leslie has been appointed a Surgeon to Her Majesty the Queen.

The second and concluding volume of Sir Keith Hancock's biography of the late Field Marshal Smuts, entitled "The Fields of Force" was published by the Cambridge University Press during the year. The Melbourne University Press published the second volume of Professor C.M.H. Clark's "A History of Australia". A biography of Sir Charles Lowe, who for many years was a member of the College Council, written by Newman Rosenthal appeared in May.

Herewith another Report on life at College nowadays, for the senators. You may remember this feature was inaugurated a few years ago as a sort of interpretive work because some of the older gentry were apt to complain that the usual run of writing in "Fleur-de-lys" is so very "in" that it is sometimes impossible to glean from the report of, say, the Boat Race just exactly who really won. That is a slight exaggeration, I feel, but there certainly does seem to be a place for a bit of in-chat intelligible to the grave and aged.

However this year, as you read the account of the College's latest attempts at your favourite sport, you will gather correctly that we didn't win anything except the tennis and hockey but that the standard of play was extremely good. This is particularly true of the football, and it was good to see a significant contingent of old Trinity men spending a chilly afternoon on the Hill encouraging the youngsters. It's advisable for new old Trinity men to work for old old Trinity men where possible. There is a sort of bond of understanding about little diversions like this.

Amongst the resident tutors this year we have had Tony Buzzard who was appointed as a demonstrator in the Anatomy School at the beginning of the year and also Ian Hancock who currently lectures in African history at Monash. Ian has an African trip lined up for next year and will spend some time at Dar-es-Salaam in Tanzania. James Merralls undertook the deanship for 1968 only and has weathered the usual storms with considerable aplomb. He will be here next year when he goes out of office and is replaced by Raymond William Gregory, a senior master at Brighton Grammar and well-known to all recent Brighton Grammarians.

There was a good roll-up for the Fleur-de-lys Dinner, as good a cross section as I can remember. The Annual Meeting was held and with the usual commendable despatch made one of its excellent

## MEMBERSHIP

Once again it is pointed out that all former members of the College are eligible for membership of the Union. Anyone who is not a member or who knows other members of the College who would like to become members, is invited to contact the Hon. secretary at 430 Little Collins Street, Melbourne, and he will be happy to add his name to the list of members. Annual Membership remains at \$1.00 and Life Membership \$16.80.

decisions in electing Geoffrey Leeper as President of the Union.

There has not been any significant building this year though old hands will be pleased to know that the tradition of having a Temporary Wooden Erection has been revived, this time in the shape of a long, rather classy-looking wooden building which was moved from the University and now reposes where once you found the dairy. Rumour has it that it was designed by Romberg, Boyd or Grounds but there is some dispute as to details. It houses the University day kindergarten and is officially named after Lady Paton, and by night, by way of ground rent, we use it for tutorials. The Forestry School, across Tin Alley, which once had to suffer the College Incinerator now has the joy of children's laughter ringing in its ears. Its worst fears, namely that the last state would be worst than the first, have not been realised. Plans are out for the refurbishment of Clarkes' during the Long Vac. and those who remember the days when Upper Clarkes' was almost equivalent to a single in Behan may well be pleased. New lighting, painting and the thorough overhaul of the bedrooms, which have always been fairly dismal, are planned and hopefully, some device to foil the full-blown hurricanes, euphemistically called draughts, which howl through the place. Bishops' will have to wait, though there was a awe-stricken moment at the end of the Long Vac. when we thought the whole place was going to collapse. The drought, which did so much damage to houses of all sorts, struck the whole of the eastern aspect of the building and horrifying cracks appeared everywhere. With a few weeks to go before the beginning of Term you can picture the scene. The Authorities were called in and in the end pronounced a favorable prognosis, and it was left to Mr. Wynne, muttering under his breath, to ice over the cracks and crevices. Apart from this, the interior of the building has been left alone to continue its twilight existence though some money was lavished on the tower. It had reached a point where passers-by were apt to be slain by a falling slate or Gothic prong.

Moreover it leaked. Now it is restored and may be viewed in all its Ruskinian charm, copper flashing and newly painted louvres at the level of the untenanted bell chamber.

Those who remember the steppe-like appearance of the Bulpadok will be interested in the amount of afforestation that has been undertaken. A veritable forest moved in as soon as planting time arrived, from the State nurseries, and in a few years we shall have a veritable grove. The drought did the unimaginable by killing off two of the large and well-established poplars near Behan and Cowan but apart from this disaster our casualties were light. Our excellent gardeners, Bob and Jimmy, did a splendid job within the limits of the regulations and now there has been a complete recovery.

The Library has received some very significant gifts from former College men – the first from the estate of the late Maurice Hurry of Kyneton. This collection was specially rich in First World War battalion histories and but also in war history in general. The crown of it all was a magnificent copy of Hardy Wilson's "Colonial Architecture" which rightly takes its place amongst the Australian "greats" in the Muniments Room. Through Tom Ottaway we were given a splendid collection of books in French and German which had belonged to his father, Mr. L.V. Ottaway, a former Inspector of Schools and a great modern language man; amongst them, a superbly bound edition in eight volumes of de Julleville's "Histoire de la langue française &c." Mr. W.F. Callaway, father of Frank who is presently a fourth year lawyer, has been most generous over a considerable period of time, and so frequently that

he begs us not to write "thank-you" letters; he has done much for our collection of Australian industrial and mercantile history in particular as well as providing us with a full set of National Bank calendars. The Library has had some very distinguished visitors during the year to sign the "Friends" book, instituted by our enthusiastic Librarian, Miss Mary Rusden, for example Mr. Kenneth Horn (the State Librarian), Mr. Ralph Harry (our new Ambassador to Saigon) and Professor Leonard Shapiro of the London School of Economics. We have instituted a rapidly expanding section labelled rather barbarously "Trinitiana" to house the printed works of members of the College past and present: this year we have had some notable accessions – John Poynter's life of Russell Grimwade, a copy of Melbourne Studies in Education (the current issue) containing Hal Colebatch's article, the weighty book on Cases in Torts of which the Warden is joint-editor and a very long run of the "Economic Record" (missing only the first issue) from John Balmford. We managed to acquire a copy of Rex Leeper's "When Greek meets Greek" from England to fill a very notable gap in this section. If you have been bursting into print lately and are unrepresented, we are, as always, your everloving recipients.

Those of you who were around in the early 1930's when Mr. Wynn shored up the West Window of the Chapel will be amazed to hear that the Council has decided that Something Must Be Done. It looks as though another piece of sanctified temporariness must pass!

Lastly just a note about the Council itself – Nick Turnbull has joined Alan Shaw among the welcome newcomers to this dignified body. BRM signing off....

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## Janet Clarke Hall Society

### COMMITTEE 1968 – 69

President:	Mrs. F. Derham
Vice-Presidents:	Mrs. R. Kinear Mrs. J. Grice
Honorary Secretary:	Mrs. L. Morgan
Honorary Treasurer:	Mrs. A. Smithers
Representative to the College Council:	Mrs. A. Asche
Committee:	Mrs. S. Alley Mrs. C. Baird Mrs. Colebatch Mrs. M. Letts Miss J. Taplin Mrs. G. Trinca.

As all our members will know, there has been lengthy discussion about a proposed change of name for the society. Views both for and against a change have been considered and at our recent Annual Meeting a decision was reached and the society is now to be called the Janet Clarke Hall Society incorporating the Trinity Women's Society. This move was not undertaken lightly and we hope the change will benefit the college and our members will all accept this change – the former link with Trinity cannot be forgotten and in many ways the two colleges continue to work together.

The membership of the Society is growing and we now have 300 life members and 58 Annual Members. With increased costs of printing and postage the

Treasurer recommended an increase in the Life Membership fee as each year we receive only 40 cents per member from the Life Members' account compared with \$1 from each Annual Member. This alteration to the constitution was passed at the Annual Meeting for 1967 and Life Membership is now \$20 i.e. 20 times that of the Annual subscription.

During the past year the committee has arranged several functions, the first being a small afternoon tea party to celebrate the 90th birthday of Miss Constance Tisdall, our oldest member. Miss Tisdall kindly presented to the college some of her collection of books and an album of early letters and photographs for the college archives. It was with deep regret that we heard of Miss Tisdall's death recently after a short illness which had prevented her from attending our Annual Dinner.

The society was represented at a farewell luncheon in December in honour of Lady Paton, and also at an Australian National Council of Women reception for Mrs. Ghandi in May.

Our fund-raising functions have been directed towards the library and Common Room Appeal and we have held a Buffet Dinner and Film Night, our regular Jumble Sale and a College Play night at which members had a Buffet Dinner in Janet Clarke Hall and then attended the College Play. A Card Day was also held and as a result of all these functions the President, at the Annual Dinner, was able to hand a cheque for \$1500 to the college. As both the library and Common Room have now been renovated and most of the other urgent repairs to the inside of the college completed the committee has closed this appeal and opened a new one directed towards the garden and grounds. We have set a target of \$4000 with the proviso that the money can be directed to some other course should the need arise.

After considerable discussion, the Council of the College and the Society will be combining to produce a new type of newsletter which will form a more complete record of college development, exam results and general news. We hope this newsletter will be published early in the year. All our members will receive copies and we shall still continue to send out our own mid-year circular containing items of specific interest to our members.

## OBITUARY

Reginald Wildig Allen Leeper G.B.E., K.C.M.G.

Rex Leeper died in London on Friday the 2nd of February this year after a most distinguished and varied public life. He was Alexander Leeper's son and was a member of Trinity from 1906 to 1908. He moved on to New College, Oxford and came to be one of "that small but talented band of Australians who joined the British Diplomatic Service in the twenties or early thirties" as the long obituary in the London "Times" records. He was appointed permanently in 1920, once his talents had been recognised in the political intelligence department of the Foreign Office. It is the measure of his background and intellectual formation that it was during the first ten years of his new work, when he was much involved in Polish and Russian affairs (he was First Secretary of the British Legation in Warsaw from 1923 to 1924), that he promoted the idea of a truly cultural diplomacy. From 1929, as a result of his urging, the British Government began to encourage the teaching of English in foreign countries and to make British achievements in the arts and sciences more widely known. The British Council itself evolved from this beginning, and Rex was appointed an honorary vice-president in 1949 in recognition of his early interest.

In 1933 he was made head of the Foreign Office News Department and in this important position was one of the very few people in England who from that year onwards, the year of the Reichstag fire, were convinced that Adolf Hitler was out for a world war. When war broke out he was put in charge of the revived Political Intelligence department and was very active in the Political War Executive which had the job of countering Nazi propaganda. His ability in this work was gloomily recognised by none other than the late Dr. Goebbels who regarded him as the most dangerous man in the British Foreign Office.

In 1943 he was appointed Ambassador to the exiled Government of Greece, then in Cairo, and returned with it to Athens. His book "When Greek meets Greek" is a fascinating account of these troublous times. His advice to the British Government on the state of Greek affairs in the years up to 1946 was decisive and contributed a great deal to the preservation of Greek independence from Communist domination.

In 1948 he was transferred as Ambassador to Argentina where he remained for two years. He received his K.C.M.G. in 1945 and was awarded the Grand Cross of the Order of the British Empire in 1949.

Rex Leeper, a very distinguished member of a distinguished family, has joined the ranks of that select group of old Trinity men who have established an international reputation. A letter to the "Times" in response to the remarkable obituary of February the 5th gives some personal reasons for this undeniable fact... "belief in the rightness of his policy, admiration for the tenacity of purpose which lay behind that mild and scholarly facade, bitter resentment of the misrepresentation to which he was subjected, were common to all (those who served under him in Athens). That this was so was due entirely to a complete freedom from pomposity, and the uninhibited frankness which made him so successful as Head of the News Department, and which rendered it impossible for him to conceal from his subordinates his personal views, no matter how ill they may accord with those expressed in the incoming telegrams...". We feel that his father would have approved of that.

B.R.M.

## DR. LUCY BRYCE

A memorial oration delivered by Dr. Ella Macknight at Trinity College Chapel on September 11th, 1968.

We are here to pay tribute to Lucy Meredith Bryce. I feel honored that I was invited to speak about her. There is no difficulty in finding things to say about Lucy Bryce because in her life she did so much, my only problem is that of omission — that I may leave out some aspects of her life which should be mentioned.

Many people knew her but few knew her from all aspects. When I came to collect material about those parts of her life which were unknown to me I was myself amazed at her manifold gifts and achievements.

Lucy Bryce was born at Linfield in N.S.W. She

Lucy Bryce was born at Lindfield in N.S.W. She was educated at the Melbourne Church of England Girls Grammar School. At school she was outstanding in work, sport and leadership. She was a Prefect for 2 years. She was in the 1st Baseball and Tennis Teams and she was awarded her school colours for Games. In the Senior Public Examination she obtained Honours and the Exhibition in Botany.

She proceeded to the University of Melbourne where she did a Science Course obtaining the Exhibition in Botany Part 1 and the Exhibition in Zoology Parts 1, II and III as well as the Wyselaskie Scholarship in 1918 when she graduated Bachelor of Science.

She immediately went on to do the Medical Course graduating M.B.B.S. in 1922. During her University days she was a student in Trinity College and for some years was in residence in Trinity College Hostel, later to change its name to Janet Clarke Hall. She was especially gifted at drawing and I have been told by one of her fellow students that her biology drawings were so good that Baldwin Spencer, the Professor, used to use them as show pieces. After Graduation Lucy worked as a Junior Medical Assistant at the Hall Institute for 2 years and then went abroad where she worked for a year in London at the Lister Institute. On her return to Melbourne she was appointed Bacteriologist to the University of Melbourne Obstetric Research Committee for 2 years before becoming Bacteriologist and Serologist to the Melbourne Hospital. It was during her 6 years in this position at the Melbourne Hospital that her attention was drawn to the great need for an organised service of blood donors and this led to the work for which she is most famous — work which was to divert her energies into one main channel and which was so demanding that she sacrificed to it most of the outside interests which she enjoyed. In those days blood transfusion was being used but only as a life-saving measure in cases of haemorrhage. The only

source of blood was from the patient's relatives or friends who used to be asked to come urgently to the hospital and who would arrive and crowd into Dr. Bryce's small laboratory, often frightened and sometimes physically unfit, anxiously waiting to find out if some of them had blood compatible with that of the patient — while on the other hand the resident medical officer might be enquiring, urgently if a suitable donor had been found as the patient's condition was desperate. In her book on the development of the Red Cross Blood Transfusion Service, Lucy Bryce tells stories of these sessions which were referred to as "Panic Parties". She also relates how in 1929 Eric Cooper, then Medical Superintendent of the Melbourne Hospital, drew her attention to the report describing the Blood Transfusion Service organised in London in 1926 by the British Red Cross Society. She remembers that she said "Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could do something like that here?" and his reply "A lot of work for you". So the idea was born and at the end of 1929 Lucy Bryce and Eric Cooper, with the consent of the Melbourne Hospital, approached the Victorian Division of the Red Cross Society. A subcommittee was set up to organize a Red Cross Blood Donor Service in Victoria. Lucy Bryce offered to test all the volunteer donors. So began her long association with the Red Cross Blood Transfusion Service. She was the founder of the Service, its Hon. Director from its inception until 1954 and chairman of the Blood Transfusion Committee from 1944 till 1966 when she relinquished the Chairmanship owing to ill-health. However she continued to act as a member of the Committee until her death.

Lucy Bryce gave everything of herself to this service; at its inception and in its early years she tested all the donors personally working after hours to do this.

In 1937, having heard during a trip abroad of the methods of storing blood used during the Spanish Civil War, she initiated a pilot project for storing blood from which developed the tremendous Blood Bank of stored blood as we have it today.

Her vision was such that, in April 1939 before the 2nd World War broke out, she approached the Chairman of the Victorian Division of the Red Cross about the formation of an emergency Blood Transfusion Service and in May of that year organised an appeal for donors for this Service; 1500 new donors were enrolled.

She realised that if war came most of the already enrolled donors would be in the armed Forces and she also realised that many people would enrol for an emergency who might not wish to be donors at other times. Even the testing of all these new donors presented problems but Lucy Bryce had detailed plans for these which were carried through without a hitch. Her ability for detailed planning was unsur-

passed. Everything was worked out with meticulous attention to the smallest point. The Emergency Blood Donor Scheme was put into action at the outbreak of war; it was from these donors that the serum for the use of the Armed Forces was obtained.

During the war years Lucy Bryce also worked out a detailed scheme which was ready to be put into action in case of air raids or invasion. Decentralisation of the bleeding of donors was arranged and even alternative schemes in case some centres were put out of action. She was responsible for a scheme to train Red Cross Aides for blood transfusion work which was a great success, nearly all the work at the blood bank being performed by the Aides during the war.

In 1945 Lucy Bryce went to America at the request of the Red Cross National Blood Transfusion Committee to study organisation and methods used by Red Cross in blood transfusion work in U.S.A. and Canada — as well as to see the Blood fractionation programme going on at Harvard. From the latter emerged the production of various fractions of plasma now widely used, such as albumin, gammaglobulin, and fibrinogen.

After the war, Lucy planned the expansion of the Blood Transfusion Service for civilian needs and successfully met all the problems which arose from new developments such as the discovery of the Rh factor. In 1954 for her services to the Red Cross she was awarded the highest honour the Society can bestow — the Honorary Life Membership of the Society.

These activities would seem to be a full-time job for any person, but Lucy Bryce was also occupied in many other fields.

On relinquishing her position at the Melbourne Hospital in 1934 she commenced private practice in clinical Pathology, continuing in this until ill-health forced her to retire some ten years ago. She was a part-time member of the Staff of the Hall Institute from 1934 to 1946 and a part-time member of Research Staff of the Commonwealth Serum Laboratories 1939–1944.

She was Hon. Director of the Pathology Department of the Queen Victoria Hospital from 1934 till her death.

During the 2nd World War she was a visiting Specialist in Pathology at 115th Military Hospital

Heidelberg with the rank of Major.

She was a member of the Australian Red Cross National Council and of its National Blood Transfusion Committee. She was a member of the Council and of the Executive of the Victorian Division Red Cross.

From 1954–1958 she was Vice-President of the International Society of Pathologists.

She was a member of the Council of the University of Melbourne from 1949–1953 and from 1955 to 1959, a position she was proud of holding.

In 1951 Lucy Bryce was honored by the King, being made a Companion of the British Empire in recognition of her work. She was a Fellow of the Royal Australasian College of Physicians and a Foundation Member of the College of Pathologists of Australia.

As a young woman she was strikingly beautiful; she enjoyed sport, was a good tennis player and also enjoyed playing golf. She had many other interests which included collecting antique china, painting in water colour herself as well as adding to her father's collection of paintings. She maintained her interest in these things but had little time to give to them after the Blood Transfusion Service claimed all her leisure. She enjoyed travelling and the company of her friends. She was a member of the Lyceum Club and of the Soroptimists Club.

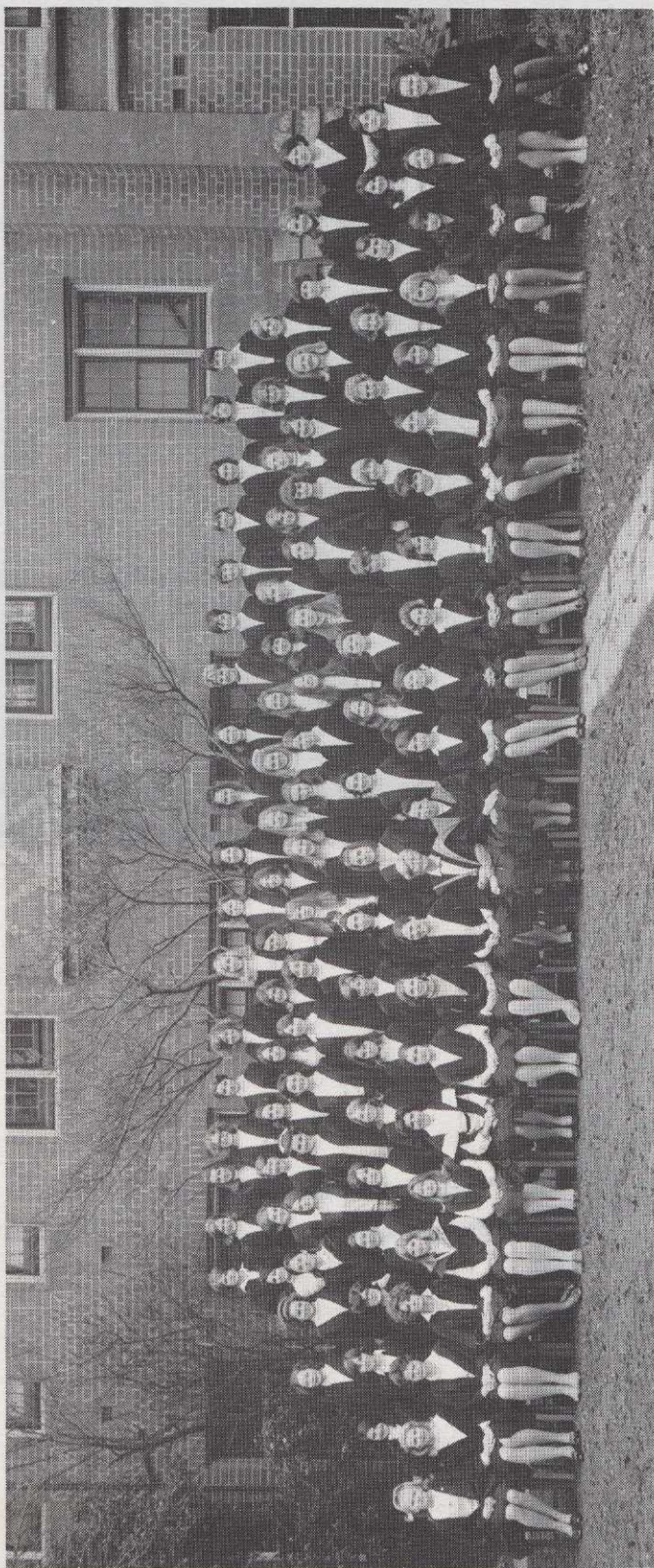
The Blood Donors Association held her in such high regard that when she retired as Hon. Director of the Transfusion Service they had her portrait painted and presented it to her.

She inspired devotion in those who worked with her. Her courage in overcoming physical disabilities latterly was wonderful. What were her qualities? I would say great intelligence, integrity, tenacity of purpose, great meticulousness in planning and organising, vision, generosity and humility.

#### In Conclusion.

Lucy Meredith Bryce. Companion of the British Empire. Bachelor of Science. Bachelor of Medicine. Bachelor of Surgery. Fellow of the Royal Australasian College of Physicians. Foundation Member of the College of Pathologists of Australia.

We salute you and remember your work in gratitude. May your achievements be an inspiration to those who come after you.



### JANET CLARKE HALL, 1968

Back Row: Lorraine Emslie, Mary Lahore, Roselyn Shade, Jennifer Whimpey, Keryn Williams, Valerie Major, Helen Woodhouse, Katriona Macleod, Pippa Parkinson, Gail Littlejohn, Rosslyn Lyons, Sally Andrews, Faye Stuckey, Michelle Cruise, Alison Condon, Morfydd Sharp, Lynette Richmond, Robyn Clapham

Fourth Row: Janet McCalman, Rosalie Atkins, Leona Donnelly, Ann Heazelwood, Jennifer Roddick, Judy Miers, Bronwen Birrell, Diana Skues, Jennifer Hooks, Elizabeth Saunders, Margaret Lewis, Suzanne Donnelly, Sarah Hamer, Helen Apted, Georgina Haigh, Vicki Stephens, June Nicoll

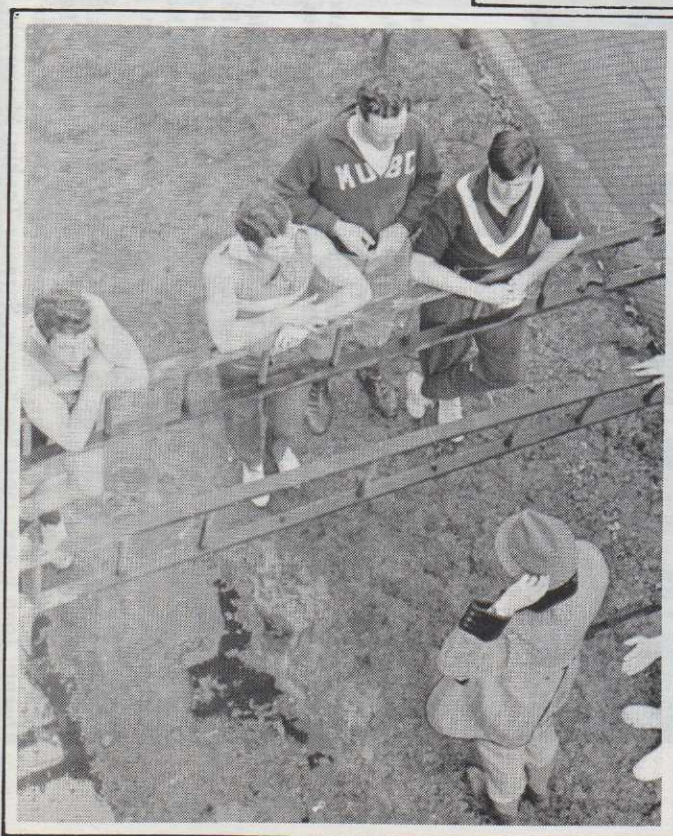
Third Row: Joanna Cowan, Elizabeth Hutchinson, Vanessa Landale, Katherine Derham, Jane Bant, Patricia Sloan, Diedre Goldsmith, Joanne Heinz, Judith Earls, Janet Browning, Annita Brown, Helen Roddis, Eve Borthwick, Rae Bell, Lynette Gillett, Diana Greeman, Jane Drewett, Jill Barton, Vivien Santer, Meredith Jelbart, Elizabeth Young

Second Row: Mary Attik, Victoria Owen, Jennifer Peters, Pamela Kaye, Felicity Williams, Jennifer Hughes, Anne Hood, Judy Seddon, Heather Clarke, Barbara Forster, Susan Cooke, Elizabeth Blackburn, Jennifer Brown, Shurlee Hateley, Meredith Kefford, Meg Cowling, Ann Bruce, Judith Kennett, Nicola King, Elsie Hill

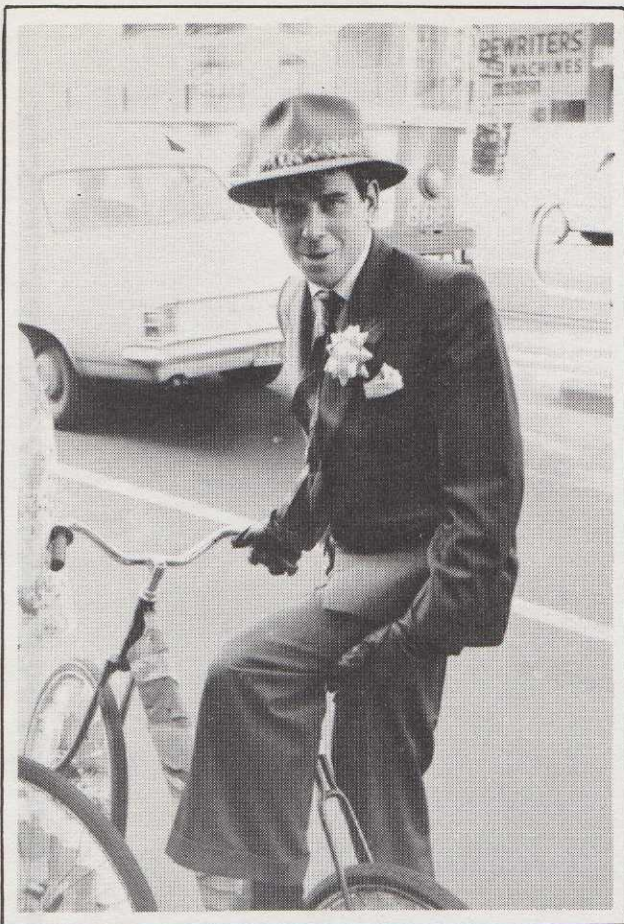
Front Row: Karyn Small, Gaye Dunlop, Margaret Lowing, Jo Pocklington, Leah Stubbings, Miss C. MacDowell, Miss R. Leslie, Miss G. Hanscombe, Miss L. Grace, Miss D. Booth, Miss Y. Aitken, Dr. E. Eden, Helen Tom, Ann Kupa, Maria Threlkeld, Francis Frew, Margaret Jones, Margaret Johns, Alison Tom, Helen O'Neill, Annette Mace, Ann Cowling, Pera Wells

Absent: Joan Foley, Janet MacKenzie, Suzanne Tonkin, Margarethe Wainwright, Patricia Bainbridge, Dianne Boehm, Diana Brett, Seonaid Kellock, Heather Stuchbery, Susan Aitken, Sarah Dawson

"Oh . . . . hello. I thought you were downstairs."

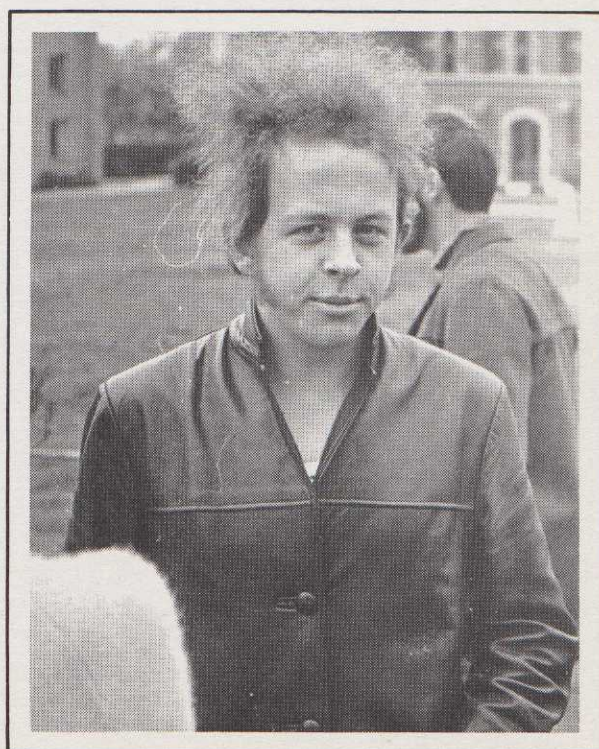


"Well, if you insist, I'll hunt my pheasant elsewhere."



"I tell yer what — I don't think much of yer bloody mainland transport system."

"I think I'll go and have a good lie down . . . ."



... and the

Trinity All-Stars!



## TRINITY COLLEGE, 1968

From left:  
(1st)

Back Row: G.G. Fowler, W.E. Sykes, R. Mackie, W.F. Foster, R.K. Tronson, E.R.J. Heywood, R.C. MacKay, S.C. Fowler, M.J. Standish, A.W.F. Hamer, I.E. Penrose, J.R. McK. Selkirk, S.C.J. Laughner, G.A. Nice, G.S. Baldwin

2nd Row: T.P.T. Armytage, P.A. Keath, J.L.L. Cook, P.J. Godfrey, T.E. Johansson, I.D. Bishop, J.D. Higgs, H. Richards, H.S. Parkinson, G.N. Withers, P.D. Elliott, J.D. Buckley, J.A. Fleming, T.J. Hancock, M. Kupa, R. Buchanan, J.R. Harry, R.I. Rex, R.H. Noble, D.B. Cottrill, J.H. Roberts

3rd Row: G.R. Worby, J.D. Davies, D.C. Adcock, G. Myers, G.R. Fleming, N.F. Hanson, S.E. Firth, J.M. Gardiner, R.D. Hocking, A. de P. Godfrey, G.T. Bigmore, L.J. Ch. de Crespigny, J.T. Patten, D.F.L. Ch. de Crespigny, A.O. a'Beckett, J.H. Minson, H.H. Turnbull, J.A. Wilson, M.J. Taylor, D.J. Oppenheim, D.E. Langley, J.D. Sneddon, J.W. Heath, D.E. Yates, R.M. Molesworth, P.J. Mair, M.J. Crossley, C.H. Sargood, E.S. Bellchambers, D.P.M. Hawker, B.D.P. Fitzpatrick, A.S. Lang, P.A. Thomson

4th Row: B.A. Keon-Cohen, D.T.B. Hornsby, B.J. Parsons, G.T. Whipp, D.P. Garrott, R.N. Thomas, E.P. Hobson, J.E. Tibbals, B.C. Clarke, P.B. McPhee, I.I. Longman, I.J. Gude, J.F. Henry, F.H. Callaway, D.D. Elder, J.G. Stuckey, A.T. Mitchell, G.R. Grantham, P.J.V. Gason, J.P. Reeves, P.K. Cooper, G.D. Pike, D.C. Tucker, A.J. Robertson, J.P. Henderson, A.J. Smalley, R.H. Druce, B.E. Kay, G.P.H. Thomas, R.W. Anderson, D.T. Jenkins

5th Row: M.R. Williams, R.T. Sharr, S.D. Trinca, P.J. McCallum, G.V. Brown, J.F. Patrick, P.B. Seddon, R.H. Elliott, B.W.C. Wilson, A.W. Smith, S.J. McGregor, R.J. MacKenzie, J.H. Telfer, A.K. Hopkins, P.J. Hughes, R.F. Haskett, J.F. Forbes, J.M. Davis, R.D. Holland, M. Pruden, G.W. Ainsworth, C.G.W. Mitchell, G.R. Wiese, G.D. Richards, A.J. Higgs, M.W. Hamerston, R.D. King, J.M. Robinson, R.G. Lyon

6th Row: A.W. Curnow, A.R. St. John, C.L. Wharton, A.J. Gregory, P.R. Johnson, T.I. Cook, R.J. Trembath, A.M. Kemp, D.B. Forster, C.J. Commons, N.S. Saines, A.G. Rossiter, P.H. Siede, A.J. Drysdale, C.O. Cutler, M.I. Haskett, J.D. Callinan, D.L. Knott, C.R. Abrams

Absent: B.D. Apsey, C.J. Arup, J.R. Bain, O.D. Barkley, W.G. Barton, M.W.P. Baxter, B.N.J. Benson, A.W. Boyd, G.I. Bromwich, W.L. Bryce, J.L.H. Butchart, P.C. Cheeseman, K.L. Chelsworth, R.J. Clemente, T.J. Colebatch, A.F. Cox, A.L. Cunningham, B.J. Cutler, R.G. Davey, J.S.T. Dudley, D.C. Dumaresq, G.G. Durbridge, C.M. Fido, B.H.R. Forge, I.R. Gowrie-Smith, H.T.G. Green, A.K. Gregson, A.F. Guy, R.W. Harper, D.W.P. Hay, G.T. Houghton, S.E. Howard, N.D. Johnston, C.P. Lang, J.F. Langdon, G.S. Lester, G.D. Liddell, S.K. Lowe, L.S. MacKellar, I.D. Macleod, O. Mace, I.C. Mitchell, S.G. Moroney, R.M. Niall, P. Niselle, T.D.J. Patrick, A.R. Ramsay, I.J. Raymond, J.J. Renick, G.A. Ross, P.S. Smith, R.J. Stewart, R.H. Stuckey, G.M. Tisdall, S.S. Viravaidya, D.J. Walker, P.L. Weickhardt, C.G. Wood, P.J. Wookey

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