



Swimming

Back row: Judith Ross, Robyn Vines, Wendy Hayes, Rose Bain, Gillian Canapini.

Front row: Jan Bitcon, Jane Drewett, Susan Wilcox.



Hockey

Back row: Laurie Patrick, Glenda Mitchell, Prue Hill, Judith Ross, Margaret Armstrong, Ann Lewis, Diana Jane Rouse, Ann Morton, Rose Bain.

Front row: Fiona Shaw, Lorene Day, Jan Bitcon, Jane Drewett, Sally Kirkwood, Gillian Canapini, Marilyn Hulett.



Tennis

Back row: Fiona Shaw, Ann Lewis, Robyn Vines, Laurie Patrick, Elizabeth Friday, Kathryn Norman.

Front row: Marilyn Hulett, Vicki Stephens, Jane Drewett, Jennifer Ross, Jan Bitcon.

AMAZONIAN ANTICS

At the beginning of this year the Ladies of the Hall plunged into a blaze of glory with a breath-taking win in the rowing and a lung-bursting effort in the swimming.

The mighty rowing crew had the fastest rating for years and following a good row in the heat, fought out the finish on the final with St. Mary's. After great drama, the result was a draw.

For the first time in memory, J.C.H. won the Swimming Sports, with vocal support from around the pool. Our condolences to Trinity. Hope all worries were dissolved in the big splash at the conclusion, when more spectators were in the pool than out.

The excitement of our C.R.D. that night was too much for the athletic ones amongst us, and we finished closer to fourth than first place.

Two consecutive weekly mud-baths did much for the fitness of the hockey team. Extensive training during the final week brought the players to a peak of strength in time for our game against St. Mary's, resulting in a win to us.

Basketball, Table-tennis, Golf and Squash were hotly contested by our representatives, but our day of glory had passed, and victory was not achieved.

A final word in the world of sport—Football.

Results: J.C.H. defeated Trinity 9-6.

Goals: D. Slessor, G. Canapini, J. Webb, S. Fleming.

Best: J. Webb, C. Kneen, S. Fleming, L. Patrick and Randolph J. Turner.

Sports Secretary JCH



Athletics

Back row: Prue Hill, Kathryn Norman, Robyn Vines.

Front row: Jennifer Webb, Ann Morton, Sandra Fleming.

Tulligny Cup

The following doggerel was written by Miranda Jelbart and Anne Skelley, last year's winners, on the occasion of the Tulligny Scavenger Hunt which was held the first Saturday of Third Term. This year's winners were Kathy Norman and Judith Ross.

The oracle of J.C. Hall did say
 Prepare to don your thinking caps today,
 For your Tulligny hunt your time is Sealed,
 You may not rest till fifteen chimes are pealed.
 You must beware of Tweedy-looking fellows;
 A field of sodden oddly-dewed bulls bellows:
 Bring forth a page about Pope Gregory VII,
 Then walking-stick reversed from mixed eleven.
 A leeping Jimmy may grant you his pardon,
 A tool-less Jimmy threatens from the garden.
 Night climber seized by hippocratic vulture,
 And Ludwig skipped a beat on eve of culture.
 No choristers give alms or Hope to belch,
 Acute dicover-ess proudly lauds the Welsh.
 A little bird entwined in molasses;
 What gingham-gay decked stenographic classes!
 What Price the keeper of a pachyderm?
 Much more than the agenda for third term.
 The celebrated Dr. K. performs his feats on any day;
 A white Benz sports goes far away on the'elixir of Corio Bay.
 Umbrella'd figure of a walking damper
 A parsley sage with perfumed sprays did pamper.
 If plastic bins ferment there's trouble brewing
 obscene complaints cause controversial suing.
 You could remove a cardboard box in toto,
 Or find an old and prim scholastic photo.
 A Scottish duck and bureaucratic bell,
 Catch 22 politically will tell.
 Lebanese-in-the basket is right Royal;
 A citrus fruit inedible but loyal.
 A meter man (without a gold bikini),
 And Joseph would have eyed the deanly greenly.
 How many plants grow in the warden's folly?
 Perchance you'll find it. Bring a sprig of holly.
 The gold-rush stockade rises up again.
 You must have proof before you stake your claim.
 Seek out French monkey with a permanent wave
 Who checked the ribald comments that THEY gave.
 A tiny pond near home and close to roses,
 Not least but last of all these cryptic posers.



Reclassifying the Classics

Alison Finlay

"Praises of the unworthy are felt by ardent minds as robberies of the deserving" as Coleridge so truly wrote. In penning this impressive opening I cannot restrain a slight pang of regret that Shakespeare did not say it first; for that would have given my quotation an *eclat* which Coleridge, though a highly venerated author who features regularly in the Matric. Lit. syllabus, simply cannot achieve.

I could have delved even further into the past and unearthed a few musty mediaeval couplets which would have inspired great respect for my erudition, although many might have remained in some doubt as to what I was talking about. For we are slaves to a tradition of respect and even reverence for anything which has survived a century or two, irrespective of its merit or whether we actually like it; and if it is smothered in dust and picturesquely over-grown with mildew, so much the better. Small modern houses, where space is at a premium, are often filled with any battered, useless and clumsy junk that will fit through the door, provided it is fifty or a hundred years old. In the same way any household with the least pretension to culture devotes a shelf or two to the Classics; either majestic, leather-bound, silverfish-infested volumes handed on from generation to generation, or more recent acquisitions jauntily done up in paper covers. In either case they are probably conscientiously dusted more often than they are read; and when they are read, are they enjoyed?

Some of them are, and deservedly. I do not wish to attack all the literary effort of the past, but merely the indiscriminate praise of all works traditionally labelled "classics" on the assumption that they are all of equal merit. In reality, of course, this arbitrary classification includes both works of great genius and works of no genius or even interest whatsoever, whose repu-

tation seems to be based solely on their age and the sheer weight of critical approval which has supported them over the years. The resulting confusion in the minds of the public, following with misplaced confidence the steps of the critics, is deplorable, certainly; laughable, perhaps. But apart from the great injustice done to works of real value, the effects can be seriously harmful.

Unfortunately my time is not unlimited; otherwise I would now plunge gleefully into a welter of my own classroom reminiscences and long-nursed literary grievances. Let me just take as an example *Jane Eyre*, traditionally a favourite choice, in girls' schools at least, as an introduction to the English Classic. But think back on your own reading of *Jane Eyre*—if in fact you ever managed to wade through it—and discounting the fact that it was written more than a hundred years ago, is extremely long and an acknowledged classic, can you honestly say that it is more than a boring account of the improbable fulfilment of the sickly daydreams of a priggish schoolgirl? No wonder the boys won't stomach it. But for a century it has been hailed as a classic and even enjoyed by some. It is my theory that this enjoyment arises mainly from a sensation of astonished relief at the discovery that the large volume approached with so much trepidation was in reality little more profound than the *Women's Weekly*.

This approach to literature is not only obviously barren but also un-healthy. *Jane Eyre* is really nothing more than an extended daydream, and the reader who enjoys it at this level is indulging in escapism as much as if he (or more probably she) were drinking in the novels of Ian Fleming, or to quote a more comparable genre, Georgette Heyer. Harmless in moderation, no doubt; but *Jane Eyre* masquerades as a classic. Thus escapism is lent respectability and the

reader can flaunt her sentimentality, sanctioned by a century of totally uncritical critical writing.

So much for the reader who accepts *Jane Eyre*. Among the school children going through the mill of English Literature, there are some discerning and independent enough to loathe her from the start. If they persevere stubbornly, they are the potential saviours of our literature; but there is a dangerous probability that, disillusioned by early glimpses of what is holy in our culture, they will take up Pure Maths or Biology instead. Thus works such as *Jane Eyre*—and she is by no means the only offender—are poor ambassadors of English literature and may be seriously deceptive.

Much of our classical literature is of course great and beautiful—and this is the root of the problem, this hopeless confusion of the great and the mediocre. But this term has become so rigid that once a work has been canonised as a classic it is difficult to judge it dispassionately. For some reason we lose all sense of proportion and are inclined to be excessive in our praise of even the greatest literature. A striking example is the passion for idolising Shakespeare which overtook England in the eighteenth century. His plays were admired with much enthusiasm and little discernment, to such an extent that a rather amateurish young forger, William Henry Ireland, was able to deceive many eminent critics by concocting an allegedly original version of *King Lear* and a newly “discovered” Shakespearean play—both of them excruciatingly bad.

The full story of the Ireland forgeries is incredible to modern ears; but still the figures of classical literature, and particularly Shakespeare, tend to dominate the literary scene to the extent of stifling modern talent. Here again our perspectives have become blurred. We have a ready-made justification for going to a Shakespearean production rather than a modern play, for Shakespeare was a great dramatist and poet; but is this our only motive? Isn't our choice partly because we know ourselves to be secure—that we will see a good play that has stood the test of four centuries, which will bring no surprises and will not strike near enough to modern

problems to unsettle us? In fact, aren't we a little like the middle-aged housewife who buries herself in *Jane Eyre* because it makes her forget that she is a middle-aged housewife, meanwhile secure in the conviction that she is absorbing culture?

Our reverence for the classics is based on two false assumptions; that a book which has survived for a century or so must be good, and that the critics who have praised it must be right. Critics are not infallible and we are not obliged to agree with them, and the longer we continue to acquiesce meekly in the praise of dull books, the more support we are adding to the pretensions of the classics.

But does it matter? Why shouldn't the housewife read *Jane Eyre* under the hair-dryer, and the shelves full of leather-clad white elephants continue to impress the eye and bore the enquiring mind to tears? Yes, it does matter; for in praising the unworthy we are robbing the deserving. As the bewildered reader lays down *Ivanhoe* or *The Mayor of Casterbridge* and turns with a sigh of relief to *The Scientific American* he is denying himself the stimulation of acquaintanceship with Jane Austen, Shakespeare and Shaw. And it may be at the same moment that a frustrated young author, despairing of ever breaking away from the tyranny of the classics, lays down his pen and becomes a dustman or a barman or—Heaven forbid!—a critic.

We must make an effort to polish our spectacles and wipe the accumulated dust of centuries from our leather-bound idols. The classics are in urgent need of reclassification, so that we may do justice both to really great authors of the past and to our modern authors. This must be done dispassionately and above all without the prejudice which assumes that what was written centuries ago is better than modern writing in spite of the intellectual and social development that has taken place. For in the words of an eminent writer: “The classics are only primitive literature. They belong to the same class as primitive machinery and primitive music and primitive medicine.” I have no idea to which eminent writer I owe that judgement: but it is in the Dictionary of Quotations, and so it must be true.



Snipe

*South from Siberia fly
snipe like darts in the wind:
the transit of sentient things
under a darkening sky.*

over . . .

*and a-quiver with shot
one snaps in flight
to the dark lake
held in a tight
forest grip
and night.*

Alastair Roosmale

*And come now my little child
accept me as your own.
It is a loss we both have borne
you and I; and flown*

*In our crazy delights
away to a foreign dale;
and there in ecstasy and measured hate
to live for a hated tale:*

*then get it back—
return in triumphant parade
as those who conquered what they had lost
and life they found, remade.*

*And as we watched each tiny gesture,
Cringing faces in dark wood pews,
Next to where that child did lie.
Breathed they then and began to cry . . .
—and so he's lost.*

Robert Johanson

*The ladies of 1886
Of decorum profound
With their skirts to the ground,
Would surely have frowned
In surprise
At Miss One nine six four
With her shorts and bare knees
With no hat in the breeze,
But so keen for degrees
And so wise.*

Recollections...

It must be difficult for a student now to realize how different J.C.H. was in 1909. Dinner was formal, even when, in my first year, there were only eight students. We wore our gowns to it and dressed in suitable raiment. Afterwards we repaired upstairs to the dreary, lofty, common-room, where Mrs. Archer, or in her absence the Senior Student, read prayers. Afterwards songs from the newly published Australian Students' Song Book might be sung around the common-room piano. In our rooms we studied or read and then had supper together until the gas was turned out at 11 p.m. The student who had no lamp or candle was thus forced to go to bed in the dark. If she had forgotten to turn off the gas in her room when it went off at the meter, next morning she woke to a smelly room, as the meter was turned on again early next day. Baths were often cold because the gas bath heater played many tricks, and of course could not be turned on after 11 p.m. without gas.

The common-room was originally intended as a gymnasium, but it was said that the floor was not strong enough for that. It was two floors in height, walls dull pink, windows set too high to see out of, but possums could come in. There were a piano, a couple of bookcases housing the nucleus of the Verdon Library, a table with on it "The Queen" and the daily paper. We were not allowed to take the Sydney Bulletin!

But are the young women in College today so different from their predecessors? There have, of course, been many changes in College rules since 1886, when records indicate that they were rather restricting. By 1909, when I became a student, I do not remember that they hampered us greatly. We went to prayers as a matter of course and were punctual at dinner; we did not go unchaperoned to men's College studies; we wore gowns to University and College lectures; we went with other women students to Trinity and Ormond dances in a waggonette, and wore gloves and had programmes. If we wanted to have afternoon tea with a man student we did so at the University. We read plays at Trinity in Dr. Leeper's study and, among ourselves in the Hostel, discussed all manner of things. Trinity serenaded us sometimes, and sometimes invited us to listen to their debates. Gradually the relation between men and women students became more natural. By 1920, "At Home" days might be held, and men and women entertained in their studies on specially appointed days. That year permission to play tennis on Sundays was granted.

In 1923 the Warden gave permission for dances to be held in the men's Common Room on Saturday nights and the J.C.H. Committee agreed to allow its students to join in. Students, however, were still dissatisfied and asked to be allowed to go to private dances as well as University ones. They also urged that they should be allowed to return with their parties from dances instead of only in the company of other J.C.H. students. All this seems now very old-fashioned, and these rules were even then hard to put into effect. When I went back as Principal in 1928 most of these rather archaic regulations no longer existed. Students were, of course, expected—as they still are—to apply for leave and to return to College by the time agreed on, and not to ask for leave so often that their work would suffer. I found that young people needed much sleep if they were to study satisfactorily and tried to get them to have their lights out by 11.00 p.m. In all ways students now have much more freedom; in their hours of work, in choice of outings and in entertaining their friends. This freedom must make life harder for some, to whom the saying "no" is difficult. . . .

These reminiscences were extracted from the booklet "Recollections of Janet Clarke Hall" (1964) by Miss Enid Joske, whose association with the college dated from 1909-1952.



Reflections...

Father Grant

There are (or were) many families, communities and institutions into which a former member returning after a decade or a generation's absence, could settle with a minimum of fuss or friction. Habits and ideas, whether good or bad, and whether valued for their intrinsic worth or merely on account of the natural laziness and timidity of most of us, display considerable capacity to survive within a community. The moderate conservative with some sense of history may be deluded when he discounts the shrill protestations of today's radicals that their revolution will prove invincible and incorruptible. But even if Chairman Mao's China presents a subversive spectacle, Trinity, 1970 style, ought still to reassure him.

Or that is my impression on returning after an absence of twelve years. Despite the faces being more numerous, the hair longer, the shirts brighter; despite the eclipse or transformation of some traditional occasions, conventions, and regulations, today's college exhibits no essential discontinuity with that I knew and enjoyed in the fifties. Yet, inevitably, there are differences. Thus speaking very tentatively and very generally, today's students seem to this observer to work harder, to spend more freely, and to undertake more responsibility than their predecessors.

They work harder. The clinical efficiency of the V.U.S.E.B. computer ordains that fewer eccentrics and rare characters enter college, while that of the University ensures that without a modicum of work, their stay, if too sweet, will also be brief. Pressure for entry seems to cast its shadow far back into the schools, inhibiting the development of off-course activities and focussing energies upon academic performance alone. Small wonder then, that having reached University some students feel, justifiably or no, that the priority of academic work prevents them taking up the "electives" that college life offers.

They spend more freely. A fair index of student prosperity would seem to be the unsatisfied demand for places in a car park

that already accommodates the cars of half the student body. Another might be the range of student holiday excursions—sun, snow and Expo'. Whatever the source of their prosperity—Studentship, Cadetship, or Stock Exchange—and however loud the protestations of poverty, most college students today have open to them a wider range of options for leisure and interests than ever before motorized mobility and fears for quality—even the contrast of television programmes—erode participation in on-the-spot entertainments.

They undertake more responsibility. "Conformity", "Self-sufficiency", "protracted Adolescence"—these figure largely in the picture that most critics draw of the college community. This was never the whole picture but frequent references to "college spirit" could easily mislead. Today sheer numbers prevent any possibility of two hundred and five minds thinking as one; increased involvement in University and community affairs; an average stay of less than three years; and preparations for marriage by final-year students are the signs and the agency of change. Perhaps the best criterion of the maturity of a community is the amount of freedom that its members can tolerate and the amount of responsibility they are prepared to accept. This may mean that not all members of the college will participate in any given activity, even that a particular student may not participate in any. But this is our situation, and we should be slow to decry such actions as irresponsible.

So much for impressions; closer and continued acquaintance may require them to be revised but may also confirm them.



"Your reality is a mere transitory and fleeting illusion, taking this form today and that tomorrow, according to the conditions, according to your will, your sentiment, which in turn are controlled by an intellect that shows them to you today in one manner and tomorrow . . . who knows how? Illusions of reality, represented in this fatuous comedy of life that never ends, nor ever can end."

(Six Characters in Search of an Author)

Behind Luigi Pirandello's revolutionary revenge on the Italian Romantic theatre, there lies an irritable and intellectualized pessimism, a fundamental disgust with and retreat from ordinary life. His reversal of romantic cliché and his constant concern with the problem of illusion and "reality" result in a theatricality which is at once gripping and sharply limited in its significance. The experience of *Henry IV* in a theatre is undoubtedly very exciting, but it is hard to see, when we have cut through Pirandello's obvious intellectual apparatus and have taken a long hard look at Henry himself, what exactly is at stake. Henry's claim that his delusion is a more real experience than that of the lives around him simply goes undramatized in the play (it rests on assertion) and ultimately deprives the play of the moving, tragic force for which it so obviously strives. There is finally no conflict between Henry and Belcredi and the Marchioness because Pirandello's representation of the latter pair is not only perfunctory (what do they do after the first act?) but because the 'outside world' is expressed in the very limited "romantic" conventions from which he was trying to escape (enter di Nolli,

carrying Convictions followed by Frightened Ingenue). *Henry IV* is a very brilliant theatrical charade, but it isn't a tragedy; and to use the word "theatrical" is to expose the limitations of the play. It sets up an absorbing pattern of experience, but one to which we succumb only as we watch and then querulously. The play's intellectuality, its reliance upon "ideas" about illusion and reality (in *Life* this time, not in the Theatre as in *Six Characters*) seem to give the play a philosophical seriousness which is quite unjustified. At the end of *Henry IV*, despite the vitality and range of the central character, we realize less the burden of loss for Henry than the surprise that Henry is forced to continue in his madness. We are not moved by Henry's loss of "life" as we are moved by the loss of those illusioned characters in Chekov, because so little outside Henry is seen; his passion explodes into a void, and not the one Pirandello had in mind. We are in the hands of a brilliant manipulator of theatrical experience and of an artist of limited perception. Yet *Henry IV* and *Six Characters* are amongst the finer twentieth century plays, and the Trinity-JCH production gave full reign to its excitement. This was (at least) the finest college production since "The Hostage" and the demands it made upon the producer and central actor were indeed staggering. It is rewarding therefore to commend the production for the sheer intelligence and sensitivity with which it was carried out and to record one of those peculiarly satisfying performances that (by its nature) student theatre rarely gives us. We want, if anything, to argue with Pirandello and not with Rodney Fisher and

Alastair Roosmale, Rodney Fisher's direction was concise, swift and sharp, coping well with the basic problems the play presents. The manipulation of the exposition (which in the text is lumpy and lacking in inevitability: why should it be *Henry IV* that the central character chooses to impersonate; if *Henry IV* focuses Pirandello's concerns, why the extraordinary time spent in *explanation*?) was done with as little fuss as possible, and the play had an overall sense of movement and impulse. We knew that Rodney Fisher had a strong and satisfying *conception* of the play and that he did not rely on piece-meal improvisation (only the silver-clad, sylph-like attendants were fussy, momentarily distracting from the texture of the play). The director seemed to see (very wisely) the play as a drama of an individual psyche and not as an exploration of social "reality", and the sets reflected this; they were bare, yet mobile, visually interesting in their arrangements (particularly in the scene between *Henry IV* and his servants, where the grouping beautifully suggested an attempt on Henry's part to achieve some kind of communal warmth). The grouping of the players on the stage (so disastrously lacking in last year's *The Cherry Orchard* where everything depends on the breaking up and re-grouping of the characters) gave a type of fluidity to what could have been static (again the four servants were used very well here as was the doctor). The lighting too was excellent (Henry isolated in darkness, the doctor pontificating in the light of his Reason); there was an overall visual sense of the play. Despite Pirandello's attack on producers in *Six Characters*, he found a very sensitive ally in Rodney Fisher.

But more importantly it is the producer's activity with the actors which we have to judge, and here Rodney Fisher showed his strength, even if Pirandello showed some of *their* weaknesses. The enormously difficult central role was taken by Alistaire Roosmale and he gave the best student performance I have seen at the University. He caught exactly the terrifying, demonic quality of Henry in his lightning changes of mood; flashes of sharp lucidity instantly became pedantic raving, cries of pain became possessed giggles (consider the scene where Henry turns on Belcredi/Peter

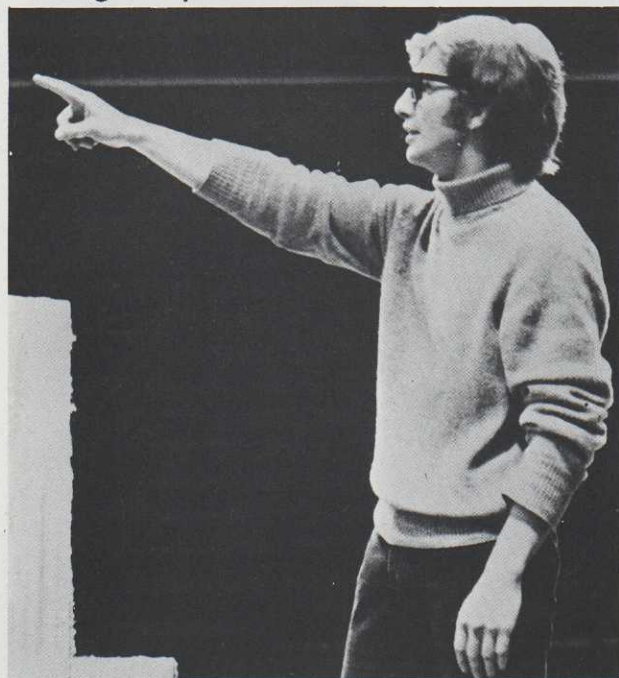


Alastair Roosmale, awarded the Melbourne Theatre Company prize.

Damiani). This performance was marked by its extraordinary control and range, both in physical gesture (lost in despair or prancing in glee) and vocal inflection. It was interesting to note the different emphases in interpretation on the two performances I saw; the first stressed Henry's wildness and savagery, the second was slower in tempo and more concerned with Henry's need of his illusion. The first was a performance of wit and clarity; the second was slightly more passionate and luxuriant. The play burnt alive at its centre for this Henry was not an intellectual "idea" but a strong, vital, frustrated and dangerous man.

Francis Price and Jeltje Fanoy coped well initially with their characters, until Pirandello's interest in them simply dried up, leaving us with the uncomfortable feeling that here were two characters in search of another play. Jeltje Fanoy gave an adequate approximation of a sophisticated European noble-woman with confidence and control, although I thought her physical gesturing at times was over-stressed. Nevertheless, this was a very fine attempt to deal with a difficult part. Francis Price had a real physical ease and well caught the easy second-rateness and hollow charm of Belcredi; and made him interesting foil, as far as possible, to Henry IV.

George Abrams gave a sensitive and intelligent performance as Dr. Genoni,



although I thought he lacked some vocal characterization. His tone was too uncertain for us to be fully convinced that he represented some body of wisdom which we were supposed to sharply scrutinize through Henry's eyes.

Robert Johanson had strong presence and emotional delicacy as Landolph, but I found his performance a trifle self-conscious. The role of Landolph may not give scope to the type of intelligent sincerity Robert Johanson showed last year in *The Cherry Orchard*, but it is a warm and spontaneous sincerity; we were a shade too aware of the "mechanics" behind it. Robert Johanson's "opening up" and "closing down", expressing concern, were a little mannered. However these are minor quibbles; the performance as a whole was solid and impressive. Landolph and the other three servants (David Parsons, Michael Hamer and Christopher Lovell) and the priest (Robert Colvin) well suggested their corporate differences and gave considerable substance to their roles as crucial and intermediary characters in the play. (The costuming of the servants, incidentally, as in the rest of the play, was quite excellent).

Miranda Jelbart and Paul Elliott struggled under parts that barely made themselves felt in dramatic terms. (People who wish to argue that *Henry IV* is a great, as against good, play should note the total lack of animating force in these characters. Obviously these characters should represent some kind of fruitful possibility, because they are differentiated from the Marchioness and Belcredi in certain ways; they are young and uncynical. Yet these roles haven't even the strength of caricature). Paul Elliott as di Nolli, in his outburst about his mother, was excellent—a fine, competent, unassuming performance. Miranda Jelbart was only uneven in an incoherent role. A more substantial part would be a better test of her abilities.

The quality of a production seems to set its own critical pitch; because *Henry IV* was so well done, one is bound to ask sharp questions about it, nag at it, in fact. To disagree, here and there, every so often, is high praise indeed, and *Henry IV* sets a very high standard for the productions of following years.

G. L. PIKE

College Concert



The concert this year was preceded by a magnificent buffet dinner which put all present in very good mood for the feast of vocal and instrumental music which succeeded it. On first sight the programme had a certain sameness to those of previous years, but in actual fact it revealed a refreshing increase of native talent.

Keyboard music again held a major portion of the programme with performances on both piano and harpsichord by Dr. Thompson, on piano by Miss Rusden and on harpsichord by Ian Hardy. Dr. Thompson opened the programme with a rather mild Schubert *Impromptu* for piano succeeded by a Bach prelude and fugue on the harpsichord. As was fitting for this Beethoven bi-centenary year, Miss Rusden played Beethoven's *F major Sonata*, Opus 72 which apparently was one of Beethoven's favourites. This was greeted with the same enthusiasm as that with which it was played. Later in the programme Ian Hardy, the College organist, gave an excellent performance of the brilliant *Concerto Italien* of J. S. Bach upon the harpsichord.

Other instrumental items included two delightful pieces for classical guitar played by Julia Wales; the well-known but pleasant *Fantasia on Greensleeves* of Vaughan Williams, played on the violin by Alison Finlay accompanied by Frank Birch; and a most pleasing performance by Sydney Boydell (recorder) and Ian Hardy (harpsichord) of a *Sonata* by Daniel Purcell (brother to Henry) and a *Prelude* by Corelli. The combination of recorder and harpsichord produced most satisfying results. A quartet comprising Alison Finlay (violin), Edward Ogden (violin), Russell Raggatt (cello) and Dr. Thompson (harpsichord) gave a somewhat hesitant performance of a Corelli sonata marred perhaps by a rather dominant harpsichord continuo. However it was good to see three new faces in this quartet and one hopes for greater success from them in future years.

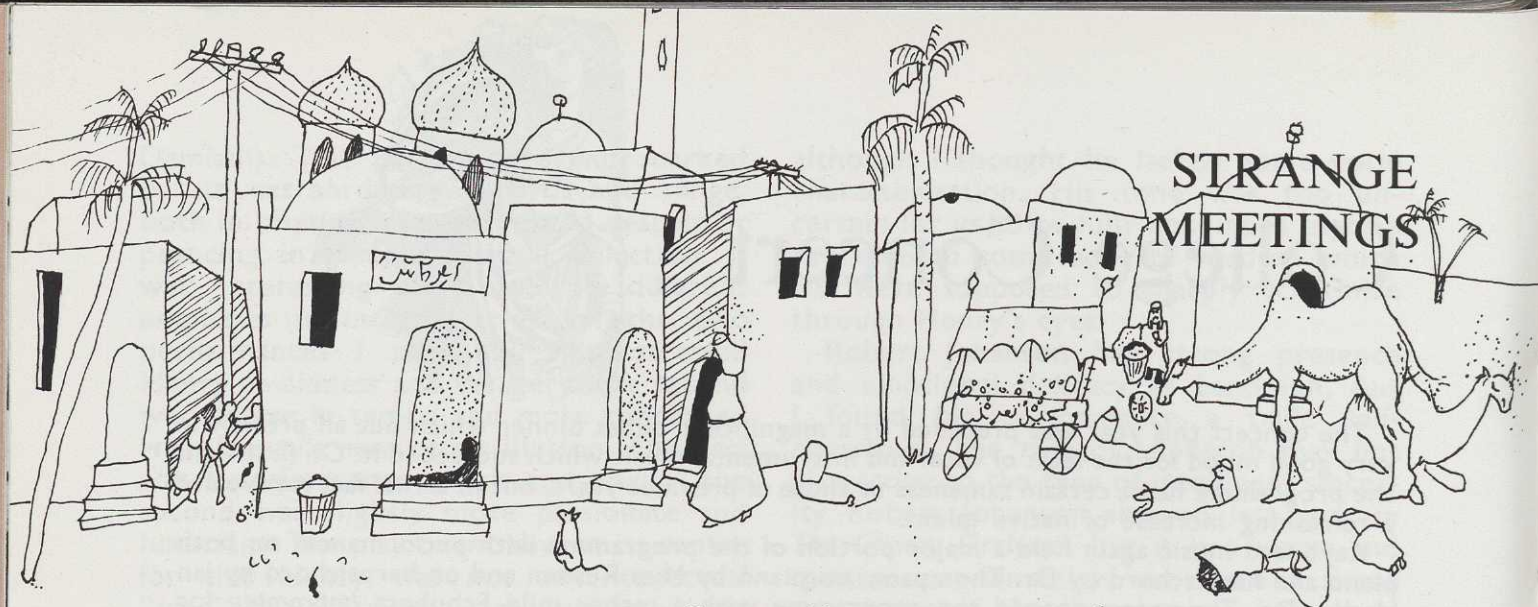
There was a great variety of vocal numbers which were mainly in a lighter vein but nevertheless they were some of the most popular items of the evening. The Dowland Society, under Sydney Boydell, sang a quite demanding bracket of madrigals which were well received. Unfortunately, with the demise of the Chapel Choir this year, this was the only choral item in the programme. Perhaps the most popular item of the evening was the three songs presented by a folk group consisting of Anne Skelley and Judy Ross with Tim Hancock and Danny Silver on guitars. Their performance revealed both hard practice and enthusiasm, which delighted the audience. A heavily sedated Eric Bellchambers, who was the principal organizer of the evening, nobly sang his programmed items despite the onset of influenza. He was sympathetically accompanied by Frank Birch.

The two lighter additions to the programme were both of high standard and great fun. Rob. Johanson sang a blues and a rock number to Bill Newton's amazing and a highly amusing accompaniment on the guitar. Miranda Jelbart and Jan Bitcon gave an excellent performance in best Flanders and Swann style of Swann's own *Misalliance* which must have tickled the very roots of the manifold creepers of Traill and Leeper.

Overall the concert was of good standard and the audience, which was at times rather over-hearty in its appreciation, appeared to enjoy the evening. Congratulations are certainly due to Miss Skelley and Messrs. Bellchambers and Silver for fashioning the occasion.

Andrew St. John





George Abrams

Mecca, like the rest of Arabia, slept at midday. Camels swayed in a mist of heat; shops turned their backs to the world and slept; buzzing flies were the solitary, monotonous possessors of limpid streets.

However across one such blistering noon-time silence a shock of crashing metal suddenly cascaded. Silence drifted uneasily back over the town. The drivers by their camels had stirred but then they turned over, snorted and straggled back to their dreams. Bored children watched mice in dark, breathless corners and wondered why the world went to sleep when the day was brightest.

How could a damn garbage lid make so much noise, grumbled M as he began to piece through the festering and definitely palpitating pile of muck. No, he did not expect to find anything new. But what else was there to occupy oneself with? Anyway he was hungry.

Half way down the bin a sudden squall of anger overtook him. Revulsion united with impatience and erupted in some hidden passage of his heart. He was sick to death of picking through inane cigarette packets, cheerily adorned with their gushing females, great sights of the world or females gushing before the great sights of the world.

Damn them all.

And he didn't even smoke.

He rose from his half-bent position and after streaking the sweat on his forehead with his less grimy hand, siezed a coca-cola tin and hurled it at a nearby wall which seemed to be leering at him in a decidedly more arrogant fashion than the others. The moment passed. Futility gently settled

her long claws into their former position. He bent to his task once more.

He reached the bottom. A rancid banana and five sodden dog biscuits was all he had to show for his mushy efforts. With nothing less than resignation he turned his back on the victorious bin and sauntered towards his favourite spot—an oak tree on the edge of the city.

He walked through the silent town but the silent town did not know him. He came to the undefined borders of the town. And after the organized squalor of the centre it was a relief for him—this place where everything was out of place, which belonged neither to man nor to the desert, a place which was uncouth, awkward and slightly embarrassed by its own existence. He waddled to his tree and sat down with a burp.

He ate the banana first because he never could resist delicacies. This, he knew was a mistake and he realized the full enormity of it only when he took the dog biscuits out of his pocket. They had begun to steam and now looked like five angry sausages. He ate them mournfully. When he was on the third biscuit he began to think.

He thought about his life; his dog-biscuit life; his banana life; his sexual life. Of course his wife was a good woman even if she was fifteen years older than he. But when she was not trying to be patient with him, trying to understand him trying to smile or else chucking things at him in exasperation she was making him feel obliged to do something. Obligated to be something when he was nothing. Nothing not by his own

choice. Yes obliged. All the time obliged. And obligated. But obligated to what? He did not know, he did not think about it and he certainly did not care. It was this not caring which worried him. But why? He was as incapable of working as he was of performing miracles. But why nothing here in this dump? Why emptiness?

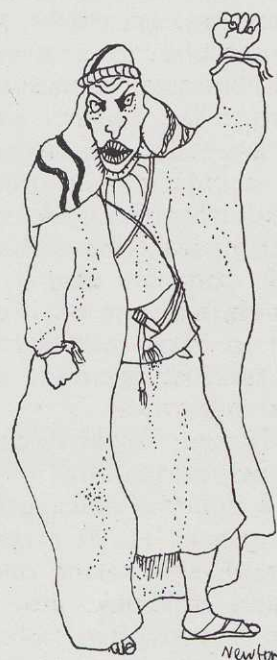
Fat little eyes rolling with incredulous mirth under oozing skin, walls laughing too, streets, faces. Memories of a little boy stealing a cape from the market. Child memories, adolescent memories, not many but enough. Flabby brains behind rolling skin. No room for anything else there. Unscaleable caverns between the rocking mounds of stone, not only for him, for others too, but for him more because it became something physical. No contest for miracles. You a prophet! but. . .

No there would be nothing here, could be nothing here. It was a very real problem and not just his worry.

At the last general meeting of the associated prophets and mystics union of Arabia there had been a nasty flare-up over it. A wild ginger dervish, who looked singularly like a cactus plant, had threatened to go out on strike unless his demands were met. He wanted a union subsidy for all mystics while they were staying at home. The cactus explained, at great length, that even the most commonplace wonders had eluded him when he visited his family last. On the first Saturday back he had decided to give a matinee, walking on coals and a few other trivia. His feet were still in bandages. Besides everyone else went out, the carpet weavers went out, the camel trains were always going out. Why shouldn't the prophets go out? It would certainly show the slumbering populace—no more threats of lightning from heaven, no more stories about whales, no more Sunday sack-cloth and ashes, no more wailing and gnashing of teeth. The people couldn't stand it. They'd see soon enough.

After some minutes he began alternately to blur and focus his eyes. The world became hazy then pounded back: life expanded then contracted and he shared in the eternal movement of the universe. He blurred; focussed; blurred; focussed; blurred. . . and that was how he saw the mountain.

It was just a slender thread of light on the lip of the desert. It was a frozen flame holding up the sky. He created and destroyed it a hundred times until at last he became annoyed with it. He would bring the mountain here Come here mountain, quietly this first time. He wasn't even disturbed when nothing happened. He said it again, then again, then again. The words come here mountain became a plea, a chant, a war. M bellowed. He stared at the mountain and started walking. And thus he began—not to prove anything, not to make a point. He just wanted to beat the mountain at its own game.



Days, nights, heat, more heat, sometimes a little less heat, darkness, cold. He continued to live out the endless, mindless repetition of the sand and the sky until he met a man in hiking shorts. At first it was a busy little finger of dust, which did not go away, which persisted. The finger became larger and larger till it materialized into a large smile and said "Hi". "Peace" replied the prophet. "Lets keep politics out of it. The grin introduced itself as Sam Onsheim—my friends call me Drill. Drill then explained his life for that was easy. The distance of one step makes all the difference. He was here to make contact, such a lovely warm word. And his teeth glowed white. He spoke freely. He spoke alone.

Dead Cow was his mother and Thelma was his wife. His children had not come. But I have a photograph. Would you stand beneath that palm tree because I would like to have a picture of a genuine native to take home to my little cuties, to my little Maisie and Maggot. He had married Thelma, plain Thelma, in a burst of juvenile enthusiasm. And of course because of the offer. With each ring the couple got five hundred tons of washing powder—for the many, many filthy babies which were just around the corner sitting in a car and gurgling.

So they dived into matrimonial bliss and five hundred tons of washing powder. The delivery was made in bulk because babies are such demanding creatures.

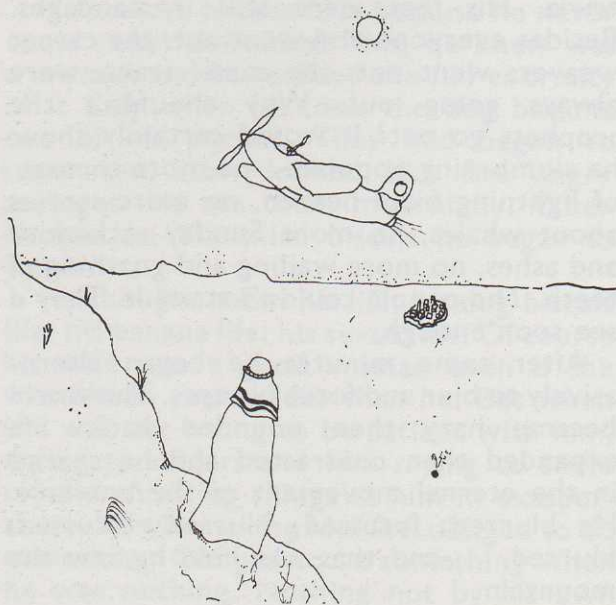
I am not a preacher, he continued, but an ecclesiastically biassed social-worker. And the organization for which I work doesn't make much. It's called the United Ecumenical Cosy Co-ordinating Committee and we are affiliated with the Universal Marriage Guidance Company. May I shake your hand? Thank you. He had received the "call" in the water cows of a Fun Park. He was in the Fun Park that day because he had seen a terrible accident and needed relief, comforting.

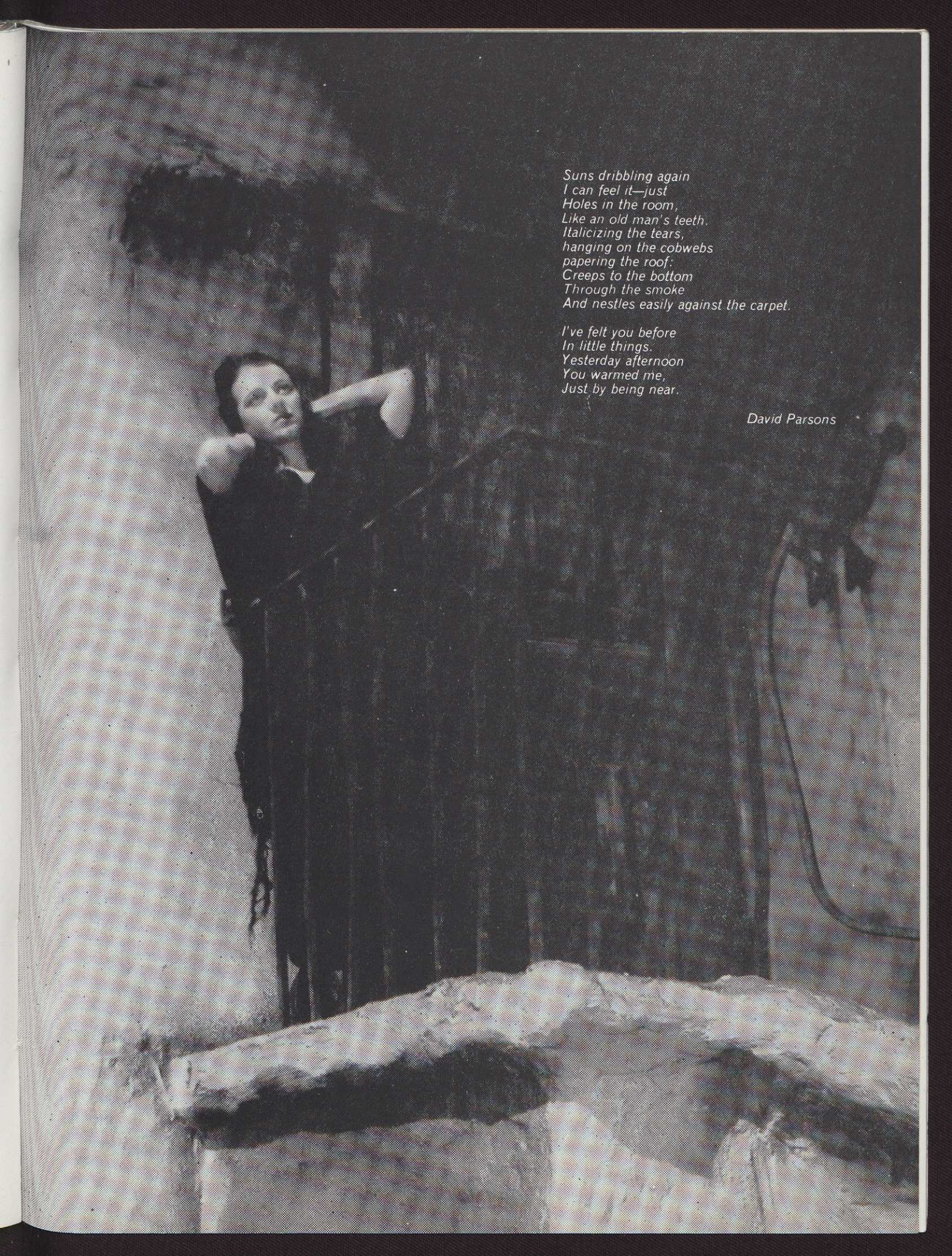
In the water cows Drill had contemplated the barrenness of his life in advertising. And then he got the call. Just like some people get malaria. He left the cows and walked through the Palace of Fun where grown-ups and children enjoy themselves for different reasons. That obscene place, that place of spiritual masturbation. Thus we grope after the symbol but the symbol is not the thing. It can never be the thing. Toffee apples and fairy floss. Well I've said it all now and I musn't keep the little woman, Thelma you know, waiting in that stuffy hotel. He smiled as if he expected an answer, agreement or at least complicity but his sparkling eyes expected no answer. Years ago the possibility of one had gone screaming down dark corridors, never to be summoned again, never to return. He shook the prophet's hand and blurted away purposefully into the desert. And even there he was as related as ever. God that man could relate! At last he disappeared into the sands who received him with loving merciless arms.

M. sighed. After this encounter he turned

and began to walk once more. But he had long forgotten where he was going and why.

Many more days and nights. His mind was a void until he realized, one day, that he had been climbing and was now on the mountain; high on the mountain; so far up that he was close to the snow. He saw it melting at its tatty edges and go groping blindly down to the desert. He turned, contemplated the expanse before his eyes and knew that somewhere in that vastness time had disappeared. But a sound smashed through those silent thoughts, a wild, happy sound. A flash of light flinted in the burning blue. The mighty jet approached with antic joy. At the wheel a goggled figure rocked for time undone. Old Thelma, tired of waiting, had seized the plane from the airport of the town of the stuffy hotel and was leaving for the sea. She smiled and waved and told the whimpering captain to shut up or he'd get it. She buzzed the mountain and rose in searing arcs of light. Silver bird of dawn. Silver bird of hope. Thelma waved once more then hurled into the distance after the many dreams of fluttering white which are all, all untapped. A mighty silence descended. The prophet contemplated once more. He looked for his town which he felt to be a point on the lip of the desert—there. He looked at the fragile immensity of the golden sands and the pattern of the sky in a tree and said something softly to himself, for himself. He said "The mountain has come to me."





*Suns dribbling again
I can feel it—just
Holes in the room,
Like an old man's teeth.
Italicizing the tears,
hanging on the cobwebs
papering the roof:
Creeps to the bottom
Through the smoke
And nestles easily against the carpet.*

*I've felt you before
In little things.
Yesterday afternoon
You warmed me,
Just by being near.*

David Parsons

Union of the Fleur de Lys

President: M. McPherson Smith
Hon. Secretary: H. M. Graham
Committee: Sir Clive Fitts, Prof. J. R. Poynter, Drs. C. E. G. Beveridge, A. J. Buzzard, E. A. C. Farran, M. R. Jones, W. W. Lempriere, A. T. Mitchell and Messrs. J. H. B. Armstrong, P. Balmford, W. B. Capp, N. M. Carlyon, W. D. T. Cowan, J. A. Court, R. P. Gorton, C. Keon-Cohen, W. W. King, F. F. Knight, R. L. Stock, R. K. Todd and R. K. Tronson.

Annual Meeting and Dinner

The 1970 Annual General Meeting of the Union was held in the Junior Common Room on 5th June. The business of the meeting was transacted with the usual expedition and Mr. M. M. Smith was duly elected to the Presidency in succession to Mr. Colin Keon-Cohen. Mr. R. K. Tronson, Senior Student in 1968-69, was the only new committee-man.

The Dinner followed the Annual Meeting and although numbers were unfortunately down somewhat (in contradistinction to, but hopefully, not in consequence of a small rise in the cost of the function), an excellent evening ensued. In particular, those present were treated by the College's new Catering Manager to a bill of fare which was a change from that enjoyed in previous years and was an object of real admiration and pleasure.

The new President proposed the toast to the College and the Warden responded. The Warden made particular reference to the retirement of Mr. Sydney Wynne and reported that since his retirement he had been seriously ill. The members present expressed their appreciation of the remarkable services rendered by Mr. Wynne and offered their best wishes for his speedy recovery. Mr. Alistair Minson, the Treasurer of the T.C.A.C., reported in most entertaining fashion on the sporting and other non-academic doings in the College during the year. Mr. J. D. Merralls, recently Dean of the College, then proposed the toast to the Union and Prof. J. R. Poynter, another ex-Dean, responded.

Expressions of admiration, gratitude and, indeed, wonderment at the services rendered by Mr. Sydney Wynne to the College and the Union and, most importantly, to individual members of both have been written and uttered in large and well deserved measure in recent months. It seems proper that in this space the Union should permanently record its own appreciation of his work. The length of his service, the variety of his skills and the vigour and energy with which he performed his multitudinous tasks were quite astonishing and undoubtedly represented a major contribution to the progress and well-being of the College over the many years of his association with it. The Union expressed its appreciation and gratitude to Mr. Wynne and wishes him health and happiness in his retirement.

As mentioned above, the attendance at the Dinner was rather smaller than one might have hoped. Sadly, this seems to be a continuing trend as does the fall in the numbers of valedicttees joining the Union. The reasons for this are obviously many and varied and this is not the place to endeavour to canvass them. It might, however, be worthwhile making some sort of attempt to state, or re-state, what the Union seeks to be and what it seeks to achieve; all too often one has real difficulty in giving a worthwhile answer to a valedicttee's quite natural questioning of these things.

First, foremost and always, the Union exists for those men who, however outdated such sentiments may now be,

had and retain a real affection for the College. For those to whom the College is little more than a boarding house, conveniently close to the University and providing some tutorial and other assistance in their University studies, the Union is a pointless anachronism. Similarly, the Union would hardly seem attractive to those who, in the name of the dreary business of "student protest", seek to denigrate and, indeed, destroy any institution or idea which their forbears valued.

However, for the men who found and, one hopes, continue to find something extra and worthwhile from their College days—a camaraderie and an opportunity for special benefits and enjoyment unavailable to non-residents—the Union does or should have something to offer. In essence, it provides for its members a continuing link with their college days and a continuing bond with other College men; it aims to do this informally and unpretentiously and its members do not seek or need anything more than this. It chooses as its means of achieving this end the holding of an annual dinner at the College. There might well be suggestions (which would always be welcome) for some alternative or additional means of fostering the Union's objectives and well-being but the vital thing is to maintain ties with an institution and a period of one's life which are remembered with affection and with people who have had the same experiences and share the same sentiment. Such a goal is considered by the Union to be worthwhile.

NOTES

A. I. Clunies Ross was appointed to the Chair of Economics in the University of Papua and New Guinea at the beginning of the Year. He had been a Senior Lecturer in the Department since 1967.

Dr. A. J. Pittard has become a Professor of Microbiology in the University in succession to the late Professor S. D. Rubbo.

P. A. V. Roff has taken up the position of headmaster of Scotch College, Adelaide. He has been on the teaching staff at Melbourne Grammar School since his return to Australia from Oxford.

The Rev. S. C. Moss is Archdeacon of Melbourne in succession to Archbishop Sambell. In his position he has become a member of the College Council.

P. R. W. Barbour is the Director-General of the Australian Security Intelligence Organization.

Dr. J. McL. Emmerson visited the College during the English summer vacation. For some years he has been a Fellow of New College, Oxford. He brought news of Dr. A. J. Prentice who is engaged in physics research at Oxford.

Dr. Prentice is a former Scholar of the Royal Commission for the Exhibition of 1851. Another former scholar of the College, G. A. Heath, was elected to a Scholarship this year.

Dr. D. J. H. Cockayne has been appointed to a Research Lectureship at Christ Church, Oxford.

Mr. C. W. McMahon, formerly economic adviser to the Bank of England, is now one of its twelve Directors.

W. D. T. Cowan left for the Harvard School of Business Administration in July as a Harkness Fellow. He has been working as a systems engineer in the Australian Post Office and for the last two and a half years has been a resident tutor in engineering in the College.

Dr. M. M. Wilson won a special race in honour of the visit of H.M. The Queen at Launceston in April. Dr. Wilson has been raising poll Herefords and Thoroughbred racehorses at East Devonport since his departure from University duties at the end of 1962.



OBITUARY

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

Heaton Carr Clark (1909)
 Alan Frankland Jolley (1909)
 Gerald Vincent Doyle (1914)
 Harold William Harbison (1919)
 Russell Hallel Keon-Cohen (1920)
 Aneice Samuel Saleeba (1920)
 Valdemar Carl Drying (1921)
 Alexander Dittrich Duncan (1930)
 John James Dale (1936)
 Allan Spowers (1912)
 Charles Frederic Belcher (1894)
 Robert Rutherford Morell (1969)
 Keith Philip Henry Lawrence (1919)
 Benjamin Chicheley Janner Meredith (1939)
 Barry Russell Marshall (1946)

We were delighted to have Dr. Holman as Guest Speaker at the Annual Dinner.

We also congratulate Miss Doreen Langley and Professor Kramer on being elected to the Senate of the University of Sydney.

We were honoured to have Mesdames Hallenstein and Alley in their official capacities as President and Secretary present at the recent conference of National Council of Women in Bangkok.

It was with deep regret that the Society learnt of the death of the Reverend Dr. Barry Marshall. Another sad loss to the Society was the death of Mrs. E. G. Coppel (Marjorie Service), who has been a member for the Janet Clarke Hall Council for many years and always had a great interest in the College.

Janet Clarke Hall Society incorporating Trinity Women's Society

Committee 1970-71

President: Mrs. J. S. Grice
Vice-Presidents: Mrs. G. Trinca
 Mrs. F. Derham (ex officio)
Hon. Secretary: Mrs. M. Letts
Council: Mrs. A. Hurley, Mrs. S. Alley, Mrs. A. Brokenshire, Mrs. L. Morgan, Mrs. P. Milne, Mrs. H. J. E. Pearson, Mrs. A. Smithers.

Co-opted member: Miss G. Haigh

Rep. to College

Council: Mrs. A. Asche

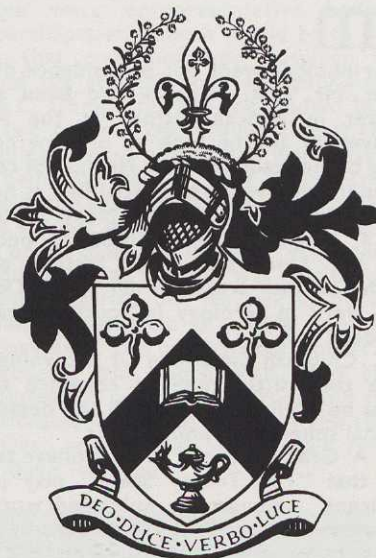
A successful symposium on Education was held at the College in October 1969 and attracted wide interest. Approximately 90 guests attended, and the proceeds were \$152.50. Another symposium on the subject "Aspects of High Density Living, with special reference to Inner-Suburban Melbourne" is planned for Thursday, 8th October, 1970. This is to be chaired by Dr. Jean Battersby.

A theatre party of 57 members and friends on 1st May, 1970 dined in College with the students and then attended the College Play "Henry IV" by Pirandello. Guests enjoyed the highly successful production of the play.

A jumble sale was held on 4th June, 1970 realising a profit of \$340.00. The Appeals Account reached \$799.18 from functions and this enabled the Society to hand \$700.00 to the College Council.

Honours and Awards. We congratulate Dr. Mollie Holman who has recently been awarded Monash University's first non-honorary Doctorate of Science and has also been elected a Fellow of the Australian Academy. After completing a B.Sc. at Melbourne, majoring in Physics, Dr. Holman did her Master's Degree in Physiology. She was awarded a Melbourne Travelling Scholarship and studied at Oxford University obtaining a D.Phil. in Pharmacology.

The New Crest



Know Ye therefore that we assign unto Janet Clarke Hall the Arms following that is to say —Argent on a Chevron Gules between in chief to Trefoils slipped Vert: in base an Antique Lamp inflamed proper an open Book proper bound and classed Or And for the Crest On a Wreath of the Colours A Mount Vert between two branches of Wattle flowered proper a Fleur de lys Argent charged with a Trefoil slipped Vert as the same are in the margin hereof more plainly depicted to be born and used forever hereafter by Janet Clarke Hall on Seals or otherwise according to the Laws of Arms . . .



Senior Common Room

Four of our number went out of residence during the long vacation. Mr. I. R. Hancock had been appointed senior lecturer in African history at the Australian National University and he took up his new position at the beginning of the academic year. He has not completely severed his connexion with residential life, as he also has become Vice-Warden of Bruce Hall. Mr. J. S. Holden left us to fulfil a long-standing ambition to become the director of the University Field Station at Mount Derrimut. Our former treasurer Dr. H. J. Downing is pursuing his work in serology in South Africa and the United Kingdom.

Mr. J. L. C. Chipman succeeded Dr. Downing as treasurer and he took little time to convince the tight-pocketed that he confined resignation and detachment to his professional sphere as a philosopher.

The Rev. J. A. Grant returned to the College as chaplain. We believe that "The Trinity Scene" may join "The Melbourne Scene" amongst his published works in the College's centenary year. We were grieved by the death of our former colleague Dr. Marshall at the end of second term. He belonged to the Common Room for nine years. Its corporate life was most important to him and he contributed to it as to all other parts of College life with enthusiasm and wisdom and without reserve. Many of its members drew from him guidance, inspiration and support. For them his untimely death was specially poignant.

The other newcomers to the S.C.R. at the beginning of term were Mr. P. C. Rees and Mr. H. S. S. Prasad. So retiring was Mr. Rees that we were still asking who he was when we learned in second term that he was no longer amongst us. Mr. Prasad, an engineer on loan to this country from the Indian Railways, is the first person to have joined the Senior Common Room from International House. There have been movements before in the other direction. We are indebted to him for the introduction to High Table menu, if not as was expected of hot curry, of warm crisp toast.

During first term we were delighted to hear that our electrical engineer colleague Mr. W. D. T. Cowan had been awarded a Harkness Fellowship and thus would be able to continue his studies in the systematic organization of business at the School of Business Administration at Harvard. The S.C.R. played its part in place and person in a long round of farewells to Mr. Cowan. In his departure we were pleased to welcome as a tutor in engineering Mr. C. L. Wharton, a former resident student of the College, who specializes in the study of stress and strain.

At the end of second term Mr. J. P. Warren left Australia to engage in post-doctoral research in organic chemistry at the Californian Institute of Technology. Our peripatetic mathematician Dr. B. W. Thompson arrived on the west coast of the United States at about the same time to deliver a paper at Berkeley at an international congress on numerical methods in fluid dynamics. Thence he travelled to London via Boston to deliver papers at University College and to take delivery of a harpsichord to replace one destroyed in transit to Australia two years ago. He stayed in Delhi on his way back long enough to give a lecture there too.

Several of our number joined with members of the student body under the baton of Mr. S. G. Boydell as the Dowland Society to sing madrigals at the college concert. Our other collective activity was to meet in a series of colloquia upon divers subjects of literary and scientific interest. For instigating and organizing these we have to thank our treasurer and Mr. A. W. Gunther.

As always our social arrangements were in the indefatigable hands of the Senior Tutor, Dr. A. J. Buzzard.
—J.D.M.

T.C.A.C. REPORT 1969-1970

Senior Student:	Mr. R. J. Stewart
Secretary:	Mr. A. R. St. John
Treasurer:	Mr. A. D. Minson
Indoor Representative:	Mr. J. E. Tibbals
Outdoor Representative:	Mr. S. C. Fowler
General Representative:	Mr. M. I. Haskett
Dean:	The Rev'd R. W. Gregory

In looking back over a year in College certain events immediately spring to mind. The great events of 1969-70 would certainly include the rowing victory and the "new look" Juttoddie. But the 1970 May Moratorium was perhaps the most remarkable event of the year in the effect it had on this normally conservative institution. Who could forget the intense discussions and vigorous debates which took place in the Dining Hall and Common Room, the Eucharist for Peace in the College Chapel or the serving of soup to wearied marchers after the event?

On the whole it was a year without major crises, a year which was superficially smooth running and happy despite the occasional lapse in food standards and the lack of hot water. It was certainly a year in which several longstanding ways of the College were finally swept aside. Overnight the distinction between male and female visitors disappeared and was replaced by a comprehensive rule stating that all visitors must be out by midnight seven nights a week. Furthermore after a trial run on Sundays, women may now dine in Hall from Friday evening through the weekend.

It was a year which commenced with a general meeting (September, 1969) which must nearly have reached record length (5½ hours). It was the best attended, most lively

meeting for a long time. The new Committee decided in its generosity before the meeting to supply port all round during the meeting. As a result as the evening wore on the meeting became more relaxed and more vocal and the cares of the morrow were forgotten. The meeting began responsibly by setting up a sub-committee to investigate the scope and quality of College tutorials. A general report was in fact circulated in early 1970 as well as confidential reports being given to individual tutors. This meeting voiced its disapproval of that longtime standard in the College social life, the Common Room Dance, and called upon the Committee to investigate new modes of corporate social life. By the time the meeting reached general business it was fairly obvious that a solid rump of the meeting were prepared to go on all night. Motion followed motion from the floor in an increasingly tense and noisy atmosphere, interspersed with motions of adjournment by more sober gentlemen which were successively defeated. Needless to say many gentlemen left the meeting for bed despite protests from their more long-winded brethren. In a rapidly declining atmosphere, as the clock ticked towards 1 a.m., the Senior Student, who was chairing the proceedings, made a Unilateral Declaration of Adjournment to which hardly an objection was raised.

After this noisy baptism the new Committee set to work and soon made a number of important decisions. As a result of the retiring Committee's recommendations a T.C.A.C. subscription increase was agreed upon and after some negotiation was proclaimed. Above all this solved the T.C.A.C.'s financial problems for at least the next few years. The second major policy decision the Committee made concerned "Juttoddie Week", i.e. the last week in the second term university vacation. It had been becoming increasingly obvious over the past few years that this institution was no longer viable due to numerous forces militating against its success. The general growth in academic pressure in particular had been detracting from the week's basically social conception for some time. Thus it had been becoming clear that if gentlemen were to be given a free week in College in one of the vacations that its purpose should really be academic and not social. The Committee agreed to this in principle and as a result gentlemen may now choose to stay in College for a week in either term vacation. However in so doing the Committee had to decide what to do with the events that traditionally took place in "Juttoddie Week", i.e. Juttoddie itself, Golf Day and College Photos. It should be noted that "Elliott Fours" lapsed some years ago due to lack of a suitable venue and boats. It was agreed that Golf Day and the Photos should be held in the last week of second term. However it was decided to give Juttoddie a complete renovation and bring it forward in the calendar to a Sunday in April. Much thought was put into Juttoddie 1970 by the committee and particularly by the General Representative, Martin Haskett. For those who attended on Sunday, 12th April it was a memorable day described elsewhere in this magazine. The occasion cost the T.C.A.C. a good deal but the committee felt that it was better to have one really good social event than a number of second rate ones.

Another change in the social round was the introduction of mixed dinners with some of the women's colleges. In first term two were held, one with J.C.H. and one with Women's. The obvious effect of the first dinner in Trinity was that High Table was first to leave! The response to the first term dinners in particular would seem to guarantee their regular inclusion in the annual round.

The new Committee decided that the car was tending to dominate life in Trinity far too much so it decided to tighten up on access to the College grounds and car parking in general. The decision to close the College gate every night including weekends was not well received at

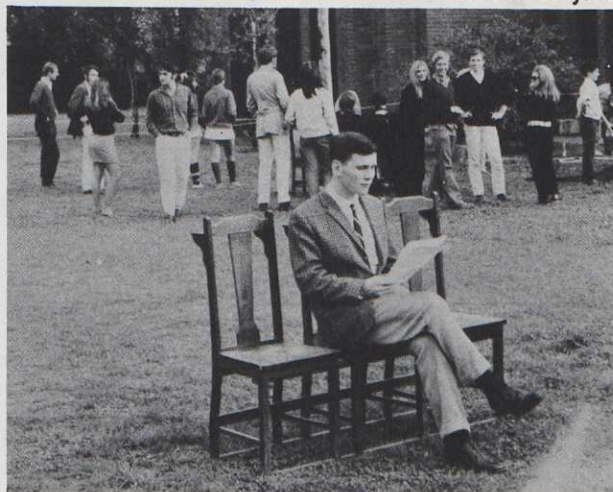
first but in time it was realized that the College was much quieter and less cluttered with parked cars than previously. The Dean, who would put any M.C.C. parking officer to shame for his thoroughness, has kept parking in general under strict control. The paving of the car park at the rear of Clarke's was almost completed in the long vacation and a new parking plan worked out by an architecture student which now means that those with rights to park have a neatly delineated and numbered allotment. However it should be noted that the charge for parking was trebled this year.

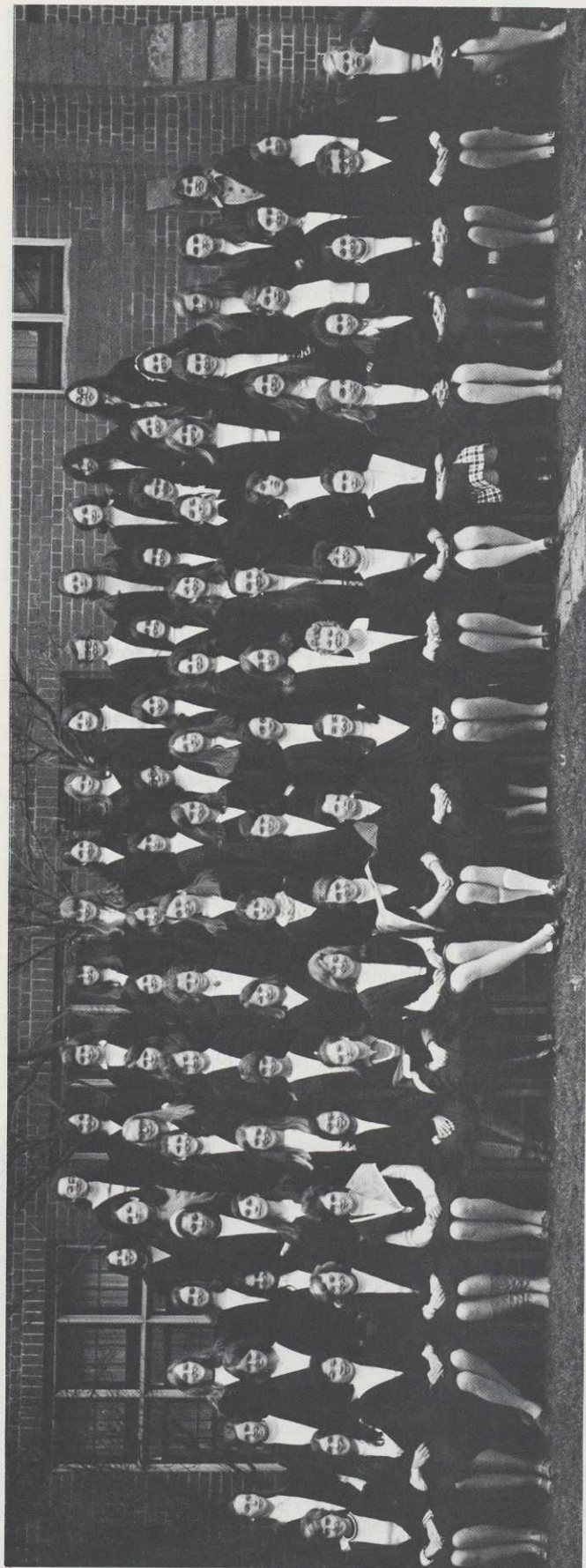
The Committee spent vast sums on lavish improvements to the Club facilities which included ten comfortable armchairs for the television viewers, the re-covering of the billiard table and the repainting of the squash court. However the committee was not so generous towards clean shoes, since one of its first acts was to abolish the provision of brushes and polish in each building. A College Appeal was run in third term 1969 from which nigh on \$500 was raised for St. Mary's Children's Mission in Alice Springs.

The last General Meeting for the current Committee was as memorable as its first but for different reasons. As a result of the present financial crisis of the College, which had been clearly outlined to the Junior Common Room by the Warden, a number of motions appeared on the agenda which embodied the first inklings in these hallowed walls of some of the concepts of the student power movement. The tone of the meeting was serious and the standard of debate particularly high and the real issues soon became clear. Firstly there was a strong feeling that the College Council and the Executive and Finance Committee were unrepresentative bodies and that student participation in both would be to the good; and, secondly, that communication between the administration and the student body and suprisingly, between the T.C.A.C. Committee and the student body, was lacking. The two motions concerning student representation on the College's governing bodies were passed, and are at present being considered. The Committee was most concerned at the apparent lack of communication between it and the student body and at its next meeting agreed to publish a precis of its minutes after each meeting.

The Committee as a group was efficient and cohesive. Each member carried out his task as he was required. This commendable state of affairs only reflected the constant oversight and capability of Robert Steward, the Senior Student, who coped with every situation with great coolness and sensitivity. Throughout the year there was a noticeable lack of tension between the Committee and the Dean and Warden which again reflects well on the individuals involved.

A. R. St. John





JANET CLARKE HALL 1970

Back Row: Ann Nevill, Helen Sharp, Sally Jaques, Julie Prescott, Marilyn Hulett, Helen Bell, Margaret Armstrong, Marion Spiller, Helen Marks, Brenda Grabsch, Lorraine Jones, Paula Bun, Helen Lew Ton.

Fourth Row: Diana Scambler, Vanessa Landale, Lorene Day, Julia Wales, Jennifer Peters, Maree Randall, Celia Kneen, Kwee Tin Goh, Barbara Wearne, Jennifer Webb, Karen Pitt, Fiona Shaw, Alison Finlay, Jennifer Frieze.

Third Row: Lynette Slattery, Judith Manley, Gillian Canapini, Dianne Taylor, Elaine Murray, Susan Wilcox, Laurie Patrick, Ann Lewis, Suzanne Kirkwood, Jennifer Ross, Elizabeth Jones, Ann Cowling, Anne Skelley, Sally Stewart, Prue Hill, Judith Ross, Sally Kirkwood.

Second Row: Diana Jane Rouse, Ann Morton, Alison Tom, Susan McElhinney, Lucy Lyons, Robyn Vines, Elizabeth Friday, Glenda Mitchell, Elizabeth Young, Ronia Reid, Bronwen Coulstock, Vicki Martin, Miranda Jelbart, Wendy Hayes, Jeltje Fanoy, Kathryn Norman Pam Kaye, Carol Belot.

Front Row: Janet Cuthbertson, Diane Cameron, Lian Chiam, Dianne McDonald, Jane Drewett, Miss G. Haigh, Miss R. von Trepp, Miss P. Whyte, Dr. E. Eden, Annita Brown, Sandra Fleming, Pippa Parkinson, Morfydd Sharp, Elizabeth Saunders, Gail Littlejohn, Sue Aitken, Vicki Stephens, Jan Bitcon.

Absent: Dr. Y. Aitken, Miss P. Grant, Mrs. M. Patrick, Mr. J. Patrick, Miss A. Smythe, Rose Bain, Sharon Bell, Mary Buchanan, Janet Campbell, Alison Condon, Sue Graham, Bronwyn Halls, Shurlee Hatley, Jennifer Hay, Stephanie Jackson, Janice Kidman, Elizabeth Lade, Margaret Lowing, Mary Lush, Janet McCallum, Barbara Stephens, Nancy Stockdale, Dianne Symons, Gillian Willett, Keryn Williams.

J.C.H. COMMITTEE REPORT

Senior Student: Gaye Dunlop
Annita Brown
Secretary: Sandra Fleming
Treasurer: Pippa Parkinson
Librarian: Elizabeth Saunders
Home Secretary: Morfydd Sharp

The most dynamic (though some said devastating), architectural doctoring which the college received this year, greeted ladies on their return in March—this was of course the great Scantlebury Facelift, possibly designed to enhance the northerly view from Upper Clarke following the removal of the fence between Trinity and J.C.H. The removal of the aforesaid fence may indeed be cited as a symbol of that anti-inhibitory, anti-isolationist current which seems to be manifesting itself more and more around the College.

The completion of the Manifold flats for tutors (which incidentally involved considerable alteration to the scene of the legendary Manifold maid murder) paved the way for the most challenging innovation of the year—a male resident!! (Ladies gazed disbelievingly at the room list). However Mr. Jim Patrick, whose prowess with things electrical was a welcome boon to the College community has proved an extremely placid rather than disruptive force in J.C.H.—even to the extent of refusing to represent the Hall in the Mr. University Contest—a function which could alternatively have been fulfilled by the ever-ready, ever-congenial Mr. Jack Sainty, “the soul of discretion”.

On a more serious level, it is true to say that despite the ever increasing encroachment of university life upon College life, a sense of community is still maintained in the College. This is instanced by the fact that relations between students and the administration are still very important. In addition to the continued informal communication with the Principal, this year full voting student representation on the College Council was attained. This has meant that the opinions and ideas of the student body could be presented to the Council. Also the Student Club meetings and the work of the Student Club Committee contribute to the maintenance of a definite community spirit within the place.

The social scene was no less impressive this year than in past years. The prestigious pinnacle of our calendar, the first term C.R.D. was indeed a whopping success. Possibly the most memorable occasion of the year however was the Blackwood Dinner, at which the guest of honour, Miss Enid Joske, who may in fact be said to embody all that is best in the history and nature of Janet Clarke Hall, entertained us with sparkling reminiscences from her time here as student and as Principal. She has indeed been aptly named the “Grand Old Lady of the Hall”.

The Essay Prize Dinner and the reading of a record number of essays was another enjoyable occasion. Topics ranged from war to roses from Tennyson to Utopia Felix. Our distinguished panel of judges comprised Professor Downing, Mother Joan (Principal of St. Mary's) and Mr. James McCaughey (lecturer in Classics). The winning essay was that by Miss Lucy Lyons concerning Women and the Occult. The ladies of the Hall were greatly flattered when called upon to play a greater part in this year's Juttoddie. A bevy of assorted lovelies graced the catwalk to parade in the Miss Trinity-J.C.H. Contest. Miss Anne Skelley, the successful entrant did a wonderful job being named Miss W.U.S.

Two successful exchange dinners were held with Trinity as well as a football encounter on the Bulpaddock. There was certainly added zest in the Trinity team when the J.C.H. ladies appeared in Newman football jumpers. Maybe this reflects the widening range of intercollegiate

activities this year. With the formation of an Inter-collegiate Council more college activities have been co-ordinated, and a very successful intercollegiate dinner was held in second term.

The year has also seen changes with regard to the place of freshers in college. Certainly the universal scape-goat type of fresher passed away years ago, but now all the periods of probation for freshers before privileges acquired have been abolished. The notorious Bell-Book-and Candle Initiation Ceremony has now been abolished, although the fresher's exam is to be re-instated and the appearance of those thirty resplendently-red-and-white marching girls at Juttoddie this year has set a precedent for some similar type of fresher performance each year.

Finally, the Ladies of the Hall wish to record their deep sorrow at the death of Dr. Barry Marshall, a friend much loved by all who knew him here.



Images in Ice

Only a late sun
—a caught gleam from the edge of winter,
and the frigid trees
—too dark to fear entwined isolation,
and I
slowly perpetuated in frozen motion
listen
to the wind's reverberation
through empty, soulless wastes.
The lash of hair on blind eyes
cracking open in the late night,
reddening
against the street poles.
Cold footsteps forget
as the sky fades.

A sudden flame
springs whitened.
Forgive me
for the wastelands that I turned to you
—now an icy star
laser-like sears the black branch,
for the soundless cries
which wondering, I shredded with my finger-nails.
I knew not
what I did; the wind and I;
like the winter trees
Being and Not—confused and interlaced.

Let the last sun shine again.
Not this
chill white night,
torn strangely from the raw side
of bleeding day;
not this fear,
the fear that you will never know
that
forgive is a twisted leaf
on wire barbed and petrified.

Lucy Lyons

This poem has been awarded
the third prize in the Fleur de
Lys poetry competition.

Rocks

*A slimy, all-engulfing flow of words
is streaming down a helpless plain
which only had small rocks in its defence.*

*I pick one up
and throw it in with all my might
to form my circles without end,
each aiming to devour itself
in trying to combine with all.*

Jeltje Fanoy

Monotone

*Sown at night
Between walls of purple mist
And gossamer threads thrown by lights
Autumn came softly to the city
One night it fell with the rain.
It draped everything with a lacquer veil;
It crystallized muddy puddles lying on the asphalt;
It bled the fires ashes white,
And painted post boxes red.*

*Mounds of garbage secreted their warmth in the gutters,
And the stray dogs
Buried their noses deep within ubiquitous fleshy parts..
Wind drained the road:
Drawing eyes to leaden skies,
A tenuous link.
Disturbing autumn's reflection in the laundry tubs,
Winter came to the city,
It came with the wind, later that night
And no one saw the colours
Only the inside of their eyelids.*

David Parsons

This poem has been awarded
the second prize in the Fleur
de Lys poetry competition.

On 29th April, 1970, Mr. Sydney Wynne was brought into a meeting of the College Council and there received the formal thanks of the President (the Most Reverend Frank Woods, Archbishop of Melbourne) for his fifty years of service to the College. * The Warden read the following citation:—

The Minute Book of the College Council informs us that on 3rd March, 1920 "it was resolved that Mr. S. Wynne be appointed a permanent employee of the College at £5 per week to keep the property of the Council in thorough order, and to be responsible for all repairs (other than paper-hanging and sanitary plumbing) that may be found necessary". In early March of 1970, after half a century of unbroken service, Mr. S. Wynne slipped quietly away, without any ceremony, into what we must presumably, describe as his retirement (although in his case the idea of retirement seems most unimaginable).

His connection with the College exceeds the fifty years of his employment, for his father was here before him, and as a small boy—a very small boy, let us hasten to say—Mr. Wynne knew the College in the halcyon days before the First World War. His experience, then, spans all phases of the College's history save for its very beginnings. All four Wardens have been personally known to him, and he has served under three of them.

He first worked for the College as an assistant to his father. His permanent employment, we have noted, began in 1920. Somewhat later he received the impressive title of Overseer, and as the years went by his authority in certain areas of College life grew to awesome proportions. Not for nothing was the story told of the innocent freshman who enquired of this commanding if casually attired figure where he could find the Warden; "I'm the bloody Warden", said Mr. Wynne, "what do you want?"

The two Wynnes, father and son, built the buildings we know as the Vatican and the Summer-house, with stone acquired somehow or other from Newman College and St. Paul's Cathedral. Mr. Sydney Wynne himself later built the men's domestic block, the Deanery, various extensions and other minor works, and gave close and invaluable attention to all other building undertaken during his period of service.

SYD WYNNE

In 1950, when the College found itself unable to recruit a new Matron, Mr. Wynne took on the whole responsibility for house and catering in addition to his other duties. This very remarkable appointment was a measure of the Council's confidence in him, and he demonstrated over the following years that it was not misplaced.

In his relations with both domestic staff and students, Mr. Wynne was paternal in the best old-fashioned sense of that word—firm, indeed tough, tough and rough when occasion called for it, but always unfailingly kind. Many and many a student, over the generations—yes, and Tutors and College officers as well—knew his helping hand, his plain speaking, his sensible advice; many a member of the domestic staff was patiently nursed by him, both figuratively and literally, through physical or mental illness and other troubles.

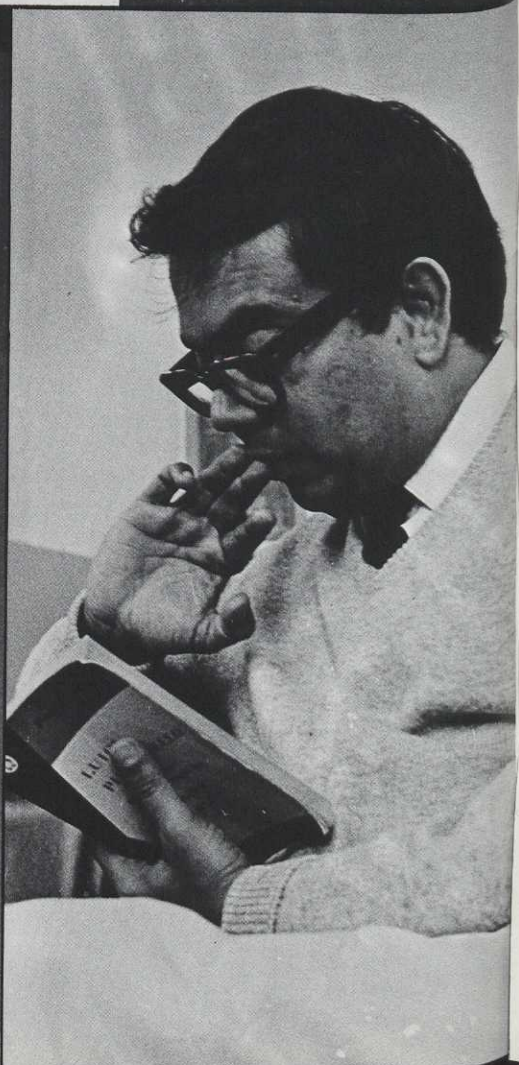
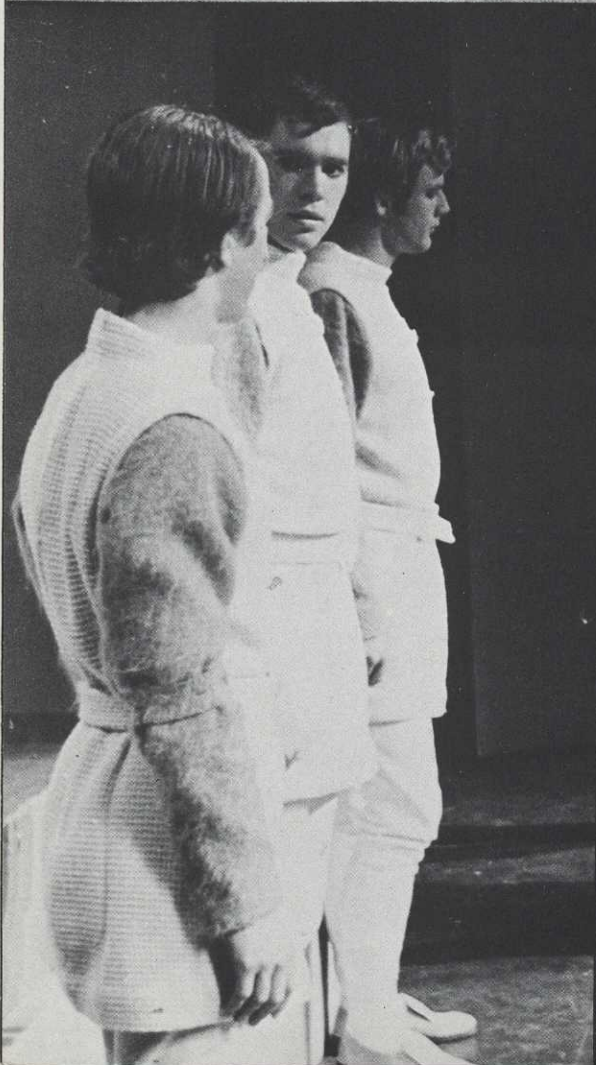
In his last years with us, Mr. Wynne seemed to embody in his own person the whole tradition of the place. He knew more about the College than all the rest of us, and what he did not know he was always cheerfully prepared to make up. Overseer, oracle, father-figure, he filled every horizon and stole every scene. It was almost impossible to believe that he could leave us, or that we could get on without him. Yet the day came, and the effort has had to be made.

And so, Mr. President, with pride, with affection, and in the knowledge that an era has been brought to an end, I present to you Sydney Arthur Wynne, to receive the formal thanks of this Council for his unique services to the College, and through the College to the University and the community.

*Note: With his usual modesty, Mr. Wynne has been reluctant to attend a more public occasion when he might be thanked for his manifold services to the College and his friends.

Syd Wynne Scholarship

The College Council has approved the institution of a Syd Wynne Scholarship to be awarded for the first time in 1971. Many members of the Union have contributed to this: the fund is still open.





Ivy in Australia - a Fragment

Martha sighed and contemplated the stupidity of most of mankind.

"I can't imagine how those not liking music live."

Her brother glanced up. "Why do you say that? Music isn't everything".

"Music is everything. It is consolation."

"Consolation for what?"

"For life," she replied succinctly.

"Really Martha, you are becoming impossible. 'For life.' What a ridiculous thing to say. Who wants consolation for life? One only wants a holiday from it now and then."

At that moment he felt he represented the triumph of the middle way.

"That, Robert, is precisely what I mean. Music is a holiday and a consolation. It begins in silence and ends there. Life on the other hand has the nasty habit of chattering in all the wrong places. How much better music is than life!"

And she could rely on her brother's perversity. Robert said, "I dislike confessing that music quite bores me. To me a Beethoven quartet is like a hot desert—very long and sandy and one dies of thirst before reaching the end. And Bach!" He shuddered at the range of the human mind.

Martha became almost heavily rhapsodic. "The purity of Bach. It is so satisfactory. The Suites for 'cello—how clear and silvered and refreshing—like a mountain stream!"

"Like a mountain stream.' Come Martha, you will have to do better than that."

"I see nothing inappropriate in a babbling brook. It's cool and always reminds me of childish summer holidays. And really, Robert, you must refrain from this nasty jeering. It doesn't suit you. Or rather it does, which is worse."

"My dear sister, you allow me absolutely no freedom of existence, so how can I treat you with full seriousness. Like Victorian novels, you are one of life's moral policemen. Irony is my consolation."

"I dislike irony," she said, "because it has everything both ways. Life, on the other hand, never gives in more ways than one."

"You make the process sound like a soup-kitchen or an annual benevolent fund," said Robert with an agreeable air of deflation.

"You may sneer as much as you like because you want it and yet you don't. I want it but I think I should be rewarded for wanting it. Rewarded with consolation. Life really isn't very pleasant." Robert saw the Dark Gods gather in her brow so he broke off a piece of his own philosophy. "No, it isn't very pleasant, but then it's not really bad."

"Not bad all the time perhaps", Martha ungraciously conceded. "I have my 'cello."

"That, dear Martha, is no consolation for me. I regard it as a burden imposed upon me for the simple reason that we share the same house. God may be dead, but the devil isn't."

Blandly ignoring her brother's theological speculations, Martha replied, "That in turn, my dear brother, is the necessary pain you incur when you insist on not earning your own living. This isn't England you know and don't you forget."

"That thought, I admit, hadn't occurred to me. I suppose it isn't England. But should we

change to suit the environment? I doubt it. We should have as little to do with it as possible."

Martha realised that here she could indulge her deep philosophical vein.

"But surely" she said loftily, "that limits our significance."

"Significance!" Robert bit into it and felt blood between his teeth. "Higher education has certainly meant your downfall."

But Martha was not to be done into crudities. She decided momentarily to plunge into an irony, and felt thrilled at the extension of her human powers.

"That sounded almost sincere. Why, Robert, this is a victory. It's almost as though we had changed places, like characters in an improving novel. Nevertheless," she said, modulating to a tone of Miltonic earnestness, "I've always had a nasty feeling that somehow, here, we are outmoded. We know certain things, but in what seems to be a place of general ignorance, that does not count at all."

"That is strong social criticism, indeed. Australia a place of general ignorance! The thought astounds me."

"Perhaps you have not noticed it, but then I doubt that you could, Philistinism is rife. I always have the feeling that I am 19th century and that everyone else has declined and fallen into these later years. That is why I am basically conservative."

"Please" cried her brother in anguish, "please no politics! I cannot bear politics."

"There is little, it appears, that you *can* bear, dear Robert, so I will not burden you further. I shall retire to my room and play the second Brahms sonata. I have a recording of the piano part."

"Science allies with Art," her brother bleakly exclaimed. "Is there no rest in the world?" But Martha was determined to have the last word. "You are, at least, also 19th century. Indeed you are more archaic than I am. Perhaps that means you will survive longer."

"Probably" said her brother.

As the 'cello dragged itself up and down an erratic melodic line, Robert who was congenially stupid and occupationally irrelevant, meditated upon Time. As the 'cello sunk into a passage of demi-semiquavers and shuddered as it hit C-sharp, Robert meditated upon Time. Time Present and Time Past, but never Time Future, for that would expose both his fatuity and his infinite capacity for endurance. Martha would disappear long before he did, for such were the penalties of philosophical seriousness. She would never last because she believed, even if it were only in music. Martha had a mind and therefore an eternal grievance against the world, whereas Robert rarely diluted his experience with thought. If he could only be a pearl sewn on Time's flowing ribbon, he would be content. Nevertheless even Brahms can be exhausted and Martha soon returned with his body in her hands.

"Your sonata is in better shape" Robert said hopelessly, to placate her probable loss.

"Thank you, Robert," Martha replied. "Your compliments are all the better as they are so few."

"I trust I can see merit where it reposes" said Robert, carefully aiming at an empty grandeur.

"Merit never reposes. It is an active force," she said and almost drew fire from him.

"Merit is merit. It permits no further definition."

"My dear brother, your vacuousness positively irritates at times. Merit must be active. It is striving against odds. In my own case it was striving against my own ignorance and lack of discipline." Martha, as was her wont, sought refuge also in truisms.

"At times" replied her brother blithely, "I thought you were striving against Brahms, but I'm sure you finally reached amicable agreement."

"Merit" said Martha definitively, "is something you are doomed never to discover. You are not active. You are supine. Your life is a mother-of-pearl shell. You never penetrate outside it."

"I have a fair idea" said Robert judiciously. "I do not want to penetrate to the outside world. Australia is too rough and wild. I want only rest and quiet."

"We only know rest through toil," said Martha in earnest approximation of George Eliot. "I am beginning to realize the extent of your ignorance."

"I pretend to no world view, I must confess. But you forget that I too have a modest vocation as you would call it. You forget that I too write."

"Indeed I do not" said Martha, combining truth and the pleasant desire to cruelly criticize. "How could I forget that you are the only essayist in the Commonwealth writing on English gardens for 'Country Life'?"

"Sarcasm hardly meets the situation. I admit that my writing here in Australia is an anomaly, but why should I worry about it? Stranger and less rewarding things have happened. You surely admit that these are not the best of times, and that now we are here, we must stay. And as you so scrupulously point out, though I do not earn my own living, I do help us *live*."

Martha was almost drawn to his vision of the life struggle. "Last year was not propitious and I believe next will be worse. But," she hastened to point out, "you are aware of it only through me."

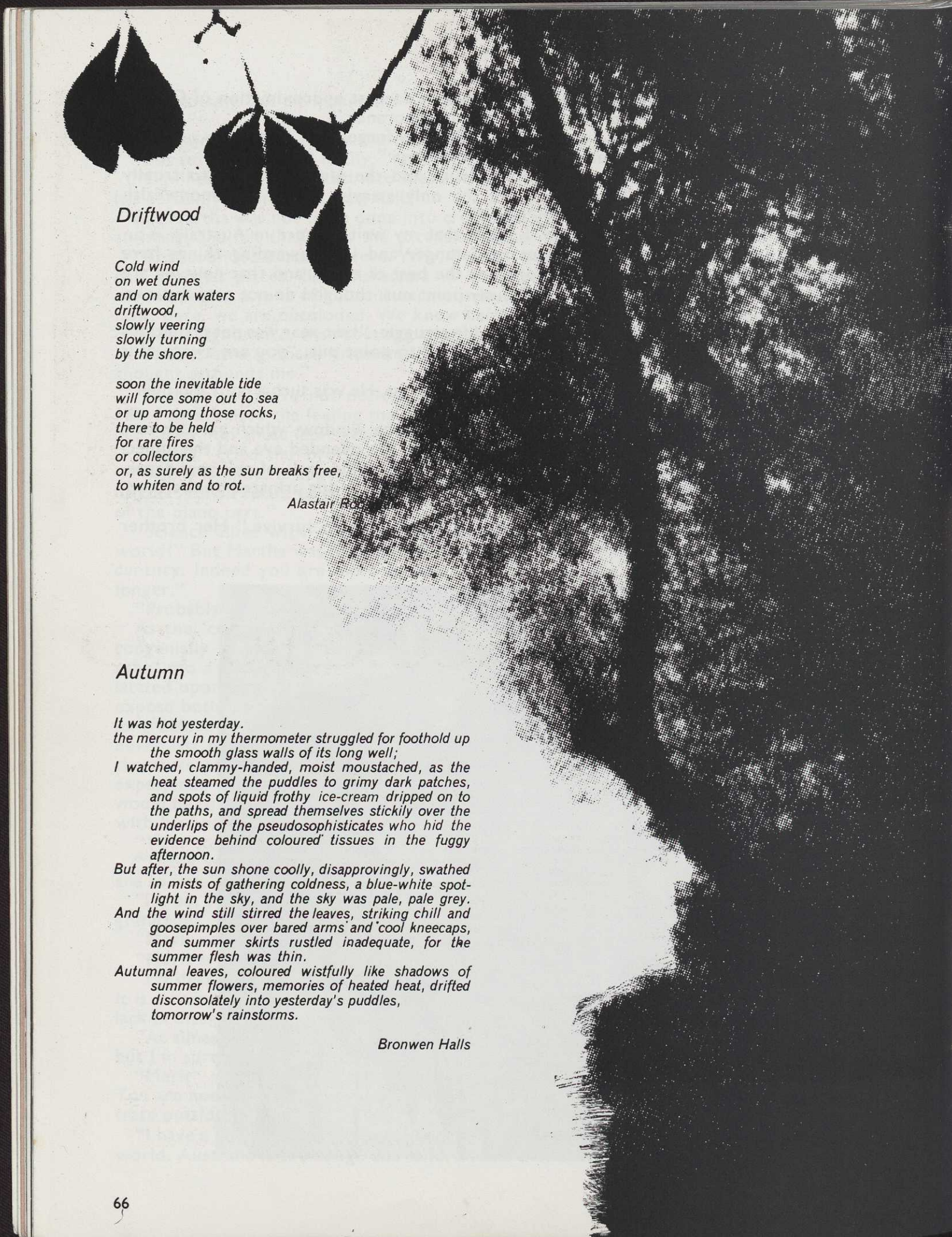
"I'm certain Brahms is the cause of your unpleasantness. He was such a *nasty* old man."

"He never suffered fools gladly," Martha replied.

But her brother, as if in reply, merely drew her to the window, which gave on to a suburban aspect of Sarsparilla. Gum trees still spoke to the offended eye and the impeccable vulgarity of brick-veneer presented itself with a stolid lack of self-confidence. Children scampered on the footpath and sang obscene songs. A dog urinated on the lamp-post which divided their view of Ruby Parade.

"Sometimes" said Martha heavily, "I really don't think I *can* survive." Her brother smiled. "Possibly," he said.





Driftwood

*Cold wind
on wet dunes
and on dark waters
driftwood,
slowly veering
slowly turning
by the shore.*

*soon the inevitable tide
will force some out to sea
or up among those rocks,
there to be held
for rare fires
or collectors
or, as surely as the sun breaks free,
to whiten and to rot.*

Alastair Robertson

Autumn

*It was hot yesterday.
the mercury in my thermometer struggled for foothold up
the smooth glass walls of its long well;
I watched, clammy-handed, moist moustached, as the
heat steamed the puddles to grimy dark patches,
and spots of liquid frothy ice-cream dripped on to
the paths, and spread themselves stickily over the
underlips of the pseudosophisticates who hid the
evidence behind coloured tissues in the fuggy
afternoon.*

*But after, the sun shone coolly, disapprovingly, swathed
in mists of gathering coldness, a blue-white spot-
light in the sky, and the sky was pale, pale grey.
And the wind still stirred the leaves, striking chill and
goosepimples over bared arms and cool kneecaps,
and summer skirts rustled inadequate, for the
summer flesh was thin.*

*Autumnal leaves, coloured wistfully like shadows of
summer flowers, memories of heated heat, drifted
disconsolately into yesterday's puddles,
tomorrow's rainstorms.*

Bronwen Halls



SCHOLASTIC SCOREBOARD

SALVETE

JANET CLARKE HALL

Margaret Armstrong, Jan Bitcon, Mary Buchanan, Paula Bun, Diane Cameron, Janet Campbell, Bronwen Coulstock, Alison Finlay, Jennifer Frieze, Elizabeth Friday, Brenda Grabsch, Bronwyn Halls, Prue Hill, Stephanie Jackson, Suzanne Kirkwood, Elizabeth Lade, Jane Laurence, Ann Lewis, Susan McElhinney, Helen Marks, Vicki Martin, Glenda Mitchell, Ann Morton, Elaine Murray, Kathryn Norman, Laurie Patrick, Karen Pitt, Ronia Reid, Jennifer Ross, Judith Ross, Diana Rouse, Fiona Shaw, Lynette Slattery, Barbara Stephens, Sally Stewart, Robyn Vines, Julia Wales, Barbara Wearne, Jennifer Webb, Susan Wilcox.

TRINITY COLLEGE

G. W. Abrams, D. J. Alsop, R. F. Anderson, J. W. T. Bourne, G. J. Bennett, F. D. Birch, J. R. Blain, G. J. Brent, J. I. Bright, E. C. Byford, G. A. Bell, A. Cornish, T. R. Chatham, D. J. Commons, P. K. Cashman, C. D. Corder, R. C. Deans, S. Dodge, F. R. Fair, D. G. W. Fiddler, A. D. C. Fiske, A. J. S. Frazer, C. C. Freeman, I. Gowrie-Smith, W. K. Gardner, W. D. Gibb, B. S. Gilbert, A. Gordon, N. Hanson, P. C. Harrison, J. C. Hambly, W. D. Harbison, J. W. Harper, G. A. Haycraft, M. G. Henderson, J. R. Hutchings, P. W. M. Hyslop, R. V. Ingpen, S. R. Jaques, C. N. Kelly, J. R. Kilpatrick, R. G. Kirby, L. J. Knight, T. C. Kuhle, A. R. Legoe, J. M. McRae, D. R. Middleton, D. Moroney, J. W. Murray, L. J. Myers, C. W. Newton, C. C. Noble, M. J. O'Connor, E. J. D. Ogden, W. D. Park, F. C. R. Price, R. T. Raggatt, W. M. Reddington, P. C. Rennie, M. J. Robb, A. G. Roosmale-Cocq, S. J. Rosenthal, F. Z. Ross, P. Rodeck, C. J. Sampford, J. A. Scott, B. W. Shaw, D. W. Slessar, P. J. Solly, J. M. Spark, W. R. Sykes, J. P. Tobin, D. Van Dissel, P. N. Vickery, R. Vines, N. A. Walls, D. A. Whipp, S. V. Wilson, S. W. Wilson.

VALETE—DECEMBER 1969

JANET CLARKE HALL

Mary Attick, Patricia Bainbridge, Bronwen Birrell, Diana Brett, Joanna Cowan, Meg Cowling, Elizabeth Cumming, Sarah Dawson, Jill Donaldson, Suzanne Donnelly, Leona Donelly, Heather Duncan, Gaye Dunlop, Judith Earls, Lorraine Emslie, Barbara Forster, Catherine Forsyth, Frances Frew, Catherine Fry, Lynette Gillett, Sarah Hamer, Cheryl Harding, Glenda Harvey, Ann Heazlewood, Joanne Heinz, Leslie Hird, Romyne Holmes, Ann Hood, Anne Humfray, Jennifer Hooks, Katherine Jackson, Meredith Jelbart, Seonaid Kellock, Judith Kennett, Nicola King, Ann Kupa, Margaret Lewis, Rosslyn Lyons, Annette Mace, Valerie Major, Robyn Mason, Margaret Morton, June Nicoll, Helen Puls, Lynette Richmond, Jennifer Roddick, Roslyn Shade, Patricia Sloan, Heather Stuchberry, Faye Stuckey, Pera Wells, Jennifer Whimpey.

TRINITY COLLEGE

A. O. a'Beckett, I. A. Alexander, T. P. T. Armytage, C. J. Arup, S. L. Bakes, D. M. Bennett, G. T. Bigmore, I. D. Bishop, R. G. A. Clarke, J. D. Cloke, A. F. Cox, L. J. C. De Crespigny, C. O. Cutler, J. S. Dudley, D. P. B. Fitzpatrick, G. R. Fleming, M. Forwood, H. C. MacK, Foster, A. P. Freeman, D. P. Garrott, A. de P. Godfrey, I. R. Gowrie-Smith, A. J. Gregory, R. A. Grigg, I. J. Gude, A. F. Guy, R. W. Harper, J. R. Harry, T. Hasker, P. W. Haskett, D. W. P. Hav, J. W. Heath, J. P. Henderson, E. R. J. Heywood, J. D. Higgs, E. P. Hobson, R. D. Hocking, W. A. D. Holloway, A. D. Holmes, A. K. Hopkins, P. J. Hughes, A. M. Kemp, R. D. King, D. E. Langley, S. C. J. Laughner, R. G. Lyon, R. J. Macgregor, R. J. Mackie, I. C. Mitchell, R. M. Molesworth, R. K. Moon, R. R. Morell (deceased), G. Myers, R. M. Niall, R. H. Noble, L. M. Nuttall, G. A. Oakes, D. J. Oppenheim, H. S. Parkinson, J. F. Patrick, J. T. Patten, J. H. Roberts, A. J. Robertson, N. S. Saines, P. E. Seares, R. T. Sharr, S. R. Sheldermine, P. S. Smith, J. D. Sneddon, R. C. A. Southey, M. A. Stephens, W. E. Sykes, M. J. Taylor, J. H. Telfer, R. N. Thomas, S. D. Trinca, R. K. Tronson, D. J. Walker, L. H. Watts, R. J. Watts, C. L. Wharton, G. N. Withers, D. E. Yates.

JANET CLARKE HALL

FIRST CLASS HONOURS

A. Brown	Surgery
A. Cowling	Dental Prosthetics
L. Day	Theory of Statistics
	French I
	German I
L. Donnelly	Chief Practice IV
	Harmony Counter Part IV
	Art of Teaching
	Elementary Accountancy
S. Donnelly	Middle English
	Early English Lyric
	Poetry and Prose
J. Earls	Advanced Constitutional Law
	Legal Persons
S. Fleming	Medieval French Language
F. Frew	Pathology
B. Forster	Legal Persons
L. Gillett	Honours History G
K. T. Goh	Technical Essay
	Professional Practice
S. Graham	Physics I (Agriculture Course)
	Biology I (Agriculture Course)
	Agricultural Geology
G. Haigh	School of History (Final Year)
S. Hamer	Honours History G
	English Literature III
S. Hatley	Honours History F
W. Haves	Physics (Veterinary Course)
M. Hulett	General Microbiology
M. Jelbart	English I (Honours)
	Epistemology, Logic and Method
	Formal Logic
C. Kneen	Agriculture II
	Agricultural Economy II

JANET CLARKE HALL

SECOND CLASS HONOURS

M. Lewis	Psychology IIIA (Honours)
M. Lush	Agriculture II
	Agricultural Botany II
J. McCallum	Biochemistry I (Agriculture Course)
D. McDonald	Chemistry IA
	English I (Honours)
J. Miers	British History (Honours)
	Elementary Old Norse
	Middle English
	12th and 20th Century Novels
	Poetry and Prose
J. Peters	English Literature II
M. Randall	Veterinary Biochemistry
J. Roddick	Aesthetics
	Greek Philosophy
D. Scambler	Psychology IIA
	Psychology IIB
M. Sharp	Honours History A
	Honours History D
A. Skelley	English I (Honours)
	British History (Honours)
M. Spiller	Psychology I
N. Stockdale	Physics IA
D. Symons	Biology
D. Taylor	European History A
A. Tom	Pure Mathematics II
K. Williams	Bacteriology
	Biochemistry II
	Virology
M. Abbot	Honours History
	Theory and Method of History
K. Bell	Applied Mathematics I
	Chemistry IB
	Physics IA
M. Capell	English I (Honours)
J. Fanoy	German I
	Dutch I
L. Gillett	British History (Honours)
K. T. Goh	Building Science IV
S. Graham	Chemistry I (Agriculture Course)
S. Hatley	Social History
S. Kirkwood	Chemistry IB
A. Kupa	Applied Pharmacology
	Pathology
	Microbiology

M. Lewis	Psychology IIB
M. Lush	Agricultural Chemistry
J. Peters	English Language II
D. Symons	Chemistry IB
A. Tom	Chemistry IIA
G. Willett	Chemistry IA
K. Bell	Pure Mathematics I
E. Blackburn	School of Biochemistry (Final Year)
E. Gray	Physics (Veterinary Course)
	Biology (Veterinary Course)
J. Glass	Theory of Computation II
V. Hamilton	Translation Greek III
	Translation Latin III
	History of Syntax
C. Hopping	School of History (Final Year)
L. Laurence	School of Economics (Final Year)
V. Santer	Virology
A. Thwaites	Building Science V

TRINITY COLLEGE

FIRST CLASS HONOURS 1969

L. Curran	Property Conveyance
R. Fincher	Geography I (Honours)
	British History (Honours)
	Psychology I
E. Gray	Chemistry (Veterinary Course)
D. Grice	Physics (Veterinary Course)
	Biology (Veterinary Course)
V. Hamilton	Text Comparative Philosophies
J. Henderson	Chemistry (Medicine Course)
	Physics
	Biology
R. Lenan	English Language II
	Chinese II
J. McCalman	Honours History C
	Honours History E
S. McPhee	Psychology IIB
R. Pillar	Agriculture II
	Agricultural Chemistry
	Agricultural Botany II
K. Pitt	Contract
J. Ross	Biology
V. Santer	Bacteriology
	Biology II
K. Small	Latin III
A. Thwaites	Honours History B
	Building Construction V
	Professional Practice C
	Building Economy I
P. Westbrook	Modern Government A
H. Roddis	Principles of Education
R. Kelly	Method of Teaching
	Statistical Method
	Economics C
	Economic History
	Economics B
C. J. Abell	Dynamics of Machines II
	Applied Thermodynamics II
P. T. Ackland	Fluid Mechanics I
	Design III
G. S. Baldwin	Measured Drawing
	Chemistry IIB
	Biochemistry II
I. D. Bishop	Physics II
R. T. Blamey	Commercial Law I
D. J. Brumley	Physics I
R. K. Y. Chan	Pure Mathematics II
	Applied Mathematics II
	Theory of Computation I
C. J. Commons	Chemistry IIA
G. A. Crebbin	Chemistry IB
	Engineering Mathematics I
M. J. Crossley	Chemistry IIIA
C. D. Cordner	Epistemology, Logic & Methodology
	English Literature II
J. D. Davies	Honours History F
	Honours History G
D. A. Emstie	Chemistry IB
D. P. B. Fitzpatrick	Final Honours History
J. A. Fleming	Chemistry IIC
	Metallurgy IA
H. C. McA. Foster	Surgery
W. F. Foster	Theory of Statistics II
J. M. Gardiner	Physics IV
T. G. Glanville	Geography III
I. R. Gowrie-Smith	Economic History B
A. H. Green	Final Division I (Commerce)
	Chemistry IB

M. D. Hamer
Pure Mathematics I
Chemistry IA
Physics IA
Biology I
Applied Mathematics I
Mechanics of Solids I
Economics III
Economic History B
Final Division I (Commerce)
Securities and Creditors Rights
Physics I
Physics I
Surgery
Medicine
Obstetrics and Gynaecology
Jurisprudence
Constitutional Law
Equity
Chemistry IIIA
Anatomy IIA
Physiology and Biochemistry
Civil Engineering II
Design III
Building Construction III
Professional Practice
Physics IA
Physics I
Physics IIIA
Applied Thermodynamics II
Dynamics of Machines II
Engineering Design II
Fluid Mechanics I
Mechanics of Solids II
Physics I
Chemistry IIC
Physics I
Chemistry I
Pure Mathematics III
Chemistry IA
Physics I
Engineering I
Pure Mathematics I
Applied Mathematics I
Accountancy I
Statistical Method
Applied Thermodynamics I
Dynamics of Machines I
Mechanics of Solids I
Physics IV
Civil Engineering II
Mechanical Engineering (final)
Chemistry IV
Chemistry IIIA
Medical Science (final examination)

D. P. M. Hawker
R. D. Hocking
A. W. Hodgart
J. R. Harry
N. A. W. Ingram
S. H. Korman
M. R. Luxton
R. C. Macaw
I. D. Macleod
M. Nathar
R. M. Niall
D. J. Oppenheim
J. M. Pearce
P. H. P. Pearce
I. E. Penrose
G. E. Pleasance
M. H. Rose
A. C. Rossiter
D. McR. Russell
I. G. Seddon
D. R. Stevenson
R. J. Stewart
R. J. Trembath
J. E. Tibbals
S. D. Trinca
C. L. Wharton
P. L. Weickhardt
D. E. Yates
A. W. Boyd

TRINITY COLLEGE SECOND CLASS HONOURS 1969

C. J. Arup
C. J. Abell
W. L. Abbott
L. F. Bartlett
D. J. M. Bainbridge
W. G. Barton
R. C. Bassett
R. J. Bastiaan
R. S. Benson
D. J. Brumley
B. C. Clarke
R. G. A. Clarke
T. J. Colebatch
G. A. Crebbin
J. A. Connors
A. L. Cunningham
N. J. Collins
G. G. Durbridge
P. D. Elliott

Political Sociology
Engineering Design II
Engineering Mathematics IIIA
System Theory I
Equity
Chemistry IB
Physics I
Chemistry I
Biology I
Administrative Law
Equity
Physics I
Physics I
Biology I
Physics I
Biology I
Animal Husbandry
Legal Persons
Taxation
Final Examination in Law
English Literature III
Indian Studies III
Physics IA
Introduction to Legal Method
Pathology
Microbiology
Applied Pharmacology
Physics IA
Pure Mathematics I
Applied Mathematics I
History and Philosophy of Science I
Torts

D. A. Emslie
I. G. Farran
G. R. Fleming
J. A. Fleming
M. Forwood
H. C. McA. Foster
W. F. Foster
S. C. Fowler
D. P. Garrett
J. A. Gibson
T. G. Glanville
G. R. Grantham
A. H. Green
A. W. F. Hamer
R. W. Harper
J. R. Harry
J. W. Heath
A. W. Heinz
J. D. Higgs
E. P. Hobson
R. D. Hocking
A. D. Holmes
R. T. Howard
B. Howman
A. K. Horwood
N. A. W. Ingram
M. J. James
D. W. P. Hay
N. D. Johnston
A. M. Kemp
P. J. Kennon
I. A. C. Kilbey
S. H. Korman
C. C. Kneen
M. I. Lees
C. J. Lovell
R. C. Macaw
R. C. MacKay
D. G. McDonald
P. S. Moss
G. D. Munn
P. J. Nice
D. A. North
R. H. Noble
L. M. Nuttall
D. C. O'Byrne
R. G. Olsen
D. A. Parsons
J. F. Patrick
J. M. Pearce
P. H. P. Pearce
I. E. Penrose
G. L. Pike
A. J. Robertson
J. M. Rositis
A. G. Rossiter
M. H. Rose
T. J. Russell
P. H. Siede
D. Silver
J. C. Sharp
D. W. Slessar
I. G. Seddon
P. S. Smith
J. D. Sneddon
M. A. Stephens
R. J. Stewart
P. W. Stawell
C. R. Stockdale
P. A. Swain

Applied Mathematics I
Chemistry I
Electronics II
Chemical Engineering I
Criminal Law
Medicine
Obstetrics and Gynaecology
Pure Mathematics III
Pathology
Final Commerce
Modern Government A
Honours History E
Property
Pure Mathematics I
Geology I
Anatomy
Physiology and Biochemistry
Surgery
Legal Persons
Taxation
Final Examination in Law
Zoology III
Physics I
Applied Thermodynamics I
Dynamics of Machines I
Advanced Constitutional Law
Legal Persons
Mathematical Economics
Surgery
Chemistry IB
Engineering Mathematics I
Chemistry I
Chemistry I
Chemistry I
Pure Mathematics I
Chemistry IB
Modern Government A
Economics II
Statistical Method
Applied Thermodynamics I
Chemistry IIC
Jurisprudence
Equity
Mercantile Law
Chemistry IA
Biology I
Chemistry I
Physics I
Engineering I
Physics I
Criminal Law
Evidence
Administrative Law
Philosophy IB
European History A
Legal Persons
Biology I
Physics I
Physics I
Civil Engineering II
Modern Government A
Applied Thermodynamics I
Dynamics of Machines
Mechanics of Solids
Applied Mathematics I
Physics IB
Criminal Law
Constitutional History
Electronics II
Chemistry IB
Chemistry I
Biology I
Pure Mathematics III
Final Honours English
Modern Government B
Music A
Geology II
Chemistry I
Biochemistry and Physiology
Statistical Method
Physics I & Biology I
Introduction to Legal Method
Economic Geography I
Applied Mathematics III
Civil Engineering II
Zoology IIIA
European History A
Economics B
Economic History A
Criminal Law
Agriculture II
Botany II
Introduction to Legal Method
Psychology I

J. H. Telfer
 C. P. H. Thomas
 R. N. Thomas
 H. H. Turnbull
 R. N. Vickery
 J. H. Walker
 G. T. Whipp
 P. G. Willocks

Legal Persons
 Final Examination in Law
 Geography II
 Final Honours French and Latin
 Dynamics of Machines I
 Mechanics of Solids
 Engineering Mathematics II
 Contract
 Property
 Physics I
 Engineering Mathematics I
 Chemistry I
 Chemistry IIB
 Physiology & Biochemistry
 Legal History

JANET CLARKE HALL EXHIBITIONS AND PRIZES

Mary Lush
 Agriculture Part II—Law Somner Prize
 Elizabeth C. Newton
 Conservative Dentistry—Final Year B.D.Sc.—Frances Gray Prize
 Dental Science—Ernest Joske Memorial Prize
 Dental Science—Fifth Year (shared)
 Jennifer Marie Peters
 Eng. Lang. Part II and Eng. Lit. Part II—Alexander Sutherland Prize
 Carolyn Mary Hopping
 History—Final Examination, Arts—Dwight Final Examination Prize (shared)
 Margaret Kiddle Prize—Essay (shared)
 Ann Kupa
 Microbiology and Epidemiology (Div. III, M.B., B.S.)—Ramsay Prize
 Katherine Jackson
 Hillier Prize
 Elizabeth Blackburn
 Wyeslaskie Scholarship in Natural Sciences

TRINITY COLLEGE UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS, EXHIBITIONS AND PRIZES, 1969

Christopher J. Abell
 Applied Thermodynamics II—Dixon Scholarship
 Graham S. Baldwin
 Biochemistry II—Dunlop Rubber Company Exhibition
 Richard K. Y. Chan
 Applied Mathematics II—Dixon Scholarship
 Christopher J. Commons
 Chemistry (Second Year)—Shell Exhibition
 William D. T. Cowan
 Economics C 3—Melbourne Chamber of Commerce Exhibition
 Christopher D. Corder
 Ancient History—Rosemary Merlo Prize
 Maxwell J. Crossley
 Chemistry—James Cuming Memorial Scholarship
 John D. Davies
 Australian History—Gyles Turner Prize
 David P. B. Fitzpatrick
 History—Dwight Final Examination Prize (shared)
 History—Margaret Kiddle Prize—Essay (shared)
 James A. Fleming
 Chemical Engineering I—Esso Australia Prize
 Michael D. Hamer
 Applied Mathematics I—Dixon Scholarship
 Chemistry IA—Dwight's Prize (shared)
 Pure Mathematics I—John MacFarland Exhibition
 Alan W. Hodgart
 Economic History B—Katharine Woodruff Memorial Exhibition
 Michael R. Luxton
 Medicine—Division IV, M.B., B.S.—Keith Levi Memorial Scholarship
 Medicine—Robert Gartly Healy Scholarship
 Clinical Gynaecology—Hubert Sydney Jacobs Prize
 Neo-Natal Paediatrics—Kate Campbell Prize
 Psychiatry—John Adey Prize
 Surgery—Division IV, M.B., B.S.—Beaney Scholarship (shared)
 Surgery—Robert Gartly Healy Scholarship (shared)
 Muhamed Nathar
 Anatomy Exhibition (Division IIA)
 Ian D. Macleod
 Chemistry—Union Carbide Australia Limited Prize (shared)

Robert M. Niall
 Civil Engineering—Final Honours Examination Argus Scholarship
 Civil Engineering—Institute of Engineers (Australia) Prize
 David J. Oppenheim
 Architecture—third year—Nell Norris Scholarship
 Ian G. Seddon
 Applied Mathematics III—Dixon Scholarship
 Pure Mathematics III—Dixon Scholarship
 Duncan R. Stevenson
 Engineering I—H.B. Howard Smith Exhibition
 Robert J. Stewart
 Accountancy I—Australian Society of Accountants Exhibition
 Statistical Method—Melbourne Chamber of Commerce Exhibition
 Richard J. Trembath
 Applied Thermodynamics I and Dynamics of Machines I—Esso Australia Prize
 Philip L. Weickhardt
 Chemistry—Dixon Research Scholarship
 David E. Yates
 Chemistry IIIA—Dixon Scholarship (shared)

DEGREES CONFERRED 1969-70 TRINITY COLLEGE

BACHELOR OF ARTS
 William Severn Clarke B.Sc.
 Richard John Gilmour-Smith B.Sc.
 Michael Conrad Irvine Salvaris
 John Harold Telfer
 Roger Thomas Sharr

BACHELOR OF ARTS WITH HONOURS
 David Patrick Brian Fitzpatrick
 Peter Balshaw McPhee
 Richard Nutter Thomas

BACHELOR OF COMMERCE
 William Dean Trafford Cowan B.E.
 Richard Errington Gaylard LL.B.
 Rodney Lester Charles Hoad
 Anthony Harrie Ashmore Pyman LL.B.

BACHELOR OF COMMERCE WITH HONOURS
 Phillip Ean Cohen
 David Peter Garrott

BACHELOR OF ENGINEERING
 Robert James Mackie
 Robert Hewett Noble
 Robert Mansfield Niall
 Hew Gardner Richards
 Peter Selby Smith
 Donald John Walker
 Christopher Lynne Wharton
 Simon David Trinca
 Alan James Higgs

BACHELOR OF LAWS
 Ian John Gude
 Andrew Frank Guy
 Paul William Haskett
 Russell Rupert Hammond
 Richard James MacKenzie
 Gregory David Munn
 Michael Conrad Irvine Salvaris B.A.

BACHELOR OF LAWS WITH HONOURS
 John Richard Harry
 Edward Paul Hobson
 Anthony Harrie Ashmore Pyman
 Gordon Raymond Ritter
 John Harold Telfer B.A.

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 Hamish Cromie McArthur Foster B.Sc.
 Richard Wayman Harper
 Thomas Hasker
 Anthony David Holmes
 Michael Randle Luxton
 Robert John MacGregor B.Sc.
 Ian Charles Mitchell

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE
 William Severn Clarke
 Michael Robert Gibbons

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE WITH HONOURS
 James Morison Gardiner
 James Finlay Patrick
 John Earl Tibballs
 Philip Leonard Weickhardt

BACHELOR OF AGRICULTURAL SCIENCE
Anthony Owen a Beckett
Richard Matheson Molesworth

DIPLOMA IN SOCIAL STUDIES
Peter John Hollingworth B.A.

MASTER OF ARTS
Garry Richard Davey B.A.
Alfred William Smith B.Com., Dip.Ed.

MASTER OF ENGINEERING SCIENCE
James Allen Beck B.E.

MASTER OF SCIENCE
Raymond Keith Watson B.Sc.

MASTER OF DENTAL SCIENCE
Geoffrey John Pullen B.D.Sc.

MASTER OF MUSIC
Graham Barry Hair B.Mus.

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY
Richard Charles Oppenheim B.Sc.

JANET CLARKE HALL

SENIOR COMMON ROOM
Miss Y. Aitken: Doctorate of Agricultural Science
Miss C. McDowell: Master of Science (Physics)

BACHELOR OF ARTS
Jane Drewett
Lorraine Emslie
Ann Heazlewood
Joanne Heinz
Katriona MacLeod
Faye Stuckey
Margarethe Wainwright
Felicity Williams
Julie Sheffield
Jill Barton
Jennifer Hooks

BACHELOR OF ARTS WITH HONOURS
Carolyn Hopping
Georgina Haigh

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE
Bronwyn Birrell
Louise Langford
Mary Lahore

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Elizabeth Blackburn
Diedre Goldsmith
Meredith Kefford

BACHELOR OF AGRICULTURAL SCIENCE
Joanna Cowan
Valerie Major
Robyn Pillar

BACHELOR OF MUSIC
Judith Kennett
Jennifer Whimpey
Leona Donnelly

BACHELOR OF LAWS
Judith Earls
Barbara Forster
Katherine Derham

BACHELOR OF MEDICINE AND BACHELOR OF SURGERY
Katherine Jackson
Robyn Mason
Margaret Pascoe

BACHELOR OF COMMERCE
Heather Stuchberry
Jane Laurence

BACHELOR OF ARCHITECTURE
Ann Thwaites

DIPLOMA OF EDUCATION
Meg Cowling
Judith Kennett
Nicola King

THEOLOGICAL STUDENTSHIPS

RUPERTSWOOD
UPTON-EVERIST
MARLEY
BISHOP'S
KEW
GREEN
MOOREHOUSE
COMBEDOWN

G. M. Tisdall
A. R. St. John
A. W. Curnow
P. R. Thompson
D. Van Dissel
B. W. Shaw
A. G. Roosemale-Cocq
E. C. Byford

COUNCIL'S NON-RESIDENT'S EXHIBITIONS

C. D. Cordner; T. G. Glanville; I. R. Gowrie-Smith; R. D. Hocking; R. C. Macaw; J. M. N. Nathar; D. McR. Russell; S. R. Shelmerdine.

COUNCIL'S GRADUATE SCHOLARS

J. M. Gardiner; P. L. Weickhardt; J. E. Tibballs

TRINITY MAJOR SCHOLARSHIPS

F. L. ARMYTAGE SCHOLARS
E. J. D. Ogden; P. H. P. Pearce

A. M. WHITE SCHOLARS
G. S. Baldwin; J. A. Fleming; R. J. Stewart; I. D. Macleod.

CHARLES HEBDEN MEMORIAL SCHOLARS
M. D. Hamer; D. R. Stevenson.
R. & L. ALCOCK SCHOLARS
R. K. Y. Chan; R. J. Trembath.

HENRY BERTHAN SCHOLAR
G. E. Pleasance

CLARKE SCHOLAR
A. W. Hodgart

PERRY SCHOLAR
J. D. Davies
SIMON FRAZER (THE YOUNGER) SCHOLAR
C. J. Abell

GRICE SCHOLAR
M. J. Crossley.

C. J. Commons; G. A. Crebbin; A. W. F. Hamer; A. L. Cunningham.

COUNCIL MAJOR SCHOLARS

CHARLES HEBDEN MEMORIAL BURSARY
M. I. Haskett

TRINITY MINOR SCHOLARSHIPS

ELIZABETH HEBDEN SCHOLAR
C. P. H. Thomas

COUNCIL MINOR SCHOLARS

A. D. C. Fisher; A. Gordon, N. J. Collins; N. A. W. Ingram; W. F. Foster; I. E. Penrose;
A. G. Rossiter.

cabbage happiness

in between
the prussian blue light and the soup fog night
a worm train
pumping wheels in fury
locking steel to sun-splashed rails
riding slashed wind
creaks like a cliff
smashed by persecuted waves
whilst things

forever happen
and
never exist.

in answer
the leavened flat earth slides like a yellow rose
from the marin's costume and grenade
writing on pumpkin in braille
the white peril in ships
from white hall to washington
opens windows

on aborigines
on asians
on acid

inside the wind
tossed and baked in its course
spinning
a tumbleweed around the earth
a magpie mottled like the moon
bends in flight
swoops like oil
breaks its glide

and stops
on a wire
to brake the world in two

in all in all
towed by shifting shoreline and air-filled west flies
convicts and squatters
in fear and hope brought their
prisons

quartermasters
sheep
to explore the eucalyptus
chained to blood soil of the sun

in our minds now
everything is on trial
for we know/sense that life itself is at stake
that things will be changed
the pilots of an alternative existence
flying with their own wings
the shoemakers of new sandals
making words that speak
the potters of future jars
crocheting ice winds into sounds

like winter geese
a being not yet become a bird
not yet spun

Stephen Sheinmerdine

With great decisiveness, we let the articles received determine the theme. Articles criticising colleges from outside, and supporting them from within began to shape it. With more unrest in colleges—and a general dying of old-style college spirit, an examination of reasons and changes seemed to be appropriate. We have tried to keep personal opinion out of it—we neither support nor condone the articles herein—nor do we suppose that very much has been said in them—space and the spectrum of opinion prevent that. We have tried to keep the magazine as a record of the year as well, which we believe it should be. Due note has been given to sporting achievements, and scholastic success, but we are saddened by the general lack of interest in the arts—poetry reading, debating. We have had no trouble in filling the magazine, but it would appear that any auxillary literary magazine would have trouble justifying its existence.

Much seems to have been contributed by too few. Thanks must go to: Chris Lovell, Geoffrey Rex, Stan Moss, Sandra Fleming, Rob Johanson, Marion Spiller, Lorraine Jones, Elaine Murray, Miranda Jelbart, the Dean, the Chaplain and Robert Clemente for his helpful advice.

Also we give special thanks to Anne Skelley for her help in lay-out, and Jan Bitcon in typing and Bill Newton for his sketches.

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cabbage happiness

in between
the prussian blue light and the soup fog night
a worm train
pumping wheels in fury
locking steel to sun-splashed rails
riding slashed wind
creaks like a cliff
smashed by persecuted waves
whist things

forever happen
and
never exist.

in answer
the leavened flat earth slides like a yellow rose
from the marin's costume and granade
writing on pumpkin in braille
the white peril in ships
from white hall to washington
opens windows

on aborigines
on asians
on acid

inside the wind
tossed and baked in its course
spinning
a tumbleweed around the earth
a magpie mottled like the moon
bends in flight
swoops like oil
breaks its glide

and stops
on a wire
to brake the world in two

in all in all
towed by shifting shoreline and air-filled west flies
convicts and squatters
in fear and hope brought their
prisons
quartermasters
sheep
to explore the eucalyptus
chained to blood soil of the sun

in our minds now
everything is on trial
for we know/sense that life itself is at stake
that things will be changed
the pilots of an alternative existence
flying with their own wings
the shoemakers of new sandals
making words that speak
the potters of future jars
crocheting ice winds into sounds

like winter geese
a being not yet become a bird
not yet spun

Stephen Sheinerman



TRINITY COLLEGE

Back Row: L to R

A. Rossitter, P. Siede, P. Vickery, J. Murray, G. Mariager, D. Moroney, W. Reddington, C. Freeman, C. Kelley, S. W. Wilson, B. Cheung, J. Connors, A. Lang, P. Gason, B. Howman, D. Parsons, F. Price, H. Pearce, C. Laycock, R. Benson, A. Heinz, P. Godfrey, I. Farran, R. Howard, D. Bainbridge, C. Kneen, J. Scott, D. Slessar, R. Deans, W. Gardiner.

2nd Back Row: L to R

D. Emslie, M. Rose, T. Blamey, C. Wriedt, J. Walker, A. Armstrong, F. Birch, W. Gibb, B. Gilbert, D. Stevenson, P. Nice, P. Cashman, A. Gordon, P. Rodeck, R. Chan, G. Tisdall, W. Barton, M. O'Connor, J. Gibson, F. Ross, J. Callinan, P. Ross, A. Kemp, M. James, R. de Crespigny, C. Cordner, J. Spark.

Standing

C. Sargood, T. Hancock, G. Kilpatrick, D. Forster, A. Legoe, M. Hamer, R. Springall, N. Collins, S. Moroney, A. Hodgart, D. North, G. Crebbin, T. Johansson, P. Elliot, R. Rex, W. Park, J. Long, E. Byford, J. Murray, W. Newton, J. Bourne, G. Rex, R. N. Johanson, G. Bennett, M. Robb, A. Curnow, T. Patrick, D. Moore, C. Lovell, D. McDonald, J. Harper, R. Colvin, E. Bellchambers, P. Ross, N. Johnston, R. Trembath, B. Kaye, F. Fair, A. Hamer, S. McGregor, R. Anderson, D. Silver.

Seated

L. Miller, G. Pleasance, N. Mathews, G. Whipp, H. Turnbull, B. Shaw, P. Thompson, J. Gardiner, G. Pike, P. Weickhardt, J. Tibballs, A. St. John, R. Stewart, A. Minson, M. Haskett, S. Fowler, N. Ingram, G. Bromwich, J. Minson, R. Mackay, B. Cottrill, I. Penrose, R. Stockdale, T. Cook, J. Hambly, P. Cheeseman, T. Jenkins.

Front Row (squatting)

G. Nice, W. Foster, J. Robinson, W. Sykes, P. Thomas, S. Rosenthal, G. Grantham, A. Cunningham, A. Roosemale-Cocq, R. Raggatt, T. Kuhle, C. Noble, S. Jaques, R. Ingpen, A. Frazer, G. Abrams, J. Blain, C. Sampford, P. Hyslop, T. Chattam, J. McRae, D. Middleton, D. Whipp, W. Harbison, N. Walls, R. Anderson, D. van Dissell, E. Ogden, P. Solly, J. Bright, L. Myers, S. Dodge, G. Brent, J. Hutchings, D. Fiddler, J. Buckley.

Absent

C. Abell, D. Alsop, G. Baldwin, D. Barkley, N. Benson, T. Block, D. Brumley, B. Clarke, R. Clemente, S. Collins, C. Commons, M. Crossley, J. Davies, G. Durbridge, D. Evans, J. Fleming, B. Forge, G. Fowler, I. Gray, I. Hardy, D. Hawker, G. Henderson, A. Horwood, P. Johnson, R. Kirby, K. Lowe, I. McLeod, G. Mola, G. Olsen, P. Rennie, J. Selkirk, R. Stuckey, J. Tobin, S. Viravaidya, R. Vines, S. V. Wilson, C. Wood.

